

The Lancaster Intelligencer

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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JOB PRINTING.—Such as Ballads, Poems, Pamphlets, Books, Labels, &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

BY J. W. BYRNE.

It was an anxious, solemn hour;
To council sat the good and wise,
Whom people's welfare was their care,
To break the shackles of the slave,
To free the land from tyrannical rule,<
To give the people's rights a voice,
To give the people's rights a voice,<

And now in yonder belfry stands
The sturdy bellman, old and grey,
Whom thronging hands are steadily
To ring in Freedom's natal day,
The hours to lead us on to go,
And yet there comes no sign whatever,
Until a hoarse cry is heard to sigh,
"No! no! 'tis never do it, never!"

But mark! at last there comes a shout,
And rises a youthful voice, "ring on
Grandfather ring!" "The done!
The day of Freedom has begun,
The eagle's wings are spread on high,
The old man caught, and furious swung
"Till peal on peal, the joyous sound,
"Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!"
Nine times nine chimes for Liberty!"

Then boomed the cannon loud and long;
Then blazed the bonfires bright and strong;
And everywhere, in tower and hall,
Young Freedom's shout was heard to call,
Yet still above all sounds would swell
The silver tones of that old bell—
Over the hills, and over the plains,
Echo still prolonged the strain,
Until 'twas caught up by the air,
Which seemed to carry it everywhere!

That old bell hangs in its tower yet,
And now men's hearts are steady
But ne'er can a freeman ever forget
How once its tones were wont to mingle
With the shouts of Freedom's war cry,
Who welcomed the birth of Liberty!

And 'er this land should discord come,
Or tyrants threaten Freedom's home,
Its voice would waken every heart,
To raise such manly pluck to start,
And rally to defend our shore,
Spits worthy tears of yore!

From the London Times, May 14th.

THE WAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Which it is to be a sign of the day,
Form! Form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!

Form, be ready to do a deed!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen!
True, that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means.
Form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Form, be ready to do a deed!

The following impression on the above is politely
deduced to the readers of *The Intelligencer*
as it may concern:

There is no sound of silver afar!
Nary red in our pocket to-day!
God of battles! on thunder! on war!
That a subscriber would call our day!
Pay! pay! gentlemen pay!
Bill and receipt are ready this day!
Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen pay!

Be not deaf to the sounds that warn!
Be not gull'd by another's plea!
Are signs of battles? Yes, in a horn!
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most wholesome and necessary for the
people good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass
laws of immediate and pressing importance,
unless suspended in their operation till his
assent should be obtained; and when so
suspended, he has utterly neglected to
attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for
the accommodation of large districts of
people, unless those people would relinquish
the right of representation in the
legislature; a right inestimable to them,
and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies
at places unusual, uncomformable, and
distant from the depository of their public
records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing
them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses
repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness,
his invasions on the rights of the
people.

He has refused, for a long time after
such dissolutions, to cause others to be
elected; whereby the legislative powers,
inexpugnable of annihilation, have returned
to the people at large for their exercise;
the State remaining, in the mean time,
exposed to all the danger of invasion from
without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population
of these States; for that purpose,
obstructing the laws for naturalization of
foreigners; refusing to pass others to
encourage their migration hither, and
raising the conditions of new appropriations
of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of
justice, by refusing his assent to laws for
establishing judicial powers.

He has made judges dependent on his
will alone, for the tenure of their offices,
and the amount and payment of their
salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices,
and sent hither swarms of officers,
to harass our people, and eat out their
substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace,
standing armies, without the consent of
our legislature.

He has affected to render the military
independent of, and superior to, the civil
power.

He has combined, with others, to subject
us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution,
and unacknowledged by our laws;
giving his assent to their acts of pretended
legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed
troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial,
from punishment, for any murders which
they should commit on the inhabitants of
these States:

For cutting off our trade with all parts
of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our
consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the
benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas to be
tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of
English laws in a neighboring province,
establishing therein an arbitrary govern-
ment, and enlarging its boundaries, so as
to render it, at once, an example and fit
instrument for introducing the same ab-
solute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolish-
ing our most valuable laws, and altering
fundamentally, the powers of our govern-
ments:

For suspending our own legislatures,
and declaring themselves invested with
power to legislate for us in all cases what-
soever.

He has abdicated government here, by
declaring us out of his protection, and
waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our
coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the
lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large
armies of foreign mercenaries to complete
the works of death, desolation, and
tyranny, already begun, with circumstances
of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled
in the most barbarous ages, and totally
unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens,
taken captive on the high seas, to bear
arms against their country, to become the
executors of their friends and brethren,
or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections
amongst us, and has endeavored to bring
on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the
merciless Indian savages, whose knowl-
edge of warfare is an undistinguished
destruction, of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we
have petitioned for redress, in the most
humble terms; our repeated petitions have
been answered only by repeated injury. A
prince, whose character is thus marked by
every act which may define a tyrant, is
unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention
to our British brethren. We have warned
them, from time to time, of attempts made
by their legislature to extend an unwarrant-
able jurisdiction over us. We have
reminded them of the circumstances of our
emigration and settlement here. We have
appealed to their native justice and
magnanimity, and we have conjured them,
by the ties of our common kindred, to
disavow these usurpations, which would
inevitably interrupt our connections and
correspondence. They, too, have been
deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity.

We must, therefore, acquiesce
in the necessity, which denounces our
separation, and hold them, as we hold the
rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace,
friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in
GENERAL CONGRESS assembled,
do hereby declare the thirteen united
Colonies to be free and independent States;
that they are absolved from all allegiance
to the British crown, and that all political
connections between them and the state
of Great Britain, is and ought to be, totally
dissolved; and that as FREE AND IN-
DEPENDENT STATES, they have full
power to levy war, conclude peace, contract
alliances, establish commerce, and to do
all other acts and things which INDE-
PENDENT STATES may of right do.

And, for the support of this declaration,
with a firm reliance on the protection of
Divine Providence, we mutually pledge
to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and
our sacred honor.

THE GLORY OF THE LAND OF
PENNSYLVANIA.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Beautiful in her solitary grandeur—
fair as a green island in a desert waste—
proud as a lonely column, reared in the
wilderness—rises the land of Penn, in the
history of America.

Here, beneath the Elm of Shackamaxon,
was first reared the holy altar of Tolera-
tion.

Here, from the halls of the old State
House, was first proclaimed that Bible
of the Rights of Man—the Declaration of
Independence.

Here, William Penn asserted the mild
teachings of a Gospel, whose every word
was Love. Here, Franklin drew down
the lightnings from the sky, and bent the
science of ages to the good of toiling man.

Here, Jefferson stood forth, the consecrated
Prophet of Freedom, proclaiming,
from Independence Hall, the destiny of a
Continent, the freedom of a People.

Here, that band of men, compared to
whom the Senators of Rome dwindle into
parish demagogues,—the Continental Con-
gress—held their solemn deliberations,
with the halberd and the axe before their
eyes.

Here, New England we love for her Adams,
her Hancock, and her Warrens. Her battle-
fields of Bunker Hill and Concord and
Lexington speak to us with a voice that
can never die. The South, too, ardent in
her fiery blood, luxuriant in flowers and
fruits, we love for her Jefferson, her Lees,
her immortal Patriot Henry. Not a rod
of her soil but is richer for the martyr
blood of heroes.

But while we love the North or the
South for their Revolutionary glories, we
must confess that the land of Penn claims
a glory higher and holier than either.

The glory of the Revolution is here, but
the mild light of science irradiates her
hills, the pure gospel of William Penn
shines forever over the pages of her Past.

While we point to Maryland for her Cal-
vert and her Carroll, to Jersey for her
Witherspoon, to Delaware for her Kirk-
wood and McClane—while we bow to the
Revolutionary fame of New England and
the South, we must confess that the land
of Penn has been miserably neglected by
history.

It is a singular fact that, while all other
States have their eulogists, their historians,
and their orators, to speak of their past
glory, their present prosperity, and their
future fame, yet has Pennsylvania been
neglected; she has been slighted by the
historian, her triumphs and her glories
have been made a matter of sparse and
general narrative.

Our own fair land of Penn has no
orator to celebrate her glories, to point to
her past; she has no Pierpont to hymn
her illustrious dead; no Jared Sparks to
chronicle her Revolutionary grandeur.

And yet the green field of Germantown,
the twilight vale of the Brandywine, the
blood-nurtured soil of Paoli, all have their
memories of the Past, all are stored with
their sacred treasure of whitened bones.

From her North, old Wyoming sends
forth her voice—from her hills of grandeur
and her valleys of beauty, she sends her
songs, and at the sound—the Mighty Dead
of the land of Penn sweep by, a solemn
pageant of the Past. The character of
the Pennsylvanian has been mockingly
jered, by adventurers from all parts of
the Union. We have been told that our
people—the Pennsylvanians—had no en-
terprise, no energy, no striking and effec-
tive qualities. Southern chivalry has
taunted us with our want of daring ardor
in the resentment of insult; Northern
speculation has derided our sluggishness
in falling into all the mad adventures of
these gambling and money-making times.

To the North we make no reply. Let
our mountains, with their stores of ex-
haustless wealth, answer; let the meadows
of Philadelphia, the rich plains of old
Berks, the green fields of Lancaster an-
swer; let old Susquehanna, with her peo-
ple of iron nerve, and her mountain-shores
of wealth and cultivation, send forth her
reply.

And to the South—what shall be our
answer? They ask for our illustrious
dead! They point to the blood-stained
fields of Carolina. They ask, where are
your fields of battle? They point to
Marion—to Sumpter—to Lee—to all the
host of heroes who blaze along the South-
ern sky—"Pennsylvanians, where are
your heroes of the Revolution?"

They need not ask their question more
than once. For, at the sound, from his
laureled grave in old Chester, springs to
life again the hero of Pennsylvania's olden
time, the undaunted General, the man of
Paoli and of Stony Point, whose charge
was like the march of the hurricane,
whose night-charge scathed the British as
under a thunderbolt had fallen in their
midst.

We need not repeat his name. The
aged man, sitting at the farm-house
door of old Chester, in the calm of sum-
mer twilight, speaks that name to the
listening group of grand-children, and the
old Revolutionary, trembling on the verge
of the grave, his intellect faded, his mind
broken, and his memory gone, will start
and tremble with new life at the name,
and as he brushes the tear from the quiv-
ering eye-lid of age, will exclaim—with
a feeling of pride that a century cannot
destroy—"I, too, was a soldier with—
with Mad Anthony Wayne!"

Bunker Hill has its monument, New
England her historians, South Carolina
her orators—but the field of Germantown,
and the meadows of Brandywine—where
are their monumental pillars, their histo-
rians, their orators?

And yet the freemen of our Land
of Penn may stroll over the green lawn of
Germantown, mark the cannon-ridges on
the walls of Chew's House, hear the veteran
of the Revolution discourse of the blood-
shed of the 4th of October, 1777—and
count the mounds that mark the resting
place of the dead, and feel his heart thro-
b, and his pulse warm, although no monu-
mental pillar arises from the green lawn,
no trophied column consecrates the repose
of the slain.

And when the taunt falls from the lips
of the wanderer and adventurer, when the
South sneers and the North derides, then
let the Pennsylvanian remember that
though the Land of Penn has no history,
yet is her story written on her battle-fields
of blood; that though she has no marble
pillars, or trophied columns, yet her
monuments are enduring and undecaying
—they are there—breaking evermore into

the sky—her monuments are her own
elderly mountains.

Let us go to the battle of Germantown,
in the dread hour of the retreat, and see how
the children of Penn died with the name
of Freedom on their icy lips, the fire of
heroism burning their glassy eyes!

Let us go there, in the moment when
Washington and his Generals came back
from the fight.

A pause in the din of battle! The
denizens of Mount Airy and Chewnut Hill
came crowding to their doors and windows,
the hilly streets were crowded by anxious
groups of people, who conversed in low
and whispered tones, with hurried ges-
tures, and looks of surprise and fear—
Yonder group who stand clustered in the
roadside! A grey-haired man, with his
ear inclined inward toward Germantown,
his hands outspread, and his trembling
form bent with age. The maiden, fair-
cheeked, red-lipped, and blooming, clad
in the peasant costume, the tight bodice,
the linsy skirt, the light kerchief thrown
over her bosom. Her ear is inclined to-
ward Germantown, and her small hands
are involuntarily crossed over her bosom,
that heaves and throbs in view.

The matron, calm, self-possessed, and
placid; little children clinging to the skirt
of her dress, her wily cap flung care-
lessly on her head, with her slightly
touched with grey, while the sleeping
babe nestles in her bosom.

The boy, with the light flaxen hair,
his ruddy cheeks, the merry blue eyes! He
stands silent and motionless—he also lis-
tens! You stand upon the height of
Mount Airy, it is wearing toward noon,
yet gaze around you.

Above, the mist is rising. Here and
there an occasional sunbeam lights the
rolling clouds of mist, but the atmosphere
wears a dull, leaden hue, and the vast
horizon a look of solemnity and gloom.

Beneath and around, steep hill and
plain, buckwheat field and sombre woods,
luxuriant orchards and fertile valleys, all
seen in the intervals of the white columns
of the uprising mist.

The group clustered along the roadside
of Mount Airy are still and silent. Each
heart is full, every ear absorbed in the
effort of catching the slightest sound
from Germantown.

There is a strange silence upon the air.
A moment ago, and far off shouts broke
on the ear, mingled with the thunder of
cannon, and the shrieks of musquetry;
the earth seemed to tremble, and far
around, the wide horizon was agitated by
a thousand echoes. Now the scene is still
as midnight. Not a sound, not a shout,
not a distant burrah. The anxiety of the
group upon the hill becomes absorbing and
painful. Looks of wonder, at the sudden-
pause in the battle, fill from face to face,
and then low whispers are heard, and then
comes another moment of fearful suspense.

It is followed by a wild, rushing sound to
the South, like the shrieks of the ocean
waves, as they fill the hold of the foundering
ship, while it sinks far in the loneliness
of the seas.

Then a pause, and again that unknown
sound, and then the tramp of ten thousand
footsteps mingled with a wild and indistin-
guishable murmur. Tramp, tramp, tramp,
the air is filled with the sound; and then
distinct voices break upon the air, and the
clatter is borne upon the breeze.

The boy turns to his mother, and asks
her who has gained the day? Every heart
feels vividly that the battle is now over,
that the account of blood is near its close,
that the appeal to the God of battles has
been made. The mother turns her fearful
eyes to the South; she cannot answer the
question. The old man, awaking from a
reverie, turns suddenly to the maiden, and
claps her arm with his trembling hands.

His lips move, but his tongue is unable
to syllable a sound. His suspense is fearful.
He flings a trembling hand Southward,
and speaks his question with the gesture
of age. The battle—the battle—how
goes the battle? And as he makes the
gesture, the figure of a soldier is seen
rushing from the mist in the valley below;
he comes speeding round the bend of the
road, he ascends the hill, but his steps
totter, and he staggers to and fro like a
drunken man.

He bows his burden on his shoulders—
is it the plunder of the fight, is it the
spoil gathered from the ranks of the
dead?

No! He bears the aged man on his
shoulders, he grasps the aged form with
his trembling arms, and with an unsteady
step nears the group on the hill-top.

The old man's grey hairs are waving in
the breeze, and his extended hand grasps
a broken bayonet, which he raises on high
with a maniac gesture.

The soldier, and the veteran he bears
upon his shoulders, are clad in the blue
bunting shirt, torn and tattered and stain-
ed with blood, it is true, but still you can
recognize the uniform of the Revolution.

The tottering soldier nears the group,
he lays the aged veteran down by the
roadside, and then looks around with a
ghastly face and a rolling eye. There is
blood dripping from his attire; his face is
begrimed with powder, and spotted with
crimson drops. He glances wildly around,
and then, kneeling on the sod, he takes
the hand of