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[D. A. BEUHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

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## POETRY.

### The "Forest Minstrel."

A few weeks since a correspondent of the "Star" announced the appearance of a new volume of Poems, by Mrs. **LUDIA JANE PRINSON**, entitled "*The Forest Minstrel*." Mr. HICKOCK, the publisher, has since kindly laid upon our table a copy of the collection, gotten up in an unusually neat and handsome style. The readers of the "Star" are too familiar with the merits of "*LUDIA JANE'S*" poetical compositions, and we feel assured, entertain too favorable a regard of those merits, to require any commendation at our hands, as an inducement to possess themselves of this beautiful volume. It is not many years since Mrs. Prinson first became known to the literary world, through her occasional contributions to various newspapers and magazines, yet that short period has sufficed to establish her reputation and class her with the very best of our female poets. Her first collection of published Poems was issued in Philadelphia, a short time ago, with the title of "*Forest Leaves*," which at once attracted attention and called forth numerous and warm commendations from the Press. The "*Forest Leaves*" consisted principally of her light compositions. The volume now given to the public, embraces those of her productions which reflect a more grave and religious tone, and, unless we are much mistaken, will not be found unworthy of the favorable regard secured by its predecessor. The "*Forest Minstrel*" contains about 70 pieces of poetry, with an introductory preface by Rev. B. SENSACK, the whole running through 294 pages—and can be had at either of the Book Stores in Gettysburg; price 75 cents. The avails of the present edition are consecrated by the authoress to religious purposes. We annex several pieces which we think will not fail to be admired by our poetical readers.

### THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The spirit of beauty is all abroad,  
Earth feels her influence bright,  
And heaven is filled with a radiant flood  
Of melody, love, and light.  
She lives in the eye of the simplest flower  
That lifts its white hands to heaven,  
She hallows the mountain eagle's bowler  
In the old pine, lightning river.  
She smiles in the sleepy eye of morn,  
In the noontide flood of light;  
And the cluster of diamonds, meekly worn,  
By the still and holy night.  
She is felt in the breeze that awakes the day,  
With garlands of dewy flowers,  
She is heard in the zephyrs that love to play  
In the fragrant twilight bowers.  
The spirit of beauty is every where—  
In the ocean's soft murmurs, sweet,  
In the song of the brooklet, cool and clear,  
That lives in the shadow'd dell.  
She tinges the feathery clouds that swim  
On the sunset ethereal sea,  
Like plumes from the wings of the cherubim,  
That fit through immensity.  
She sitseth sublime on the thunder's throne,  
While Nature bends down in awe;  
Her music is blent with the august tone  
Of the elements' glorious war.  
She lies in her splendor divinely bright  
In the rainbow's jewell'd form,  
Like the crown of the Glorious, shadow'd in light,  
On the wing of the passing storm.  
The spirit of beauty is all abroad,  
And her wings are bathed in love,  
And life's wild harp, by her breathing stirr'd,  
Pours forth a hymn to her glorious Lord,  
The immortal, in beauty above.

### TO MRS. SIGOURNEY.

To me thou seem'st a beauteous shell,  
Thrown upon some fairy isle,  
In whose deep heart a spirit land  
Are hymning all the while.  
Rich music, wreathed of sun and shade,  
Of love and grief, and joy and woe,  
A thrilling of all tender chords  
That human bosoms know:  
And wove through each mellow lay  
The same rich tone for ever rings.  
The music of the ocean lyre  
Swept by ethereal winds,  
Yes, though upon the mountain top  
The shell of ocean seems to sleep,  
Still murmurs from its inmost cell  
The music of the deep.  
And I have deemed thee like a bird  
Brought from some far off sunny land,  
Where sport in never-fading groves  
The tuneful-hearted band;  
Where melody the whole day long  
Lies languid on the scented air,  
And purple evening bells to heaven  
Rich wreaths of chaunted pray'r.  
Though captive in this wintry gloom,  
And taught to sing a foreign song,  
Which thy rich melody caldences  
Delightfully prolong:  
The native notes, so wild and sweet,  
That dwell in thy deserted home,  
Gush forth unbidden from thy heart,  
Where'er thy pinions roam.  
For all the breathings of thy lyre,  
Whatever the lay, whatever the theme,  
Be it the moan of child despair,  
Or young life's passion dream;  
Or if maternity's deep love  
Gush tremblingly o'er the thrilling strings,  
Or maidenhood's pure trust and truth,  
And fervent worshipping;  
Or the low wail above the bier  
Where the heart's jewels broken lie;  
Or the sweet hymn of holy hope,  
That bears the soul on high—  
All breathe of heaven; a gentle strain  
Of pure and earnest piety;  
The music of thy spirit-home  
Pervades thy minstrelsy.

"The dark red drops  
Of wringing torture, falling one by one,  
So heavily and slowly at her feet,  
Seemed each to waste the being of her soul,  
With the dear sufferer's life. Yet there she sat,  
Her woman heart, with yearning tenderness,  
Drinking the bitterness of all the shame  
And agony of him she loved so much.  
A mother's hopes  
Are hazy, and are planted by the spring  
Of life within her heart. Their tendrils cling  
Around the purest fibres of her soul,  
And earth has nothing great or beautiful  
Which they embrace not, while the taproot buds  
Are flashing in the radiant light of heaven."  
*—The Three Marys.*

## HISTORICAL.

### Napoleon at Moscow.

We subjoin from Headley's new work—"Napoleon and his Marshalls"—a brief account of the burning of Moscow, which is well spoken of in the American Whig Review, as superior even to Croley's picture in *Salathiel*, of the Conflagration of Rome. Headley's descriptive powers have rarely, if ever, been surpassed.  
At length Moscow, with its domes, and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him, nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid Capitol, Napoleon entered the gates and appointed Mortier Governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."  
The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eye. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments—nor the parks and gardens, and oriental magnificence that every where surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it scarce a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the broad streets; and when he opened the buildings he found parlors and bed-rooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. "This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city, when the cry of "fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced.

**THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.**  
Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affected to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from a pent up volcano. Said and thoughtful Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose rude structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.  
In the morning, Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, September 15th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut up dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and wild tempests, that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames rose on every side, blazing and cracking in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower, were driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid the desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with the smoke and his hair and eyebrows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and flame; and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, waving and up to the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire, and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and

fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace as if it was his Empire.  
But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon consented reluctantly to leave. He descended into the street with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still further into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eyes round the open space girded and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on; and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant. Mortier, relieved of his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger.—Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—encompassed by flame and smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron—he struggled against an enemy no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses and palaces and churches. "The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

When night again descended on the city it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by the hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air, incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundation, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowing with red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and close packed city of houses, and churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which were fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands now towered above those waves and now disappeared in their maddening flow; and they rushed and broke light over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it, rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flames would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and again emerging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he years afterwards:  
"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of a sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of fire below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever saw."

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting without being useful; let no just intrude upon good manners, nor say any thing that may offend modesty.

## MISCELLANY.

**FAMILY PRAYER.**—In binding a family together in peace and love, there is no human influence like that of domestic prayer. Uniting them in a common object, it unites their sympathies and desires. Raising their hearts to heaven, it brings them altogether in the presence of God. The family altar is an asylum to which they repair from the cares and toils of life; reminding them of rest reserved in Heaven, it unites them in efforts of faith and obedience for its attainment. Earth has no holier spot than a house thus sanctified by prayer—where the voice of supplication and thanksgiving consecrates every day; where the word of God is devoutly read, and young and old unite to show forth all His praise. It may be humble but it is holy. Poverty may be there, and sorrow—but its inmates are rich in faith, and joyous in the Holy Ghost. Sickness may enter it, but it comes like an angel of peace and mercy.

**A TALKER REMARKS.**—While Dr. Franklin was in London in 1776, he spoke, in one of his letters to a friend in this country, of reports which were spread, by his enemies to his disadvantage. His language is that of a Christian philosopher—yet how few emulate his example in these things.  
"I give myself," says he, "as little concern about them as possible. I have often met with such treatment from people, that I was all the while endeavoring to serve. At other times I have been extolled where I had little or no merit. One's true happiness depends more upon one's own judgment of one's self, or a consciousness of rectitude in action and intention, and the approbation of those few who judge impartially, than upon the applause of the unthinking and undiscerning multitude, who are apt to cry *Hosanna* to-day, and to-morrow, *Crucify him*."

**ROBERT HALL'S MARRIAGE.**—The history of Robert Hall's marriage was a singular one. One day, whilst alighting at a friend's door for the purpose of dining with him, he was joked on his bachelorhood. "He said nothing," but whilst at the table, was observed to take particular notice of the hired girl, who came in to replenish the fire. After dinner, as he was sitting alone in the study, the young woman again entered it with the coalscuttle, when Mr. Hall, who she had supposed scarcely less than a King, said to her, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" The girl replied, that she hoped she did, taking the question merely as an accustomed one from a minister. To her utter surprise and consternation, however, Mr. Hall followed it up by falling on his knees, and exclaiming, "Then, Betty, you must love me," and asked her to marry him. In her astonishment she ran away, and she believed he had gone mad again (he had been once deranged). Her master, like herself, was surprised; and on his speaking with Mr. Hall on the subject, the latter declared his intention of marrying the girl, who he said had taken his fancy by the manner in which she put the coals on. "They were married and lived happily!—His widow survives him."

**JUVENILE SWINDLER.**—A stranger recently stopping in this city, says the New York Sun, relates the following case of youthful vagrancy. While wending his way through one of the by-roads he was accosted by a tattered mad dog, who piteously begged for a sixpence to buy a loaf of bread for his dying mother. The stranger's heart was moved: the orphan grasped the sixpence given, with a look which spoke volumes of gratitude, and darted away around the next corner to fulfill his mission of filial love. The stranger walked around the next corner also, with a swelling heart, when he was surprised to see in a neighboring alley, a half score of young urchins pitching coppers. In their midst stood our young vagabond, exhibiting his sixpence, and exclaiming in great glee, "I've got the bread." "How did you raise 'em," inquired one of the group. "Oh, I can do bread act on a green 'em," was the reply. The stranger "walked."

**WAXWARD FORTUNE.**—In one of the markets in this city (says the New York Sun) may be seen a middle-aged woman, whose history is full of interest. She is a younger daughter of a titled English aristocrat, whose estate is valued at \$25,000 per annum. She was brought up in luxury, fell in love with and married her father's groomsmen, was turned out of house and home, and obliged to fly from her country to avoid her father's vengeance. She passed through many trials which rend the heart, in her career from wealth to poverty. She is now selling fruit in a New York market. For obvious reasons we do not go into detail. A strange commentary on English customs. Verily "truth is stranger than fiction."

**A DAY OF JUBILEE A DAY OF SORROW.**—Samuel Ford and wife came into Boston on Saturday to celebrate the Fourth. In the evening, while waiting at the depot to take the cars home, they got separated in the crowd. He was intoxicated at the time of their separation, and the next time he saw him he was a lifeless corpse! He had staggered into the dock and got drowned. Such was the fate of a man sixty-four years of age, a husband, and the father of four children.

### The War Spirit.

By the following letter, from a valued correspondent in Maine, it will be seen that the patriotism and *abundancy* of that gallant State are not a whit behind those called forth by Gov. Shunk at the Philadelphia meeting in Pennsylvania. We hope our correspondent will keep us advised of the proceedings in the East.

**HON. MRS. OXFORD CO. ME. May, 18.**  
MISTRESS RITE—Sir:—Father's been over to Paris Hill to see aunt Betsy; and says how he seen one of your papers, and thought by the readin' that was into it, that you knowed conjest every thing. And so as we all wanted to know something—most partickeler—father said I'd better write to you.

Wol you see, uncle Josiah went down to Portland last week with a load of hoop-poles and beans, and when he come back he set us all in a muss by the news he tetcht. He says the Mexicans have taken Oregon after a battle of fifty-four minits and forty-nine seconds, and shot Mr. Polk right through and through and through. An it was thought every day they would come over to Vermont to take General Cass and set the niggers loose! Tell yer what, Mr. Rite, 'twould done yer heart good to see the way our folks dander riz when they heard this. Leftenant Libby run over to his house as hard as he could spring an got his sword that the Legislator gave him for his services in the Madawooski war—and back he come full chisled, swearing he'd never sheathe it again till he'd squinched it in the heart's blood of some tarnal Mexieum. An off he started down the road—his wife tryin' to head him off, and two of his children hanging back at his coat-tail; but 'twas no use, they could'n't stop the Leftenant. He swore he cared nothing for wife nor children when his country called—that General Cass needed him, and go he would if the old harry stood in his way. An so givin' a great flourish with his sword—which so skeered Mrs. Leftenant Libby that she lost her balance and fell over a harrere that was behind her, kerwhop—an kickin' off little Ephie and Bill from his coat-tails, he set off full split.

Deacon Wiggins moved that we should all go to the meetin-us and hold a public meetin, and wen we'd all got in the deacon was appointed chairman and me clerk. After a settin a minit the deacon got up and said the object of the meetin was to consuier the news from Oregon; wat the meetin was now open and the cheer would listen to any remarks. He'd no sooner sot down than up jumps Kurnal Pittin' Peabody, and O Jerusalem! how he did put in! I wish every federalist and other enemies of the country could hearn it.

"Feller citizens," says he, "this cere is a great country, an can lick any other country under the highkanopy of heavin' (cheers.) Did'n't we lick the all-fired British twice, and got ready to do it again down to Madywosky? And no w," says he, "who are these audashus Mexieumns that have invaded the free syle of this great republic? Who are they, I say?" "Who are they?" screamed out Judy Kyer, poking her green bonnet over the gallery railing, "who are they, indeed—I'll tell yer; they'r good for nothing, rotten, yellow-faced, sneakin, animal-magnumsin, nigger-lovin, pesky, french-britishers, that rit General Jackson about the banks, and tried to stop the veto, and got up a stamp act!—the bloody minded villins," says she, "I could scratch their eyes out, I could." "Hoo-roar!" shouted the Kurnal, when aut Judy sot down. "Hoo-roar for the wimin of Ameriky! real grit still,—same as 'twas in the Revolutary war. Feller-citizens, the country's safe while this here spirit of '76 as were just witnessed, burns in the busums of the fair sects,"—but the Kurnal could'n't go on; his complements to the wimmen set em up as crazy as bed-bugs. A dozen of them got up at once and give us so much of the spirit of '76 as the Kurnal called it, that I'll be shot and biled into ile, if it did'n't seem as tho thar war two or thre young hurry-canes in the house. The deacon hollered Order! Order! till he was as horse as a bull frog—but two wimmin held on in spite of him; they'd got the steam fairly on, an didn't seem to know exactly how to shut it off.

At last Ensign Pike an the town clerk had to go up and gag them with their own shawls, and then the meetin went on.

We passed a good many resolutions—some regular cinchers, I tell you. I'll show you one or two, jest for curiosity.

Resolved, That no people in the hull, general, universal world are so free, virtuous and happy as is the people of these sarrvin States.

Resolved, That Thetico, Killeforinia, Mattymoros, Korus Christ, and Madywosky was originally part of the Union and ort to be re-annexed, right off.

Resolved, That the hull military force of Hornby be placed at the disposal of Gin'l Cass or General Jackson, as the case may be; *Provided*, they aint obleged to go no further than Portland.

Resolved, That if any of the pesky Mexieumns dare to show they yallar faces up in old Oxford, we'll give em some.

Resolved, That any individual who aint ready to go these sentiments, is no friend to ginowine liberty, and ort to be sent to *reshin in the harts of Monty-zinnus*.

Resolved, That our patyotic feller citizen, Mr. Leftenant Libby, by his intripid kondukt, in starting right off to reskue Gin-

eral Cass, has won for him our high-est

This here resolution, Mr. Rite, wasn't finished, cos just as we got so fur little Ephie Libby bust into the house like a locomotive, and said her father was in a fix and wanted all hands to help him. So we all started like shot, thinking the leftenant had met some of the enemy, an run as tight as we could scratch down the road, till we came to pickere-pond, and there, right over in neighbor Eastman's orchard, on the tip top of the biggest apple tree, sot the leftenant yelling like an injun, and Deacon Wiggins's great brindled bull pawfn and bellowing at the foot.

We driv the critter off and got the leftenant down, but he was about the skeerdest fellow you ever seed. He went right off lum, and hasn't said a word about the Mexieumns since.

I told you when I begun I rit for information. The question I want to ask is this: Is them Mexieumns injuns, niggers, or Jarmjn? Cos father says they is and I say they isn't.

Yours for country, "rite or rong"  
ETHAN SPIKE.  
P. S. When you see the government tell it to depend on Hornby; if wust comes to wust, and that we hate the British was than pison!

**The House that Zack Built.**  
FORT BROWN.  
This is the house that Zack built.  
THE CANNON.  
These are the bull dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

THE GARRISON.  
These are the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

GEN. TAYLOR.  
This is the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men that fed the dogs that lay in the house that Zack built.

GEN. ARISTA.  
This is the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

MEXICAN TROOPS.  
These are the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

CAPT. MAY, OF THE DRAGOONS.  
This is the captain not shaven or shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

GEN. YBGA.  
This is the prisoner all forlorn, that was taken by the captain not shaven or shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.  
These are the men all weary and worn, that abandoned the prisoner all forlorn, that was taken by the captain not shaven or shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

THE PRESS.  
This is the Press with its newsmen's horn, that told of the Yankees American born, that defeated the men all weary and worn, that abandoned the prisoner all forlorn, that was taken by the captain not shaven or shorn, that charged the troops all tattered and torn, that followed the leader that rose in the morn, to meet the general as sharp as a thorn, that led the men, that fed the dogs, that lay in the house that Zack built.

ANECDOTE OF THE BATTLE FIELD.—  
*The boxing Nishnan.*—After the fight of the 9th became general, a private, an Irishman, found a bunch of chaparel between himself and a strapping Mexican. The Mexican raised his piece and taking deliberate aim pulled trigger; the piece not going off the Mexican again raised his muskett and snapped it, Paddy all the time, coolly looking on; at the second failure to discharge his piece, the Mexican in a delirium of wrath, threw his musket away, and went through various gyrations of despair. Paddy mistaking these eccentricities for a challenge for a fist fight, threw away his musket, and placing himself in an attitude that would have delighted deaf Burko, sang out "oh by the powers, you will not find me amish with the fists, if that's yer game." Lieut. —, who was observing this exhibition of coolness and chivalry, ordered the soldier to take up his proper weapon, and send the Mexican to his long home, which was done accordingly.

THE PRESIDENCY.—Some friends at Washington of Judge McLean, of the U. S. Supreme Court, have issued a pamphlet naming him for the Presidency at the next election.