THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—36. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, 1847. NEW SERIES—NO. 36.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH VOSS.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

'Twas summer, and the village spire
Had lengthen'd out its shadow;
The fitful breezes gently played
With dew-bespangled bud and blade,
When lightsomely a beauteous maid
Came tripping o'er the meadow;
With new-born rapture and surprise,
I gazed on such a pair of eyes
As Moslems feign in Paradise!
Her form, her face, her mien were such
As love-sick bard imagines,
When first he racks his youthful brains,
And hunts for tropes to grace his strains
Among the starry regions;
The evening glow her looks enhanced,
While round her brow the zephyrs danced:
I stood like one entranced!

Their anthems to the vesper-star
The nightingales were singing;
From hearty'd bowers the joyous bees,
Churning their low-breathed mellows,
Their treasures home were bringing.
The bean-field, and the trellised vine,
Their odorous essences combine—
'Twas there I woo'd my Caroline.

The brindled cow across the mead
Her fairy footsteps followed,
And licked the maiden's lily hand,
Although a little boisterous band
Of noisy urchins hollow'd;
And as she milked, I trembling tried
To win the beauty for my bride;
In sooth I would not be denied.

I help'd the darling o'er the stile,
Her milking pail I carried,
And whisper'd blandly in her ear
Of thrilling hope, of chilling fear,
Of bliss when we were married;
A blush suffused her beauteous face,
Which added yet a nameless grace,
And told me I had gained my case.

The summer moon illumed our path
Home to her mother's dwelling;
And as we trod the flowery lea,
Ah! I was busy as I bee,
Enraptur'd love-tales telling;
The matron met us at the door,
And chid my loved one o'er and o'er,
With indignation swelling;
Now, "fair and softly," I replied:
"Pray, gentle mother, do not chide,
Your daughter's my affianced bride."

THOUGHTS AT A FUNERAL.

BY MRS. WARD.

A dew drop, sparkling on a flower,
Rejoic'd in early morning's ray;
Ere long it owned the sunbeam's power,
And flitted through the air away.
It left the fragrant flower to die,
But bore its perfume to the sky.
So, waken'd by that nightless day,
By death alone to mortals given,
The buoyant spirit leaves its clay,
And soars, a welcome guest, to heaven.

A snowy vase, of purest mould,
High on the sacred altar stood;
In curling waves its vapor roll'd
An off'ring to the throwne of God.
Its fires expired, its incense gone,
Remain'd the coldly beauteous stone.
Thus cold yon beauteous form remains,
Since freedom to the soul is given;
While earth the lifeless vase retains
The blessed inmate floats in heaven.

Here, where her lonely tomb appears,
Let sweetest flowers in beauty rise;
With heaven's refreshing dews for tears,
And summer's gentle winds for sighs.
Their hallow'd smiles around her play—
Meet tribute to the lovely clay.
Fond mourners, think, 'tis *God* bereaves,
And takes the loved one he has given;
Ye, living, die—though dead, she lives,
And waits to welcome you to heaven.

A TRUE SKETCH.

BY J. C. PARCELL.

"All loved him, and many wept his downfall!
As a summer flower he bloomed awhile,
And perished."

I knew a youth—a noble, generous youth—from out whose heart there flowed a living fount of pure and holy feelings, which spread around and fertilized the soil of friendship, and warm and generous hearts crowded about and enclosed him in a circle of pure and godlike happiness. The eyes of woman brightened at his approach, and wealth and honor smiled to woo him to their circle.

His days sped onward—and as a summer brook sparkles all joyous on its gladsome way—so he sped, blithesome amid the light of woman's love and manhood's eulogy. The earth, the sea, the air, and every bright and bubling stream and fount sent forth their murmuring melody.

He wooed and won a maid of peerless charms, a being fair, and delicate and pure, who bestowed the harvests of her heart's young love, and earth became a heaven.

The car of time rolled on and clouds arose to dim the horizon of his wordly bliss. The serpent of inebriation entered into the Eden of his heart. The pure and holy feelings the God of nature had implanted in his soul, became polluted by the influence of the miscalled social cup. The warm and fadeless aspiration of his soul became frozen and calloused within him. The tears of the wretched—the appeal of the afflicted found no response [illegible] bosom. The pure and holy [illegible] universal love within his heart, that oped gushed forth at the moanings of misery, and prompted the hand to administer unto the requirements of the wretched, sent forth no more its pure and benevolent offerings. Its waters had become intermingled with the poisoned ingredients of the wine cup, and the rank weeds of intemperance had sprung up and choked the fount from whence the stream flowed.—The dark spirit of poverty had flapped its wings over his habitation, and the burning hand of disease had seared the brightness of his eye, and palsied the elasticity of his frame.

The friends who basked in the sunshine of his prosperity, fled when the wintry winds of adversity blew harshly around his dwelling.

Pause, gentle reader.

Go to yon lowly burial place, and ask the rank grass that spreads from his polluted soil, who rests beneath its lonely surface, and the sighing winds will answer: "The mouldering remains of one who possessed a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness; the days of whose boyhood were hallowed by high and noble aspirations—the hours of whose early manhood were unstained by care and crime,—the setting orb of whose destiny was enshrouded in a mist of misery and degradation. He saw the smile of joy sparkling on the brim of the wine cup. He noted not the demon of destruction lurking at the bottom of the goblet. With eager hand he raised the poisoned chalice to his lips, and—he was not.

From the People's Journal.

HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

V.—BETHANY, AND PLAIN OF JERICHO.

We made an excursion from Jerusalem to the Jourdan and the Dead Sea, going by way of Bethany and Jerico, and returning by the convent of St. Saba. There is at this day so much danger of falling among thieves in going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, that travellers join parties when they can, and unite their guards into a corps of armed men. Our own party of four joined the ten with whom we had travelled in the desert; and four strangers—European gentlemen—requested permission to ride with us. Thus we were eighteen; and the dragomen, cooks, horsekeepers, and mule drivers, who took charge of our tents and baggage, and ten armed guards, swelled our number to that of a caravan which no robbers were likely to attack.—Indeed, we scarcely saw any body the whole way. The dangerous part of the road seemed deserted, and the plains of Jericho, once studded with towns, and filled with fertility, lay before us almost as the basin of the Dead Sea.

We left Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate—my three friends, myself, and our servants and baggage—and met the rest of the travelling party at the bridge in the valley of Jehoshapat, at 9 A. M. We proceeded by the camel road to Bethany, which winds up the side of Olivet, and crosses its ridge to the east. As soon as we had passed the ridge, Bethany came in view, lying on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, and, as we all know, "fifteen furlongs" distance from Jerusalem. It is now a village inhabited by about 20 families; a very poor place; but looking less squalid than might be expected, from its houses being built, as everywhere in that country, of stone, square, substantial, and large, compared with cottages in England. Its position on the side of the hill is very fine, seen from below.

Before descending the hill, however, we alighted from our horses, to visit an old tomb, which is called the tomb of Lazarus. No enlightened traveller believes this to be really the place where Lazarus was buried; but to see any ancient tomb on that spot was an opportunity not to be missed; and we gladly went down the dark rock-hewn steps to the little chamber where some corpse had once been laid. I have often wished that the old painters had enjoyed such opportunities; and then we should have had representations of Lazarus coming forth from chambers in the rock, and not rising from such a grave as is dug in European churchyards. The limestone rocks of Judea are full of holes and caverns; and we know from the Scriptures how abundantly these were used by the old inhabitants, as dwellings for themselves and their cattle, as a shelter to the wayfarer, a refuge to the fugitive, a hiding-place for robbers, and a place of deposite for the dead. Where a cavern was found with holes or recesses in its sides, a little labor would make it an extensive place of burial. By squaring the entrance, and giving some regularity to the arch of the roof, a handsome vestibule was obtained; and then the recesses were hewn into form, for the reception of bodies. Sometimes these recesses had pits; sometimes niches in their walls, so that each recess would contain bodies; and sometimes they were small, so as to contain only one each. Sometimes the vestibule opened out into passages, which had recesses on each hand; so that a large company of the dead might lie hidden in the heart of the mountain. The whole was secured from wild beasts and other intrusion by a stone door fitted to the entrance, or a large block rolled up against it. Those who have seen these Eastern tombs can never again be puzzled as I was in my childhood, when reading of "the chambers of the grave," and of the dead calling to one another in the house of death, and of the stone being rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. Many a child wonders, as I did, how the way was made clear for Lazarus to come forth, merely by the removal of a stone; but, once having stoood looking in at the door of a sepulchre, how vivid becomes the picture of Jesus standing there, and calling to Lazarus with "a loud voice," to come forth! How one hears that voice echoing through the chambers of the tomb, and sees the dead man in his cerements appearing from the steps of the vault, or the shadow of the recess.

In the tomb which we explored at Bethany, the vaults went down a considerable way into the rock. One flight of deep, narrow steps led us into a small vaulted chamber; and two or three more steps, narrower still, into the lowest tomb, which had little more than room for one body.—The monks, when taken as guides, show in village what they call the house of Martha and Mary, and that of Simon the Leper; but we did not inquire for these, having no wish to mix up anything fabulous with our observations of a place so interesting as Bethany.

We looked back upon the village again and again, as we descended into the valley, and it was painful to lose sight of the place where Jesus was wont to go to solace himself with the friendship of Lazarus and his sisters, and rest from the conflicts which beset him in the great city over yonder ridge. But we were now on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and about to pass among the fastnesses of the thieves who seem to have infested this region in all times. After riding along the valley, sometimes on one hill and sometimes on the other, for three or four miles, we left behind us the scanty tillage spread along the bottom of the valley, and began to ascend to the hollow way, which is considered the most dangerous spot of all. Here, Sir Frederick Hennicker was stripped and left for dead by robbers, in 1820. His servants fled and hid themselves on the first alarm. When they returned, he was lying naked and bleeding in the sultry road. They put him on a horse, and carried him to Jericho, where he found succor. Perhaps he was thinking of the parable of the Samaritan, when this accident befel him. I was thinking of it almost every step of the way.

Another story was presently after full in my mind; a beautiful Catholic legend, which was told me by a Grman friend in America, when I little dreamed of ever travelling over this spot. Our road now gradually ascended the high ridge from which we were soon to overlook the plain of Jericho. The track was so stony and difficult as to make our progress very slow, and the white rocks, under the mid-day sun, gave out such heat and glare as made me enter more thoroughly into the story of Peter and the cherries than my readers can perhaps do. And yet the many to whom I have told the legend, in conversation, have all felt its beauty. It is this:

Jesus and two or three of his disciples went down, one summer day, from Jerusalem to Jericho. Peter—the ardent and eager Peter—was, as usual, by the Teacher's side. On the road, on Olivet, lay a horseshoe, which the Teacher desired Peter to pick up; but which Peter let lie, as he did not think it worth the trouble of stooping for. The Teacher stooped for it, and exchanged it in the village for a measure of cherries. These cherries he carried (as eastern men now carry such things) in the bosom fold of his dress.*—When they had to ascend the ridge, and the road lay between heated rocks, and over rugged stones, and among glaring white dust, Peter became tormented with heat and thirst, and fell behind. Then the Teacher dropped a ripe cherry at every few steps; and Peter eagerly stooped for them. When they were all done, Jesus turned to him, and said with a smile, "He who is above stooping to a small thing will have to bend his back to many lesser things."

From the ridge we had a splendid view of the plain of the Jordan—apparently as flat as a table to the very foot of the Moab Mountain, while the Dead Sea lay, a blue and motionless expanse, to the right—(the south)—and barren mountains enclose the whole. The nearer mountains were rocky, brown, and desolate, with here and there the remains of an aqueduct, or other ancient building, marking the sites of settlements which have passed away. The distant mountains were clothed in the soft and lovely hues which can be seen only through a southern atmosphere. The plain was as delicious a region as ever men lived in. Josephus calls it a "divine region," and tells of its miles of gardens and palm groves; and here grew the balsam which was worth more than its weight in silver, and was a treasure for which the kings of the East made war. Jericho is called in the Scriptures the City of Palm Trees; and Jericho was but one of a hundred towns which peopled the plain. Now, all near was barren; and equally bare was the distant tract at the foot of the mountains; but in the midst was a strip of verdure, broad, sinuous, and thickly wooded, where we knew that the Jordon flowed. The palms are gone; and the sycamores, and the honey which the wild bees made in the hollows of their stems. The balsam, which Queen Cleopatra so coveted as to send messengers from Egypt for plants to grow at Heliopolis, has disappeared from the face of the earth; and instead of these, and the fruits and sugar canes which were renowned in far countries, we find now little but tall reeds, thorny acacias, and trees barren of blossoms or fruit. The verdant strip however looks beautiful from afar, and shows that the fertility of the plain has not departed. There is enough for the support and luxury of man, were man but there to wish for and enjoy them.

We descended by a road like an irregular staircase, the steepest hill I ever rode down. The gentlemen dismounted; but the heat was so excessive that I ventured to keep my seat. When I glanced up from the bottom, and saw the last of the party beginning the descent, it looked so fearful that I was glad to turn away. We were now at the foot of the mountain called Quarantania, supposed by the monks to be the scene of the Temptation. A few pilgrims come from afar, every year, to spend forty days on this mountain, barely supporting life during the time by the herbs they find there. I need hardly say, that there is no good reason for fixing on this mountain as the place, and that the choice of it is probably owing to its commanding the plain of Jordan and its cities—once no unfair specimen of the "Kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them." The caverns in the face of this mountain, once used as dwellings or tombs, are now the abodes of robers. When some of our party showed a desire to reach the lower ones, the Arab Sheikh, who was responsible for the safety of our party, drew his sword across his throat, to show the danger, and barred the way.

It may be remembered, that the men of Jericho complained to Elisha the prophet, that the water of their spring was not good, either to drink, or to water their land for tillage, (2 Kings, ii. 19:) and that, though their city was pleasant, they could not enjoy it for this reason; and that Elisha purified the spring, "so that the waters were healed unto this day." Beside this spring now called Ain Sultan, we encamped in the afternoon, and found its waters truly delicious. Nothing could be prettier than this encampment, in a spot so forest-like as to contrast strongly with all we had seen for many weeks past. Our tent was close upon the brink of the clear rushing brook; but the heat was so excessive that we could not endure the tent, and had our dinner table placed under a tree, whose roots were washed by the stream. Broad lights glanced upon the rippling waters, and deep green shadows lay upon its pools. Our horses were feeding in the thicket beyond; and the Arabs sat in groups near the tents. Other parties of our company were dining or lying on the brink of the stream. Every encampment of travellers in these places is beautiful; but I never but once saw one so beautiful as this. After a walk to the remains of an aqueduct, and other traces (mere traces) of former habitation in the days when Jericho was a great city, I went, with but one companion, to see the spring, which was but a short way from our tents. The water bubbled up from under some bushes, and spread itself, clear and shallow, among some squared stones, which seems to show that the source had once been enclosed. By this time it was dusk; the evening star hung above the nearest hill. All was silent about us, except the rustle and dip of the boughs which hung above the water.

The eastern traveller feels a strong inclination to bathe in every sacred river, and spring. How great the interest is, and how like that of a new baptism, those at home may not be able to imagine; and such may despise the superstition which leads hundreds of pilgrims every year to rush into the Jordan. But, among all the travellers who visit the Jordan, is there one, however far removed from superstition, who is willing to turn away without having bowed his head in its sacred waters.

There was no moon to-night; but the stars were glorious when I came out of our tent to take one more look before retiring to rest. Here and there the watch fires cast yellow gleams on the trees and water; but there were reaches of the brook, still and cool, where the stars glittered like fragments of moonlight. This day stands in my journal as one of the most delicious of our travels.

*Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.—*Luke*, vi. 38.*

THE WESLEYAN AND THE ACTRESS.

During Mrs. Jordon's short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow, with three small children, was by a merciless creditor thrown into prison. A small debt of about forty shillings had been increased in a short time, by law expenses, to eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordon heard of the circumstances she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good natured countenance could assume,

"You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable."

The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit.

On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordon was taking her usual walk with her servant, the widow and her children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a kind of porch, dropping on her knees, and with much grateful emotion, exclaimed,

"God forever bless you, Madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin."

The children beholding their mother's tears, added by their cries to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold but with strong feelings of sympathy. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordon's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes. However, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner, replied,

"There, there; now it's all over. Go, good woman, God bless you! Don't say another word."

The grateful creature would have replied, but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure.

It happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordon observed him, came forward, and he, holding out his hand, exclaimed with a deep sigh—

"Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord all were like thee!"

The figure of this man bespoke his calling. His countenance was pale, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's fair votary soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good humor retreating a few paces she replied,

"No, I won't shake hands with you."

"Why?"

"Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!"

"The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed, and do you think I can behold a sister fulfilling the commands of my Great Master without feeling the spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?"

"Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say; but—I don't like fanatics, and and you'll not like me when I tell you I am a player."

The preacher sighed.

"Yes, I am a player; and you must have heard of me. Mrs. Jordon is my nurse."

After a short pause, he again extended his hand, and with a complaisant countenance remarked,

"The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art. His goodness is unlimited. He has poured on thee a large portion of his spirit; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together. The offer of his arm was accepted, and the female Roscius of comedy, and the disciple of John Wesley proceeded arm in arm, to the door of Mrs. Jordon's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying,

"Fare thee well, sister. I know not what the principles of the people of thy calling may be. Thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practices equal thine, I hope and trust, at the great day the Almighty God will say to each, '*Thy sins are forgiven thee!*'"—*From the life of Mrs. Jordon.*

JEWS IN ENGLAND.—The "*Archives Israelites*" says—"It is calculated that the total number of Jews spread over the surface of the globe is 6,000,000 of souls.—Of these 180,000 are in the enjoyment of civil rights, viz: 30,000 in the U. States, 50,000 in Holland, 10,000 in Belgium, and 90,000 in France. In England 20,000 are yet incompletely emancipated;" to which common sense may add that England is, so far, not yet quite unbarbarized.

From the Jersey City Telegraph.

WASHINGTON IN LOVE.

IN 1756—twenty years before the brilliant era which shines like a rich gem in the pages of the world's history—a gentleman named Beverly Robinson occupied a dwelling (situate in New York) which, at at that time, was considered a model of elegance and comfort, although, according to the prevailing tastes of the present day, it was nothing of the kind. It was standing, very little altered from its original condition, six years ago, on this side of the Hudson River, within two or three miles of West Point. Mr. Robinson enjoyed all the luxuries known to the colony, and some, beside, which the other colonists did not know—for instance, a rich and massive silver tea urn, said, by the gentleman's descendants, to be the first article of the kind, and for a long time, the only one used in this country. In this dwelling, so much admired, the space between the floors and ceiling was exceedingly low, and in many of the rooms (set off, about the fireplaces, by polished tiles,) the rafters were massive and uncovered, and all things else in the structure were exceedingly primitive. In this house was born or reared a brood of the most prominent and inveterate foes to the patriots of the American Revolution, and the object of that struggle, that history mentions. Two generations of the Robinson family bore arms and held office in the armies of the English King, and fought determinedly against our sires and grandsires.

Well—in this house, which will already have attached itself to the interest of the reader—the only victory that was ever gained over George Washington, took place.

In 1756, Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, a large, stalwart, well-proported gentleman of the most finished deportment and careful exterior; a handsome, imposing, ceremonious, and grave personage—visited his firm and much esteemed friend, Beverly Robinson, and announced his intention of remaining his guest for many weeks. A grinning negro attendant, called Zeph, was ordered to bring in his master's portmanteau, additional fuel was cast into the broad and cheerful fireplace, an extra bottle of prime old Madeira was placed upon the table, whose griffin feet seemed almost to expand to twice their original size at the prospect of an increase of social hilarity, and Colonel Washington was duly installed as a choice claimant of old fashioned and unrestrained hospitality.*

Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, overwhelmed with attention, and in possession of every comfort, the visitor evinced unquiet and dissatisfaction. Every sound of an opening or closing door aroused him from apathy, into which he relapsed again when it was ascertained that no one was about to enter the apartment.—His uneasiness was so apparent that his host at last endeavored to rally him, but without effect. Mrs. Robinson finally came to the rescue, and addressed the Colonel in direct terms.

"Pray, friend Washington, may we be made acquainted with the cause of your dullness? There is some reason for it, and that reason lies with us. Tell it."

In vain the Colonel argued that nothing had occurred to vex him—that he was not in want of any inducement to present or future happiness; his entertainers would not regard his words, but continued their pertinacious endeavors to solve his mystery. At length, wearied by importunity, Washington—then twenty years before his greatness, leaned over the table, played with his glass, attempted to look unconcerned, and whispered to Mr. Robinson the single word "Mary."

"Yes!" responded Mr. R. interrogatively, as if unable to comprehend Washington's meaning.

"Is she well? Does she still continue to abide with you?"

"She does," replied the lady of the mansion.

Washington again became apathetic and contemplative, while several significant glances passed between the gentleman and his wife. Some five minutes were spent in perfect silence, which was only interrupted by the exit of Mrs. R. from the apartment. She speedily returned, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom Washington, with a countenance beaming joyfully, arose to greet with becoming respect.

The youg lady was Mary Phillipse, sister of Mrs. Robinson, and daughter of the owner of the Phillipse estate.

It was perhaps singular; but the time of her appearance and the period of the return of Washington's cordiality, was identical. Strange as it was, midnight found this young lady and the Virginia colonel alone, and in deep conversation. The conjugal twain who had kept them company in the early part of the evening had retired to their bed-chamber. More remarkable than all, daylight found this couple still together. The candles were burned down to the sockets of the sticks, and the fireplace, instead of exhibiting a cheerful blaze, harbored only a gigantic heap of ashes and a few dying embers. What could have prolonged that interview? Not mutual love: for the parties preserved a ceremonious distance, and the young lady evinced a hauteur that could be matched only by her companion in after years.—And yet the truth must be told. There was love on one side; the Colonel, smitten by the graces and rare accomplishments of a lady as beautiful as nature's rarest works, was endeavoring to win her heart in exchange for his own. He made his confession just as the cold grew of the dawn of morning broke up the dark clouds in the east. He confessed, in cautious and measured terms, it is true, the extent of his passion, and avowed what it was his earnest hope would be the result: that was the gain of her hand. The lady hesitated.—Was it the modesty of the maiden who dared not to trust her lips with the confession of affection it is her her heart's desire to make? No! She respected, although she did not love her interlocutor, and she felt diffident in making known to him the true state of her feelings. At last candor triumphed over delicacy, and she informed Washington, in set terms, that she loved another! She refused him! the greatest of modern men was vanquished, and by a woman! He was speechless and powerless.

Trembling, with compressed lips and a countenance ashy pale, he crept from the place just as the old negress of the household entered to make preparations for breakfast. He sought his room, threw himself upon his couch, dressed as he was, and lapsed into a troubled sleep. The only victory ever won at his expense penetrated him to the soul. He was unhappy—supremely wretched!—The future conqueror of thousands of brave men suffered because he had been rejected by a female. This was his first, but not his last wooing.

Years rolled on upon the mighty tide of time. George Washington was the commander-in-chief of the American forces opposed to the royal government. The friend of his early manhood, Beverly Robinson, was the Colonel of the Loyal American regiment raised in this State, and his son was the Lieut. Colonel. The house we have spoken of was in possession of the "rebels," and was occupied by Arnold, the traitor. It was afterwards the temporary residence of Washington.† At the same time the husband of Miss Mary Phillipse, Roger Morris, was a prominent tory, and a member of the council of the colony.‡—Few of the parties were occupied by any reflections of an amorous nature. Time in its progress had worked mutations which had severed the closest ties, both of friendship and consanguinity. Those who were the most intimate previous to the commencement of the war, were now studied strangers, with drawn swords at each other's breasts. Even sons and fathers were estranged and arranged in opposite ranks—even the child of that illustrious statesman, Dr. Franklin, was a bitter and uncompromising tory. It must not be supposed that the loyalist friends of the Colonel, George Washington, shared any better fate, so far as the acquaintanceship of the Father of his Country was concerned, than others. His old Hudson River friends he had not seen for years. The husband of Mary Phillipse was personally unknown to him—Beverly Robinson, grown gray and careworn, would scarcely have been recognized.

Andre was taken and condmned to death, and while under Gen. Woodhull's charge, was visited by Mr. Robinson in the capacity of a specics of a commissioner which protected his person. What was the surprise of Washington, a few days before the time of the execution, to receive a letter from his old friend and entertainer, referring to past events, and claiming, on a score of reminiscence, a secret or private interview. The claim was acknowledged, and, late at night, Mr. Robinson, accompanied by a figure closely muffllled in a cloak, was admitted to the General's apartment. For a moment these two men—their positions so widely different—gazed at each other in silence. Recollections of days gone by—of happy days uncorroded by cankering care—prevailed, and they abruptly embraced. Washington was the first to recover his self-possession. Suddenly disengaging himself, he stood erect and clothed in that unequalled dignity which was his attribute, and said—

"Now, sir, your business."

"Is," replied Robinson, in a choking voice, "to plead for Andre."

"You have already been advised of my final determination," replied Washington, sternly.

"Will nothing avail?" asked Robinson, in smothered accents.

"Nothing! Were he my own son he should pay the penalty due to his offence. I know all that you will say: you will speak of his virtues—his sisters—his rank, and of extenuating circumstances; perhaps endeavor to convince me of his innocence."

Robinson struggled with his emotions a few seconds, but unable to repress his feelings, he spoke but a single word, with such a thrilling accent that he started at the sound of his own voice. That word was *George!*

"*General* Washington, *Colonel* Robinson," responded the great patriot, laying great stress on each military title.

"Enough," said the other. I have one more argument—if that fails me I have done. Behold my friend!"

"Your friend! Who is he? What is his name?"

One other single word was spoken as the heavy cloak in which the mysterious friend was clothed, fell to the floor, and exposed the mature figure of Mrs. Morris, and that word, uttered with a start by Washington, was *Mary!* The suspense was painful but brief.

"Sir," said Washington, instantly recovering, "this trifling is beneath your station and my dignity. I regret that you must go back to Sir Henry Clinton with the intelligence that your best intercession has failed. See that these persons are conducted beyond the lines in safety," continued he, throwing open the door of the apartment, and addressing one of his aids.

Abashed and mortified, Mr. Robinson and his sister-in-law took their leave.—The woman had gained a conquest once, but her second assault was aimed at a breast invulnerable.

* The owners of this estate—which was vast—having opposed the Americans, they became victims to the confiscation act, and a great portion of the property was confiscated. The reversionary interest was not affected, however, and in 1809, John Jacob Astor bought it for $100,000. For this Mr. Astor received from the State, 19 years after, the small sum of $500,000.

† Before Sir Henry Clinton, or any other person, knew of Arnold's defection and Andre's projects, Beverly Robinson was in possession of all the facts. A great grandson of his own practices law, or did, not long ago, in New York.

‡ He had been an aid of Braddock, and had been the companion in arms of Gen. Washington.

GAME IN IOWA.—Partridges are so abundant in Iowa, that one individual at Burlington last year, took 13,820 of them, the year before 9,000 and this fall expects to take 10,000—for all of which a ready market is found at New Orleans. There is a great abundance of all sorts of game, except deer and turkies, which are scarce. The waters abound with pike, bass and catfish, of which are taken fish weighing as high as one hundred and twenty-two pounds.

[From the Boston Post.

CORSETS.

When I was down in Boston town,
A month ago or more,
I saw a very sing'lar thing
I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window case,
Upon a string astraddle—
Looked something like an hour glass
And something like a saddle.

I asked of several citizens
Who chanced to be at hand,
"What *was* it?" but their gibberish
I could not understand.

One fellow called it "a restraint
On certain parties plac'd,
Like a decree in chancery,
To stay the tenant's waste!"

Another—just the queerest chap
Of any in the swarm—
Said "'twant the glass of fashion, but
It *was* the mould of form."

Another said "'twas a machine
A lady used to rig her—
To bring her form and life into
The very smallest figure."

At last a little girl came out,
And think of my amaze!
She asked me "if I wouldn't please
To buy a pair of stays!"

Of course I'd heard of "stays" before,
But, strike me deaf and dumb!
If ever I, until that hour,
Suspected "them was um!"

Well—is n't it exceeding strange
That any maid or wife,
Just for a "little taper" should
Put out the "lamp of life!"

I know that lunatics must have
Straight jackets put about 'em—
But women in their wits should make
A shift to do—without 'em!

THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

A Western volunteer, recently returned from Mexico, gave the following graphic account of the battle of Monterey to a crowd of eager listeners:

"Thunder," said he, "you may talk about your earthquakes and sich; but I can tell you what, boys, one real ginewine scrimmage like that we had at Monterey, is worth all the Fourth of Julys that was ever knocked into one. There ain't nothin' in creation like it. Gettin tite on brandy smashers makes a man feel pretty considerable elevated for a while—it's very inspirin for a man of lively imagination—but if you want to feel taller than a shot tower, bigger than an elephant, and stronger than a jackass—if you want to feel like you could pull up a tree by the roots, and sweep all creation into kingdom cum with the brushy eend—if you want to see further, hear better, and holler louder, jump higher, and step quicker and further than you ever did in your life—all you've got to do is jest to take a hand with old Zack at them infernal Mexicans, and be ordered up to the pints of their lances and bayonets, like we was at Monterey."

"Did you feel skeered, Bob?"

"Skeered, thunder!" replied Bob, "we din't have no time to feel skeered. To be sure, I felt a little skittish when I seed we was to have it, sure enuff. Perhaps I did feel a little weak in the jints when I seed the officers unbuttonin their shirt collars, and the men throwin away their canteens and haversacks, as they were marchin rite strait up to them ar' works, whar the greasers was waitin for us, every devil with his gun pinted and his finger on the trigger; I know'd they was gwine to let us have it. But when it did cum—when I heerd the balls whistle round my head, and see the dust fly from the pavement whar they struck—when the whole street was in a blaze of fire, and the men was droppin round me like nine-pins after a ten-strike—when the roarin of the cannons, the rattlin of the muskets, the spelin of the horses, and the shouts of the men was all mixed up, so I could'nt tell one from t'other, I never thought of nothin but getun at the yaller skins what was hid behind the walls and rubbish, in the houses, on the roofs, and in the cellars, givin us perticlar goss."

"You didn't feel fraid none then?" asked a little fellow, who had'nt shut his mouth or took his eyes off the speaker for ten minutes.

"Fraid, the mischief! How could I! Was'nt old Zack thar on his old milk hoss, prancin around mong the platoons and columns, givin his orders like nothin' was the matter? Ah, boys, game like his is ketchin just like the measles, and one look from old Zack, when he's got his dander up, would make a woman fight like a wildcat. He's the man to fight volunteers. Thar's no need of a standing army when he's in command, for he'd make the greenest volunteers that ever shouldered a muskit stand agin the whole Mexican nation, led on by all the generals they can muster. The boys know he don't never surrender, and they never think of sich a thing themselves."

"Wasn't you monstrous glad when yer time was out, Bob—so you could come home?"

"Not by any means, I wasn't. I'd staid till yet if it had nt bin for old Scott."

"Why, don't don't you like Scott?"

"Like him—well I do and nothin else: he's a great Gineral, a fust rate old feller, and knows how to lick the Mexicans, too. Old Zack and him can't be beat. But I did'nt suit him."

"How was that?"

"Why, you see the gineral's got pretty well into the hart of the country now—rite in among the wimmin—and says he don't want to enlist any more good lookin men. He says he aint afeared of all the Mexicans that can bear arms, because he knows his men won't surrender to them, but he says he don't like to risk 'em to the 'arms' of the Mexican gals, who never fail to lay siege to the harts of every good lookin volunteer they can git their eyes on. And, boys, Mexican bullets and lances is hard things to dodge, but look out for the black eyes of them senoreetas, as they call 'em. You mout as well bid defiance to a streak of lightnin, if you happin to be good lookin enuf to draw their attention."

"So then it was your good looks prevented you from stayin in Mexico?"

"To be sure it was. They wouldn't give no bounty to good lookin men, so I cum home."