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TOWANDA:

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(For the Bradford Reporter.)

THE HEART'S IDOL.

When darkness flies, and the first beams of morning
With flowing beauty tinge the eastern sky;
And the star of day appears adorning,
With golden robes each tree and mountain high,
When Nature's songsters wild are sweetly singing,
To show their joy as day's approach they see,
And all the woods with melody are ringing,
Then, then, sweet one, my thoughts are all of thee.

And when the evening comes, serenely stealing,
In tranquilizing beauty o'er the earth;
Coming and quieting each care-worn feeling,
And giving thoughts of purer nature birth;
When bird and beast in slumber are reposing,
And silence reigns profound on hill and lea—
The stream and breeze their murmers softly closing,
My thoughts, with a sweet sadness, turn to thee.

And till this weary life of mine is ended
In all my thoughts thou e'er will bear a part, [ed,
For then with my youth's brightest hopes wert blend-
And thou the joy wert of my manhood's heart.
She was the day that death of thee bereft me.
None could read the anguish of my breast;
Long cherished hopes, and all my gladness left me,
And joy no longer in my heart could rest.

Long weary years have flown since thou wert taken
And sorrow rides on each succeeding year,
Of all my wealth and friends I am forsaken,
And nought remains that once made life so dear.
Nought: but sweet hope; she yet with me doth linger
Her form arrayed in Heaven's own light I see.
With beaming smiles she points her cheering finger
To a sweet rest beyond the grave with thee.

Herrick, Pa. THOMAS.

JESSIE HAMPTON.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"What are you doing here, Miss?"

The young girl thus addressed was sitting by a centre table, upon which stood a lamp, in a handsomely furnished drawing-room. She laid aside the book she was reading, and without making any answer rose up quickly and retired. Two or three persons, members of the family, were present—who observed the effect of Mrs. Freeman's words, but no one heard what was said. Nor would they have been aware that more than a request of service had been made, but for the lady's remark, as the girl left the room.

"I might as well begin at once, and let Jessie know her place."

"What did you say to her, ma?" asked a young lady, who sat swinging herself in a large rocking-chair.

"I simply asked her what she was doing here."

"What did she answer?"

"Nothing. The way in which I put the question fully explained my meaning. I am sorry that there should have arisen any necessity for hurting her feelings, but if she doesn't know her place, she must be told where it is."

"I don't see that she was doing any great harm," remarked an old gentleman who sat in front of the grate.

"She was not in her place, brother," said Mrs. Freeman, with an air of dignity. "We employ her as a teacher in the family, not as a companion. Her own good sense should have taught her this."

"You would not have us make an equal of Jessie Hampton, would you, uncle Edward?" inquired the young lady who sat in the rocking-chair.

"You cannot make her your equal, Fanny, in a point of worldly blessings; for in this matter Providence has dealt more hardly with her than with you. As to companionship, I do not see that she is less worthy now than she was a year or two ago."

"You talk strangely, Edward," said Mrs. Freeman, in a tone of dissent.

"In what way, sister?"

"There has been a very great change in a year.—Jessie's family no longer moves in our circle?"

"True; but is Jessie any the less worthy to sit in your parlor than she was then?"

"I think so and that must decide the matter," returned Mrs. Freeman, evincing some temper.

The old gentleman said no more; but Fanny remarked—

"I was in favor of taking Jessie, for I knew she would be: Mrs. Carlton recommended her highly, and said so much in her favor, that no room was left for a refusal. As for Jessie herself, I have no particular objection to her, but the fact of her having once moved in the circle we are in, is against her: for it leaves room for her to step beyond her place, as she has already done, and puts upon us the unpleasant necessity of reminding her of her error."

"It don't seem to me," remarked Mr. Freeman, who had till now said nothing, "that Miss Hampton was doing anything worthy of reproof. She has been well raised, we know; is an educated, refined, and intelligent girl, and, therefore, has nothing about her to create repugnance, or to make her presence disagreeable. It would be better, perhaps, if we looked more to what persons are, than to things merely external."

"It is all very well to talk in that way," said Mrs. Freeman. "But Miss Hampton is governess in our family, and it is only right that she should keep to us that relation and keep her place. What she has been, or what she is, beyond the fact of her present position here, is nothing to us."

Mr. Freeman knew from experience that no particular good would grow out of a prolonged argument on this subject, and so said nothing further, though he could not force from his mind the image of the young girl as she rose up and hastily left the room, nor help thinking how sad a change it would be for one of his children, if reduced suddenly to her condition.

A good deal more was said by Mrs. Freeman, who did not feel very comfortable; although she justified herself for what she had done.

The young girl who had been reminded so harshly of the place into which she had fallen, went quickly up into her cold chamber, and with a burning cheek, sat down to think as calmly as her disturbed feelings would permit. The weakness of tears she did not indulge. Self-respect, rather than pride, sustained her. Had she acted from first impulse, she would have left the house immediately, never again to re-enter it. But reason soon told her that, however strong her impulse might be, duties and considerations, far beyond mere feeling, must come in to restrain them.

"Whatever I have been," said she to herself, as she sat and reflected, "I am now simply a governess, and must steadily bear that in mind. In this house I am to receive no more consideration than a mere stranger. Have I a right to complain of this? Have I cause to be offended at Mrs. Freeman for reminding me of the fact? Her reproof was unkindly given, but false pride has no gentleness, no regard for another's feelings. Ah me! this is one more lesson of the many I have to learn. But let me bear up with a brave heart—there is One who knows my path, and who will see that nothing therein need cause my feet to stumble. From this moment I will think of all here as strangers. I will faithfully do what I have engaged to do, and expect therefor only the compensation agreed upon when I came. Have I a right to expect more?"

The bright color faded gradually from the flushed cheeks of Jessie Hampton, and with a calm, yet pensive face, she arose and went down into the room which had been set apart for her use when giving instruction to the children. It was warmed and lighted, and had in it a small library. Here she sat alone, reading and thinking for a couple of hours, and then retired to her chamber for the night.

As was intimated in the conversation that arose upon her leaving the drawing-room, Jessie Hampton's circumstances had suffered in a very short period, a great change. A year before, she was the equal and companion of Fanny Freeman, and more beloved and respected by those who knew her than Fanny was or ever could be. But unexpected reverses came. The relative who had been to her as a father for many years, was suddenly deprived of all his earthly goods, and reduced so low as to be in want of the comforts of life. So soon as Jessie saw this she saw plainly her duty.

"I cannot burden my uncle," she said resolutely, to herself. "He has enough, and more than enough to bear up under, without the addition of my weight." Thoughtfully she looked around her. But still in doubt what to do, she called upon a lady named Mrs. Carlton, who was among the few whose manner had not changed with altered fortune, and frankly opened to her what was in her mind.

"What does your uncle say?" inquired Mrs. Carlton. "Does he approve of the step?"

"He knows nothing of my purpose," returned Jessie.

"Then had you not best consult him?"

"He will not hear to it I am certain. But for all that, I am resolved to do as I propose. He has lost his property, and is now in great trouble. He is, in fact, struggling hard to keep his head above water. My weight might sink him. But, even if there were no danger of this, so long as I am able to sustain myself, I will not cling to him while he is tossed on the tempest of adversity."

"I cannot but highly approve your decision," said Mrs. Carlton, her heart warm with admiration for the right minded girl. "The fact that your uncle has been compelled to give up his elegant house, and retire with you to a boarding-house, shows the extremity to which he had been reduced. I understand that his fine business is entirely broken up, and that, burdened with debts, he has commenced the world again, a few hundred dollars all his capital in trade, and resolved, if health and a sound mind be continued him, to rise above all his present difficulties."

"And shall I," replied Jessie, "sit an idle witness of the honorable struggle, content to burden him with my support? No! Were I, of such a spirit, I should be unworthy of the relationship I bear him. Much rather would I aid him, were it in my power, by any sacrifice."

"If I understand you aright," said Mrs. Carlton, after thinking a few moments, "you would prefer a situation as governess in a private family."

"Yes, that would suit me best."

"How would you like to take charge of Mrs. Freeman's younger children? She mentioned to me only yesterday, her wish to obtain a suitable instructor for them, and said she was willing to pay a liberal salary to a person who gave entire satisfaction."

Jessie's face became thoughtful.

"Mrs. Freeman is not the most agreeable person to be found, I know, Jessie," said her friend, "but the step you propose involves sacrifices from the beginning."

"It does, I know; and I must not forget this.—Had I a choice, I certainly should not select the family of Mrs. Freeman as the one in which to begin the new life I am entering upon. She and Fanny are among the few who have ceased to notice me, except with great coldness, since my uncle's misfortunes. But I will not think of this.—If they will take me, I will go even into their house, and assume the humble duties of a governess."

Mrs. Carlton immediately called upon Mrs. Freeman, and mentioned Jessie. Some objection was made on the score of her being an old acquaintance, who would expect more notice than one in her position was entitled to receive. This however was overruled by Mrs. Carlton, and, after an interview with Jessie, an engagement was entered into for a year, at a salary of four hundred dollars.

When Jessie mentioned the subject to her uncle, Mr. Hartman, he became a good deal excited, and said that she should do no such thing. But Jessie remained firm, and her uncle was at last compelled though with great reluctance, to consent to what she proposed, regarding it only as a temporary measure.

The first day's experience of Jessie under the roof Mrs. Freeman, is known to the reader. It was a painful experience, but she bore it in the right spirit. After that, she was careful to confine herself to the part of the house assigned her as a servant and inferior, and never ventured upon the least familiarity with any one. Her duty to the children who were committed to her charge, was faithfully performed, and she received regularly, her wages, according to contract; and there the relation between her and his family ceased. Day after day, week after week, month after month, did Jessie Hampton, uncheered by an approving smile or friendly word, discharge her duties. But she had within, to sustain her a consciousness that she was doing right, and a firm trust in an all-wise and merciful Providence.

Mrs. Carlton remained her steady friend and Jessie spent an evening in her house almost every week, and frequently met there many of her old acquaintances. Of her treatment in the house of Mrs. Freeman, she never spoke, and when questioned on the subject, avoided giving a direct answer.

Mr. Hartman's struggle proved to be a hard one. Harrassed by claims that he could not pay off at once, his credit almost entirely gone, and the capital upon which he was doing business limited to a few hundred dollars, he found it almost impossible to make any headway. In a year from the time Jessie relieved him from the burden of her support, so far from being encouraged by the result of his efforts, he felt like abandoning all as hopeless. There are always those who are ready to give small credits to one whom they believe to be honest, even though once unfortunate in business; but for such favors Mr. Hartman could not have kept up thus far. Now the difficulty was to pay the few notes given as they were matured.

A note of five hundred dollars was to fall due on the next day, and Mr. Hartman found himself with but a hundred dollars to meet it. The firm from which he had bought the goods for which the note was given, had trusted him when all others refused credit to the amount of a single dollar, and had it in their power to forward his interests greatly if he was punctual in his payments. It was the first bill of goods they had sold him, and Hartman could not go to them for assistance in lifting the note, for that would effectually cut off all hope of further credit. He could not borrow, for there was no one to lend him money. There was a time when he could have borrowed thousands on his word; but now he knew that it would be folly to ask for even hundreds.

In a state of deep discouragement, he left his store in the evening and went home. After tea while sitting alone, Jessie, who came to see him often, tapped at his door.

"Are you not well?" she asked, with much concern, as soon as the smile with which he greeted her faded from his face, and she saw its drooping expression.

"Yes, dear," he said trying to arouse himself and appear cheerful; but the effort was vain.

"Indeed, uncle you are not well," remarked Jessie, breaking in upon a longer period of silent abstraction into which Mr. Hartman had fallen, after in vain trying to converse cheerfully with his niece.

"I am well enough in body, Jessie; but my mind is a little anxious just now," he replied.

"Isn't your business coming out as well as you expected?" inquired the affectionate girl.

"I am sorry to say it is not," returned Mr. Hartman. "In fact I see but little hope of succeeding. I have no capital, and the little credit I possess is likely to be destroyed through my inability to sustain it. I certainly did anticipate a better reward for my efforts, and am the more disappointed at this result. To think that, for the want of three or four hundred dollars, the struggle of a whole year should prove in vain! As yet, even that small sum I cannot command."

The face of Jessie flushed instantly, as her uncle uttered the two last sentences.

"And will so small an amount as three or four hundred dollars save you from what you fear?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"Yes, even so small an amount as that. But the sum might as well be thousands. I cannot command it."

"You can uncle!" replied Jessie, with a glow of exultation on her cheek, and a spirit of joy in her voice. "I have the money! Oh! it is the happiest hour in my life!"

And sinking forward, she laid her now weeping face upon the breast of her uncle. Her tears were the outgushing waters of gladness.

"You have the money, child?" said Mr. Hartman, after the elapse of a few moments. "Where did you get it?"

"I have had no need to spend my salary."

"Your salary! Have you saved all?"

"Every dollar. I had clothing sufficient, and there was no other want to take it from me. Dear uncle, how happy it makes me to think that I have it in my power to aid you. Would that the sum was tens of thousands."

Mr. Hartman, as soon as the first surprise was over, said with evident emotion—

"Jessie, I cannot express how much this incident has affected me. But deeply grateful to you as I feel for such an evidence of your love, I must push back the hand that would force this aid upon me. I will not be unjust to you. I will not take your hard earnings to run the risk of losing them."

A shadow passed over the face of Jessie, and her voice was touched with something like grief as she replied—

"How can you speak to me thus, uncle? How can you push back my hand when, in love, it seeks to smooth the pillow on which your troubled head is resting? Would you deny me higher gratification than I have ever known? No, no—you cannot."

Mr. Hartman was bewildered. He felt that it would be a kind of sacrilege to take the money of his niece, yet how could he positively refuse to do? Apart from the necessity of his circumstances, there was the cruelty of doing violence to the generous love that had so freely tendered relief. In the end, all objections had to yield, and Mr. Hartman was saved from a second disaster, which would have entirely prostrated him, by the money that Jessie had earned and saved.

A short time after the occurrence of this circumstance, the Freemans gave a large party. Mrs. Carlton who was present, said to Mrs. Freeman, an hour after the company had assembled—

"Where is Miss Hampton? I have been looking for her all the evening. Isn't she well?"

"What Miss Hampton do you mean?" asked Mrs. Freeman, drawing herself up in a manner cold and dignified.

"Miss Jessie Hampton," replied Mrs. Carlton.

"Sure enough!" said a young man who was sitting by, and who had been attentive to Fanny Freeman, "where is Miss Hampton?"

"I havn't seen her for a long time. What can have become of her? Is she dead or is she married?"

"Her uncle, I suppose you know, failed in business, and has become poor," replid Mrs. Carlton.

"Sure enough, I was perfectly aware of that, but did not reflect that poverty was a social crime. And is it possible that so lovely a girl as Jessie Hampton has been excluded from the circle she so graced with her presence, because of this change in her uncle's circumstances?"

"It is true to a very great extent, Mr. Edgar," returned Mrs. Carlton, "though I am glad to say that there a few who can appreciate the real good of her character, and who love her as truly, and esteem her as highly, as ever they did."

"A worthy few; and if I were only so fortunate as to fall in company with her I would be of the number. Is she here to night?"

The young man looked at Mrs. Freeman, and became aware, from the expression of her face, that the subject was disagreeable to her. With easy politeness he changed the theme of conversation; but as soon as an opportunity offered, sought out Mrs. Carlton, and asked a question or two more about Jessie.

"What has become of Miss Hampton? I should really like to know," he said.

Mrs. Carlton could only reply direct, and she answered.

"She is living in this family in the capacity of governess."

"Indeed! I have been visiting here, off and on, for a twelve month, but have never seen nor heard her name mentioned. Are you sure?"

"O, yes. I procured her the situation over a year ago, and see her almost every week."

"This being the case, and it also being plain that her worth is not appreciated here, our remarks a little while ago could not have been very pleasant to the ears of Mrs. Freeman."

"I presume not," was returned.

The young man became thoughtful, and in a little while withdrew from the crowded rooms and left the house. He was the son of a wealthy merchant, and had recently come into his fathers business as partner. It was to the firm of Edgar & Son that the note of Mr. Hartman, which Jessie had aided him to lift, had been due.

On the day succeeding the party at Mrs. Freeman's Mr. Hartman came in to purchase some goods, and after selecting them asked if he could have the usual credit.

"Certainly," replied old Mr. Edgar; "and to double the amount of the bill."

Hartman thanked the merchant, and retired.

"You know that five hundred dollar note he paid last week?" said Mr. Edgar, speaking to his son, and alluding to Hartman, who had just left.

"I do."

"Well, I heard something about that note this morning that really touched my feelings. Hartman spoke of the circumstance to a friend, and that friend betraying, I think the confidence reposed in him, related it to me, not knowing that we were the parties to which the note had been paid. On that note he came near failing again."

"Indeed! And yet you have just sold him freely."

"I have. And such are my feelings that I would risk five thousand dollars to keep him up. I know him to be a man of strict honesty."

"There is no doubt of that" replied the son.

"You remember his niece, I suppose?" said old Mr. Edgar.

"Oh, very well."

"When Mr. Hartman's circumstances became reduced, she of her own free choice, relieved him of the burden of her support, and assumed the arduous and toilsome duties of a governess in one of our wealthy families, where she has ever since been. On the evening before the note of which I speak was due, she called to see her uncle, and found him in trouble. For some time he concealed the cause, but so earnest was she in her affectionate entreaties to know why he was so unhappy, that he told her the reason. He was again embarrassed in his business, and, for the want of a few hundred dollars, which one circumstanced as he was, could not borrow, was in danger of being broken up. To his astonishment, Jessie announced the fact that she had the sum he wanted, saved from her salary as governess. He at first refused to take it, but she would listen to no denial."

"Noble girl!" exclaimed the young man.

"She must be one in a thousand," replied the son enthusiastically. "And yet worth like her's is passed over for the tinsel of wealth. Do you not know in what family she is governess?"

"I do not."

"I can tell you. She is in the family of Mr. Freeman."

"Ah!"

"Yes. You know they gave a party last night?"

"I do."

"Miss Hampton was not present."

"As much might have been inferred."

"And yet there was no young lady in the room her equal in all that goes to make up the character of a lovely woman."

"Well, my son," replied the old gentleman, "all I have to say is that I looked upon this young lady as possessing excellencies of character far outweighing all the endowments of wealth. Money! It may take to itself wings in a day; but virtue like her is as abiding as eternity. If your heart is not otherwise interested, and you feel so inclined, win her if you can. Another like her may never cross your path. With such a woman as your wife, you need not tremble at the word adversity."

The young man did not reply. What his thoughts were, his actions subsequently attested.

After the party, to the distant coldness with which Mrs. Freeman had treated Jessie since she came into her house, were added certain signs of dislike, quickly perceived by the maiden. In addressing her Mrs. Freeman exhibited, at times, a superciliousness that was particulary offensive. But Jessie checked the indignant feelings that arose in her bosom, and in conscious rectitude of character went on faithfully discharging her duties. Since the timely aid she had been able to bring her uncle, she had a new motive for effort, and went through her daily task with a more cheerful spirit.

One day, about six months after the occurrence of the party which had been mentioned, Jessie, a little to the surprise of Mrs. Freeman, gave the lady notice that, at a certain time not far off, she would terminate her engagement with her. The only reason she gave was, that the necessity which took her from home no longer remained. At the time mentioned, Jessie left, although Mrs. Freeman, urged by other members of the family, who could better appreciate the young lady's worth, offered a considerable increase of salary as an inducement to remain.

"What do you think?" exclaimed Fanny, about three weeks subsequent, throwing open the parlor door, where the family had assembled just before tea. "Jessie Hampton's married!"

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Freeman. "Married!"

"Oh, yes, sure enough," said Mr. Freeman, "I heard of it a little while before I left my counting-room. And more surprising still, she is married to young Edgar."

"Oh, no!" responded Mrs. Freeman incredulously. "It's some mistake. Never. It cannot be."

"Oh, but it's a fact, mother," said Fanny, with ill-concealed chagrin. "Lizzy Martin was her brides-maid. They were married at Mrs. Carlton's this morning, and the whole bridal party have gone off to Saratoga."

"He's got a good wife," remarked the brother of Mrs. Freeman, in his quiet way. "I always liked that young man, and like him better than ever now. I knew he was a fellow of good sense; but he has shown himself to possess more of that sterling material than I thought."

Mr. Freeman also gave his opinion, and in doing so, expressed himself pretty freely in regard to the treatment Jessie had received while in their house. As for his wife, when truth assumed an undoubted form, she sunk into mortified silence, and Fanny felt even worse than her mother for reasons that lay nearer her heart.

In a little while the bride took her old place in society, and many, who in her seclusion passed her coldly, or all unnoticed, met her now with smiles and with warm gratulations. Of all the changes that followed as a consequence of her marriage, there was none that filled her with so much delight as the improved prospects of Mr. Hartman. Her husband became his fast friend, and sustained him through every difficulty. One home held them both. How purely and brightly the stream of Jessie's happiness flowed on, need not be told. Virtue and integrity of character had met their just reward. In adversity she was not cast down, and when prosperity again smiled, she was not unduly elated. In either relation to society, she was a dispenser of blessings to those she loved.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that those who looked down upon Jessie, and passed her unnoticed while she was only a governess, now referred to the noble self-sacrificing spirit that prompted her to act as she had done, and spoke of her conduct with admiration.

INSECTS AS REMEDIES.—Insects once occupied a place as important as herbs in the list of sovereign remedies. To take a wood louse or millepede, perhaps alive, and conveniently self-rolled for the occasion, was as common as to take a vegetable pill. Five gnats were administered with as much confidence as three grains of calomel. In an alarming fit of cholic, no visitor with a drachm of peppermint could have been more cordially welcomed or swallowed than a lady-bird. Fly-water was eye-water, and even that water-shunning monster, hydrophobia, was urged to lap *aqua pura* by the administration of a dry cock-chafer. Like other dogs and drugs, these have all had their day in the world of medicine, but have left behind them the salutary biter, the Cantharides or Spanish flies of Europe, and the Meloe Chicorei, used by the natives of the Celestial Empire for the same purpose of draining off terrestial humors.

The safest and most reliable business a young man can enter, is agriculture. A good farm, well attended, is an inexhaustible store—an endless mine of wealth, from which the riches of the earth can be profusely drawn, if the owner will remember that this can only be done by the "sweat of his brow"—by honest diligent labor.

Deacon Pequirk, a staunch temperance man, accidently swallowing a rousing tumbler of gin the other day, was asked how he felt after it.—"How did I feel?" said he, "Why I felt as if I were setting on the roof of our meeting-house, and every shingle was a jewsharp."

In dry pasture dig for water on the brow of a hill; springs are more frequently near the surface on a height than in a vale.

"Feeling your wife is not so passive as she used to be?" "No; she has left that off and has become ex-pensive."

The German Thermopylæ.

AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY SKETCH.

There are, we presume, but few of our readers who have not heard of the beautiful Wyoming Valley, that rich and fertile tract of land, situated in the State of Pennsylvania, and which has often been celebrated by poets and writers.—This valley was first and chiefly settled by Germans. It contains rich farms, fields and meadows, together with valuable timber land, and was visited with fire and sword, by a party of American Tories, British, and Indians, in the year 1778, at a time when the male population of the settlement, which number amounted to about 350 souls, had joined the army of the great and immortal WASHINGTON, at a distance of several days journey, where they expected to encounter the main army of the enemy.

The Colonel of these Wyoming Germans, was *Hollenbach*, a justice of the peace. He was an intimate friend of Washington, who knew how to appreciate his distinguished qualities, as well as his rare intelligence; although as to matters regarding religion, their views and opinions differed greatly from each other, as it is well known that Washington was a strict believer in the Bible; whereas Hollenbach did adhere to the doctrines of Thomas Paine, who was a philosopher and free thinker.

The heart-rending call in distress, of their parents, wives and children, which they had left at home, soon reached the ears of the Wyoming Volunteers, and in an instant Hollenbach found himself surrounded by his men, who urged him to meet the enemy, whose force consisted of more than 2,000 men.

In vain were the representations of Washington, who, being aware of the superior numerical strength of these barbarous and plundering hordes, had prognosticated to all a sure death.

Terror and agony moved the heart of every one at the thought of the dear ones which they had left behind and unprotected, and clinched their fists in eagerness for combat and vengeance at the gloomy prospects of their ruined happiness; and it was no longer possible for them to remain with the army.

At the sound of the trumpet, and headed by their colonel, they began to return homeward in great haste, marching day and night until they arrived at their settlement, where instead of meeting again their peaceful abodes, they beheld the smoking ruins of destroyed dwellings, near to which the enemies had comfortably erected their tents, their morning fire blazing triumphantly in the air, intermingled with their huzzas.

They soon recognized the red hordes of Brant, the notorious spoilers of the "German Flat," who had joined the rapacious and blood-thirsty Tories, and British, which but a short time ago in Cherry Valley had given such terrible proofs of their cruelties.

With doleful looks, Hollenbach regarded his gallant little band, who gnashing their teeth for rage and vengeance, stood near the place of destruction, and the looks of his men announced to him the inmost thoughts of their hearts.

There was none who would have trembled at an assault on these hordes of murderers.

"Brothers," exclaimed Hollenbach, "against such cowards, who now rejoice in victory over women and children only. Every one of us can stand the ground against eight of them. Let us send these brutes to h—l in such a manner, that even the d—l himself must have respect for the Germans of Wyoming Valley."

And raising himself from his saddle he waived his sword in the air, and spurred his horse onward. And thundering hurras followed his words, and his men rushed forward, eager for the ensuing combat. At the first volley, more than one hundred of these red skins (which formed the advance guard of the enemy) were weltering in their blood. The enemy were quietly reposing in their camp, but in an instant the whole army of the enemy was apprised of the assault, and from all sides they rushed upon the gallant little corps. The sun rose, spreading its animating beams upon the exhausted Germans, who in a moment made arrangements to take the stand behind a row of ruins, and to wait for the approach of their enemies. The first assault of the enemy was repulsed, and many kissed the earth in death, caused by the dense drifts of bullets sent forth from behind the entrenchments.

The mockery about this powerful resistance and bravery, which the appearance of the little band so openly demonstrated towards the enemy, soon engaged its whole army in a furious combat, but they were not able to stand their ground against the discharge of the pieces of the little band, which rattling, cleared their ranks. Repulsed repeatedly, and again hurrying into the fight, the enemy could not gain a foot of ground, although their guns began to clear the ranks of their powerful antagonists. During twelve long hours, these Germans Spartans manfully resisted the superior force of the enemy.

Finally, and with the last glowing of the sun, the fate of the day was decided—300 Germans had fallen in defence of their adopted country; and 50 more lay badly wounded, who wounded not seek for quarter, and still striving to make a last effort against the enemy, who seeing their determination had almost been driven to madness on account of their bravery.

What a noble military achievement. What persevering heroism! *Had these men been Americans, they would up to this day have been remembered by the nation as the "Immortal Wyoming Boys"*—but they were only Germans, and their memory, which is as worthy of immortality as that of the Helens of Termopyle, remains silently recorded in the book of History of two Pennsylvania counties.

A virtuous sentiment grows calm without being weakened; a wrong passion is agitated, though about to be extinguished. That which is moral order is in its nature moral [illegible] virtue belongs to immortality.