

The Lancaster Journal

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 16, 1855.

NO. 39

VOL. LVI.

LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER & JOURNAL
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
BY W. O. SANDERSON.

TERMS:
Subscription—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Single Copies, Five Cents.
Advertisements—By the line, as usual.
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THE BLIND PIPER.
BY FRANKLIN W. FISH.

The blind man stood in the crowded street,
With a tear in his dimmed eye,
In the throng, where the merry and careworn meet,
He piped as they passed him by.
With his arched hair,
Hummed over the air he played,
'Tis a world of woe,
We come and go,
The lover turned as he caught the tune,
He sang the same in the lonely June,
'Neath the same moonlight of the full-orbed moon,
Willing to war the world by the side,
Loving more than all treasures beside,
He passed him by as he played,
'God defend me from the love of the blind,
Begged, unloved, yet cursed by disease.'
The blind man saw not the haughty squire,
As the carriage of drivers rolled,
With a heavy sigh, and the new-born peer,
Alone by the side of the road,
Thought he would like to think of him,
Albeit they wished for good,
But another gave from his simple store,
For the sight, not the sound, was sold,
He gave but a little he had,
And the angels in heaven looked down and smiled,
And the trump of the arch-angel said,
'Blessed is he who, by men reviled,
Still keeps his heart to his command.'
The evening shadows still and still
And the autumn leaves were brown,
The song of the birds had died away,
For the water over his face,
Lilies that cheer in a summer's day,
But at winter leaves are gone,
No wonder his heart mourned over its birth,
No wonder his eyes were dim,
For hope on earth, nor joy, nor birth,
No longer could comfort him,
An exile here, a stranger in his home,
The light of life put out with his eyes,
Lamented in a living tomb.

KOSSUTH ON THE FALL OF SEBAS-
TOPOL.

The following letter from Kossuth, to the N. Y. Times, discusses with ability the probable influence the capture of Sebastopol is likely to have either on negotiations for peace or on the further prosecution of the war. His views seem reasonable, and are forcibly put:

As to the prospects of peace—it is my decided opinion that these are rather lessened than otherwise by the fall of the South of Sebastopol. In an absolute point of view I never did nor do now attach any considerable importance to this capture. I always thought and think that it was a great mistake to choose that point for an attack on Russia, the professed object of which was to secure Europe from her political preponderance. I have often expressed the opinion that nothing to be achieved in that quarter can either break Russia's power of resistance or bring her to any satisfactory terms. Destruction of Sebastopol, and of the Russian Black Sea fleet is, in my opinion, nothing but an insult, that does not take away strength; it is doubly so when we remember that the siege of Sebastopol was undertaken, coupled with the pledge solemnly given to Austria, that under no circumstances is the territorial extension of the Russian Empire to be sought. The capture of the first to advance has almost become vernal, that with a policy pledged to maintain the integrity of the Russian Empire, a fortress and a fleet destroyed, is but a fortress and a fleet to be built up again stronger than ever in a few years. The case would be somewhat different had the allied powers, the intention to keep the Crimea. But on the one hand, until now at least, this intention they had not; on the other hand, the Crimea is no barrier that defends, it is an acquisition that requires defence and, to make good this defence, one of two things is indispensable—either the maintenance of a very large standing army in the Crimea, or else the pushing back of Russia entirely from the Black Sea, consequently from the immediate neighborhood of the Crimea. Without either the one or the other of these alternatives, as soon as the Allies would march out Russia would march in again. The first alternative implies the condition of an armed peace, the cost of which neither England nor France would choose to submit in the long run; besides it implies the tortuous question, Who is it that will undertake the charge? England and France together? That supposes the incredible circumstance of a perpetual *entente cordie* between them. No man is so foolish as to build his house on such a foundation. England alone? France would not agree to it. France alone England would object to it. Turkey alone? Turkey assisted by the Allies? would suppose those Allies always allies; and would imply, besides, the opening of the Dardanelles, and of the Bosphorus—equivalent to an overthrow of the independence of Turkey. The second alternative (that of pushing back Russia from the Black Sea), implies, in its turn, the necessity of an independent Circassia, and of a Deo-Roumanian State with Bessarabia and the Territory of Oczakoff up to Cherson; a combination which would be absolute nonsense without the full reconstruction of Poland in its ancient extent—a thing beyond the limits of the determination of the Allies.

At all events, of two things, one either the Allies make a campaign in Holland, or they cannot think of keeping the Crimea; indeed the fortress and the fleet destroyed there is but a fortress and a fleet to be built up again. With a great power like Russia it is but an insult that does not take away strength. However, under other circumstances, it might have been a matter of

choice for Russia how far to resent or not to resent that insult, but under the circumstances such as they are, to resent it to the utmost is an imperative necessity for the Czar. Sebastopol is the field on which the contending parties have measured their power for a year. The eyes of the world—of Asia, especially—have been riveted on that spot. The long protracted struggle there identified the prestige of the Czar's invincibility with the name of Sebastopol. Sebastopol fallen, shakes that prestige to its very foundation; the Czar submitting to that fall would incur the personal indignities of Czar Alexander, (a *debonnaire* young man he is, we are told,) he has no choice; he would not live one week if he dared to sign the ruin of the prestige of Russia's power. He cannot sue for peace; he cannot accept any conditions—were even some offered him—under this pressure he must fight until either the strength of his empire be broken or the prestige of his power redeemed.

That the Crimea enterprise has been a dreadful mistake, was all the while so evident that the Allied Governments (you and I) were obliged to plead the excuse of consideration for Austria. However, this excuse was of a nature so humiliating that Lord Palmerston saw himself under the obligation of pleading something else besides. He, therefore, always insisted emphatically on the fact that Sebastopol is the key of the Crimea. The key taken, that danger removed—the object of the war is accomplished, and the war is virtually brought to an end. I always maintained the contrary opinion; I said the taking of Sebastopol decides nothing, solves no questions, and brings nothing to an end. Quite the reverse. Success at Sebastopol will make peace impossible—will inaugurate a real and protracted war. That will be the veritable beginning of the end, but not the beginning of the end.

The moment has come to know which of us has been right in the estimation of the nature of events I say the fall of the South of Sebastopol put a speedy termination of the war entirely out of the question. What, then, is next to come? In my opinion, for the next Winter the campaign will probably be restricted to the Crimea, and next year it will continue there while on the other hand, the naval operations in the Baltic will be resumed with augmented forces, and on a more effective scale. These operations, being at this advanced season, out of the question for the time being, the only Crimea remains. Well, as to the Crimea, two circumstances must be borne in mind. The first is, that the north side of Sebastopol, with Sevastopol and its thousand guns, is not yet so much invested or besieged. The second is, that the south of Sebastopol is destroyed, but not the north of it.

The double problem for the Allies—to take the fortress, and to overcome the army. If the Russians were such fools as to crowd their army in and around the north of Sebastopol, the task of the Allies would be easier, and in cases of success would yield richer results. By investing the fortress, they would become the masters of the line of communication of the Russians—the only one that is left to them—the line of Penechof. In such a case, the fortress once taken, the army had to capitulate. But such folly on the part of the Russians is out of the question, of course. They will have a proper garrison to defend the fortress; and take a stand with their main power outside, somewhere about Simersky, or as far as they can, to have their line of communication open and secured. If the Allies restrict themselves to regular siege of the north of Sebastopol, the task is not an easy one; because it will be difficult for them now, to establish a *no-basis* of operation, and with the old basis of Balacava and Kamiches, the north of Sebastopol is nearly impregnable. At all events, as they do that they will watch the movements of the Russians in their turn will harass them in their siege operations. Things are likely to have a long run, in that case.

On the contrary the Allies, leaving a proper force in the proper place, near Sevastopol, to maintain the main army of the interior, (provided they are well enough provided with the means of transport,) then if the Russians think themselves capable of accepting a pitched battle, well, they will fight; if not, they will decline the battle, and retreat towards Perekop. Things may again have a long run. He should, the Allies, leaving a proper force in their fortified camp, shift their basis of operation rapidly, and transfer their main force to Dupatoria, the condition of the Russians would become rather difficult. They at once have to abandon all the positions they may have selected in the interior, and are forced to retreat. The most desperate would become their situation in the Crimea, if they decide on taking Odessa. Miolagere Cherson, then the line of Perekop, would no longer be available to the Russians. Which of these alternatives the Allies will decide upon, I, of course cannot anticipate. It is also due to own, that the choice may much depend on local and topographical circumstances; roads, water, transports, &c., I, therefore, do not pretend to argue more than so much, that for some months yet the Crimean campaign is likely to go on.

In the meanwhile, Austria will do all in her power, either to bring about a coalition, or to induce the Allied Powers to give to the war after the Crimean campaign a sham character, which would not endanger the strength of Russia, upon which she looks as upon the last anchor of her hope in case of need. I do not think a coalition now possible; but the second fact, I fear, is only too probable. Then we may yet live to see the great war reduced to a war by blockade. There appeared some weeks ago semi-official insinuations in the French papers, indicating the possibility of such an emergency. Such a war of retreats would have a bearing across the Atlantic. It recalls to my recollection the idea of "the armed neutrality," and I really can't help thinking that the world may not yet have heard the last word of Uncle Sam about "free ships, free goods."

Every moment it becomes more and more urgent for the United States to come to a settled opinion, or rather determination on that subject.

Our readers will have been surprised by the hostile demonstrations against King Bomba of Naples. You may now understand how it came to pass that Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were brought to gratify the world with an episode on Italy, before the recess of Parliament.

Some say they really meant Murat for Naples and Sicily for Piedmont. May be. You must excuse me for not going a-fowling with a drum on that field. There may be some who think deliberation at Paris had assent at St. James are one thing; decision in heaven is another thing. Some may say, some may reap. But let us pray for movement, at all events; the force of events and the energy of those whom the matter concerns, will take care of the rest.

KOSSUTH.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

BY RICHARD EVERETT.

At the latter end of August, 1777, Lord Howe, with an army of about eighteen thousand men, sailed up the Chesapeake Bay, and landed near Elkton. It was the intention of the British Commander to march directly to Philadelphia, but he was delayed, from various causes, several weeks.

Washington at once divined that Howe's movement was towards Philadelphia; and accordingly he put forth every effort to raise a force capable of resisting him with some hope of success.

He will pass over the preliminary acts of the army, their maneuvering, &c., nor will we dwell upon the superhuman exertions made by the Americans to retard the British force and to bring into the field a respectable army. Leaving those incidental matters, we will turn at once to the 11th of Sept. 1777. It was about day-break when the British columns began to move towards the American position.—Washington had parted his army, which numbered about eleven thousand men—regular and militia—in several divisions around Chadd's Ford. Sullivan, Jay Payette, Wayne, Maxwell, were in command of different portions of the infantry. The artillery was directed by Knox, and the cavalry by the brave Pulaski.

The British van, under General Knyphausen, advanced directly upon the ford, engaged General Maxwell, whose troops being militia, were gradually driven back. Being reinforced, however, Maxwell's men charged the enemy so vigorously that they halted, and the British, rallied and at last succeeded in driving Maxwell's forces across the ford. A heavy cannonade now commenced between the two armies without any definite results. The British lost some three hundred men, while the patriots the damage was trifling. Knyphausen's attack proved to be not entirely successful, as the British, who were marching in a column, were divided upon the Brandywine river, crossed an elevated position against Sullivan's division, whose duty was to watch the ford; just above the point of Knyphausen's assault.

Sullivan was nearly taken by surprise, so sudden was the movement of the British General, and his army marching back to Chadd's Ford. The British and German troops burst upon him. The patriots received the shock with firmness.—The enemy's artillery being superior to the American, it soon made wide gaps in their ranks. The militia received several charges from the British regulars and returned their fire with great courage. Every exertion was made to break the British ranks, but they closed them up again, and the German and British grenadiers more than once charged in vain. Sullivan, La Fayette and Stirling toiled like heroes to make a final stand until reinforcements could come up. But La Fayette fell, shot through the leg, two of Sullivan's aids were killed, and the detachment of Sullivan's horse and foot were compelled to join their retreating comrades, and the whole body, in great disorder closely pursued by the victorious enemy, rushed on toward the main army at Chadd's Ford.

Alarmed at the sound of battle in the direction of Sullivan's position, Washington, with his division to give aid if necessary. His march was retarded by the delay of his messengers from Sullivan told how fierce was the battle, and how corroborated by the heavy cannonade, which every moment grew louder and louder. The truth flashed upon Green in an instant—Cornwallis has attacked Green's division! Orders given to the militia to march in double file, and there in front of the British, the men responded with shouts, and it is a matter of history that Green's troops marched four miles in forty minutes.

About one mile from the battle field Wayne met the flying Americans. He opened his ranks, and allowing them to pass through, showed an undaunted front to the English, and received them with well directed volleys from his artillery. Count Pulaski with his splendid corps of cavalry, also charged in a gallant and successful manner upon the advancing squadrons, beating them back in a gallant style. Another battle now began, and continued until darkness came down upon both armies. The British could not advance, while the retreating forces of General Sullivan were gathered and re-organized. Although pressed very hard, Green's corps holds its ground, and when night came on the two armies were very close together.

The British force being greatly superior to the Americans in every respect, Washington concluded not to risk another engagement, but that night his troops retreated, and the next day, marched to Germantown.

Sullivan had been censured for negligence in allowing himself to be surprised by the British army, but he was cleared from any such imputation by a committee of investigation. The battle of Brandywine proved fatal to the American cause, and although the royal forces it was a dear victory—their loss was over eight hundred killed, wounded and missing. The patriots lost in the same manner over twelve hundred men, more than two-thirds militia. Ten small cannon also fell into the hands of the enemy.

In this battle, Count Pulaski, the accomplished Polish officer, took a prominent part. He commanded the cavalry—a fine corps which he drilled to perfection. When the pursuing columns of English and American troops, dashed upon their ranks (disorganized by the pursuit) of an out-drawn platoon. The evening previous to the battle, one of the chaplains of the American army preached to the soldiers an eloquent and patriotic sermon from the text—"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

General Lafayette was taken to the convent of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem, where he received the kind attention until more able to join the army.

THE TEACHERS BROTHERHOOD.—William V. Payne, of —, was for many years a most worthy and excellent teacher of sacred music. We were quite a novice in the art of music, singing school in one of the neighboring towns, which was attended by a large number of young persons, including many of the most respectable families. Among the females was a lovely young lady, twenty years of age, named Patience Adams. Miss Adams made a strong impression on Mr. Payne, and he lost no time in declaring his attachment and in proposing to her to become his wife. She obtained an engagement, was to be married, and all the parties on a certain evening being present, Mr. Payne, without any thought of the words, named as a tune for commencing exercise, Federal street, page 7. Every eye was turned to the teacher, who obtained the highest respect for Payne; and with a hearty good will on the part of the school, the chorus commenced.

"See gentle Patience smile on mine;
The coincidence was so clear, that the gravity of the young ladies and gentlemen could scarcely be restrained long enough to get through the tune; and as soon as it closed, bright countenances and sparkling eyes "told the whole story," as the poet has said. A beautiful young lady was still most modestly with her blushing cheeks and modestly cast down eyes, while the teacher was so exceedingly embarrassed he knew not what he did. Hastily turning over the leaves of the book, his eyes rested on a well known tune, and he called out, "12th page, Dundee."

Patience was already betrothed; she was in fact, a year or year afterwards they became man and wife.

"Then gentle Patience smiled on mine,
And Payne had Patience for his own."

MRS. PARTINGTON AT THE BABY SHOW.

"Were these three dribbles born at a birth?" asked Mrs. Partington at the baby show, as she looked at the three fat children on the platform. Colonel Woodland informed her that they were the children of a very poor man, who had been brought up by hand—it must have been done by a steam-engine. The Colonel informed her that they had been brought up by a railroad train. "Where are the quadrants?" said Mrs. P., looking for the quadrant. They have not come yet," he replied. "The old lady looked at her informant coldly, but her reflection was interrupted by a joggle of her elbow, which sent her snuff-box rolling upon the floor. A large gentleman put his foot upon it to stop it, and the crushed paper inside sent up a fragrant cloud as a sneeze against the nose of the man who had rolled it up. He afterward for teasing one of the fat boys with a stick, after making one of the babies cry by making up faces at it.

AN OLD FASHION REVIVED.—We had hardly become used to the queer gowns of the ladies of our city, in the funny little institutions which are placed at present to adorn their heads, when we were startled by another innovation on the old-fashioned style. We saw a lady promenading in a very odd-looking manner, and we were much attracted by her dress, which she wore with a champagne bottle, that we were tempted to inquire what produced the strange result. The answer was, "hooped skirts." It appears that this old custom is to be revived. Only a few of our ladies have as yet adopted the old style redoubt, but we expect soon to see very many of them in "hooped skirts." This cannot help being the case when they learn that hooped skirts are all the rage in Philadelphia and New York. In those places both old and young have adopted them.

We learn that the "extra fixus" required to make a lady appear *au fait* only involves the outlay of the insignificant sum of three dollars. They must be obtained, however, from a professional *modiste*. We trust our lady friends will not consider us as interfering with one of their vested rights, in venturing these remarks on a subject with which we really have no direct concern.—Exchange.

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