

OVE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

VOL. XV.--NO. 42.

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, March 31, 1855.

Selected Poetry. LITTLE CHARLEY.

Little Charley slumbers sweetly, In his narrow lonely bed ; Pelting storms, and howling tempest, Cannot reach his little head. Sweet affection drops a tear, O'er the spot where Charley lies_ Angels whisper, " look up yonder," Pointing upward to the skies.

On our mem'ries deeply graven, Stands his little image fair ; Sparkling eyes, and shining temples, Rosy checks and golden hair-Ruby lips, so full of smiling, Neck and arms of spotless white Little feet, so full of running, Little Charley was so bright !

Put away his little play-things,

Yonder lies his little whip ; On the table lies his whistle, Of the pressed it on his lip. On the window lies his primer-Lo! the chair on which he sat, On the nail, in yonder corner, Hangs alone his little hat.

IV. 0 ! remove those sad memorials,

Lay them carefully away ; Christ ! be thou our consolation, In the dark and gloomy day-0 ! forgive the thought within us, And O ! keep his spirit here ; In blissful regions Charley dwells, Forgive thou us this mournful tear

Little Charley slumbers sweetly, In his lonely narrow bed; Pelting storms and howling tempest, Cannot reach his little head. On that bright and glorious morning. Christ will whisper from above, Rise my child, and let me dress thee In robes of white and spotless love !'

Miscellancous.

The Lost Sister of Wyoming; OR, THE CAPTIVITY OF FRANCES SLOCUM.

Among the inhabitants of the beautiful vallief that her Frances lived. At length she was by that blood-thirsty band of tories and savages called away to join her husband in another who, with a barbarity soldom equalled, laid world, and she went "down into the grave mourning" that she was not permitted, this side ly settlement, murdering the inhabitants and driving off their cattle, was a Quaker by the Some years after her death, wh

name of Jonathau Slocum, whose peaceful disthers were grey-haired men, and when all had ceased to entertain a thought of the lost sister, blackened with fire, in scattered groups, enclosposition and many acts of kindness to the Indians, saved his dwelling from the torch, and their feelings were aroused by an announcement ing a peculiarly American log-cabin, or standhis famity from annoyance, while his neighbors which placed beyond question the fact that she were butchered, their homes burnt, and their still lived, and remembered her former home children taken captive. This impunity, how- and friends. An Indian agent in Ohio wrote ever, was of short duration. Mr. Slocum had to the editor of one of the newspapers in Penaa son. Giles, who was in the battle, and it is sylvania, informing him that he had seen and supposed that the Indians, becoming aware of talked with a white woman among the Indians the fact, determined on a bloody revenge. In who told him that her name was Slocum, that the family of Mr. S. was the wife of a neigh- her father was a Quaker, and wore a broad bor, who had been taken captive by the In- brimmed hat. That he lived at a place on the dians, and her two sons, one fifteen, the other Susquehanna river, which was near a town twelve years of age. One morning in Novem- where there was a fort, and that she was taken ber, some four months after the bloody massafrom thence while a child, by the Indians .-cre which made the valley a desolatian, a par-This letter the editor-who deemed the matter ty of red-skin warriors was seen prowling a hoax-threw among his waste papers, where around the vicinity of Wilkes-barre Fort. The it laid for a year or more, until his wife, one two boys had gone to the grindstone to sharpday in looking them over, came across it. Her en a knife, and the women were engaged in sympathetic feelings were aroused, and she sent their domestic duties, when Mrs. Slocum was it to the Intelligencer, in which it was publish startled by a shot, and a shrick from one of ed. It happened that on account of a temthe boys. Stepping to the door she beheld a perance address it contained an extra number swarthy warrior, in the act of scalping the old was printed, one of which found its way to est boy with the knife he had been grinding. Wyoming, and two brothers and a sister im-Horror-stricken at the sight, she staggered mediately started for the West to find the long back, and was followed by the Indian, with the lost Frances. They found her, but oh, how still warm and reeking scalp in his hands.--Looking about him for plunder, he discovered changed ! She was now an aged woman, with grand-children about her, and fast approaching nothing to tempt his cupidity, worth the risk the grave. The interview which took place of carrying off, but a little son of Mrs. Slocum. between the long separated brothers and sister who stood in his way as he turned to the door. was affecting in the extreme. She informed Seizing him in his arms, he was about to depart, them, through an interpreter, (she had lost her when Mrs. S., with all a mother's feeling, caught native language,) that after her capture she him by the arm and besought him, in tones of was treated in the most tender manner by the earnest entreaty, not to deprive her of her boy. Indians, who took her to their town, when she See !" said she, " he can do thee no good, he soon became attached to their roving, nomadic is lame." Dropping the boy, he took up a lit- life, and came to dread being discovered by her le daughter of five years, who had crouched friends. n fear behind a high-backed chair, and was When she grew up, and her foster parents died, she married a young chief of the Dela wares, (the tribe to which her captors belonged,) making his way out, when the mother again stopped him and plead for her child. In the t pathetic tones, she implored him to leave and after his death she joined the Miamis with er bright-eyed darling; the light of her home her people, and married again. She had been and the joy of her household. As well might a widow now for many years, children and she have wasted her words upon the stern rocks grand-children were growing up around her, or the idle wind: the rugged nature of the savand her life was passing pleasantly away. She ge was not to be moved by the earnest apwas comparatively wealthy, having a large eals of the pale-faced squaw. Grasping with stock, and all the rude comforts of Indian life ^{one} hand the mantle which enwrapped him, and with the other the dress of her child, she clung specie, which she had saved from the annuity specie, which she had saved from the annuity to both with a tenacity which had well nigh which, as an Indian, she had drawn from complished her purpose. Finding himself Government. After spending several days appeded in his exit, and fearful of approaching with her, her friends bade her a final farewell ssistance, the savage drew his tomahawk, and She died a few years since, and was buried with raised it to finish, at a blow, her importunity considerable pomp, as she was regarded as a and her life. Reading in his eyes his stern dequeen among her people. ermination, and wrought to a pitch of agony, Nor Young LADIES, now-a-days, when they evond which her system refused to go, she ielded her grasp, and sank in a swoon at his are preparing for a walk, ought not to keep et. The Indian, relieved of her annoyance, their lovers waiting as long as they do, for ^{19w} took his departure, with little Frances in now they have only to put their bonnets half s arms, and as he passed through the yard, on. seized upon the other son of Mrs. Kingsley, Mrs. Partington advises all young people thom he also bore off as a prisoner. All this afflicted with the preparation of the heart, to and the golden dream of ambition that had exwas but the scene of a few moments, yet how apply the cataract of mustard to draw out the tended even to him; and tempted him into cold. much of terror, and heart-breaking agony was information ; she says she has never known a mbraced within that short period of time.low many years of terrible suspense and deep failure where this devise was followed. espair, had their birth in those fow brief monts. Mrs. Kingsley, who had stood, a ter-He who thinks he can find within him tiled beholder of the scene, when she saw her self the means of doing without others, is much econd and only living child torn from her and mistaken; but he who thinks that others can- man's threadbare coat, she fell fast asleep .-Bried into cautivity, sank under the affliction | not do without him is still more mistaken.

and gave herself up to stolid apathy, little short of despair. One of Mrs. Slocum's children, had, with a sagacity beyond her years, at the first appearance of the savages, snatched up the youngest child and fled to the Fort, where she gave the alarm, and a party started at once for

the house, but the Indians were already beyond the reach of successful pursuit.

In a short time after the above melancholy bereavement, Mrs. Slocum was called upon to part with her husband and father, who were both shot and scalped by a party of Indians, while foddering cattle near the house. Thus in the short space of six weeks, was that happy household broken up and destroyed, and its surviving members wrapped in misery as with a mantle. Her religion sustained Mrs. Slocum in her day of trial, and she threw herself and her remaining children upon the mercy of her Heavenly father, and bowed her head, without a murmur, to His decrees. For the dead she did not mourn; they were at rest, and no sorrow or useless repinings could restore them to her again. But her lost daughter, her darling Frances, was ever present in her thoughts --Like Rachel weeping for her children, she re fused to be comforted, and entertained a lively hope that she would one day be restored to her arms again. Her spirits seemed buoyed up with this hope, and she lived in the anticipation of again seeing her and pressing her to her bosom. Days, months, and years rolled on, and the lamp of hope still burned as brightly as ever. No tidings had ever reached her of her child, and all gave her up but her poor heart-stricken mother. When peace was declared, and many captives returned to their homes and families, she sent two of her sons to Canada in search of their long lost sister .-They sought her wherever there was the slight est chance of her presence ; they offered rewards for her recovery, but all in vain, and they returned to their mother with the cheerless tidings, convinced of her death. Not so with her .-She felt satisfied that her Frances still lived, and would not listen to any other supposition. At length her long-cherished hope seemed about to be realized ; a woman was found among the Indians, who had been carried away when a child from the Susquehanna, and she was sent for by Mrs. Slocum, who cherished her and endeavored to feel that her child was restored. But the invisible link which binds a mother to her offspring was wanting, and the pereaved mother was bereaved still. The foundling, too, felt that she was not the long lost and looked for daughter, and ultimately returned to her Indian friends. Years rolled on .-Time had whitened the locks of the confiding mother with age; her sons had passed the me ridian of life, and their children had grown to

manhood, and yet she still entertained the be-Some years after her death, when her bro

THE EMIGRANT AND THE CHILD.

BY NYLEHAU. There was a small, rusty-looking man, with sleek. cropped hair, sitting in a back seat on

one of our Western railroads. He wore a dingy sort of straight brimmed cap and a red waistcoat, buttoned up to the chin, which, with a quick, uneasy glance, and a shrinking air of perplexity, very different from the free-andeasy, at-home-like manner of the unmistakeable Americans around him, sufficiently bespoke forign birth. In fact, he seemed rather dubious of the way in which he was going, and was constantly protruding his head from the small window next him, and making desperate efforts to get it back again, raising the somewhat painful doubt, as to whether it might be aecidentally taken off, picked up on the road, and advertised "to be called for."

It was a hot afternoon, and the gray masses of dust whirled around inside the car to the motion of the train. Gentlemen, with their places of destination on little yellow tickets tuck in their hat-bands, read newspapers, with lugubrious countenances perfectly impervious to dust or heat. Ladies veiled out the dust, rocked to and fro, jolted along in grim silence. Children covered with perspiration slept on their plush seats, or consoled themselves with sweetmeats. And the blackened and inexora-ble engine in front sped fiercely on, dragging along its burden of life, separating friends and overs, breaking long ties of relationship and sociation, or perchance carrying some tired wanderer to his longed-for home, with the same relentless rush, whooping and fuming in the exultation of its iron strength.

Stations were gained and left far behind, people got out and went no one knows where, and thers came and presented new faces in their place. The sun which had gathered in brightness from the whole expanse of the pale blue sky, and burst in a water spont of light, glistening on the heated rails, and concentrating on friend he possessed in all America. For it was the foreigner's rusty coat, now sank glaring in sullen red mist, and cast a flush on his countenance as it found him still rushing gloomily on with the train.

Involuntary he turned from the uncongenial faces near him, and gazed upon the landscape, as if he hoped to find in it some traces of the land he had left. But endless fields of Indian corn, and meadows thick with tree stamps, seldom gave him any trace of resemblance to his fatherland.

A monotonous forest, always shutting out the distance, sometimes closed around the track, and sometimes opened upon little white pert-looking houses, that seemed to squint at im through their half-closed green blinds, but too glaringly reminding him that he was thousands of miles away from happiness and

Everything was terribly American. There was America in the zig-zag fence by the road. side, that wriggled past in interminable contor tions. There was America in the tall girdled tions. There was America in the tall girdled forest trees, that stood scathed, and bare, and blackened with first for in section of the passengers. A heavy shock, followed by a desperate yell of frantic terror, awoke the

he held her so carefully and brushed away the tormenting flies, and why he did not again re-lapse into that despondency which had been caused by his complete isolation, are queries for

children-haters to muse upon. The huge red moon, rising slowly from the horizon, dashed swiftly along with the cars, now beaming through the tree-tops, now hid behind some barn or natural eminence, and at length, soaring smaller and brighter than be-

my friend." "Oh no," interrupted Hans, eagerly ; "she

ish a very quiet child, I assure you." "You ought to see her when she is provok-

would probably alter your opinion. However, if she is the least trouble to you-"Not in der least," cried Hans, "I vill hold

her safe, very safe." "As I was about to say," continued the gentleman, smiling, perhaps the remnant of his laugh, at the German's anxious expression, "if such is not the case, I shall have to trouble you to keep the child until she wakes, for the Doctor recommends that she should not be abruptly aroused from sleep."

'Oh yes ! I will hold her very safe," repeated Hans. "I am much obliged to you, to be sure,"

replied the gentleman, sauntering carelessly away

Hans regarded him with a jealous look, as one who was about to deprive him of the only as if Hans-alone on a vast, cold and dreary sea-had suddenly found a buoy which every succeeding wave threatened to sweep from his grasp, and leave him again weltering in the ungenial element.

Very sweet looked Linie, as she slept on, dreaming of aught but the dark fate that was dragging them on to such a terrible destination. But although he knew not why, yet a gloomy presentiment, that something which betokens to the soul of man a coming disaster, as a cloud in the sky tells of a storm, that peculiar feeling now cast a shadow over the face of poor Hans. A vehement shrick from the locomotive aroused him from his dreamy lethargy.

"My God !" exclaimed a voice near him, a

It was but the echo of his inmost heart. was the bursting of the storm upon them. An electric shock of wild fear ran like lightning through the car, and the paleness of death was shadowed on the horror-frozen countenance of child. Hans clasped her, and clung convulsively to his seat. A moment they were hurl-

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS,

READ BY MISS CAROLINE COBURN, AT THE CLOSING OF THE SECOND TERM OF THE SUSQUEBANNA COLLEGIATE IN-STITUTE, THUBSDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1855.

RESPECTED TEACHERS, FRIENDS, AND FEL-LOW STUDENTS :- Time, whose onward flow ceases not : whose rapid current bears-all to the boundless ocean of Eternity, has brought ns to the close of this, the second term of the Collegiate Institute. But a few short months length, soaring smaller and brighter than be-fore, into the evening sky. And the little stars cane out, one by one, in their marshalled order, until the whole sky was broken out into con-stellations. Still the child slept on. A tall gentlemanly looking personage, with huge whiskers and a good-natured expression, now approached, and. boking personage, with huge whiskers and a good-natured expression, now approached, and, accosting Hans, was about to take away Line, when he perceived she was asleep. "Well, this is unlucky, certainly," said the gentleman, sitting down on the vacant seat next Hans, "I am afraid she has troubled you, my friend." aspired to naught but to gather the wild fruit which are to prepare us for future usefulness which hung within his reach, or to dig the root from the earth when hunger pressed upon him, ings, leave this institution without expressing sprung the noble and polished Orator, the wise our heartfelt gratitude to you, for the interest ed," said the geutleman, laughing, "and you Lawgiver, the world-renowned Patriot, the you have taken in our welfare. But for your Lawgiver, the world-renowned Patriot, the sage Philosopher, and the stout hearted warrior of those ancient nations. From such progeni-tors did Solon, Lycurgus, and Leonidas, and Demosthenes, and Cierro, and Casar, and Cincinatus arise. The men who elevated ancient erecting, remain to bless successive generations Greece to so high a position among the nations , of antiquity, were the descendants of barbarous within the walls of the Institute, the Autumn tribes, but little removed from the beasts that roamed over their uncultivated plains. Greece, though long since lost to fame, is still remem-bered and sung as the land of learning, wealth and refinement. For nearly two thousand years and refinement. For nearly two thousand years, she was bound to the earth by anjust laws and much of pleasure and little of pain has been the mighty were upon her, but by her own fac-the mighty were upon her, but by her own fac-dered hour, call to us from their depths; many tions. Yes, she fell by the hand of her own a neglected duty forces itself upon our mind to people-though lovely and not forgotten, her night. The unheeded admonitions of our teach arts are no more.

ny clime of Italy, where rose and flourished hours haunt us like spectres from the shadowy the arts and sciences. Her fallen temples, her land. ruined palaces, her deserted and buried cities. But our beloved teachers ! what shall we say are still the wonder and admiration of the workd. By the valor of her warriors, she con-quered the world, and by the wickedness and venality of her rulers, she conquered herself. While virtue was her guiding star, her path the wearisome perplexing labors of the long was upward, and her course onward. While day, you were not satisfied with teaching from integrity governed her councils, and a love of nine till four, you did not sease your labors in justice presided in her senate, she went on con- our behalf. But night's falling shadows, and quering and to conquer-but when wild pas-sion dethroned reason, and tyranny stalked thro' at your self imposed, health destroying task, her senate chamber unrebuked, the hordes of the north came down upon her like one dread ava But the term has closed ! The thrilling lanche, and sealed her eternal doom.

influence of the religion of Jesns was not felt. The lights of science did not disnel the dark-ward to the future,—a mournful sadness overinfluence of the religion of Jesns was not tern. The lights of science did not dispel the dark-ness of ignorance, and call forth the mind to the contemplation of things above itself—while the few were learned, the many were in deplor-able ignorance.

Rac

the background, is beginning to take a noble stand among her sisters. The land of Penn, of Franklin, of Rittenhouse, will not long be chind the other states of the union, in enducation. A better day is dawning, brighter propects are opening-we hope ere long to hear it announced that no child in this state, which is the Key to their glorious arch, will ever be permitted to grow up to manhood or womanhood, without at least the rudiments of education.

When, for the first time we met as pupils ers reproach us-the ill-learned lessons upbraid From classic Greece, let us turn to the sun- us in memory-neglected talent and misspent

hour of separation, looked forward to for In Greece and Rome, the masses were ignorant, and all were superstitious. The genial of our departure for our distant homes, we sar-Far back in the past, England, proud aris- on our car again, some loved one from the buovant group may be reposing in Everlasting rest," deaf to the sobs of anguish, to the voice of prayer. The sunbeams creeping in through the College windows, will never again rest on an unbroken group. Some go out from among us to be themselves teachers. Little do you know, my fellow students, the perplexities and toils that await you -but be encouraged, you have an honorable profession in view. Although your faithfulness, and self denying labors may not be approiated and rewarded at the time. rest assured that your unre pilted efforts will not always be forgotten. Your pupils will ere long rise up and call you blessed. You are laboring for the future-sowing seed to germinate and prodice fruit, long after you shall repose beneath the cold clods of earth-forming characters for time, making impressions for eternity-go on then, be faithful to your high trust. Even the teacher's circle will be invaded. But our dear teachers, may you who depart, and you who linger, ever have the guardianship of bright angels around your pathway. May the faith which sustains you now, whisper peace in life's darkest, most trying hour. Future generations may perpetuate your memory-not alone on the cold white shaft, the marble cenotaph, but with deep strong cherished love, as the benefac-tors of their country-more fragrant than the garlands of flowing Ivys which the grateful Athenians hung around the tomb of Lycurgus. But not on earth may you receive your great reward, be that in Heaven. When the last waves of time shall have rolled over your throbbing hearts, when they shall be all still and pulseless-beneath the church-yard mould, undisturbed by the tumult of the busy world ; the spirits which have lived and loved will have been called home to rest. Then those lips that have joined in our morning hymn, will tremble with the far richer bursts of music, that roll and reverberate through the corridors of that mansion our Savior has gone to prepare for

solitary and alone, sun-dials to mar progress of civilization.

He turned away again from the uncongenial rht, almost sick at heart. Everything sugges ed utter isolation, and brought it home to him, that he was as utterly uncared for and unnoticed, as the blue fly that buzzed past him in the sunshine

As he drew back his head, his astonished raze fell upon the most delicate miniature of a little hand in the world, lying softly in his own toil worn palm. What a contrast! The amazed foreigner looked up, and met a pair of lustrious black eyes, looking compassionately into his own. The hand and eyes were parts of the most fairy-like little form the foreigner had ever seen. For a moment, the mystic poetry of the German's character overcame his reason, and he met the little thing's gaze with the awe-struck expression of one who sees a vision. The dread realities of steam and America were banished by the child's pre-

Why do you look so sorry ?" said she. "Are you sick or hungry ?" So grave and serions were the little child

tones, that the German inadvertently answered her as he would have done an older per

My little lady," said he, in his broken En glish, "I live avay over der great ocean. My home ish dare. Here old Hans ish a poor lonely German, among der proud Americans. Dis ish der reason der sorrow ish so heavy on me.

'No old Hans, take Linie up in your lap, as ma does when she is thinking of dear dead papa, and it will make you glad again, like it does her."

And Hans did take the child into his lap, and blessed. God for the sight of her little face

Vere ish your ma ?" asked Hans.

"Why, Uncle Ben, and her are way to t'other end of the rail-car, talking," said Linie, and I saw you up there in the looking-glass, looking so sorry, that I pulled away from Un cle Ben, and came to sit with you.'

Hans glanced up at the narrow horizontal mirror above his head, but the glass smiled on him now. The old German loved children, and had a hundred little ways of gaining their affections. He pulled out his huge, motherlylooking silver watch, and held it to Linie's ear. telling her at the same time an old German le gend of the little fairy blacksmith inside of it. He told her, too, of his old home, and the little children with rosy cheeks and flaxen hair who played before the door. He told her, as if she could understand him, of the quiet old German university where he had held a professorship, practical, modern America. The little girl, too, prattled innocently of their homes on the banks of the far-off Hudson, of her mother, uncle, and playmates, untill she had talked herself into a doze; and then, laying her curls on the Ger-Why old Hans chuckled so to himself, and why

ing and bumping along the road, and then, toppling for an instant, with an awful shrick of romen, they all went crashing and rolling down-down into the deep ravine. Still, in

deadly fear, Hans heroically clings to the child and to his seat. A huge tree comes banging and splintering through the shattered car, right upon the German and his charge. A moment more, and their fate is inevitable-when quick quick as thought, the noble fellow shields her with his body, and the hard, inexorable death does not touch her. Hans is struck-but the child is saved. * * *

The moon hung clear and vivid in the centre of the blue vault, and the gay landscape lay cold and faded beneath, as lay the mangled bo dv of poor Hans. A silent group stood around, and, while gazing upon him, inwardly thanked God that their lives and the lives of their friends were not the sacrifice required. For the bulk of the car hung arrested by the opposing tree, and all save one were thus providentially rescued from the fate of that poor emigrant.-

National Era.

How to Rus a Son .-- 1. Set him the example in the use of intoxicating drinks. 2. Let him have his own way-the "largest liberty," so fascinating to the imagination of

'Young America " 3. Allow him the free use of money, without any restraining sense of responsibility to parent or guardian.

4. Suffer him to wander where he pleases on the Sabbath, and to spend his evenings from home.

5. Give him the freest access to wicked companions, who make a mock of all that is good, and condemn all authority. 6. Furnish him with no high aim in life, and

no steady employment. It might hinder the development of his genius. Pursue all or any of these ways, and you

will experience a most marvellous deliverance, if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands of parents have practically adopt

ed these rules in the managment of their children, and the results have been exactly what one might anticipate-" Their gray hairs have been brought down with sorrow to the grave.

How TO SECURE A LONG LIFE. - Rabbi Sera was asked by his disciples how he obtained such a long life. "Never," he answered, " was I easily excited in my house ; never did I precede him when I thought greater in honor and station ; never did 1 think of the law in an unclean.place ; never did I walk four yards without studying on some part of it, never ; did I sleep or slumber in a house where they taught the Word of God ; never did I rejoice at an evil which happened to my neighbor and never did I call any man by a nick-name given to him in derision or sport."

When is a man thinner than a shingle When he is a shaving.

tocratic England, the home on of Milton, of Locke, of Newton, of Chesterfield, was but a nation of barbarians, whose religion was one of bloody rites and deep degradation. Human sacrifices smoked upon the altars of heathen deities.

Now, how changed the country, how altered the people. What has wrought this change? The religion of Christ, and the ameliorating influences of education. Where once the savage had his hut, see now great cities-where the wild beasts roamed, see beautiful hamlets, and highly cultivated fields.

Many pleasant associations are connected with her gentle rivers, as they meander thro' forest and meadow. We feel that there our fathers lived -the there they looked on those same smooth flowing streams-there they suffered for their faith-there they nobly fought in its defense. Thence they came to this, then wilderness land, bearing that unvielding spirit, which gave birth to those institutions which all bless our land forever.

We owe much to England-she is our mother land, and we are bound to respect and regard her as such. Her noble veomanry, are those from whom our fathers received their brave spirit. Our fathers ! with what emotion do those words fill is? How are our thoughts carried back to the time when persecuted for righteousuess sake, they forsook all but a pure conscience and a faithful God, to seek an asylum in this wilderness land, where unfettered and free, they might worship that Being as onscience dictated.

In the winter of 1620, when the stormy surres of the briny deep were dashing with maddened fury against the rock-bound coast of New England,-when rocks, and trees and pebbles were sparkling with congealed icy spray -when every thing on land and on sea way dreary and forbidding, one hundred persons with iron hearts and sinews of steel, and wills that never vielded when duty must be done. landed on Plymouth rock. The ocean was upon one side, the wilderness filled with savages upon the other. The rocky, frozen earth below, and a dark stormy sky above. They toiled, and suffered, and endured, but did not become disheartened.

They built churches, established schools, and as their numbers increased, they increased their religious and educational facilities. Wherever new colonies were planted, there were seen ris-

ing the church and school-house. This element has kept pace with the growing netion, and it is this that has made America what she is. It is neither her armics nor her navies, her ine hunstible mines, delightful elimate, nor her fertile soil. It is not to this we owe our greatness. Other nations, over which tyrauts rale with absolute despotism, enjoy all these blessings, still they compare not with us. No, not to these, but to our churches, colges, academies and common schools-we point with pride and exclaim "these have made us what we are ; these institutions are the pillars of the state-the honor of the nation !"

Our own Keystone State, although long in *This Address was read in the Court House

But why linger here ?- the most endearing associations on earth are formed but to be brok in up-so it is with us. We have met, learned to love each other, and now we part to meet no more until the archangels last trump shall summon us around the bar of God. In that solemn hour may we all be found with the Great Teacher for our friend and advocate.

Theu lovely landscape ! Thou foaming and roaring and anou smoothly-gliding river! Thou classic halls of the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute-and you kind and affretionate friends -faithful and paternal instructors, and beloved fellow-students-FAREWELL.

A woman has suggested that when men bre k their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws-another sprouting immediately, and growing in its place.

Nor A pretty woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bandle herself under a green veil or any similar abomination, than the sun has to put on green epectacles.