

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE"

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—16.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1847.

NEW SERIES—NO. 6.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL. LANDING OF THE FIRST AMERICAN LINE AT YERA CRUZ.

BY CAPT. GEORGE W. PATTER, U. S. ARMY.

At the signal "land," the first boat, consisting of artillery, approached the shore. They were covered by light draughted gun-boats anchored in the immediate vicinity of the beach. Meanwhile, as if for her own amusement, the intrepid little "Epitaph" slipped her anchor, rounded to, and threw her shells at the great castle of Ujiles, like a child at play, casting its marbles at the fortress of a giant. The castle stood back in angry reply, but did not succeed in inflicting any punishment upon the tantalizing aggressor. Soon a prolonged shout from the "army afloat" announced the unflinching of the American flag on the enemy's shore, and the excited soldiers were seen dashing from the boats in a mad race to the shore, their eagerness to form and rally around the "star spangled banner."

The signal flag is in the sky,
Ten thousand hearts are beating high,
Ye of the foremost line draw nigh!
Prepare to land—take—take—take!

The surfboats touch the ship's tall side,
Along they slide they smoothly glide,
And lo! they wait your gallant guide—
Down—down—descend with rapid stride—
Huzza!

Ye gallant men of hardy brow,
Who have been long and hardy in the show,
Be calm—be cool as winter's snow—
Huzza!

Crowd close, sit down, from stem to prow,
Huzza!

See yonder fleet stretched out as pine,
From out to sea's remotest shrine!
What voices shout? what bright blades shine!
Huzza!

Their eyes are on ye—form the line,
Huzza!

Brave friends, thanks for your greeting dear,
I serve as for the race severe;
Where is the star-flag—here, 'tis here!
Huzza!

Unfold the folds—give back the cheer!
Huzza!

Now watch the war-words once again!
All eyes upon the flag-ship's main!
"The land"—"the land"—the signal plain—
Huzza!

Cast off—give way the western strain—
Huzza!

High—give the bark—ply, ply the oar—
The bilge wave—the war dogs roar—
The death shells burst behind—before!
Huzza!

Bend to the strokes—strain for the shore—
Huzza!

The tall hills shake with thunder riven,
A loud ye war's red bolts are driven,
Above ye float the bird of heaven,
Huzza!

Strive, brothers, as ye ne'er have striven,
Huzza!

The foremost surfboat nears the land,
The ground—no death the parting band—
They breast the surf—the waves the sand,
Huzza!

They mount the steep with flag in hand!
Huzza!

THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.
A correspondent of the N. O. Delta gives the following brief description of the field of Buena Vista on the night after the battle:

"I should have been more than I would desire to admit, I moved over the field which was so recently the scene of such bloody strife, and terrible was the evidence of that day's carnage. The shattered bodies, which made death appear to the poor sufferers a thing to be desired, and the heroes, whose riders in many instances lay motionless beneath them, were struggling in the agonies of death. I perceived many a little hand silently moving about, in whose faces were strangely blended the desire to find, and the fear of finding, the friends whom they sought among the dead. On arriving at that part of the field near the mountains, to the left of our position, where a portion of our little army received during the day the fiercest charges of the enemy, I saw the bodies of many a fallen foe, and felt how dearly our brave artillery made the enemy suffer for the gusts they were compelled to abandon. I saw many of my countrymen cold and motionless where they fell, mingled with the enemy—defiance still on their brows, their swords still grasped in their hands, and I knew they were undaunted and unwavering to the end."

A YANKEE PEDLAR BIT.
A Yankee pedlar, one of that great tribe who have leavened the art of skinning a goat, entered the store of a Yankee merchant in Lowell, and wanted to sell him some razor straps. The merchant declined having anything to do with him, and ordered him out. A Yankee pedlar is not got so easily. There is no getting rid of him, while there is a chance of wearing your patience, until you make purchases. He knows the value of peace and quietness; and won't leave off his nose unless he's well paid for it.

"Come, mister, now I sware I must trade with you."
"You'd do nothing of the kind."
"Look here, now—I'd take any goods you've got here in payment."
"No you won't."
"O get out. I'll sell you what I'll do, I'll sell these straps at the lowest wholesale price, and take any of your goods at your retail figures. That's fair."
"Well, as you're so pressing, I'll take twelve dozen, that will be \$72, which you shall take out in any goods I choose, that I have in the store."
"Well, I'll pose you aint got nothing here that I cant dispose of somewhere."
"Make out your bill and receipt it."
The pedlar did so, and called on the merchant to select the goods he chose to pay him in, whereupon the merchant handed him six dozen back and said, "I retail these at one dollar each—we are now square. I bought your goods according to agreement at your wholesale price, and I sell them to you again at my retail price."

The pedlar looked daggers, but he had to put up with the justification of being overreached, which was his greatest trouble, and made him right down savage.

Three essentials to a false story-teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for his audience.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

While this multitudinous army lay around Boston, without any idea of discipline except to shoot straight, or any definite aim beyond the mere determination to fight; the officers who commanded them, looking on things in a clearer light, were divided as to the best course to be pursued. Putnam, with his usual prominence and boldness, and Prescott, were for a battle if they could get the militia behind intrenchments. They thought, and justly, that an engagement, unless peculiarly disastrous to the Americans, would give them confidence in themselves, and kindle a spirit of resistance throughout the land. The other officers were fearful of a defeat, and dreaded the result of one on the army and country. The bolder counsel of Putnam and Prescott, however, prevailed.

The English, in the meantime, feeling the restraint of their position, laid two different plans to advance into the open country, but were in both cases turned back by the precautions of the Americans, who were constantly informed of their movements. At length, abandoning every other project, Gen. Gage directed all his efforts to force a passage by the peninsula and neck of Charlestown.

This peninsula is a narrow neck, which separates it from Boston on the east. The spot where this peninsula joins the main land is only about a hundred yards across, and is called the Neck. From this point rises Bunker's Hill, and a little farther in towards Boston, Breed's Hill. To prevent the egress of the British by this Neck, the plan of which they had received from friends in Boston, the American officers resolved to fortify Bunker's Hill which completely commanded the Neck.

Col. Prescott was ordered to occupy this height with a thousand men, and to strengthen himself strongly there. Having assembled on the Green at Cambridge, they learned their heads for a few moments on their firelocks, while the solemn prayer rose on the evening air in their behalf, and then took up their line of march. By some mistake, or purposely, they went farther on, and occupied Breed Hill. At midnight, those stern-hearted men stood on the top, while Putnam marked out the lines of the entrenchment. By daylight, they had constructed a redoubt about eight rods square, in which they could shelter themselves. At four o'clock in the morning the people of Boston and the British officers were waked up a heavy cannonading from an English ship-of-war, whose commander first perceived the position which the Americans had taken up during the night.

The English officers could scarcely believe their eyes, when they saw this redoubt almost over their heads. An immediate battle was inevitable, for this height commanded Boston, and soon as batteries could be erected there, the city must fall. All now was bustle and confusion, for each one knew that in a few hours a most deadly conflict must take place. Crowds began to gather on the shore, and thousands of eager eyes were turned with intense anxiety, and wonder, upon that low, dark redoubt that crowned the summit of the hill. In two hours' time all the city, and the ships of war and floating batteries, were pointed against that single little structure.

The city shook to the thunder of cannon, and that lonely height fairly rocked under the bombs and balls that tore up its side. It absolutely rained shot and shells upon its top; still all was silent above and about it; yet near enough to catch the sound could have heard the heavy blows of the spade and pickaxe, and the constant fall of earth, as those hardy men toiled as they never toiled before. Headless of the iron storm that rained around them, they continued their work, and by noon had run a trench nearly down to the Mystic river on the north. The fire was too hot to let them work in the open field near the bank, while Putnam saw at a glance that the best was to be done at all hazards; for the enemy marching swiftly along that smooth open ground, could take him in the flank and rear. This unprotected spot was a meadow, freshly mown, and suddenly thick with haycocks, all ready to be gathered into the barn. A single rail fence crossed it from the hill to the river, which Putnam, with that quickness of invention he had acquired in his long partisan warfare, immediately took advantage of. He ordered the men to take the rails from another fence near by, and running them through this one, pile the hay between. In a moment the meadow was black with men, some carrying rails on their shoulders and some with arms full of hay, and all hurrying onward. In a short time that single fence looked like a huge embankment. This completed the line of defence of the left wing and center, which extended from the Mystic river up to the redoubt. Behind the redoubt lay a part of the right wing, the rest being flanked by the houses of Charlestown at the base of the hill. Thus stretched over and down the hill, like a huge cord, lay the American army, nervous with the desperate valor of freemen battling on their native hills.

The tremendous cannonade, which had been kept up all the forenoon, having failed to dislodge the enemy, it was resolved by the British commanders to carry the heights by assault. Putnam, in the meantime, had strained every nerve to add to his means of defence. Almost constantly on horseback, he was riding his horse and aither, surprising every thing and animating the men by words of encouragement. During the night, while Prescott was hurrying forward the works on Breed's Hill, he spurred furiously off to Cambridge after reinforcements. The thunder of cannon at four o'clock in the morning quickly brought him to the saddle, and in a few minutes he was galloping up to the redoubt. Ordering up a detachment, to throw up a work on Bunker's Hill, which commanded the light on which the army lay, he again flew to Cambridge to hurry up the troops. The Neck, over which he was compelled to pass, was at this time swept by the artillery of a man-of-war and

floating batteries. Through this fire Putnam boldly galloped, and to his joy found that Stark and Reed were on the way to the scene of action. Disposing these troops to the best advantage, he coolly awaited the terrible onset, which he knew was preparing for him. The day was clear; not a cloud rested on the summer heavens, and the heated earth seemed to pant under the fierce rays of the noontide sun. As he stood and gazed with a stern, yet anxious eye, a scene presented itself, that might have moved the boldest heart. The British army had crossed the channel, and now stood in battle array on the shore. In the intervals of the roar of artillery, which played furiously from Morton's Hill, were heard the thrilling strains of martial music, and the thrilling blast of the bugle, while plumes danced and standards waved in the sunlight, and nearly five thousand bayonets gleamed and shook over the darkness below. Just then a solitary horseman of slender form, was seen moving swiftly over Bunker's Hill, and straight for Putnam. It was Gen. Warren, the gallant and noble-hearted warrior, who had gazed on that silent redoubt and his brave brethren there, till he could no longer restrain his feelings and had come to share their fate. Putnam with that generosity for which he was remarkable, immediately offered to put himself under his orders. "No," said Warren, "I come as a volunteer, to show those rascals that the Yankees can fight. Where shall I be most needed?" The former pointed to the redoubt as the most covered spot.

"Tell me," said Warren, while his lips quivered with the excitement, "where the onset will be heaviest?" "Go there," the redoubt," said Putnam, "Present is there, and will do his duty—if we can hold that, the day is ours." Away galloped Warren, and as he dashed up to the entrenchments, a loud huzza rent the air, and rolled in joyful accents along the lines.

Nothing could exceed the grandeur and excitement of the scene at this moment. Strung over that hill and out of sight lay fifteen hundred sons of Liberty, coolly awaiting the onset of the veteran thousands of England, and sternly resolved to prove worthy of the high destiny entrusted to their care. The roof of the houses of Boston, the shores, and every church steeple were black with spectators, looking now upon the forming columns upon the shore, and now at the silent entrenchments that spanned the heights. Many of them had sons and brothers, and husbands, and lovers on the hill, and the hearts of all swelled with hope and fear, with alternate hope and fear, as they thought of the strength and terror of the coming shock. Oh, how the earnest prayer went up to heaven, and with what intense love and longing each heart turned to that silent redoubt. At length the English began to advance in two dense columns. Putnam there rode along the lines, kindling the enthusiasm of the men already roused to the highest pitch, and ordered them to hold their fire till the enemy was within eight rods, and then aim at their waistbands. One came the steady battalions, ever and anon halting to let the artillery play on the intrenchment, and then advancing in the most perfect order and beautiful array. To the spot, that artillery appeared like moving spots of flame and smoke ascending the slope, but not a sound broke the ominous and death-like silence that reigned about the heights. But for the flags that drooped in the hot summer air over the redoubt, you would have deemed it deserted. But flashing eyes were there bent in wrath on the enemy as they slowly and steadily ascended the hill, and closed sternly in for the death-struggle. They were no noble troops—and as in perfect order, with their bayonets and polished bayonets floating and flashing in the sun, they advanced nearer and nearer, their appearance was imposing in the extreme. Stopping every few yards, they delivered their deep and regular volleys on the embankments, but not a shot replied. That silence was more awful than the thunder of cannon, for it told of carnage and death slumbering there. At length, when the hostile columns were almost against the intrenchments, the signal was given, and the stern order given, "fire!"

With a single flash, and a flash of lightning along that low dark wall, and the front rank of the foe went down, as if suddenly engulfed in the earth. But those behind, trading over their dead companions, pressed steadily forward, yet the same tempo of fire smote their bosoms, and they sunk amid their fallen comrades. Still the steady battalions nobly struggled to bear up against the deadly shot, but all in vain; rank after rank went down, like the sand-bank as it ceases over the stream, and at length, fuzes with rage and despair, the whole army broke and fled for the shore. They went up a long and low huzza from that little redoubt, which was echoed the whole length of the lines, and answered by thousands of voices from the roofs and steeples, and heights of Boston.

The discomfited troops never halted till they reached the shore, where their companions attempted to rally them. While they were seen riding to and fro amid the broken ranks, Putnam put spurs to his horse and galloped off, in his shirt-sleeves, after reinforcements. But the Neck over which they must pass was now swept by that galling fire that they refused to stir. Carried away by his intense anxiety, he rode backwards and forwards several times, to show there was no danger, while the balls ploughed up the earth in furrows around him; but few, however, could be induced to follow, and he hastened back to the scene of action.

The spectacle the hill now presented was terrific beyond description. That redoubt was silent again, while the dead and dying lay in ghastly rows near its base. The imposing columns were again on the march, while Charlestown, which in the interval had been set on fire by the enemy, presented a new feature in the appalling scene. The roar and crackling of the flames were distinctly heard in the American lines, and the smoke in immense volumes rolled fast and furious heavenward, blotting out the sun and shedding a strange and lurid light on the dead-covered field.

The British commander fondly hoped that the smoke would involve the heights, confusing the deadly aim of the Americans, and covering the assault; but the blessed breeze changing, inhaled it gently seaward, leaving the battle-field unobscured and open as ever. Again the columns pressed gallantly forward. Advancing more rapidly than before, they halted only to pour in their heavy volleys, and then hurrying on over their dead and wounded companions, who had fallen in the first assault, seemed about to sweep in a resistless flood over the intrenchments. On, on they came, shaking the heights with their heavy muffled tread, till they stood breast to breast with that silent redoubt, when suddenly it again gaped and shot forth flame like some huge monster. For a moment it seemed as if the atmosphere were an element of lead, and the firm-set ranks disappeared like mist in its path. The living still strove manfully to stem the fight, and the reeling ranks bore up for awhile amid the carnage, led by as brave officers as ever cheered men on to death. But that fiery sleet kept driving full in their faces, smiting them down rank after rank, with such fearful rapidity that the bravest gave way. The lines bent backwards, then sprang to their places again, again rolled back; till at last, riddled through and through by that astonishing fire, the whole mass gave way like a loosened cliff, and broke furiously down the hill. Again the triumphant "huzzas" rocked the heights, and the slopes that hill turned red with flowing blood. A sudden silence followed this strange uproar, broken only by the smothered groans and cries of the wounded, lying all most within reach of the redoubt. On that fatal shore the English commanders rallied for the third and last time their disordered troops, while the Americans, burning with indignation and disappointment, drove home their last cartridges.

The scene, the hour, the immense results at stake, all combined to fill the bosom of every spectator with emotions of the deepest sadness, anxiety and fear. The smoke of battle hung in light wreaths around that dark redoubt, while near by, Charlestown was one mass of billowy flame and smoke. The slope in front of the redoubt was spotted with the slain, and a single cannon came the booming of cannon as they still thundered on the American intrenchments. The sun now stooping to the western horizon, bathed that hill-top in its gentle light, and the mild summer evening was hastening on. The hills looked green and beautiful in the distance—all nature was at rest, and it seemed impossible that such carnage had wasted there a moment before.

But another sight soon arrested every eye: the reformed ranks of the enemy were again in motion. Throwing aside their knapsacks to lighten their burdens, and reserving their fire, the soldiers, with fixed bayonets, marched swiftly and steadily over the slope, and up to the very intrenchments. Only one volley smote them, and their aim was within eight rods, and then aim at their waistbands. One came the steady battalions, ever and anon halting to let the artillery play on the intrenchment, and then advancing in the most perfect order and beautiful array. To the spot, that artillery appeared like moving spots of flame and smoke ascending the slope, but not a sound broke the ominous and death-like silence that reigned about the heights. But for the flags that drooped in the hot summer air over the redoubt, you would have deemed it deserted. But flashing eyes were there bent in wrath on the enemy as they slowly and steadily ascended the hill, and closed sternly in for the death-struggle. They were no noble troops—and as in perfect order, with their bayonets and polished bayonets floating and flashing in the sun, they advanced nearer and nearer, their appearance was imposing in the extreme. Stopping every few yards, they delivered their deep and regular volleys on the embankments, but not a shot replied. That silence was more awful than the thunder of cannon, for it told of carnage and death slumbering there. At length, when the hostile columns were almost against the intrenchments, the signal was given, and the stern order given, "fire!"

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READING THE WILL.

BY MRS. ARDY.

This morning I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at two o'clock that day at the house of her late uncle in Harley-street, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with this invitation. I had really begun to fancy that old Mr. Graham was going to remain perpetually on the earth, like Mrs. Norton's "Undying One"; he was always on the point of death, and always cured, said better than ever in the course of a few days; last month the cold water system seemed completely to renovate him, but he suddenly relapsed, departed from the world, and left fifty thousand pounds and a will behind him. Though Constance is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my acquaintance, I had determined never to marry her while her uncle lived; he had frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but as frequently took offence at something or at nothing in her behavior, and bequeathed his wealth to a hospital, or lunatic asylum. I felt quite easy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's house-keeper, had given me the information that, only an hour before her master's death, he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, however, that it was my policy to appear ignorant of the circumstance, Constance being very susceptible, and Constance's mother very suspicious.

At the appointed time I walked into the drawing-room in Harley-street, the very few relatives of the old gentleman were assembled. There was Constance, looking as Hebe might have looked if Hebe had ever worn craps or bombazine; Constance's mother, looking stiff, cross, and uneasy; an elderly female cousin, and a stripling of the deceased. I feared, upon that point, that Mr. Graham disliked his fine lady sister-in-law, despised the servility of his elderly cousin, and dreaded the frolics of his stripling nephew. I seated myself by Constance, and in a soft voice, began to protest my affection and disinterestedness.

"Knowing the caprice of your uncle, my beloved," I said, "I have every reason to conclude that I shall inherit some distinguished title; this, however, will be of little moment to me; I have enough for comfort, though not for luxury, and, as the song beautifully says—
"Still fixed in my heart be it never forgot,
That the wealth of the cottage is love."
"Fancy, Mr. Chilton," said Constance's mother, looking excessively sneering and shrewish, "that it is pretty well known that my daughter is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, madame!" I replied, with a start of surprise, "I was not aware that any such will was bequeathed concerning the contents of Mr. Graham's will."
"I have heard a rumour," said Constance, sharply interposing the elderly cousin, "that Mr. Graham was not in his senses when he made it."
"The mind must be both base and weak," retorted Constance's mother, "which could give credence to such a rumour." And forthwith a sparring dialogue took place between the two ladies, during which I whispered Constance a page of Moore's poetry done into prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor and intimate friend of the late Mr. Graham; he was a handsome young man, and had presumed at one time to lift his eye to Constance, but he was so much attracted by all she said, that he had concluded that I should inherit some distinguished title; this, however, will be of little moment to me; I have enough for comfort, though not for luxury, and, as the song beautifully says—
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