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Poetry.

AMERICAN GIRL'S SONG.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story,
Her lofty hills and valleys green,
Are shining bright before us—
And like a rainbow sign is seen,
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips,
For those who meet the foemen—
For glory's star knows no eclipse,
When smiled upon by women.
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer, and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for our freedom;
Our prayer is for her gallant band,
Who strike where honor leads them.
We love the taintless air we breathe—
'Tis freedom's endless bower;
We'll twine for him an endless wreath,
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare—
Of Italy's proud daughters;
Of Scotland's lassies, England's fair,
And nymph's of Shannon's waters.
We need not boast their haughty charms,
Though Lords around them hover;
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—
A Freeman for a lover.

Miscellaneous.

The Bible Legend of the Wissahikon.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was in the wilds of the Wissahikon, on the day of the battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly leaves, that two men met in fierce combat. They grappled in deadly conflict near a rock that rose, like the huge wreck of some primeval world, at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahikon.

The man with the dark brow, and the darker grey eye, flashing with deadly light, with the muscular form, clad in the blue hunting frock of the Revolution, is a Continental, named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the Massacre of Paoli. That other man with long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a Tory refugee. That is the murderer of Paoli, named Dabney.

They had met in the woods there by accident, and now they fought, not with swords or rifles, but with long and deadly hunting knives, that flash in the light as they go turning and twining and twisting over the green sward.

At last the Tory was down!—down on the green sward with the knee of the Continental upon his breast—that upraised knife quivering in the light, that dark grey eye flashing death into his face!

"Quarter—I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast—"Spare me—I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot soldier, in that low deep tone of deadly hate, "my brother cried for "quarter" on the night of Paoli, and, even as he clung to your knee, you struck that knife into his heart! Oh! I will give you the quarter of Paoli."

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with one rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the Tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife—a child—spare me."

Then the Continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth:

"My brother had a wife and two children! The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children were orphas! Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

This proposal, made by the continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror stricken Tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the pitiful privilege of begging his life. After a moments serious thought, the patriot soldier, consented; he bound the Tory's arms yet tighter, placed him on the rock again, and led him up the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among the trees, broke on their eyes.

They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth-stone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there, a matronly woman of thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders.

On one side was a dark haired boy of some six years—on the other a little girl, one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open on that mother's knee.

And then that pale-faced Tory flung himself upon his knees, confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, but begged his life at her hands!

"Spare me for the sake of my wife, my child!" He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart; but not one relenting gleam softened her pale face.

"The Lord shall judge between us!" she said in a cold icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart. "Look! The Bible lays open upon my knee. I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!"

This was a strange proposal made in full faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time.

For a moment the Tory kneeling there, livid as ashes, wrapped in thought. Then in a faltering voice he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to Heaven, the mother prayed the GREAT FATHER to direct the finger of her son. She closed the Bible—handed it to that boy, whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer.

He took the Bible—opened its holy pages at random—placed his finger on a verse.

Then there was silence!

Then that Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parting lips.

Then the culprit, kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament; it was short yet terrible:

"*That man shall die!*"

Look! The brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart, but the Tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents; there is an awful pause.

With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, that little girl opens the Bible as it lay on her mother's knee—she turns her laughing face away—she places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper!

The deep drawn breath of the brother, the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturbs the silence. The widow and dark eyed boy are breathless. That little girl unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the horror of the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death.

At last, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the page, and read.—It was a line from the New Testament:

"*Love your enemies.*"

Ah! that moment was sublime!

Oh! awful Book of God, in whose dread pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well, or wandering by the waves of the dark Galilee. Oh! awful Book, shining to-night, as I speak, the light of that widow's home, the glory of that mechanic's shop, shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lighting the way to God, even over that dread gibbet. Oh! book of terrible majesty and child-like love, of sublimity that crushes the soul into awe, of beauty that melts the soul with rapture—you never shone more beautiful than there, in the lonely cot of the Wissahikon when you saved that murderer's life!

For—need I tell you—that murderer's life was saved! That widow recognized the finger of God—even the stern brother was awed into silence.

The murderer went his way.

Now, look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven!

That very night, as the widow sat by her lonely hearth, her orphans by her side, with crushed heart and hot eye balls, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the blood-drenched sod of Paoli—there was a tap at the door.

She opened the door, and—that husband living, though covered with many wounds, was in her arms!

He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death. He was alive; his wife lay panting on his breast.

That night there was prayer in that wood-embowered cot of the Wissahikon.

A Dutchman, noticing the avaricious propensity of one of his fellow workmen, said "he ish so mean dat in de wedder wot is so cold as it never vas, he never wears drawers nor der shirt, and goes "barefooted in his boot!"

Life in a Southern Vegetable Market.

"Ah, Mrs. Spriggins, how's your little baby?"

"He's dead, I thank you, marm," answered Mrs. S.

"And how did he die, Mrs. Spriggins?" rejoined Mrs. Hollowheart, as she held her face over her market basket, in the corner where the "inguns" are located.

"Ah, Mrs. Hollowheart," said Mrs. S. "the poor babe had a hawful time of it; but he's gone to a better—"

"What's the price of your cabbages?"

"Picayune a head, Missus."

"Why, gracious me! a picayune a head! Why, I'm astonished! As I was saying, Mrs. Hollowheart, the poor infant suffered severely; but he's gone to rest in Abraham's—heggs! they look fresh and clear, don't they Mrs. H.?—What's your heggs a dozen?"

"Tree bitts, Missus, an creole eggs, dey is too."

"Three bitts! why mercy save us! what's this ere world comin' to? Three bitts for heggs, and sich heggs as them too! Why, they look like they was laid by hens with the fever and hager."

"Well, Missus, if you wants 'em you can have 'em for two bitts and a half," said the old negro market man.

"Say two bitts, and I'll take 'em, said Mrs. Spriggins.

"Well, den, since it's *you*, you kin have 'em for dat, Missus."

"Umph! they don't look so wery fresh after all; you can give me a quarter of a dozen on trial, howsomever."

The three eggs are carefully counted, and after being held up to the eye toward the sun several times, Mrs. S. gives a five cent piece to the negro, and resumes her walk through the market with Mrs. Hollowheart.

"Lauks me! but that was a great bargain, Mrs. Spriggins. You can do things so nice I do declare!" exclaimed the amiable Hollowheart.

"Well, yes, Mrs. H., I acknowledges I has a knack that way; but, as I was saying about my blessed infant, he suffered severely afore death, and jist afore he closed his precious hies, he looks around to me with such an hexpression of sweetness, and openin' his little mouth, in a low voice he says—look at them ere catfish! Did you ever see so much fat catfish in all your born days? I say, good man, what does you ax for catfish?"

"Ten bitts a dozen, Senora," replied the Spanish fisherman.

"Ten bitts! why, ten bitts would buy a calico gown; would you take no less, my good man?"

"Nada menos, Senora, nosing."

"Well, come, let's go, Mrs. H. Only think of ten bitts for catfish! What's this ere world comin' to—and sich catfish, too! Did you observe that they was very lean, and quite yaller under the gills? But as I was saying, Mrs. H.. my sufferin' cherub was actilly in a hagony afore he died. Jist as the darlin' critter was fallin' into that sleep, which is rid by the white hoss, he turns up his little face, in a low voice says he—Darn your hies, what are you stealin' my carrots for, you dirty old bag you!" exclaimed the now enraged Mrs. Spriggins, as she detected her neighbor Hollowheart's hand drawing forth those savory vegetables from her market basket.

"I wasn't stealin' your wegetables.—If I wanted to steal, I'd steal from some one I thought more than I do of you, I can tell you that now!" said, or rather shrieked the amiable Hollowheart.

"*Maybe* now I'm as good a woman as *you is*, you nasty old drab. I wouldn't use *you* for a dish-clout, that I would't," rejoined Mrs. Spriggins.

"No, nor I wouldn't take you for an iron-holder. I wouldn't make an under petticoat of your character; you think because you allowed—"

"*Thar!* I knowed you'd cast that up to me. Now I'll give you a piece of advice. If ever your children comes a playin' on my cellar door agin, I'll scald 'em with hot bilin' water! wish I may drap dead if I don't!" was the exclamation of Mrs. Spriggins, as she cut short her friend Hollowheart in the middle of her dialogue.

"Yes marm," said Mrs. H., "you kin do all that, I know, but if ever I ketches your dog Tarrier a tryin' to ketch my rats, may I be cussed if I don't chop off his tail, and put ashes in both his eyes! Umph! if the truth was known, that jist as soon as your husband went to jail, you—"

"You're a liar, I didn't no such thing."

"I say you're anotuer, for I seed you open the door, and Jim—"

"Take that, you villain!" exclaimed Mrs. Spriggins, as she gave Mrs. H. a blow on the nose with a squash. Down went Mrs. H. in a basket of tomatoes—the mob shouted—dogs barked—geese cackled—butchers swore—bells rung—niggers laughed—steamboats puffed, and finally the police officers restored peace to the community of the Vegetable Market, by arresting the belligerant Amazons.—*N. O. Picayune.*

GRAIN.—Oats, rye, barley and wheat, are products peculiar to the temperate climates. The last, in order to insure success to the cultivator, requires good soil, liberally enriched with putrescent matters, and a mild but somewhat elevated temperature. It does not possess the constitutional hardiness of the other grains above enumerated, and is therefore more difficult to mature. We are assured by Sir Kenelm Digby, that in the year 1660, the fathers of the Christian Doctrine, at Paris, had in their possession a plant which they preserved as a curiosity. The entire plant, as publicly exhibited, consisted of two hundred and forty-nine stalks, all of which proceeded from one germ or grain; on these they counted eighteen hundred seeds of barley!

It is stated in the Philosophical Transactions that a person of the name of Miller, of Cambridge, sowed on the second day of June, some grains of common red wheat, "one of the plants from which had been tillered so much, that, on the 8th of August, he was enabled to divide it into eighteen plants, all of which were placed separately in the ground. In the course of September and October so many of these plants which were separately set out to stand the winter as sixty-seven. With the first growth of the Spring, the tillering again went forward, so that the end of March and the beginning of April, a farther division was made, and the number of plants now amounted to five hundred. These five hundred plants proved extremely vigorous—much more so than wheat under ordinary culture—so that the number of ears submitted to the sickle was twenty-one thousand, or more than forty to each of the divided plants; in some instances there were one hundred ears upon one plant. The ears were remarkably fine, some being six or seven inches long, and containing from sixty to seventy grains. The wheat, when separated from the straw, weighed forty-seven pounds, the estimated number of grains being 576,840. Such an enormous increase is not of course attainable on any great scale, but the experiment is of use as showing the vast power of increase with which the most valuable of vegetables is endowed."

We have seen fourteen hundred well developed hearts from a single bean planted, and have heard of a still greater yield. In Massachusetts, recently, half a peck of good corn was harvested, so we are credibly informed, from a hill, in which only two stalks—the produce of two kernels—were preserved.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer:

IMPROMPTU
ON THE DEATH OF MAJ. RINGGOLD.

BY A LADY.

Turf of Texas, softly lie thee,
On the gallant soldier's breast;
For our RINGGOLD died to save thee,
Country of the bright south-west.

Youthful sister of our Union,
Where so late thy lonely star
Shone upon the land and river,
Now our banner waves in war.

Where its glorious folds protect thee,
Oh! forget not, while thus blest,
That for thee our best and bravest
Bled, and sleep within thy breast.

When the dove of Peace returning,
Rests its wing upon thy field,
Point where Ringgold and those heroes
Made their generous hearts thy shield.

A SENSIBLE FOOL—CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—Alphonso, king of Naples, had in his court, a fool who used to write down in a book all the follies of the great men in his time that were in court. The king having a Moor in his household, sent him to the Levant to buy horses, with ten thousand ducats. This the fool marked in his book as a pure piece of folly. Some time after, the king called for the book, and found at last his own name, with the story of the ten thousand ducats. The king being somewhat moved, asked the reason why his name was there. "Because," says the jester' "you have committed a piece of folly to give your money to one you are never like to see again." But if he does come back again," says the king, "and bring me the horses, what folly is that in me?" "Why, if he ever does come back again," replied the fool, "*I'll blot out your name and put in his.*"

PRECOCIOUS.—"Would you like me to give you a dollar?" asked a little boy, of a gentleman he met in the street.—"Certainly," was the reply. "Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would others should do unto you."

"I'll be hanged if I patronize that line," said a traveller to a steamboat runner. "Then, sir," replied the runner, "patronize some other *line* and *be hanged.*"

FROM MEXICO.

VERA CRUZ BLOCKADED—MEASURES OF THE MEXICAN WAR—THE AMERICAN CONSULS ORDERED INTO THE INTERIOR.

The bark Theatus, Capt. Merrell, arrived at New Orleans on the 30th ult from Vera Cruz, which place she left on the 20th. By her were received full files of papers from Mexico and Vera Cruz, containing thirteen days later intelligence, and verbal news of great interest.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 31st ult. has an extended account of the news.

The U. S. steamship Mississippi arrived off Vera Cruz on the 18th, bringing the intelligence of the glorious battles of the 8th and 9th inst., but very wisely the news was only communicated to a few Americans in the city.—The port was immediately blockaded by the Mississippi and the Falmouth.

The T. was boarded by the U. S. ship Falmouth and took a letter bag from her. The brig St. Petersburg sailed on the 19th for New York.

Orders were received by the American citizens, from the city of Vera Cruz, directing them to leave Vera Cruz by the 24th inst., or retire into the interior. It was expected that our Consul would go on board one of our vessels. On the 19th an American vessel approached the port and was immediately boarded by our officers and forbidden to enter the port. In the night, however, she succeeded in shipping into port. There were two American vessels in port when the T. left—the bark Louisiana and the brig Helen McLeod—who had partially discharged their cargoes, but under the order from the Minister General of War and Marine, a translation of which we give below. They would probably be seized! From all we can gather the Government is making the greatest exertions, straining every nerve to carry on the war with the utmost vigor, and by the most arbitrary measures replenished the treasury.

The Castle of San Juan de Ulua, as our last accounts state, was in a perfect state of defence, and the officers in command were confident of being able to repel an attack. They will shortly have an opportunity of displaying their skill in gunnery and forming an intimate acquaintance with our naval force. The contractor of supplies for the Mexican squadron had been placed under arrest by the authorities.

The Mexicans were in high glee at the various gasconading despatches received from the camp of Matamoras, which spoke with the utmost enthusiasm of the brilliant condition of their army, and predicted the most magnificent triumphs over the American forces. The capture of Col. Thornton's command was duly paraded in the columns of *El Diario Official* as "a great triump of the Mexican arms," and the particulars of the capture of the party who had "entrenched themselves in the *Corral*," as they were pleased to term the riding of our dragoons into the farmer's enclosure where they were surrounded by such an overwhelming force; and the names of the officers and men all placed in the columns.

The attack upon Capt. Walker's little command by the Mexicans under Don Rafael Quintero, was spoken of as another glorious triumph, in which eight Texans were killed four taken prisoners. Quintero was the only man *wounded*, says the despatch, and he was shot with a rifle ball in the left arm. The despatch says nothing about the number of Mexicans *killed* in the action.

On the 20th April, J. J. Schatzel, the American Consul, and other American citizens, protested against their expulsion from Matamoras by General Ampudia, and their having been ordered to proceed to Victoria without time being allowed them to settle their affairs. Arista replied under date of 28th April, that the proceeding was not against the law of nations as alleged by them, and that he could not remedy the decree, but that they may leave the country *via* Tampico, and give directions to their agents respecting their property, which had always been respected.

From El Locomotor of May 18th.

MINISTRY OF WAR and MARINE.—To the old injuries which the United States have for a number of years inflicted on the Mexican nation, violating and treating with contempt the treaties which united the two Republics, they have recently added to the invasion of the department of Texas, Territories of Nueva Leon and Tamaulipas, by penetrating with an armed force and in the pay of their Government, a part of Upper California, and to threaten with her vessels of war Vera Cruz, Matamoras, Mazatlan, and other parts of both oceans. On the other hand, the presence of the American army in front of Matamoras is a measure of hostility, as they have raised batteries against the town and have blockaded the Brazos St. Iago.

His Excellency the President *pro tem.* is authorized, under these grave circumstances, to dictate all measures of defence of the national territory, and compelled by all the aggressions of a nation, which called herself friendly, to take measures of security in conformity with the practice of civilized nations, has declared that in whatever port vessels of the United States shall appear, or might appear, the functions of the Consuls or Vice-consuls of that nation shall cease, and the citizens of that country shall be sent twenty leagues from the coast to the interior within the space of eight days unless they prefer leaving the country, without being granted any prorogation or delay.

The best interest of the nation being concerned in the fulfilment of this supreme order, I communicate it to your Excellency, relying on your activity and patriotism. TORNEL.

God and Liberty, Mexico, May 12, 1846

To the Commanders of the Division East, North and to the Commanders Generals of the Department.

Victoria, capital of the State of Tamaulipas.

The following communication was addressed by Governor Juan Martin de la Gaogay Flores, to General Don Pedro Ampudia, under date of Victoria, April 20th.

"By your note of the 12th of April, I notice that in consequence of the presence of the American army on the left side of the Rio Grande, you have ordered the American Consul and all the citizens of the United States to proceed forthwith to this city, and can only assure you that they will be treated with the consideration corresponding with the noble and generous sentiments which form the Mexican character."

To show with what certainty the Mexicans looked for victory, we give an extract from a communication from the Commander of the corps of engineers to the Minister of War, prior to the arrival of Ampudia:

Upon the arrival of Gen. Ampudia, we shall then have, after leaving sufficient force in Matamoras, 3000 infantry, 10 guns, and 1300 cavalry with which to cross the river. Our triumph is *certain*, and there is no danger of the enemy's being reinforced in time to save them from destruction. The force of the enemy was 5000 men, but at the present he has at the utmost 4000 men, and among them 250 artillery with 22 pieces of flying artillery, the balance infantry without spirit, without union among themselves, and without any wish to fight. The officers are good, but even among them there are many who merely come because their Government ordered it. If no disturbances break out in the interior they will capitulate in twenty days or be entirely destroyed.

Mr. Benton, in his reply to Mr. Cass's remarks, used language which was very severe and energetic, and a breach is thus opened between them which it will be difficult to close. The Washington correspondent of the U. S. Gazette says:

"Mr. Benton said he had heretofore attributed Mr. Cass's support of the 54 40 line to *ignorance*, but he now thought the Senator's object in so doing was to *involve this country in a war with England!*—He could not now plead ignorance for supporting a line that never had existence. Mr. Benton gave Mr. Ritchie a back-handed blow or two.—Mr. Ritchie sat in the lobby immediately in the rear of Mr. Benton, who turning round and looking at him, spoke contemptuously of 'the great Organ's' course in reference to this subject. Mr. Benton dealt his blows as if he cared little who they hit or who they hurt. As usual, his enunciation was so indistinct that it was extremely difficult to catch the purport even, of what he said.

There will hereafter be as much good feeling between Mr. Benton and the 54 40's as there is between a Sioux and a Sac and Fox Indian, or between a Camanche and a Pawnee. The same affectionate regard is felt by them for Mr. Calhoun. Strange, that a party whose principal men are thus at daggers drawn with each other, can nevertheless be "held together by the cohesive power of public plunder!"

The reason why a man runs when he is drunk, is because he can't walk. This is a *sober* fact.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

Nevertheless, it almost *staggers* our belief.—*Picayune.*

What evidence have we that Goliah was not a teetotaller? He got *slewed with a sling.*

Married, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 17th April, Jacob Weaver aged 17 years, to Sarah Sherman, aged 13 years. Go it while your'e young.

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