THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XIII. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH. NUMBER 20.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, December 21, 1850.

(From the National Era.)

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.—1850.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The evil days have come: the poor
Are made a prey
Bar up the hospitable door,
Put out the fire-lights, point no more
The wanderer's way.

For Pity now is crime; the chain
Which binds our Slaves
Is melted at the hearth in twain,
Is rusted by her tears as rain;
Close up her graves.

Our Union, like a glacier stirred
By voice below,
Or bell of kine, or wing of bird,
A beggar's crust, or kindly word,
May overthrow.

Poor whispering tremblers! yet we boast
Our blood and name;
Bursting its century-boiled frost,
Each gray cairn on the Northman's coast
Cries out for shame!

Oh, for the opening firmament—
The prairie free,
The desert hill-sides, cavern-rent,
The Pawnee's lodge, the Arab tent
The Bushman's nest!

Than web of Persian loom most rare,
Or soft divan,
Better the rough rock, bleak and bare,
Or hollow tree which man may share
With suffering man.

I hear a voice: "Thus saith the Law
Let Love be dumb;
Clasping her liberal hands in awe,
Let sweet lipped Quality withdraw
From hearth and home."

I hear another voice: "The poor
Are mine to feed;
Turn not the outcast from thy door,
Nor give to bonds and wrong once more
Whom God hath freed."

Dear Lord! between that law and Thee
No choice remains;
Yet not untrue to man's decree,
Though spurning its rewards is he
Who bears its pains.

Not mine Sedition's trumpet blast
And threatening word;
I read the lesson of the Past,
That firm endurance wins at last
More than the sword.

Oh, clear-eyed Faith, and Patience Thou
So calm and strong,
Angels of God! be near to show
His glorious future shining through
Our night of wrong.

THE BETRAYED REFUGEES:

A LEAF FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

It was immediately subsequent to the battle of Culloden, that sanguinary event which closed a memorable era in Scottish history, that a young subaltern of high family, an officer of the English corps then in garrison at Aberdeen, was detached with half a company to occupy the castle of Braemar, a line of communication being kept up with the above-named city. At the time, a small military party in the very heart of the Highlands was not a bed of roses; nevertheless the young officer in command at Braemar received the courtesy of the neighboring lairds, who by permission of their grouse, staked their deer, and being an enthusiast lover of nature's beauty, he often ventured on long rides his quarters, passing hours on the summits of the lofty mountains and whole days employing the wild solemn grandeur of the glens. This was probably not a wise nor a discreet pastime at a period when the so recently tempestuous sea of rebellion had scarcely settled into calm repose. Personal insult, or bodily injury, had never met with; not so, however, was the effect on the fiery and adventurous spirit of the cavalier, which this adventurous spirit of rambling caused to him. Indeed, happily had it been for him had he resided nearer to his military post, as it will be a painful task to explain.

It was one of those clear, fine mornings of autumn time, rare among the mountain scenery of the north of Scotland and therefore ever the more cherished when it comes, that our young adventurer went forth with dog and gun to range the hills, ostensibly to sport, but actually in search of fine scenery. He had walked far over the heathered hills ere the midday sun had crossed the meridian, when fatigued by his exertions, he threw himself on the flowery heathered mountain side to rest and enjoy the wild and extensive view which on all sides greeted his admiration.

He had not been long in this pleasant situation ere he was attracted by the sight of a small secluded cottage or shieling, sheltered by thick pine forests, which almost concealed it, nestling on a rushing mountain torrent which roared within half a gun shot from its door. On one side of this cottage appeared a son of a platoon, well sheltered and facing the scenery south, on which were seen two figures walking, as if in the full enjoyment of the genial sunshine and brightness of the landscape. Their costume and general bearing, however, which could be distinctly traced, notwithstanding the distance, by the aid of a glass, was altogether so totally unusual to the place and the wild inhabitants of the district, that it could not fail to excite curiosity and interest; and our young officer therefore rose, and having carefully crept round the shoulder of the mountain, at length obtained a hidden position where he could obtain a clear view of the parties. His astonishment may be readily imagined when in the one he beheld a young, fair and beautiful woman, evidently of the higher class of society. Her dress was a simple gown of dark Highland tartan, but her whole bearing which marked so thoroughly youth, breeding and education could not be mistaken. The appearance of her companion amid such scenes and under such circumstances was not the less a source of curiosity and astonishment. His age could not have exceeded thirty. His countenance was marked by the liveliest expression of talent and intelligence, and was both dark and handsome; but the pallor which overshadowed it spoke forcibly of bodily suffering as well as anxiety of mind. All these matters called forth naturally intense interest and compassion to the heart of the beholder. The man walked with feeble steps, as if recently recovered from a long and severe illness, leaning for support on the fragile arm of his fair companion, and appeared, while enjoying the warmth of the balmy mid-day air, doubly to prize the society of her who evidently so tenderly and cheerfully watched over him.—Ever and anon he beheld the lady—for lady doubtless she was—look up with the deepest apparent expression of sympathy and affection to his speaking countenance, as if watching, as women alone can watch the sufferings of others—indeed, as if her very life's blood was bought in comparison to the slightest pang of heart or person which thrilled through his veins.

It may be readily imagined that a sight such as we have endeavored briefly here to picture, amid the wildest of mountain scenery that the northern highlands can boast, and that, so heavily following the events of a civil war, the effects of which were even then felt by the continual arrest of those who had taken a forward part in rebellion and bloodshed, was one of considerable excitement and no little embarrassment to our young commandant of Castleton Braemar. That the individuals he had seen were persons evidently endeavoring to seclude themselves from the world for the purpose of no common importance he could have no doubt.—Their abode was the simple highland shieling, built of the roughest materials at hand and formed, or rather erected, probably as a place of shelter for the shepherds during the summer and autumn months while watching the flocks on the neighboring mountains. Habitation, there was none within several miles, or apparent means of obtaining the absolute necessaries of life. The castle, or fort, of Braemar, as the cow flies, may have been at least two leagues distant, and as for any other hamlet or town, none could be reached under double that amount of miles. Moreover, the position of the cottage itself was so secluded that even a stranger wishing to ascertain its locality might look for it in vain without a guide, or the chance, such as we have shown, of discovering it to one who sought it not.

Weary and fevered by his lengthened rambles on the mountains, with a mind unusually excited by the unexpected events which had occurred during his wanderings the young officer in command of Castleton Braemar felt, probably for the first time in his life, but little regret to find himself the solitary occupant of his cale and dreary quarters for the remainder of the evening, were it simply for the opportunity this afforded him of endeavoring to unravel the veil which so wildly disguised that which he had beheld, now cast around him. The night closed in with more than usual darkness—the wind howled through the neighboring glens and mountain ravines—and the spirits of departed chieftains might have thus presented themselves to question his right of tenancy in their ancient strongholds; but little cared he, in wrapped in gloomy thought were all the workings of his mind. The sentry without the castle walls walked his lonely round, and as each quarter, marked by the guard room time, elapsed the words "All's well" sounded loudly and solemnly through the mountain passes, echoed again and again through the recesses. The first hour of morning passed, and still sat the officer before the sinking embers of his pine-wood fire. Yet, notwithstanding the fatigue consequent on the physical labors he had undergone, he experienced but little desire to sleep. The mind and heart were fully awake, and therefore bodily exhaustion was needless.

In order that we may make it clearly understood wherein, on this occasion, we must beg leave to call to mind that a century has well nigh if not fully elapsed since the occurrence of those events which we are humbly endeavoring to relate. Moreover, we have already named that the government were then still actively availing themselves of every possible means to discover and punish those who had taken the most prominent part in the cause of the Chevalier, or Pretender, and who consequently had been most forward in acts of high treason and rebellion. It was also well known that while many members of illustrious Scottish families, more particularly marked by their station, wealth, and consequent powers of aiding the rebelling prince, had fled to the continent, and even to America, several still remained secluded and protected amid the mountain fastness of the northern highlands. Most strict and imperative therefore were the orders given to every officer in command of a highland post instantly to report any and every event, however trifling, which might lead to their detection—thereby enabling his government to strike a final blow at disaffection. Now the scene which had presented itself during the morning was of quite sufficient importance to excite suspicion, and had the officer zealously performed his duty, it would have been that of forwarding an express without a moment's delay to Aberdeen, in the mean time taking active measures to watch narrowly the movements of those whose retreat he had accidently discovered during his rambles, thereby preventing the possibility of their escaping, if correct, were his suspicions that they intended the reclusion and escape—happy for mankind, however, though it is so for individuals, the heart of man bears warily his secrets, although a more practical acquaintance with the world in all its realities may in a few short years change that heart which once expanded on the slightest word of kindness, to shrink within itself as the sensitive plant does from the touch. The young commandant knew full well that those on whom he had looked with no less interest than interest, were from no choice of their own, living in a highland, and yet severe and shieling, though wild and beautiful was the scene by which on all sides they were surrounded, while love and affection bound them in common misfortune. Well did he know it was his duty to be prompt, at once to place them in a position of danger, perhaps of death, if as he believed so truly, the man had committed high treason against the crown, from the home of his heart. Well, full well, did his heart convince him that one act of his would equal lasting sorrow and anguish to those from whom he had received no injury, and of whom he actually knew no wrong. He saw before him once more the beauteous countenance he had that morning beheld beaming with benevolence and affection on him, beloved as her own life, in agony and bitterness. Even in the glow of the expiring embers before which he lingered, imagination traced the fine and speaking countenance of him, on whom woman had gazed with fond and tender interest, already pallid and care-worn with the hues of death. He thought one act of his might divide these hearts forever asunder here on earth, and he knew that it remained with him but to speak his thoughts, and dire might be the affliction he would cause to many who never had injured him; and for the first time in his young life he cast himself on a bed of sadness, and lay there the long night through, listening to the howling winds which swept the forests of Braemar, with fevered thoughts, now carrying him to his own loved home and luxuriant fatherland in glorious England, and then back to those who dwelt in sorrow amid the mountains.

There was one other numbered among the small garrison of Braemar, with a mind by no means ill at ease, yet whose slumbers were equally broken that night—a wily, cauny, cunning Lowlander—a most thorough, suspicious manœuvrer—a man who bearing the outward mein of most unimpeachable honesty, was in heart a plausible scoundrel and most hypocritical rogue. His rank and position was that of pay sergeant to the small detachment among the mountains, his bearing apparently that of an upright and orderly soldier. His heart however, like his race, was hardened to all humanity, save the humanity which filled his own purse even to the entailment of misery on others. Well and cunningly did this individual watch all the proceedings of his young commander; and, with a beggarly pride of a Lowlander which darkened every other good quality which he ever possessed, he even felt embittered beyond all endurance that he, a soldier who had faced the enemy in the battle field, should be commanded and controlled by a mere boy. With the cunning of a fox he had narrowly watched his superior on his almost daily return from his mountain wanderings, and on this particular occasion had well remarked the apparent unusual depression, not solely arising from fatigue, which had stamped thought and sorrow on his youthful and open countenance.

Moreover, he had not on that eventful evening been called as he was wont to be, and questioned by his officer as to the events of the day previous to returning; and this alone was an amply sufficient cause to create suspicion in a mind ever ready to receive it. Therefore, while laying awake in his barracks, thus did he soliliquize:—"I ken, weel there's something in the wind. This brawn young chief officer does na gang daily to the mountains to get nearer to the skye, but nearer some bonnie lassie or some rebel laird, who'll jist conjole him; so I'll aye keep my look on him when he gangs his gait again to yon hills. You'll na be doing Sargeant B., young Captain ——, Englisher, thought ye be."

Such were the ruminations which kept the closed the eyes of the two principal soldiers of the small garrison of Castleton Braemar, till the rising sun once more gilded the mountain tops, and the dark black night gave way to beauties of a clear and radiant morning. Yet how different—how widely different—were the feelings of the hearts of two of God's creatures! The one, thought little of the dishonor he might inflict on his fellow man, or, what the disgrace to himself, so that his own pride was gratified, and his own fortunes raised by the downfall of another. With regard to the other, how gentle, how generous, how noble, though in error, were the feelings which caused his mind, for the first time in his brief life to be cast down with a load of care and anxiety for others. He knew that he held a secret in the hidden recesses of his breast—a secret which remaining long untold might cause to him sorrow and dishonor—the worst of all dishonor, as he then was placed, that of a soldier disobeying orders on a post of trust, and yet clinging to the anxious and feeble hope that all might yet be well, and that those he had unwittingly discovered might after all only be sojourners amid the mountain wilds for their own gratification. He determined at least to take one more view of the shieling, and if possible to ascertain the true position of its inmates, and if, as he greatly feared, they were followers of Lennox, give them fair warning to escape previous to the imperative duty of reporting that which he had seen to head quarters.—In order to prevent suspicion, he remained at Braemar the whole of that day: on the subsequent one, however, he once more visited the moonlit top, and again looked on the glorious wooden glens below, where the cottage lay nestling and protected by extensive forests, as if man in his sorrow would there at least find seclusion and peace.

Rather, human beings as beast prepared themselves to break upon the stillness of the scene, and the result soon led to a termination nearer to the time for his duty to arise.—Still nothing living was there visible, save the birds which chipped in gladness on the branches of the rowan bushes which hung over the mountain torrent. Resolved and emboldened by this apparent security, and with the hope that the inmates might have flown, he ventured on still further, till at length he reached the humble porch. He knocked, but receiving no reply, was induced to lift the latch an entire. Nothing, however, even then presented itself to cause him to so venture, save that order and cleanness unusual suspicion, save that order and cleanness was found where neither are wont to dwell. The fire was burning low, though well, inasmuch as a fire burns brightly on the hearth, and a kettle on crook throughout the central one. His footsteps though light, were not unheard, and presently, behold, through the half-opened doorway, the pale and alarmed countenance of her whom he had seen walking in the mid day sun, while a female servant of some age entered from the rear of the hut. Having made such apologies as could be made under the circumstances, the young officer implored the lady not to be alarmed. "I come not here, madam," said he, "either as a spy on your actions or an intruder, but rather as a friend, to warn you of the possibility of approaching danger, and I shall therefore at once introduce myself as the officer in command of the troops at Braemar. My words, will, therefore, possibly fall strangely on your heart. Nevertheless, should my suspicions be correct, I am fully determined to give you a fair warning, are others, like myself, may discover your retreat when duty would at once call on me to act with that severity towards you, which—Heaven be my witness!—would hang heavily at my heart. It is now two days since I first beheld you walking before this cottage in company with a friend or your husband. It was then utterly impossible that I could mistake either your position or your rank in society. Most willingly would I now find myself in error as to the object which calls for your seclusion here, and far be it for me to cause you one unnecessary pang. You are, however—you must be—fully aware of the duties of the troops in these districts, as well as of the imperative orders of the government." Not a word has hitherto escaped from my lips, nor a suspicion, as I fully believe, has hitherto transpired as to your abode, which by me was discovered by mere accident. I repeat therefore, I am not here to pain you either by actions or threats, but to entreat you to fly while yet there is time. Three days hence to conceal what I have seen would make me a traitor to my king. My statement must then be sent to headquarters, grounded on mere suspicion. I implore you, therefore, to save yourselves from sorrow, and me the remorse of having sacrificed those even, by performing my duty, who never have injured me."

We will not inflict on those who have so far perused this tale any lengthened history of what further took place between the several actors in that scene, save that a grateful woman's heart opened in sorrow to the generous dictates of the noble-hearted youth; and ere he left the wild abode of grief, he was made known to the other unhappy inmates who had there sought refuge as one of the Pretender's followers accused of high treason, and whose life, then hanging almost on a thread, was shortly after doomed to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Entering with the graceful being whom he had addressed, a small and wretched chamber, or closet, adjoining that in which they had met, whose almost sole comfort was a fire-place which had apparently been temporarily placed there, a table, and a small couch, on the latter of which lay the emaciated form of one who was as noble in nature as entirely devoted to the cause for which he was then an exile, and as well formed as her who had lovingly shared his unhappy fate to adorn society with his presence. To this man were repeated the generous words of the young officer, and by him were they rightly appreciated and most bravely responded to. But alas! the hour was nigh. Others of a less noble nature were on the watch; and his health and failing strength were such as to make escape—if escape were possible—almost beyond hope. Such, however, were the terms on which they parted; and with his noble heart lightened by the interview, and with strong hopes that his own honor might remain unstained while the stranger's life might still be saved, cheerfully the commandant retraced his steps once more to the Castle of Braemar.

But our tale draws to a close. The lowland sergeant will not thus easily to be deprived of fame or reward, though that honor was to be derived from the life blood of his countrymen, and those rewards gained by the ruin of one and the broken hearts of many. His keen eye had watched with the mountain fox taken by his victim. His weary steps had followed on that path, and well satisfied was he when by early beheld his commander enter the dwelling. Once fairly under its roof, not an hour was lost in retracing the mountains to Braemar, though plentifully with wealthy scrip he had entwined the cottage, and peeping through the small latticed had beheld the scene we have depicted. This was enough and more than enough—and hidden by the forest fringed the mountain side he quickly reached his quarters; and a full report of all, though only grounded on suspicion, reached Aberdeen that night.

Having once more entered his lonely apartment, the officer sent for his sergeant, and having received his statement that nothing unusual had occurred during his absence, he strolled forth to visit the few sentries around his post, and then once more retired to rest rather tranquilly than had been his fortune on the two preceding nights—to wake, alas! in bitterness and anguish. The sounds of the reveille had scarcely reverberated through the valleys ere the regular tramp of marching troops were heard beneath his window. To jump from his bed and blow aside the casement was the work of a moment, when the scene he beheld was one convincing that all was not right—for there, formed in the front of the barrack, he discovered at least a hundred men, who had evidently just terminated a long and midnight march, while two or more of his brother officers were giving directions for their lodgment and repose. To inform himself of the cause of this addition to his forces was the next step of him who had hitherto commanded at Braemar, and for this purpose he hastened to join his comrades, instead, however, of the cordial welcome and congratulations with which he was wont to be met on such occasions, he found nothing but sorrow and coldness depicted on the countenance of the elder commander of the newly arrived troops, who, calling him apart, kindly but firmly asked how he could have been so lax in the performance of his duty as to allow the escape of the prisoners.—"Prisoners!" said he, "my orders are imperative, and I am directed to command your immediate return to headquarters; while behold, the birds have flown!" Astonished beyond all power of expression, he listened to the tale of his superior, and learned that the night before, a party had arrived at the castle, and had secured the person of a man who was known to be a leader among the followers of Lennox, and who was to be conveyed to headquarters for trial, and that the prisoner had escaped from his custody, and in the same time advance of more than eight hours of the time appointed for the delivery of the prisoner (general is to relieve the rates of two or three days) the prisoner was delivered to the proper authorities at Aberdeen, and that the officer who had received the prisoner was on his return to the castle, when he was informed that the prisoner had escaped