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[From the National Era.]
THE AMERICAN MECHANIC.
THOU art our God's high priest,
Standing before great Nature's mighty shrine;
For the whole world the glorious task is thine,
To spread the liberal feast.
Ere like the Hebrew chief
Strikes down the rock, and in his deep
Mysterious heart, the living waters leap,
To give the earth relief.
Mighty among thy kind,
Stoudest thou, man of toil, midway
Between the earth and heaven, all things to sway
By thy high-working mind!
Thou canst delve in the earth,
And from its mighty caves bring forth pure gold;
Thou canst untrap the clouds in heaven rolled,
And give the lightning birth.
Thou hast the stormy sea
Chained to thy christ wheels, and the wild winds
Obed to thy ruling intellect that binds
Their rushing wings to thee.
Thou canst bid lightning go forth
Upon the electric pinions of the air,
And through the opposites ether thou canst bear
Thy words from South to North.
Thou canst make man's hand create,
Where there was none, a masterly owner;
And thou canst cause of opposing ends
A unity to be!
Lift up thy hand to heaven!
Spread thy veil o'er the sea and land;
Thou hast the world intrusted to thy hand—
Earth to thy charge is given!

THE EXILE AT REST.
BY PERCIVAL.
His fabled dross on the Nile,
His host he led through Alpine snows,
O'er mountains towers, that shook the white,
His eagle flag unrolled—and from
Here sleeps he now alone; not one
Of all the kings who crown the grave,
Nor sire, nor brother, nor son,
Nor ever seen or sought his grave.
Here sleeps he now alone, the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Hath sunk; the nation from afar
Gazed, as if faded and worn.
He sleeps alone; the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his marble tomb to death.
High in his couch, the ocean's curl,
Far below by storms is curled,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unconstant world.
Hark! from beneath the pyramid,
And from a cavern's waste of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice is heard,
The world would hush to mourn him! No!
The only, the perpetual dirge,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

SOLEMN THOUGHT.—We see not, in
this life, the end of human actions. Their
influence never dies. In ever widening
circles, it reaches beyond the grave.
Death removes us from this to an eternal
world. Time determines what shall be
our condition in that world. Every morning
when we go forth, we lay the moulding
hand on our destiny, and every evening
when we have done, we have left a
deathless impress upon our character.
We touch not a wire that vibrates to eternity.
Not a voice utters at the throne of
God. Let youth, especially, think of
these things, and let every one remember
that in this world, where character is in
its formation state, it is a serious thing to
speak, to act.

An Incident of the Late War.
BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.
"My father," said Mary, "may not think
himself called upon to be as particular
about what concerns the public charities,
corporations, or indifferent individuals, as
he is, and is bound to be, in what concerns
the respectability of his own family."
"But if I acquire wealth by lawful means?"
"Henry, father never asked that you
should be wealthy. He thought it proper,
and he makes it a condition of our marriage,
that you should have some respectable business,
since you have not wealth."
"And your father is right," said Henry,
"but how am I to get clear of the odium of
my lottery prize, I can not see nor guess."
"Perhaps you will dream it, though," said
Mary, archly.
"I can dream of nothing but schooners,
brigs, and ships," said Henry.
"Oh! if you only owned a good vessel,"
said Mary, "I do not know but father would
almost forgive its coming as a prize."
"A prize to a merchant," said Henry,
"but not a prize to a lottery."
Henry wandered down towards the
charcoal and unoccupied yards. The war
allowed of little or no work among the
shipbuilders.
The hull of a fine brig lay at the wharf.
She had been launched a year, and there
was no one to purchase her. She was too
clumsy for a privateer.
"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "what is
that vessel worth?"
"She is worth twenty thousand dollars,"
said the owner. "She cost that as she is,
and she will bring twenty thousand the
very hour peace is declared."
"Would you like the money for her at
cash price?"
"Nothing would be more acceptable,
but there are not fifty thousand dollars
in the country."
"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "I have a
commission to fulfil, and, as you know I
am not much of a business man, I must
ask you to consider a proposition which I
am about to make to you, and to answer
me explicitly."
"Let us hear the proposition."
"I will give you ten thousand dollars
for the brig as she now lies."
"Within forty days," said Henry, "you
will have the money. The river is frozen
over, and you could make no use of the
cash before that time."
Mr. Holmes turned to Bradford and said,
"You know, Henry, that I am aware that
you have not the means of payment, and
that you are not a person likely to be
employed as an agent in this business, and
yet I have every confidence in your word."

Henry explained fully to the ship owner
the state of his affair, and exhibited to
him the lottery ticket, No. 5, 4, 3, 2.
"But," said Mr. Holmes, "there may be
some mistake about the matter, or some
failure of the lottery, by which I shall lose."
Henry explained his motives and wishes,
and in two hours he held in his hand a
bill of sale of the brig Helvetius, which, as
the papers were not obtained, he immediately
re-named Mary. The condition was that
Henry was to hold the vessel for forty
days, and if, within that time, he should
pay \$10,000 she was to be his; if not, she
was to revert to Mr. Holmes, who, in the
meantime, held the ticket as a sort of collateral
security. The bill of sale, as I saw it,
bore date the 5th of February, 1815—
Henry felt like a new man. Henry felt
like a happy man. He was a ship owner
in a place where that character was a sort
of aristocracy. He went day after day
to look at his brig, wishing for the time
to pass away for the prize to be paid; but he
said nothing yet to Mr. Carver.

One evening, while Henry was talking
with Mary, she asked him what he intended
to do with his vessel, when the forty
days were up.
"Rig her, bend her sails, and then sell
her, or send her to sea."
"Why, Henry, it took the whole of the
ticket upon the hull and the standing spar,
and it will take half as much more to rig
her and find canvas; and, besides that,
how could you sell for more than Mr.
Holmes could?"
Henry hesitated. He had not thought
of that; but he did not doubt that it would
all come right yet.

Henry was sitting, the next day, on the
quarter rail of his brig, looking at the masts,
well covered with snow and ice, and thinking
of the better appearance she would
make when the rigging had done his duty.
At length, he felt the hands of Mr. Holmes
upon his shoulder.
"Hello!" said the latter. "I am sorry
to have had news to tell you. Read that
paragraph in the Boston Centinel."
CONGRATULATION.—The ticket which drew
the highest prize in the Plymouth Beach
Lottery was 4, 5, 3, 2, and not as our
compositor stated last week, 5, 4, 3, 2—
We understand that a gentleman of wealth
in the southern part of this town is the fortunate
holder.

"What do you say to that, Henry?"
"Only that the old gentleman will not
now say that I have the wages of gambling."
"No, nor will he give you the credit of being
a ship owner," said Mr. Holmes—
"You have been unfortunate, Henry, and
I am really sorry for you," continued Mr.
Holmes, changing his tone considerably,
and regretting his own loss, as I have need of
the money; but as you cannot pay for the
brig, you had better hand me the bill of
sale, and let us destroy it."
Henry drew from his pocket the precious
document, and while he examined it from
top to bottom, he said to Mr. Holmes—
"This affair has been to me like a pleasant
dream, not only on account of my aspirations
for Mary, which you are acquainted
with, but day after day I have felt a
growing energy for business—a sort of out-
reaching of the mind—a determination,
with such a noble beginning, to proceed
continuously, but steadily, to do what I ought
to have begun years since. Then Mr.
Holmes, as he has let me see some days to-
run, before I can be chargeable with a violation
of my contract, I will restore it to
my pocket-book, and, if I cannot dream as
I have done, I shall not at least be awak-
ened too suddenly."

Mr. Holmes of course consented, as he
really had no right to claim the vessel until
the forty days should have expired, and
Henry went up to tell Mary of the turn
his luck had taken.
"Though Mary respected her father too
much to feel pleasure in Henry's new pos-
session, yet she loved Henry too much not
to feel deeply grieved at his bitter disap-
pointment."
"The dream," said Henry, doubtfully;
"that dream is not yet come to pass."
Some days after that, there was, as usual,
a gathering at the post office, at some dis-
tance from the ship yard, awaiting the arrival
of the mail. The stage, at the usual
hour, drove up, and the driver said, as he
handed the mail-bag into the house—
"I guess there's better news to-day than
I have brought since the great victory on
the Lakes."
"Another victory, Mr. Woodward?"
"No, not another victory, but peace!"
"Can you tell me," said a dapper looking
young gentleman, as he stepped from
the stage, "where I can find Mr. Holmes,
the owner of the brig Helvetius?"
"Mr. Holmes lives on the Hill, you
under," was the reply, "but it is thought he
does not own the Helvetius now."
"Has he sold her?"
"Yes."
"I am sorry for that. Who is the owner?"
"Mr. Bradford, the young man whom
you see reading the newspaper."
The stranger stepped into the house,
and inquired of Henry whether he would
sell the brig.
Henry said he would cheerfully part
with her.

"At what price?"
"At the peace price!"
"Stage ready!" said Mr. Woodward,
the driver.
"We will ride over to the village," said
Henry, "and converse on the matter as we
go along."
Henry soon emerged from the stage-
coach, and hastened to Mr. Carver's.
"You look cheerful," said Mary.
"I have drawn another prize."
"Not another I hope."
"Yes and a large one. I have sold the
brig for twenty thousand dollars to a Boston
House, and I am to be in Plymouth at
four o'clock, to get my pay at the bank."
"But the brig was not yours, Henry—
Surely you are not deranged. You could
not hold her after the mistake of the prize
was corrected?"
"There is just where you are mistaken,
Mary. There is a bill of sale which allows
forty days from date for the payment.
Say nothing to any one," cried Henry, "I
will be with you before I sleep."

"What's the matter with Henry?" said
Mrs. Carver, as she entered the room—
"Has he drawn another prize?"
"I guess not, nor her," said Mary, "only
dreaming again, perhaps."
At nine o'clock, Henry arrived from
Plymouth with an accepted draft for ten
thousand dollars, in favor of Mr. Holmes,
and a bank book in which he had credited for
an equal sum. And the brig Mary made
some of the most profitable voyages that
were ever projected in Boston.
So some years after that, twenty-five at
least, as I was riding into Plymouth, with
Bradford and his grand-daughter, I referred
to the anecdote, and the conclusion that
"luck was everything."
"There may be something in luck," said
he, "but the story which I gathered while
I held the ticket, with the belief that I held
the prize, the resolutions which I formed
while sitting and gazing at the lofty spire
of my brig, and the confiding virtue, the
filial piety, and the perfect love of Mary,
did all for me, and I should have been rich
without the brig. So you see it was hope,
contemplation, woman's virtue, woman's
piety, and woman's love, that made me
what I am. And let me add, friend C.,
that you and I owe more to woman than
the world credits to her. Let us, at least,
do her justice."

EXTRAORDINARY INDIAN CITY.
The New Orleans National, in its sketch
of Colonel Doniphan's late remarkable ex-
pedition, gives the following:
"The Navajo Indians are a warlike people,
they have no towns, or houses, or lodges; they
live in the open air, or on horseback, and
are remarkably wealthy, having immense
herds of horses, cattle, and sheep. They
are celebrated for their intelligence and
good order. They treat their women with
great attention, consider them equals, and
relieve them from the drudgery of menial
work. They are handsome, well made,
and in every respect a highly civilized
people—being as a nation of a higher order
of beings than the mass of their neighbors,
the Mexicans. About the time Col. Doniphan
made his treaty, a division of his com-
mand was entirely out of provisions, and
the Navajos supplied its wants with
liberality. A portion of the command re-
turned to Cuervo. Major Gilpin's com-
mand, together with Col. Doniphan, went
to the city of the Sumai Indians, living on
the Rio Escobedo, which is supposed to be
a branch of the Gila, and made a treaty of
peace between the Sumais and Navajos,
and then returned to the Rio Del Norte."
These Sumais, unlike the Navajos, live
in a city, containing, probably, 6,000 in-
habitants, who support themselves entirely
by agriculture.

The city is one of the most extraordi-
nary in the world. It is divided into four
solid squares, having but two streets cross-
ing its centre at right angles. All the
buildings are two stories high, composed
of sun-burnt brick. The first story pre-
sents a solid wall to the street, and is so
constructed that the house joins, until
one-fourth of the city may be said to be
one building. The second story rises from
this solid structure, so as to designate each
house, leaving room to walk upon the
roof of the first story between each build-
ing. The inhabitants of Sumai enter the
second story of their buildings by ladders,
which they draw up at night, as a defence
against any enemy that might be prowling
about. In this city was seen some thirty
Albino Indians, who have, no doubt, given
rise to the story that there is living in the
Rocky mountains a tribe of white aborigines.
The discovery of this city of the Sumai
will afford the most curious speculations
among those who have searched in
vain for a city of the Indians who possess
the habits and the manners of the Az-
tecs. No doubt, we have here a race liv-
ing as did that people, when Cortez entered
the Mexico. It is a remarkable fact, that
the Spaniards have, since the Spaniards
left the country, refused to have any inter-
course with the modern Mexicans, looking
upon them as an inferior people. They
have also driven from among them the
priests and other dignitaries, who formerly
had power over them, and resumed ha-
bits and manners of their own; their Great
Chief, or Governor, being the civil and re-
ligious head. The country round the city
of Sumai is cultivated with a great deal of
care, and affords food not only for the in-
habitants, but for large flocks of cattle and
sheep.

BLITZ, THE HUSBAND.—In order the bet-
ter to understand the following joke, it
should be known that Signor Blitz is a cele-
brated ventriloquist and magician. In the
course of his travels, Signor Blitz
was standing one day in front of a hotel,
watching the movements of a clumsy
Irishman, who was attaching some horses
to a coach. The Irishman occurred to him
to have a little sport. The Irishman brought
a fresh horse, and was about to put on
his harness, when the before supposed
dumb beast declared the would not start
on his journey until he had his oats.
"Pat started back, astounded at the speech
of the horse, and recovering a little from
his astonishment, and looking the brute full
in the face, he exclaimed,
"An' do you pretend to say 'you havn't
had your oats noo?"
"Not a single oat," coolly replied the
horse.

"Pat held up his hand in amazement, and
cried,
"Ye a bloody liar, an' as yet arry for
Jenny Doozie give you a peck if he had
an oat."
Still the horse stoutly denied his having
the oats, and Pat, greatly incensed, rushed
into the stable, crying "Jenny Doozie
an' has Billy had no oats this morning?"
"Shure he had his peck."
"O! the lying divil an' he swears he
hain't had the bloody oat, at all!"
The twinkling of his eye told how much
the ventriloquist enjoyed the joke.

LETTING.
Bets are the blockhead's argument,
The only logic he can vent,
His minor and his major—
"To confess your head a worse
blockhead than your partner."
To reason with a weak.

Legend of the Starved Rock.
Long and severely had savages war-
raged between two tribes in the West.
From the shores of Lake Michigan to
the banks of the Illinois, step by step, the in-
vaded tribe had contended for the homes of
their wives and children, and the burial
places of their fathers; and as the tri-
phant invaders sped onward in their wild
career, leaving behind them the smouldering
ashes of the wigwam and the tangled
forms of helpless infancy and feeble old
age, fainter grew the hopes of the feeble
but gallant band, of successful resistance.
Already had the last village been razed,
and what was once the peaceful home of
many happy hearts was now a pile of
smoking ruins; the dismal howl of the
wolf alone broke the fearful stillness of
the dark forest, which had so long re-
sounded with the happy sounds of life.
The Illinois, once a numerous and pow-
erful tribe, claimed as their hunting grounds
the beautiful prairies and gently sloping
hills crowned with majestic forests, that
stretch to the horizon from the shores of
Lake Michigan to the banks of the Mis-
sissippi. In an evil hour, the Potawatomi,
a tribe inhabiting the eastern prairie
of Lake Michigan, stirred up by the in-
veterate foe of the red man, "Fire Water," for in-
famous wrongs or to glut a savage thirst for
blood, waged a war of extermination
against the Illinois.
Driven backward, still fiercely contend-
ing for each foot of soil they claimed as
the gift of the Great Spirit, the feeble band
of the Illinois, vanquished in battle, yet
disdaining to surrender meekly to their
foe, like a stag at bay, stood beneath the
towering bluff of their own in all the im-
potence of revengeful despair. Suddenly,
with a cry, they spring forward, scale the
cliff, and far above their foe ring out the
shrill war cry of defiance and death. Alas,
short is their triumph. The wily enemy
sees and at once secures his prey; the cliff
stands insulated on the banks of the river,
rising full a hundred feet above the surface
of the water, and towards the land it is in-
accessible save at one point. On every
side were the besiegers, with the deadly
arrow pointed, and the tomahawk uplifted.
Close beneath the cliff lurked the canoe,
with its murderous occupant, ready to im-
pale the desperate prey, or, maddened
by thirst, in a moment of frenzy should
fling himself headlong into the cool waters
beneath.
Night came. Weary and exhausted,
the besieged lay down on the barren rock.
The twilight dew fell softly on their burn-
ing brows, and the cool breeze played amid
their dark locks. Many an eye was turn-
ed upward in the silent watches of that
fearful night, and faintly strove to lift
the dark pall that shadowed the future.
Somewhere beyond those stars lay the
happy hunting-grounds which their fathers
told, and to which their wives and children
ones were beckoning them. Fierce
memories of the dark strife, even the deep
burning for revenge, were now forgotten,
and as a dream had passed, its wild hopes,
its burning desires, its deeds of daring,
were remembered no more. Slowly from
their midst rose an aged chief. His white
hair gleamed in the wan sunlight, like the
mist on the brow of the dark hills. Ever-
y eye was agitated; the deep breathing
of the warrior alone broke the stillness.
Mournful as the sound of the muffled drum,
or the wailing of the autumn wind, rose
the chant of the death song. The owl an-
swered from her solitary nest, and from the
cavernous cliffs the owl reverberated the
shrill shores of the river. The aged
warrior sang, and, as memory retraced
years of his life, with kindling eye he re-
counted the deeds of daring he had done.
When the Illinois, numerous as the buffalo
on the plain, held all the neighboring tribes
in awe—when their warriors were swift of
foot and sure of hand—and while the deer
and pagher and bear were an easy prey,
their war cry echoed through the forest,
and the scalps of their enemies were in
every wigwam. Triumphantly rang the song
of the chief, and quick as thought the
vanquished warrior sprang to his feet,
fierce branding the battle scars above
his forehead, and yelling the war whoop,
he led the last faint sigh escaped from the
bosom of the water, a plaintive moan, like
that of the turtle dove, was heard from the
depths of the neighboring wood. A noble
brave, who, after joining in the exulting
war whoop, had thrown himself despairing
upon the ground, rose, and bending
angrily forward, listened to the faint cry.
Again it was heard. The warrior sprang
forward, and had not his intention been
checked, and a strong arm prevented, he had
thrown himself headlong from the cliff,
to find death or deliverance in the waters be-
neath.
In the wild uproar and confusion of the
attack upon the last village of the Illinois,
a young man had escaped with his child
from the horrid massacre, and concealing
himself in the forest, had followed for days
on the trail of the pursuers, and the pursu-
ed; subsisting upon wild fruit and nuts,
bearing his child in her arms, and living
only in the hope that his warriors would
try triumph, of that he should share his
fate. She had traced them to the fatal
rock, and with woman's love in her heart,
seeing her feeble arm, she resolved to at-
tempt his rescue.
The autumn leaf lay on the bosom of
the river, a light breeze glided within the
shadow of the opposite bluff. The moun-
ter sat with her child, cautiously moving
the frail bark, and as, favored by an over-
hanging tree, she shot out partly across the
stream, the warrior on the cliff leaped
boldly into the water. The whizzing
arrows flew, death-winged. With a fear-
ful cry the warrior leaped from the dark
waters, then sank into their depths, and
rose no more. At the same moment, clasp-
ing her child in her breast, the mother
sprang from the canoe, and found a grave
with her warrior husband in the bosom of
the placid river.

Against the death song rose from the fe-
tives on the rock; and when the morn-
ing broke, it brought no hope to them.
The noontide sun beat fiercely on their
throbbing brows, and their parched lips

refused their utterance. Far below, the
bright river swept along a thousand spark-
ling ripples, glancing in the sunbeams, its
cool depths mocking their burning thirst,
and tempting them to seek a watery grave.
But pride forbade. Sooner linger on,
enduring the horrors of starvation, till death
should come to their relief, than that their
hated enemies should triumph. Never
should the scalps of the Illinois grace the
wigwam of their foes. As they had lived,
so would they die, unaccountable to the
last. Proudly as the savage warrior upon
his funeral pile declines to glut the malice
of his foes by betrayal of face or suffering,
so did that devoted band upon the desert
rock nerve themselves to endure the pangs
of death by starvation. When, spent and
feeble, their voices refused to chant the
death song, with one mighty effort they
raised the war whoop. Fierce, but brief,
was the cry—the triumph of pride and re-
venge over physical suffering.

The startled foe seized the tomahawk,
and replied in loud defiance. It was in
vain. No sound was heard from the cliff.
Side by side, as the shades were stealing across
the landscape, at eventide the warriors passed
away.

The wolf howls for her mate from the
dark rock, and the leathern hide of prey
circles above them. They are the last of their
race. They are the last of their race.
M. I. B.

CONTEMPLATION.
BY S. P. WILLIS.
"They are all up—the innumerable stars—
And hold their place in heaven. My eyes have been
Searching the peaty depths through which they
gleam. The beautiful creations I feel
Waiting in silence for the word of God.
To breathe it into motion. There they stand,
Shining in order, like a living hymn,
Of the celestial choir, and the bright
World made them, with the harmonies of spheres,
I would I had an eagle's eye to list
That melody. I would that I might feel
In its boundless expanse, and so airy
In its relation to the earth, the
Beating in heaven! My spirit is
For music—raver music! I would I
Had this in a serene atmosphere
My soul; I long to mingle with the
Led by the "living waters," and to stay
In the "green pastures" of the better land.
When will that break, full of life? When shall
Gather my wings and like a rushing thought
Soar away, and see the world from heaven?
This music is the music of the
Life had been like the whisper of a dream
Of an untroubled sweetness. She was born
Of a high race, and lay upon the knees,
With her eyes peering listlessly
The fretted roof, or on Moses' face,
Grasp at the isolated square in thought
With mental curiosity. Her childhood passed
Like fairy—amid mountains and green haunts—
"Bring her to a fountain upon a lawn
Of sweet evenings, and the bright
In her sweet breast, as if it were a fair
And never ceased to crush its own
Her youth—oh! that was quickly! She was like
The music of poetry that may be
Written or not—exceeding beautiful
And so came whisperers, and rank bowed down
And breathed upon her hair—strings with the breath
Of pride, and bound her forehead gorgeously
With dazzling scenes, and gave unto her step
The majesty of a fitful breeze."
And the proud waves, unbidden, lifted her!
And so she goes to woman—her meek look
Strong as a monarch's signet, and her hand
The ambition of a Kingdom. From all this
Tried her high heart when it was a maid,
Deep, and immortal, and it would not
On pregnancy. She shivered for a spring
Of a serene element, and drank
Philosophy, and for a little while
She was allowed—still, presently, it turned
Liber within her, and her spirit grew
Faint for unyielding water. Then she came
To the pure font of God, and is at last
No more—save when the fever of the world
Boiled about her, she will go sometimes,
Out in the starlight quietness, and breathe
A holy aspiration after heaven.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
The following history of poetry, from a
continued article called the "Dreamer and
the Worker," in Jerrold's Magazine, states
the causes and results of one of the most
important periods in the history of the
world, with great clearness and fairness
too; and the facts there stated are so often
referred to that they should be familiar to
every one:
"The main object of the French Revolu-
tion," continued Archer, "was to obtain
a Constitution. The slavery and misery
of the people had lasted for ages. The
American Revolution (which France ad-
mired) the writings of several French au-
thors, and a famine, all combined to arouse
them to resistance. A weak government,
and an exhausted exchequer, favored the
attempt. They rose in rebellion: they
took the Bastille by storm; all their efforts
were successful, and they obtained a Con-
stitution regularly agreed to, and settled by
the King. A number of the princes of the
blood nobles, and the great landed prop-
rietors, who were ruined by this popular
movement, emigrated; the greater num-
ber of them coming to England—most un-
fortunately thus honored by their choice.
These princes and nobles shortly began to
intrigue with friends in France, and over-
lulled with the King, with a view to their
return, and to bring about the old state of
things: 'The plot was discovered.' The
people arose in alarm and indignation,
seized the King; he was found guilty, and
decapitated. The King's son (the Dau-
phine) was imprisoned, and died there; but
the king's brothers escaped. England hav-
ing received most of the refugees, appears
their cause;—at this rate she espoused the
cause of legitimacy and divine rights against
the cause of constitutional liberty and the
people. I say England did this; but let
us place the full weight upon the right
shoulders. It was not the act of the Eng-
lish people, but of the English Tory gov-
ernment, the Prime Minister being Pitt—
The war was raised in the cause of
kingship and despotism; and Austria,
Prussia, and Russia joined England, and
their combined armies marched to the
French frontiers to place the legitimate
successor of the deposed King upon the
throne of France, restoring the former
order of things, in opposition to the Con-
stitution. The French people became fur-
ious at this interference and hostility; they
repulsed their assailants, became fiercely
suspectious of all around them, and
slandered the shores of the Revolution."
"But where was Napoleon at this time?"
"Napoleon now came into the action
as an artillery officer. The allied armies
increased, and continued their attacks up-
on the French frontier. The French con-
tinued to defend themselves; Napoleon
rapidly rose to the first command, and was
continually victorious. He drove the
armies from the frontier, and pursued some
of them into their own countries. He
conquered Italy, Prussia, and Austria. He
subjugated kings and emperors, and sheu
made treaties of peace with them."
"But will this account for all his in-
vasions, and love of war?"
"No. None of his invasions were with
a view to enforce his Continental System,
in order to destroy the commerce of his
great foe, England—he could not get at
us in any other way so effectually, had his
system succeeded. But there was no ex-
cuse for his invasion of Egypt and St. Do-
mingo. As the excitement of things was
continued, the national mind of England
naturally became inflamed against the
French, and Napoleon had become fond
of his brilliant trade of war, which impelled
him to his last disastrous attempt to en-
force his Continental System upon Russia.
He lost his enormous army; reverses and
run threatened him on all sides; and ac-
cordingly, the emperors and Kings whom
he had subdued, all violated their treaties
and allied themselves with England against
him."
"Was this the Holy Alliance?"
"Yes; you may well ask the question.
This pious combination was proposed through-
out by the prudish world of England,
(created by the merciless industry and
skill of our tax-burdened people) and led
on by the steady valor of our soldiers, ac-
complished the final overthrow of Napo-
leon; and placed legitimate Divine Right
nominally upon the French throne, in de-
fiance of the people. The grand error of
Napoleon, and chief cause of his reverses,
his ruin and fall, was his desertion of the
principles of liberty and proper represen-
tation upon which he had risen. Not con-
tent with having made himself the greatest
emperor of the earth, he was yet anxious
to ally himself with those who were born
with crowns in their cradles, and to make
his own abrogation hereditary. He fell
because, being the man of the people, who
were devoted to him, he allied himself
with the kings who feared and hated him."
"And did England, besides fighting for
all these things, pay for them also?"
"She fought for them all, and paid for
the greater part. First, she fought against
the establishment of a Constitution in
France, (the true principle of the French
Revolution) and the statistical estimate of
the money we expended in that war from
1793 to the peace of Amiens in 1802, a-
mounts to upwards of four hundred and
sixty millions. If we add to this the money
borrowed to maintain the prodigality,
and the interest upon this in thirty years,
it will more than double the sum I have
mentioned. Next, our war to support the
principle of Divine Right and French Leg-
itimacy against Napoleon, cost enormous
sums, much above one thousand mil-
lions. Again we had to borrow money—
and again comes the interest upon the
debt—I am afraid to say how much.
The gross amount however, of the ex-
penditure to England far exceeds two hun-
dred millions."
"But what have we gained by it? We
as Englishmen, are willing to pay as well
as to fight, for any good to our country,
or the world. What has been gained?"
"Nothing. The Three Days in France

defeated all the intended results, both in
principle and practice. They restored
the French Constitution, which had been
sought by the French Revolution; they
destroyed them, and forever, the principle
of Divine Right and Legitimacy; and they
enabled the French people to choose their
own King. Our monstrous national debt
is our only result."
"And the rest of the Holy Alliance?"
"The only result to Russia, Austria, and
Prussia, was the restoration to their legiti-
mate despotism of their ancient despotism,
unchecked, together with the power to re-
instate a heap of petty German princes.
The 'Three Days' in Paris destroyed the
principle of all these things with France—
What a comment on physical force! The
heroes of the 'Three Days' had the moral
force of the nation on their side; they were
the spiritual sons of the men who took the
Bastille, and first obtained a Constitution."

A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE.
A REVIEW AT ST. PETERSBURG.
A brilliant spectacle, and one not often
seen by an American, the annual review
of the Emperor of the Russian Imperial
Guard, at St. Petersburg, numbering some
sixty thousand men, is thus described in a
letter in the New Haven Register:
St. Petersburg, June, 1847.
"Every year this review takes place at
the Imperial City, preparatory to the de-
parture of the troops for their summer
quarters. For about four hours I had
a good view of the magnificent sight,
and my hurried pen will fail to give you
an adequate description of its exceeding
splendor. When I arrived upon the ground
the troops had already begun to march—
The balconies and windows of the public
buildings and elegant private residences
surrounding the field were filled with lad-
ies and gentlemen, and the sides of the
field itself covered with a dense mass of
men, women, and children. On one side
of the field a gorgeous tent was pitched
upon a raised platform for the Emperor,
and before her Majesty and the Emperor
the troops were to pass in review. The
monarchic view of the whole field you
readily imagined was beautiful. But to
the review itself of this great body of 60,
000 troops, who, in part only, compose
the *Garde Imperiale* of the emperor Nicho-
las, and who are distinct from the main
army of Russia, which I believe numbers
near one million rank and file.
"The foot soldiers, infantry principally,
first passed in review, marching by platoons
of companies, containing, perhaps,
one hundred and fifty men each, and in
double order. As the several platoons ap-
peared opposite the Emperor, the peculiar
Russian hurrah went up the whole length
of the line making the welkin ring. The
soldiers were all picked men, all athletic
and every one of them with a heavy black
moustache. They moved with mathemat-
ical precision, and whether on a slow or
quick march, seemed like pieces of me-
chanism, and their muskets not varying,
it seemed, an inch, either in the height or
inclination given to them. Of all the
marching I have seen, and I have seen the
American, French, Dutch, and Prussian
soldiers, none will at all compare with the
Russian. The uniform of the infantry
was blue and red, not unlike our militia
uniform in Connecticut. It was about
two hours before the Infantry had passed
in review, and then came cavalry, advanc-
ing in double order, by platoons of sixty
horses abreast; and last was a sight that
beggars description, and which, when I
recall it, seems like a magnificent vision.
First came a company of Caucasian Priests,
mounted upon black, coal black grey
steeds, with long manes, and tails almost
swinging in the ground. The Caucasians
were dressed in a red garment fitting close-
ly to the skin, and over this a finely wrought
steel chain armor covering the entire body
fell from the head loosely over the neck
and shoulders; upon their feet they wore a
kind of sandal, and upon their legs leather
leggings, similar to those of our Indian war-
riors; across their backs they carried a
bow with well fitted quivers; in their
hands a carbine, and in their girdles the
savage looking *yagghighan*. They were
a fierce though handsome looking set of
fellows. Next came the *Tartars*, upon their
wild-looking, fleet little horses, the
horses, all of them, carrying their heads
forward and their heads high in the air,
as if snuffing the breeze, or so uniform
was the line of heads, as if they were all
drawn up by pulleys. The costume of
the Tartar soldier is a blue frock trimmed
with silver, and a kind of skull cap bound
with fur; in his hand he carries a spear,
the end of which rests upon the head
between the ears of his horse. Then came
the *Cherchik*, *Lancers*, splendid looking
men, dressed in white cassimere, with
heavy and highly polished brass breast-
plates and brass helmets surrounded by
the imperial eagles, all mounted upon most
elegant horses. Regiment after regiment
passed by, each regiment with different
colored horses, and the horses in each
regiment so well matched in size, form, col-
or, and indeed every respect, that I dis-
tinguished them each had bridled in his
mane his number upon a small plate. The
Lancers are all picked men, and are of the
Russian army, the officers being of noble
birth; and were it not for the different
colored pennants they carry upon their
lances, and the color of their horses, no one
regiment could be distinguished from an-
other, so nearly alike are they. After the
Lancers came the *Imperial Hussars*, in their
costly uniforms, with high fur caps and
mounted every one upon white steeds—
This regiment, it is said, is the favorite
of the Emperor. Then came the
Imperial Carabiniers, mounted on black
horses, and dressed like the *Lancers*, ex-
cept that their helmets and breastplates
were of steel highly polished. Following
these came the *Cossacks*, their black steeds
carrying their heads high in the air. The
dress of the *Cossacks* is similar to that of
the *Tartars*, which I have above described,
their weapons a steel short-pointed lance,
and a bow with arrows.

"The rest of the immense body of cav-

Discovery of a singular race of people,
called the Cathies, who inhabit a part of
Guzerat. They are worshippers of the
sun, and are the adoring Parsees.