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From the American Review.
AVE DEO.

Woods in floods of light are waving,
To and fro the swiftest winds,
While above their tops are floating
The children of the breeze.
Like a spot in moonlight straying,
Shine along the trembling fawn;
Stars, like children, now are playing
In and out the gate of dawn.
An hour ago, the tempest swelling,
Swooshed in with the shrieking wind,
Thousands roared above our dwelling,
Throbbing like the pulse of God.
Over these a hazy impending,
Centuries in darkness lie.
Giant mountains, vast, ascending,
Shadows of a Dolly!
Life and death—a thin partition
All thy mysteries divide.
For in shadow walketh the spirit
With the mortal, side by side.
In my heart live many a token
Of the past's enchanted spell,
As the sound when hours are spoken
Lingers in the hollow bell.
Thus in high melodious measure
Bards their holy strains prolong;
Hark to the eternal treasure
Buried in the depth of song.

EVENING RHAPSODY OF A CHILD.

BY MRS. W. E. ATTER.

One evening I was wandering
Beside a river fair,
With roses and blue violets
I plucked to deck my hair.
The birds were singing over me
In trees with foliage bright,
All nature smiled in harmony,
And filled me with delight.
My cup with joy was running o'er,
My mind was in a dream,
It seemed that I could travel there—
These songsters in their gleam!
My heart was tuned—my song arose
With theirs upon the air—
It seemed that nature could change a scene
So beautiful and fair!
The sun was sinking in the west,
To gladden other skies;
He never sleeps, (that glorious orb)
To other lands he hies!
Twilight was spreading o'er the scene,
The birds had ceased to sing,
Nature, with chastened beauty, seem'd
To heaven her offering.
A soft and pleasing sadness
Was stealing o'er my heart;
I thought of bright and sunny ones
That I had seen depart!
And yet it was no sorrow
That thus my thoughts beguiled;
I could not have a single thought
For I was not a child!
It seem'd that those lost, loved ones,
Were angels, hovering near,
Spreading their bright wings over me;
What then had I to fear!
I raised my head in gladness;
The stars looked down and smiled;
All things seem'd bright and beautiful,
For I was not a child.

OCTOBER.—In spirit of the gorgeous liveries assumed by Nature during this month, there is always a sad tone in the music of its breezes. Its melodies are in a minor key. Winter already casts his shadow before, and Summer flees his approach.—Love our friends as we may, we cling instinctively to the careless season when warmth was not to seek. In an ideal life Summer would reign perpetually. When we muse of brighter worlds; when we try to imagine what will be the condition of the bliss, who ever thinks of fire? No poet of the ideal ever draws a cheering or exalting image from winter. "Thick-fibred ice" and regions where "the air burns red, and cold performs the effect of fire," have been called in to heighten our notion of a place of torment. So we never long for the frosty Caucasus, even when we are melting under Cancer.

Yet the pleasures of this season are neither few nor slight. "Home-bred happiness" begins with cool weather. The friends whom pursuit of health and fresh air has separated for two or three months, will now meet and exchange greetings with new zest. All is animation and excitement, between the history of summer wanderings and the preparation for winter. It seems like a new lease of life to the happy, refreshed and inspired by the heart-clearing breezes of our lakes and mountains. May they include the poor and needy in their plans for the approaching severe season.

One of the saddening influences of the autumnal change is the prevalence of stormy winds, which remind us of disasters at sea. How many hearts will tremble as the loud blasts of this month bring back the sufferings of last fall, on our wreck-stricken coast! God help the poor mariner, and spare the hearts that watch for his return!—Mrs. Kirkland.

PARADOX.—We find the following noble sentiment—the key to fortune—in a little English periodical:

"The mystery of Napoleon's career was this, under all difficulties and discouragement to press on. It was the problem of all the heroes; it is the rule by which to judge rightly of all wonderful success. It should be the motto of all high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, so-called—'press on' never despair, never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way, however great the difficulties, or repeated the failure, 'press on.' If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for this to-morrow. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water into the desert, do not sit down or perish of this, but 'press on'—a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayest reach it, if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say the world has lost its poetry and beauty, it is not so; and even if it be a brave, a true, and above all, a religious life."

TRoubles.—The difficulties we complain of are laid in our way, that we may make them so many steps to perfection and happiness.

HOPE AND DREAMS seldom go unwarded long.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

It was getting towards midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs in St. James street. The servant of each as he stepped upon the pavement, threw up his wooden apron, the cabriolet and sprang to the head of the horse, but as to the destination of the equipages for the evening, there seemed to be some dissension among the noble masters. Beside the hub of a connected vehicle stood a hackney-coach, and a person in an attitude of eager expectancy pressed as near the exhilarated group as he could do without exciting immediate attention.

"Which way?" said he, whose vehicle was nearest, standing with his foot on the step.
"All together of course," said another.
"Let's make a night of it."
"Pardon me," said the deep and sweet voice of the last one from the crowd; "I succede for one. Go your ways gentlemen. Byron stood looking after them a moment, and raising his hat pressed his hand hard on his forehead. The unknown person who had been lurking near, seemed to leave him to his thoughts or was embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his halting step however, he came suddenly to his side.

"My lord!" he said, and was silent as if waiting for permission to go on.
"Well," replied Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking him closely in the face by the light of a street lamp.
"Come to me with an errand which perhaps—"
"A strange one I am sure; but I am prepared for it—I have been warned of it. What do you require of me for I am ready."
"This is strange," exclaimed the man.
"Has another messenger then—"
"None except a spirit—for my heart alone told me I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once."
"My lord, a dying girl has sent for you."
"Do I know her?"
"She has never seen you. Will you come at once, and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though, indeed, when it is told, you will know all that I comprehend."

They were at the door of the hackney-coach, and Byron entered it without further remark.
"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we shall scarce be in time. I fear."
The heavy tongue of St. Paul's struck twice as the rolling vehicle hurried on through the crowded streets, and though so far from the city, they had started neither of the two occupants had spoken. Byron sat with folded arms and bare head in the corner of the coach; the stranger, with his hat covered over his eyes, seemed repressing some violent emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in a street close upon a river, that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage wheels.
"She was a moment since; but be quick!"
Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the door of the back room they entered. A lamp shaded by a curtain of spotted purity, threw a faint light upon a bed upon which lay a girl watched by a physician and a nurse. The physician had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light, he whispered that she still breathed. As Byron paused, the dying girl moved the fingers of the hand lying on the coverlet, and slowly opened on him her languid eyes—eyes of inexpressible depth and lustre. No one had spoken.

"Is he here?" she murmured. "Raise me another, while I have time to speak to him."
Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw around him. An apparition from another world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the more worldly and scornful undercurrent of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, his knees trembling beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of heaven.

Propped with pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head towards the proud poet, and noble, standing by her bedside, while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips.
"In that smile the face re-awakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who gazed breathlessly upon her, looked upon such incomparable beauty. The agonies forerunners of the noble countess still visible on her contracted lips, bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet all feminine in its language; and in the motion of her graceful neck, there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of an ordinary mortal passing away—humble as were the surroundings and strange as had been the summons to her bed-side.
"And this is Byron?" she said at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet even through its weakness. "My lord, I cannot die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has long been burdened. Come nearer, for I have no time for ceremony, and must say what I have to say—and die."
She hesitated, and as Byron took the thin hand she held to him, she looked steadily upon his noble countenance.

"Beautiful!" she said, "beautiful as the dream of him which has long haunted me! the intellect and person of a spirit light! Pardon me, my lord! Pardon me that a moment so important to yourself, the remembrance of an early feeling has been betrayed into expression!"
She paused a moment, and the bright color that had shot through her cheek and brow, faded again, and her countenance resumed its heavenly serenity.
"I am near enough to death," she resumed, "near enough to point you almost to Heaven from where I am; and its gift to you heart like the one brand of my life—like

the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgement. Oh, my lord! with your glorious powers, with your wondrous gifts, be not lost. Do not for a poor pleasure of a world like this lose an eternity in which your mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angelic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so gloriously through the universe; do not, on this one momentous subject of human interest—on this alone, be not short sighted!"
"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort as if struggling with a death pang, he again drew up his form, and resumed the marble calmness of his countenance.

"The dying girl, meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upward, the slight motion of her lips betrayed to those around her that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. The physician crept close to her bedside, but with his hands on his breast, and his head bowed; he seemed but watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.
She suddenly raised herself on the pillow. Her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders, and a brightness unnatural and almost fearful kindled her eyes. She seemed endeavoring to speak, and gazed steadily on Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly she sank back again upon her pillow, and as her hands fell apart, and her eyelids dropped, she murmured—"Come to Heaven!" and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled.

PAUL JONES.—Headly, in his sketch of Paul Jones, relates the following laughable anecdote:
The daring rover was hovering on the coast of Scotland, and just then threatening Kirkcaldy. The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in fright, but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man—out of the quietest of the quiet Scotch divines—so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity, and even for their roughness.

Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell; but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited, eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach, in full sight of the vessel, which, under a press of canvass, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began:

"Ow, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk of Kirkcaldy, for ye ken they're poor enough already, and has naething to spare? The way the wind blows he'll be here in a jiffy, and who kens what he may do? He's nae too good for anything—Mickle's the mischief that he has done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very clothes, and gird them to the sark. And wae's me! who kens but the blivly villain might tak their lives? The pair weemen are most frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it! I have bin long a faithful servant to ye Lord, but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae raise a foot, but will just sit there till the de'il comes. Sae tak yer wits o' it."

Mrs. BANCROFT IN LONDON.—"It so happened that one afternoon, this summer, our Minister's wife, Mrs. Bancroft, walked down Regent street, and called at a fashionable store to purchase a shawl. She found an excellent one, costing only £20; and wishing to test its virtues, she threw it over her shoulders, and left her old one to be ordered home. She satiated out again, called upon Regent street, desiring to make a sensation with her splendid shawl, and she succeeded wonderfully. She soon perceived that she was drawing unusual attention: Some stood in great wonder, some stopped and looked, some laughed outright; villainous boys pointed with their canes, young ladies turned round and blushed, gentlemen on looking at her suddenly examined the sky for stars, acquaintances rode by in carriages, nodded, smiled, and bit their lips immediately afterwards. What could it all mean? It certainly was unusual and very singular, and Mrs. B. hurried home out of her breath, and out of her wits, too. Her maid soon solved the mystery. The shawl proved to be one which was exhibited in the front window of the shop, the merchant having forgotten to remove the show label, and there it was bearing the following announcement in magnificent capitals, 'VERY CHASTE, AT £20!'"
—Sunday Atlas.

UNTIMELY REPLY.—A rather ludicrous circumstance occurred in a parish church within the limits of Carnarvon, on Sunday evening. The officiating clergyman in the course of his sermon, and when near the close, raised his voice to rather a higher pitch, and said, "How is it that the Almighty glorifieth in the forgiveness of sins?" The clerk, who was fast asleep below him, roused by the higher tone sufficiently to catch the question, to the astonishment of the congregation; instantly replied, "I don't know to be heard all over the church, 'I don't know indeed, Sir.'"

THE HISTORY'S GREATEST MEN.—Who are the men of history to be admired most?—"Those whom most things become; who could be weighty in debate, of much decision in council, considerate in a sick room, genial at a feast, joyous at a festival, capable of discourses with many a large soul, not to be shrivelled up into any one form, fashion or temperament!"

AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the facade of which, a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred for accuracy to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur, but unfortunately he transcribed to the scandal of the society, the whole verse: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

AN OVER TRUE TALE OF THE YEL LOW FEVER.

How mysterious is the invisible chain, forged by nature, which, in bonds of the purest and strongest affections, binds parent to child, and child to parent! Distance cannot sever it; time cannot destroy its tension; with death only do its links dissolve their connexion.
"All the streams through which the social affections flow, parental love is one which more immediately gushes from the heart's centre—the conflict through which filial affection passes free from all the impurities of selfishness. These, however, are but truisms, and without further indulgence in them we shall proceed to narrate a recent instance in which the force of parental love and filial affection has been sadly but strikingly illustrated.

When the last call for volunteers was made in Indiana, Edgar Derwin was the first to enrol his name among the active upholders of his country's standard. He was a daring, intrepid, athletic youth, knowing no fear; a patriot by intuition, endowed with all man's most ennobling feelings, though manhood's threshold had not yet crossed. His father, fast veiling towards life's winter, heard his purpose with silent approval, for in truth, he felt a secret, satisfactory pride, at the patriotism so promptly evinced by his son. Not so his mother. She looked to him as the prop of her declining years, and a presentiment audibly whispered to her that he was about to leave her, never to return.

She interposed no obstacle to his resolve, though the tears that coursed down her furrowed cheeks, as she embraced and blessed him when leaving, too plainly told how acutely painful to her was the separation. Young Derwin had no further than Mainarone with his regiment, when he was seized with a severe fit of sickness. Being unable to proceed he was placed in the hospital. His regiment marched on. The captain of the company to which young Derwin belonged, lost time in informing his father of his son's illness, telling him he need entertain no apprehensions for his life, as his recovery might be pronounced certain. This letter, notwithstanding that assurance, when it reached the quiet western home of the sick young soldier, proved to his parents a massive surcharge with sorrow. The first burst of grief over, old Derwin, prompted by the quick instincts of parental affection, concluded that duty to his child, lying on a sick bed in a foreign country—perhaps in a grave made by strange hands, required more of him than unavailing tears. He brushed them away, and ere the early rays of the next morning's sun-gilded the roof of the humble log cabin, he departed to seek in Mexico, the son he so much loved to succor him if alive, and if dead, to transport his corpse where it would mingle with its native clay—where he and his stricken wife might in death lay beside it.

He speeded on without impediment till he reached this city, and while here, waiting for a conveyance down the Brazos, it pleased Providence to afflict him with yellow fever. From the boarding house where he was staying, he was sent to the Charity Hospital, which he entered on the Wednesday of last week. His case was a severe one; it unsettled his reason. All the imaginings of his fevered brain had reference to his son. At one time he witnessed him in battle doing deeds of mighty daring, and he cheered him on. At another time, he saw him a manacled captive in a prison-lougeon, and he would offer a large sum for his ransom. Again, he would call on the Mexicans not to desert his grave!

Skillful medical aid, and the watching and nursing of the Sisters of Charity carried him through the most violent stage of the disease; if they did not snatch him from death's door, they at least prevented him from stepping over it. Thus he was, his reason restored, himself lingering on the confines of eternity, as it were, when about noon on Monday, an emaciated youth was carried into the same ward and placed in the bed beside him. His glazed eyes gazed on the young, emaciated patient with anxious anxiety. He tremulously looked and looked till it might be said that he had well nigh looked his life away. He sprang from his bed; with convulsive grasp he clutched the small paper label which the porter had just placed at the bed's head of the recently arrived young patient, opening it in his tremulous hand, he read:

"Edgar Derwin, Ind., Indiana."
"My Son!" he said, and no more did he say, for as he uttered the phrase, he fell and expired. Young Derwin, who on account of his sickness, had been discharged, was on his return home, when he, too, was taken by the epidemic, and hence the painfully singular coincidence of this meeting between father and son, and its tragic termination. He soon, though not immediately, recognized his father. The scene was too much for his already shattered constitution, before the bell of the cathedral tolled twelve that night, he was a corpse. They now, though not at their homestead in Indiana, sleep where the mournful cry press sent the death-burden he no more would chant the last requiem o'er the stranger's grave.—New Orleans Delta.

NATURE'S KITCHEN.—On the long sandy beach facing Capri we made acquaintance with a natural cascade well known to the contadini and fishermen, and large enough to dress the vicinals of a regiment. Here you need neither fuel nor fire, pots nor pans; you have only to scoop a hollow in the boiling sand, wrap your hands in a clean paper, and brry them. Twenty minutes will cook a fowl, four or five an egg; "pomidoro," and such like, are done to a turn before you can say Jack Robinson.—Francis's Italy and Sicily.

RESOLUTION adopted by the Locofoco Country Convention, which settled the above Ticket.
Governor—Francis R. Shunk.
Canal Commissioner—Morris Longstreth.
Senator—James J. Kennedy.
Assembly—James Patterson.
Commissioner—Jacob Raffensperger.
Auditor—Garret Brinkerhoff.
Director—William Yeats.
Treasurer—George Schryock.

Resolved, THAT THE COURSE PURSUED BY JAMES K. POLK, during his truly trying Administration, MEETS OUR MOST HEARTY APPROBATION; and that the honesty, ability and firmness he manifests in the prosecution of the present war, notwithstanding the opposition he meets with in the Federal party, eminently entitle him the esteem and admiration of the American people.



Election on Tuesday next (the 12th.)

The Issue.—Our own mechanics and work shops in preference to those of Europe, now and forever, is the doctrine advocated by Gen. JAMES IRVIN and the Whig party. The Whigs are the AMERICAN PARTY. The true issue before the people is, IRVIN AND PROTECTION vs. SHUNK AND BRITISH FREE TRADE. Who doubts the result?

Voters of Adams County,

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk recommended the REPEAL OF THE TARIFF OF 1842, and approved the British Free-trade Tariff of 1846, by which American Industry must be brought into ruinous competition with foreign paper Labor.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk, by usurping powers delegated by the Constitution to Congress alone, has involved the country in an UNNECESSARY WAR, waged for the dismemberment of a sister Republic, and the propagation of American Slavery.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk gave orders to the commander of our squadrons in the Gulf not to obstruct the PASSAGE OF SANTA ANNA INTO MEXICO, by which act the broken and dispirited soldiers of the enemy were furnished with a favorite and popular leader.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk exerted himself to the utmost to DEGRADE GENS. SCOTT & TAYLOR, by repeatedly urging upon Congress the appointment of a Lieutenant General to supersede them both.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk, by withholding the requisite supplies of men, his through-out the entire campaign, embarrassed the operations of these officers, and forced them to engage the enemy under desperate odds.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk's official organ, the Washington Union, recommended that the war be converted into A CRUSADE AGAINST THE ESTABLISHED RELIGION OF MEXICO, and that the temples of Religion be destroyed and pillaged, to procure means for carrying on the war.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk, in the true spirit of black-cockade Federalism, CHARGED TREASON upon all who dared to speak of these things, or call in question the merits of his administration.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk warmly urged upon the last Congress to lay a revenue tax of 20 per cent on TEA AND COFFEE, and that the Union fiercely denounced those members of "the party" who refused obedience to his Eccelleny's orders.

And as you remember these things REMEMBER ALSO, that the late Locofoco Country Convention, which called upon you to cast your suffrages for Mr. SEARS, APPROVED of all those acts of Mr. Polk by adopting the following resolution:

Resolved, That the course pursued by JAMES K. POLK, during his truly trying Administration, MEETS OUR MOST HEARTY APPROBATION; and that the honesty, ability and firmness he manifests in the prosecution of the present war, notwithstanding the opposition he meets with in the Federal party, eminently entitle him to the esteem and admiration of the American people.

EXAMINE YOUR TICKETS!—Let every Whig be upon his guard against spurious or mixed tickets. Let no one vote without examining every name upon his ticket, and comparing it with those below:

FOR GOVERNOR,
JAMES IRVIN.
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
JOSEPH W. PATTON.
FOR SENATOR,
WILLIAM R. SADLER.
FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
WILLIAM MCHERRY.
FOR COMMISSIONER,
JACOB KING.
FOR AUDITOR,
AMOS W. MAGINLY.
FOR DIRECTOR,
THOMAS MCCLARY.
FOR TREASURER,
ROBERT G. HARPER.

Our opponents are becoming desperate under the threatening gloom that is daily gathering around their prospects, and their leaders will leave nothing undone to carry the day. Let every one then be WIDE AWAKE.

VOTE EARLY!—Sun-shine or rain, let every Whig vote at the Polls, and at an EARLY HOUR. Half the Victory depends on commencing right!

Freetrade, Pro-Slavery, Locofoco War Ticket.

Governor—Francis R. Shunk.
Canal Commissioner—Morris Longstreth.
Senator—James J. Kennedy.
Assembly—James Patterson.
Commissioner—Jacob Raffensperger.
Auditor—Garret Brinkerhoff.
Director—William Yeats.
Treasurer—George Schryock.

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General James Irvin.

The annexed Sketch of General Irvin is taken from a series of "Sketches of Public Men," by ERASTUS BROOKS, of the Pittsburg Gazette:

We remember Gen. Irvin as a member of the memorable sessions of Congress of '41-'42. Of this Congress there were three Sessions, and each remarkable for the importance of the subjects discussed, and the excitement attending the discussions. The Abolition storm raged, and memorials were literally poured into Congress from all the free States, remonstrating against the odious rule of the majority, practically declaring that men might not even pray for the redress of what they regarded, and what, no doubt, is a public grievance. The Compromise Act, which, ten years before, had been born, of the nullification excitement, was also passing through the last stages of its legal existence. The whole country, too, was bankrupt. The vices and follies of previous years had stamped misery and misfortune upon the face of the people. The country had been reveling in speculation, until her dissipations made men, Corporations, and States rock, as it were, like a ship upon the billows.

Never had a Congress met under greater excitement,—never, indeed, in time of peace, did party passions run so high.

The so-called "Democratic party" had been so long in power, that they seemed to regard the country as theirs, by a sort of prescriptive right. They had ruled, and they had ruined, and by virtue of long precedent and bad example, they claimed the right to rule on, and ruin more. It was two weeks and more, under this resistance of the will of the majority by the minority, before the popular branch could be organized. Day after day Congress met,—day after day preliminary questions were discussed, but in all and thro' all, the Demon of Discord stalked abroad, and threatened something worse than the rising and subsiding of stormy passions.

The French Assembly at Paris during the Revolution, when the Jacobins and the Constitutionalists were battling together, was no more the scene of strife than occasionally our own legislative chambers. Some there were, who had been elected as Whigs, not being chosen to reign, who were determined to rule without a choice, and the prevalence of that sin by which the angels fell, had such complete mastery over the minds of such men as Henry A. Wise and a few of his conspeers. They could not rule and they would not serve.

It is wonderful that the Mexicans refuse, utterly refuse, to give up "one-half or two-thirds" of their territory—refuse with our bayonets at their throats, even, and their murderous mortars about to play on their devoted capital!—it is wonderful that they refuse such terms, while their eight millions of people can yet furnish armies to fight the purple force which Mr. Polk has sent rather to irritate and tempt, than to overthrow their efforts! Such terms ought to have been proposed at the head of fifty thousand men; or, rather, they ought not to have been proposed at all. They are the President's terms; and the President offers them his own will and pleasure merely. What right has he to offer such terms—knowing that it is, at least, doubtful, supposing them even accepted by Mexico, whether our own people will, or can agree to them? We do not know that the Senate can ratify any treaty taking land from Mexico south of 30° 30'. We may fight through another year, wading through carnage and heaping up a vast public debt, to compel Mexico to grant the line of the Gila. But what will it profit us, when it is found that all this territory may be refused by the Senate and American people!

The peace escapes us 'by the act' of the President. The responsibility for the failure of negotiations rests with him.—And if Mexico now burst into a flame, and new armies start upon all sides to hem in Scott, amid the ruins of the "Halls of the Montezumas," afar from succor, and no considerable reinforcements ready to be marched to his assistance, within any reasonable time, the responsibility for any disaster that may befall the army will also rest with and upon the President.

Santa Anna—What has been Seen.

President Polk, in his annual message of December 7, 1846, said:

"When orders were issued to the commander of our naval forces in the Gulf on the 15th day of May last, only two days after the existence of the war had been recognized by Congress, to place the coast of Mexico under blockade, HE WAS DIRECTED NOT TO OBSTRUCT THE PASSAGE OF SANTA ANNA TO MEXICO, SHOULD HE RETURN."

It remains to be seen whether his return may not yet prove favorable to a pacific adjustment of existing difficulties."

SANTA ANNA being thus passed into Mexico by President Polk, to "Aid and Comfort" the "poor miserable Mexicans," let us inquire what we have seen of the things the President told Congress remained "to be seen."

At the battle of Monterey, in September, 1846, we have seen five hundred American Soldiers left on the field, killed and wounded.

At the battle of Buena Vista, in February, 1848, where Santa Anna commanded, we have seen seven hundred American Soldiers left on the field, killed and wounded.

At the battle of Cerro Gordo, where Santa Anna commanded, we have seen six hundred American Soldiers left on the field, killed and wounded.

At the battle of Churubusco, where Santa Anna, with Valencia, commanded, we have seen one thousand and seventeen American Soldiers left on the field, killed and wounded.

We have seen the loss of twenty-eight hundred and seventeen American Soldiers, with a host of others killed and wounded by this "aid and comfort" to the enemy, and still "remains to be seen," as much as it did when President Polk sent in his message last December, whether Santa Anna's return, by Mr. Polk's agency, "may not prove favorable to a pacific adjustment of existing difficulties." And "it remains to be seen," also, how much longer he may continue the war, organize new armies, and give us battle, and how many more American soldiers he may kill.

[Cincinnati Gazette.]

Locofocoism at Work.—The whole plan of the Locos now is to operate quietly, and get out their full vote! They have money from Harrisburg, secret circulars and extra Democratic Unions, which they are spreading in every direction. Look out for them! They have been sending whole cargoes of these vile papers to Whigs, whom they thought were lukewarm.

passion upon the one hand, nor extravagance upon the other hand, ever controlled his conduct. He is kind as a neighbor, liberal as a friend, just as a citizen, and in all the relations of life a true gentleman and an honorable man. His Aristocracy, if he has any, is that of Ment and not of gold and silver. Poverty was his inheritance and riches the mere incident of hard continued labor. We admire the man and commend his life and example to those who, by a course of manly conduct, are ambitious to be of service to the State and country.

The War.

The news from Mexico has been felt by the whole public to be of the most painful character. The hope was of Peace; but there is no Peace. All is, as before, War; new strife, new battles, new bloodshed; and the prospect of peace is as far off, perhaps further off, than ever.

As we have always apprehended, the President's terms have proved peace—and that at a moment when the Mexicans need peace as much as our own countrymen desired it. The terms are too hard even for a defeated nation, reduced to extremity, and almost totally desperate.—What these terms are we can only guess from the vague accounts that come from Mexico with the news—territory, territory—the Rio Grande, and California down to the line of the Rio Gila,—whether to be taken as the price of blood, or paid for at the rate of fifteen or thirty millions of dollars. There is the better reason for believing that these were the President's terms because they would give us some of that "one-half or two-thirds of the territory of Mexico," which Mr. Dallas, in his Pittsburg speech, so complacently supposed we might find ourselves in possession of at the peace, and which he seemed to think such a trifle as to be unworthy of figuring among the "objects" for which we were waging the war.

It is wonderful that the Mexicans refuse, utterly refuse, to give up "one-half or two-thirds" of their territory—refuse with our bayonets at their throats, even, and their murderous mortars about to play on their devoted capital!—it is wonderful that they refuse such terms, while their eight millions of people can yet furnish armies to fight the purple force which Mr. Polk has sent rather to irritate and tempt, than to overthrow their efforts! Such terms ought to have been proposed at the head of fifty thousand men; or, rather, they ought not to have been proposed at all. They are the President's terms; and the President offers them his own will and pleasure merely. What right has he to offer such terms—knowing that it is, at least, doubtful, supposing them even accepted by Mexico, whether our own people will, or can agree to them? We do not know that the Senate can ratify any treaty taking land from Mexico south of 30° 30'. We may fight through another year, wading through carnage and heaping up a vast public debt, to compel Mexico to grant the line of the Gila. But what will it profit us, when it is found that all this territory may be refused by the Senate and American people!

The peace escapes us 'by the act' of the President. The responsibility for the failure of negotiations rests with him.—And if Mexico now burst into a flame, and new armies start upon all sides to hem in Scott, amid the ruins of the "Halls of the Montezumas," afar from succor, and no considerable reinforcements ready to be marched to his assistance, within any reasonable time, the responsibility for any disaster that may befall the army will also rest with and upon the President.

Santa Anna—What has been Seen. President Polk, in his annual message of December 7, 1846, said:

"When orders were issued to the commander of our naval forces in the Gulf on the 15th day of May last, only two days after the existence of the war had been recognized by Congress, to place the coast of Mexico under blockade, HE WAS DIRECTED NOT TO OBSTRUCT THE PASSAGE OF SANTA ANNA TO MEXICO, SHOULD HE RETURN."

It remains to be seen whether his return may not yet prove favorable to a pacific adjustment of existing difficulties."

SANTA ANNA being thus passed into Mexico by President Polk, to "Aid and Comfort" the "poor miserable Mexicans," let us inquire what we have seen of the things the President told Congress remained "to be seen."

At the battle of Monterey, in September, 1846, we have seen five hundred American Soldiers left on the field, killed and wounded.

At the battle of Buena Vista, in February, 1848, where Santa Anna commanded, we have seen seven hundred American Soldiers left on the field, killed and wounded.

At the battle of Cerro Gordo, where Santa Anna commanded, we have seen six hundred American Soldiers left on the field, killed and wounded.

At the battle of Churubusco, where Santa Anna, with Valencia, commanded, we have seen one thousand and seventeen American Soldiers left on the field, killed and wounded.