Republican. Independent

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1858.

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SIXTH ANNUAL Pioncer & Historical Festival,

Bradford, Broome, Chemung, Chemango, Luzerne, Schwiler, Stewben, Susquehanna, Toga, Tomp-kins, Wyoming, and other Counties, held in. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., On the 2d day of June. A. D., 1858.

The Procession was formed, at the call of Band of Music, in front of Searle's Hotel at 11 o'clock a. m., and marshed, under the direction of Col. Charles D. Lathrop, Marthe Meeting was organized-Hon, Wu. Jesere, President, in the Chair.

The Order of Exercises was as follows: 1. Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Peck, of Lu-

2. Introductory remarks by the President in which he gave a sketch of the origin of the Association; and the state of things when he first came to Montrose, in 1818.

He then introduced the Orator of the day. 3. R. B. LITTLE, Esq., of Montrose, delivered the following: ORATION:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS :-Representing the present generation, I address the remnant left to us, of the Past.— Thus we stand,—two generations,—the one, with all its varied life and memories, lying behind; the other, with its high hopes, lying beyond,-met here, to mingle our sympathies together, ere we part, to meet not again in Time. Strange scene,—touching commun-ion,—and cold indeed must the heart be that unmoved in this presence!

PIONEERS :- We are glad to meet you at this annual festival; and so gather up as we may, and conserve to posterity, the scenes and memories of the Past. Else, in the flight of Time, they would fade from our knowledge; and tradition herself would not peak to our gratitude.

But over the hilarity of this occasion, lingers a shade of sadness. Most of your number have already taken their chambers in the silent halls of death; and each returning year, we see that Death has been busy, thinning your diminished ranks. Stern, relentless death! who, like time, pauses not in his career, nor knows the weight of sleep or weariness. On, still on, he goes,—bruising, crushing, desolating,—heeding no cries, pitying no sorrows! And your gray hairs, dimmed eyes, bowed forms, and unsteady steps. warn us that you, too, will soon go to that country that lies on the other side of the

meeting, in this capacity, another year is gone; "and its low knell is tolling now, o'er all be gone, where they cannot tell us of the toil, privation, and gloom, amid which they faid the enduring foundations of this splendid fabric of human life, in which we move. It World bade adjeu to the associations of "fought the good fight, and kept the faith," flook beyond the rugged hills of the world, and see a window opened in Heaven, and a wounded hand put forth in welcome; then lay aside the armor you have worn so long and well, and as you go down into the dark river, with a hope glorified to faith, cry, "I

shall be over the Jordan to-morrow." Now, let us speak of the Present. Sus-QUEHANNA, like her sister counties, in all her surface, displays signs of human industry and comfort. Sixty years are but a speck in Time, a point in duration; and yet a less time has sufficed to work out all this greatness. Sixty years ago, this County was one unbroken wilderness, where, save the wild Indian, human foot had scarce trod, and human voice had scarce startled the thrilling and immense solitude, that brooded over all, as it did over chaos, before the world was .-Nature held her own revels, amid her dark forest aisles,—upon hill-side and valley,—by fount and by murmuring brook,—still, solemn, and majestic.—glorious in the sunshine. Nature held her own revels, amid her dark emn, and majestic,-glorious in the sunshine, and awful in the storm!

Now, upon her hills and long-withdrawing vales cultivation lies, luxuriant and unbound ed. Fertility and beauty smile upon us, from field, orchard, and woodland. Contented herds graze in every valley; and rich harvests gladden every bill-side. Human habitations rise everywhere, in quiet comfort ;the School and Church meet us at every turn, and towns and villages dot her surface. The telegraphic wire informs us of distant events at the very moment when they transpire; and the Steam car that rushes from city to city, while she pauses here to take breath, receives our liberal productions, to deposit them, ere nightfall, in distant markets, Tell me, Pioneers,—when you came, with

your weary are and mack,—camped in the woods, until you could roll up your log but, and saw wild Nature toss her defiant head, and shake her luxuriant tresses, in mockery of your puny efforts to subdue her to man,did you dream that your eyes would ever rest upon such a scene as we now behold? How rapidly has civilization trod upon your heels, pouring into our lap, science, art, wealth, and liberty, until our whole land has become a theatre of wonders!

Shall we pause here, and venture, reverenty, with bushed breath, to lift the curtain that God hangs over the future,—and look forward, other sixty years? O, what changes, what improvements, what miracles of progress, are revealed, to match the wonders of

of our manhood? For all this greatness, we are indebted. under Providence, to you. It was a work of intense self-denial and toil, this of beginning life in the forest. Small companies penetrate far into the wilderness, and begin alone a struggle with Nature to wrest from her her hidden stores. The forest is to be cleared away, and little openings made, to let in the sun, upon their rude huts, and their simple husbandry. Cut off-from the world, almost from all human associations, in solitude and ness of Empire begat weakness and dissolution." privation, they go on in the earnest work of tion. What a discipline! Imagine a few strayglind huts in a boundless wilderness,-no escape, no help, no sympathy. Perhaps a great storm is pouring its fury upon the earth, and pansion! The States were each sovereign; ed to the Puritan fathers!

beasts of prey. Surely, these were men of with just enough centripetal influence, to bal-mailed and impervious fortitude,—nursed in ance the centrifugal forces of their natures.

But this discipline promoted not only physical, but also moral development. Of necessity, their life was plain and frugal, and their habits industrious. Of necessity, cut off as they were from the world, self-sacrificing friendship. This condition was favorable to virtue. Besides, the temptations that crowd our daily life, were to them unknown, And the spirit of moneygetting, of luxury, and of display, that con-vert our crowded life into one hot-bed of un-

rest, care, and selfish competition, had no place in the simple life of the Pioneer. Ambition, avarice, envy, and hate,-those deforming passions, that are stimulated to such excess in our restless, self-seeking life,-had little incentive in their breasts, Let us now go back of all this, and look at the causes that produced this wonderful elevation of humanity in the new world,—so

different from all its condition in the old. And this opens one of the most interesting chapters in the whole book of Time, one that illustrates the fact that civil and religious freedom are the elements, the atmosphere, in which alone the physical, intellectual, and moral nature of man can be developed to their fullest proportions. Civil and religious bondage dwarf and pervert his nature; and from age to age, humanity descends in the scale of being. Centuries of oppression have reduced the once proud and gifted Roman, to the whining, miserable beggar that now cowers under the broken walls of the seven-

hilled city, in conscious degradation and inis-ery. And so with the Jew, the Greek, and the Spaniard. No self-thought, or action, -no lofty reason upon the brow, nor elastic freedom in the step, nor proud empire in the eye. Government gives its treed to the consciences, and prescribes all the habits of life, -backed up by its armies and its dungeons. How can a man grow?

Catch the eagle, and confine him. How his glossy plumage fades, how his eye dims, and his whole bearing sinks away into an expression of fear and humility! Let him go; you have broken his destiny. See what a ery of joy escapes him, and how proudly he soars away into his native element,-again to ontgaze the sun,—again to bathe his wild plumage in the thunder's home! It is his NATURE to be free. So with man.

The spirit of Liberty broke out in Scotland. and Government burned it at the martyr's stake,-in Spain, and they buried it in the sapphire floor," where the wicked cease Inquisition,—in France, and they starved it from troubling, and the weary are at rest. in the Bastile, in Germany, and they piero san battle ground, all strewed with broken With some of you, already, the spirit's wings ed it with balls. It took refuge in the fast-honor and runned reputations,—the victims of messes of Wales, behind the dykes in Holomatic and hate—and been astonished at the nesses of Wales, behind the dykes in Hol- malice and hate and been astonished at the hem in that "better iano.

It will be over soon. Since your last all the tyrants of Europe made a common that excited such passion and such perversity. cause against it, and banded together to hout. We then realized that even if it began in

was fulfilled. the Old World by their invincible love of anarchy,—and the very worst Government, truth and freedom, the Pioneers to the New than no government at all. is well. Like strong men armed, who have home, encountered the perils of the deep, and tive life and character, and to exhibit it, in finally, worn and weary, stepped from the deck of the Mayslower, upon Plymouth rock. There was the great wilderness frowning upon them, peopled with the savage foe ;-and the rigors of an almost Polar winter, united with a scarcity of provisions, and of shelter. made up an aggregate of distress, that would have driven other men hopelessly back to the arms of thraldom. How subtime was their trust in God ! "Give me liberty, or give me death,"-was the sentiment and inspiration of their hearts.-the same that afterwards was so uttered in Patrick Henry's electric el-

oquence, as to thrill the startled continent. From such men, so tried, you, pioneers derive your lineage and descent. Not from dukes, earls, or princes; but from Nature's own nobility, who were purified by trial as in a furnace.

"Twas not in bowers of wanton ease that Free-

Yet another trial awaited them -their invested: but most men regarded it as a

history. still remained to be done. It was to frame pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the der, and yet retain to the citizen his individ-mon deliverer, from the grasp of no common ual freedom. A new work,—upon which History shed little light; for all human ex-of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthperiments had ended in despotism. O, what ly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had from failure all the sacrifices of the past!

How and where shall the different powers shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring necessary to efficient Government, be divided | God ! and deposited, and checked and balanced, so as to move in harmony together, and yet not tend to consolidation? The world had never seen this! Centralization of power must be calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated the past! If our growth has been so rapid avoided; for that begets individual ambition, himself in the dust before his Maker,-but in our infancy, what shall it be in the strength and that despotism. France was in Paris; he set his foot on the neck of his king. The hence France was in bondage. Once the Ro- intensity of their feelings on religious subman Eagle touched, with one wing, the sun- jects, made them tranquil on every other .rise, and with the other, the sunset, and threw | One overpowering sentiment had subjected her shadow over the world. So, Britain to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear boasted that her morning drum beats encir. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its cled the earth with the martial airs of Old charms. They had their smiles and their England; -but their empires were by con tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but quest and subjugation,—not by popular will not for the things of this world. Enthusiand choice. Power was centralized at Rome, asm had cleared their reinds from every vuland London; while the distant dependencies gar passion and prejudice, and raised them were in disorder and rebellion. Hence, vast above the influence of danger and of corrup-

aying the foundations of social and civil life. But our fathers looked upon the starry by one of the foremost writers in all the heavens, and caught thence the luminous idea | world, were your ancestry. Is it any wonof a Federal Republic,—one that, the ocean der that you should have displayed such bound, should grow stronger, by its very ex- courage and self-denial,-you, so nearly alli-"aying to and fro the mighty forest. It and yet were to revolve, in their respective | Now, fellow citizens, let us guard this in

lies upon the ground, untracked, save by shining like the stars in their orbits,—the latter | honor and integrity,—asa father doth over vicissitude,—and beaten by the rough winds And when it was done, they made our Na tion's flag, and put upon it the likeness of a tar,—a star for each State,—and they wrote

apon it our Nation's motto, "E Pluribus Unum!" A political constellation! with the sun for its centre, not absorbing, but com-bining all in one plan of revolving harmony! they clung together, in the closest and most They called it Union, -one, and yet many Washington, in his day, beheld the scene and was glad. Tyranny looked out from

Europe upon this wondrous prophetic light, and was amazed and fear-stricken. The oppressed of all lands greeted its mild radiance with a cry of emancipated joy, and fled to our shores,—became like us,—and gave us their strength. Oh, touch not the Union, any more than you would pluck its brightness from the sun,

or, with polluted finger, tarnish it. One word to the present generation. Each age has its distinctive duties. The Pioneer age had to endure, to suffer, and to create ours it is, to preserve, enlarge, and improve. Cherish freedom of the individual conscience.

and of the person. It may well be doubted whether the people of to duy have the adaptation to this work that belonged to those of the Pioneer age, and whether prosperity itself does not debase rather than ennoble character. The race after wealth, begets selfishness, its possession brings idleness, that, in turn, breeds all the vices. Love of display and distinction, that universal passion, grows with that it feeds upon, until life itself is a mask to cover heartlessness. Foppery, elegant use-lessness, and effectionacy, take the place of sturdy, robust virtue.

Popular institutions will be impressed with the popular character, whatever that is; and Freedom herself is but the hand-maid of

We must remember that our institutions are yet but an experiment, and that their failare would blot out the hopes of mankind. The only great strains our system of Government has yet endured, have arisen in the acrimony and violence of party strife. The fury of party spirit must be abated. It is intolerance itself,—that very spirit which banished the pilgrims from the old world. Let us learn to tolerate differences of faith and opinion in others; nor expect universal conformity to our own. How natural it is for power to seek to coerce all mind and thought nto its own forms and manifestations. This is tyranny itself-whether exercised by a King, or by a political party.

How often, after the fever of the hour has subsided, have we looked back upon a partiland, and upon the inaccessible Alps. But trifling character of the issues and differences it from the world. It was otheir mission; | principle, it ended in will, -will aroused, and the dark ocean of the past." Soon these and an army of martyrs attests how well it set over against will, in hitter conflict.—some Separated from the oppresed masses of Kingly order is infinitely better than popular times arising into open violence and death

For myself, love to contemplate primi contrast with present degeneracy. And cannot conclude this address better than hy giving Macaulay's eloquent description of the

men of the Pioneer age.

"The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. They rejected, with contempt, the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the Soul. Hence originated their contempt for grrestrial distinctions. The difference beweer the greatest and the meanest of man kind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval that separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority, but His favor; and confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments, and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the orasles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of her cup must run over. Providential events alds they felt assured that they were record soon indicated that the political tie that bound ed in the Book of Life. If their steps were the infant colonies to the Throne, must be not accompanied by a splendid train of me broken forever, -else the dream of their nials, legions of ministering angels had charge hearts would fail, and the future ages would over them. Their palaces were houses not be unblessed. God was with them still. made with hands; their diadems, crowns o The simple provincial was seen rising like the glory which should never fade away! On hunted lion from his slumbers; the energies the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and of his mind thrown into powerful action; the priests, they looked down with contempt,shackles which habit had imposed, flung off; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more his countenance impressed with intense de precious treasure, and eloquent in a more termination, and lighted up with an expressisublime language; nobles by the right of an sion of enthusiasm and feeling. All saw the earlier creation and priests by the imposi-sudden brilliance with which the patriot was tion of a mightler hand.

"The very meanest of them was a being to meteor-light, that would set in two-fold dark whose fato a terrible and mysterious importness. The result of that contest has become ance belonged. For his sake, empires had risen, flourished, and decayed. . For his sake, Then the most delicate and difficult task the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the Government that should at once secure or prophet. He had been rescued by no com-God-like wisdom is now requisite, to save been darkened that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all Nature had

Thus the Puritan was made up of two dif-

Now. Pioneers! such men, so portrayed

may be it is mid winter, and the deep snow spheres, around the central Government, heritance; let us watch over our Country's

Then our Republic wil be, indeed, ocean bound,-her Pacific cast adorned with States and cities, more ich and glorious than those that line her Atlatic borders,-a continent, swarming with lie, in its highest refinement and exaltation, sending her tho'ts

and influence into everyland, -spreading her sails of Commerce on every sea,—lifting up the down-trodden, and sebuking tyranny in all the world. If to be a Roman Citizen, once, "was greater than a king,"—what shall it be, to wear the prouder title of merican Citizen?

An element in this great sovereignty, whose mighty power is pledged to protect her feeblest son, from the sightest wrong, in the darkest or remotest comer of earth!

Now, Mr. President, if I have enkindled one new sentiment of gratitude toward our Pioneer fathers, -awalened one new emotion of love for our Country,-or another pity for enth's suffering and orgressed ones, then my humble efforts will be thrice repaid.

4. Music-Stirring even to old as well as young blood.

5. B. S. Bentley, Esq., of Montrose, being introduced by the President, read the following

E'er since old time its course on Earth began,
Change hath been the never varying lot of man.
Empires and Kingdoms, glerious in their day,
Have shone in splendor and have passed away:
Babylon preceded Green, and Greece a Rome,
Proud mistress of the world—she too has gone; Cities and towers and monuments of fam Lie mingling in the dust from whence they came. And man, proud, mighty man, has had his sway; Where is he now? Ah, gone and pass'd away; The high, the low, the noble and the slave, Have slept for ages in one common grave. Let but your thoughts go back when time began And follow thence the destiries of man-

What wars and bloodshed, and what fearful crimes Have stained this fair Earth with crimson lines. Monarchs and despots, tyrants of an hour,
Drunk with ambition and the lust of power,
Have bathed the Earth in sorrow and in blood,
And giv'n God's image for the Vulture's food.
Man, with his fellow man in deadly strife,
With damning hate hath sought his brother's life,
and off the well of reception, both here there. And off the pall of mourning hath been thrown
O'er bleeding nations, to support a crown.
E'en our own nation, now so bless'd of God,
Was born in suff'ring, sorrow, and in blood. Seven long years, in weariness and pain,
Our fathers fought and bled; but not in vain—
Thrice glorious Patriots, Oh most noble men—
Wascan but pause and drop a tear for them.

Far-famed Wyoming too has had her share In all the horrors of a bloody war, In all the horrors of a bloody war,
Her sons were butchered by a savage foe—
And she was clad in sad habiliments of wo.
Incarnate devils, white and red,
Fought side by side that day;

And savage yells rose o'er the dead, The living to dismay. No age, nor sex, nor plea, nor prayer Could make the demons feel; Were tomahawa and steel. They scalped the boary locks of age,

The sung and gentle too-.
The inant's wall checked not their rage, But fiercer still they grew. -The treach'ries of that fatal day Made Hell ashamed of man; And fiends shrank back in deep dismay

At old John Butler's clan.
The soul is sick, the heart is faint, The heart-felt anguish, who can paint
The terror of those times?
But though that day has long since passed, And peace is on that vale,

Surviving actors still remain To tell the bloody tale. A monument to those who fell Now marks their hallow'd dust; That monument, we know full well, Is well deserved and just;

But yet a more enduring one,
Replete in every part,
More lasting than the chisel'd stone—
Is reared within the heart. But time forbids us longer now to dwell Upon the scenes and memories of those days, And bidding them a long and sad farewell, And bidding them a long and sad farewell,
We come to speak of more propitious days.
In all time past the sons have proudly sung
The glorious deeds of their illustrious sires;
So we, who from a noble race have sprung,
Would light our souls with true poetic fires.
Ye living Pioneers of that brave band
Who left their homes and all to them so dear—
Who came to this, a wild and rugged land,

A land of Forests and in aspect drear! How did you come? In coach and four? Or did the iron horse precede your train And bring alike yourselves and store Safely through snow and mud and rain? Did roads as smooth as pavements then Run all along each stream,

O'er every hill, through every glen, Through pleasant fiells and loosests green? Did towns and villages appear, Where'er you turned your eyes, Your hopes to raise, your soul to cheer? Your wonder and surprise?— A school-house then at every turn, A church with tasteful spire?

Where youth with thirst for knowledge burn, And christians with devotion's fire. On every hill, in every vale,
The eye to please, the mind to cheer,
When hope and strength began to fail? Did orchards bloom and gardens smile With every flower that ever grew?

So rich that they the soul beguile So many—Eden never knew? Ah, no, my friends, not so indeed-But one vast wilderness was here, Forests to forests did succeed— Thick and unbroken, far and near. Your only road and guide,
As through the forests deep and dark,
You walked, but could not ride.
But hardy hands were soon employed;

The brush and logs were piled;
A road from John to James was made, Though rugged, rough, and wild. It answered for the old gray mare, To draw, on rough made sled, If John could James a little spare, Of corn to make some bread. No glass was in the house, those days,

But paper was in stead;
And through the same the sun's bright rays
A calmer light did shed.
Oh proud ambition, bane of human peace,
How often dost thou lead us all astray, And make for us the ills of life increase,
And cause us trouble in our onward way!
A worthy friend, now gone, a scholar too,
Seized with ambition to excel the rest,

Selzed with amount to excer the rest,

Had built a cabin, and it still was new,

And thoughts of glass his soul oppress'd.

What could he do? he struggled with the thought,

Paper is not glass; no glass is here;

Full fifty miles to where it can be bought; No way to ride; the path is lone and drear. But to the will all obstacles must yield; To Wilkes Barre, (an unpoetic name,) he went, And there with glistening eyes beheld Some 7 by 9, which made his heart content, Twelve lights he bought, and did them up with care In checker'd hand'k'ch'f, to make them all secur

Slowly he jogged along, nor did forbear.

liis footsteps, till he reached his home once more

Carefully he laid them on the bed, Intending to surprize
His wife who after table spread

Could feast her wond'ring eyes. But sad to tell! she in her haste, Took up the bundle, there misplaced, And to the floor it went!

They view'd the fragments o'er; Ten thousand pieces of small glass Lie scattered round the floor.

God made the country, man the town hath made: God's glorious works the Universe pervade;— His worlds of light that far above us shine, Draw out our thoughts to him in praise sublime; While all the grandeur of this lower sphere In panoramic beauty doth appear, The soul to ravish and the mind to fill, The heart to cheer, and banish every ill The heart to cheer, and banish every ill,
The mighty ocean, surging to and fro—
The mighty rivers, with eternal flow—
The mighty mountains, pile on nile so high,
To our weak vision seem to touch the sky—
The dimpling lake in beauty doth display
Ten thousand diamonds in the moonbeams' play
The hills and valleys with their lowing herds,
Made vocal; and the groves with happy birds—
These all are glorious, and draw out the soul
To God, the Maker and the source of all.
"Tis not the man of luxury and pride.

'Tis not the man of luxury and pride Tis not the woman fit to be his bride, Who, reared in fashion and the halls of ease, Whose morbid tastes vain fancies please These never are the ones to go Where the primeval forests grow;
But those of daring soul and mind,
Whom discipline hath well refined,
Who can with Nature hold commune When earth is robed in richest bloom-Who have a heart, a soul, a mind, None of the ape or dandy kind.

These are the men designed of God, Where the fleet deer and beauteous fawn Crop the sweet flowers at earliest dawn— Where speckled trout, throughout the day, In sparkling streams, their gambols play—Where birds, in hopping, chirping throngs, Pour out their sweet melodious songs.

When this whole region did display Nought but a forest far and wide, Of trees that stood in stately pride? Have you the very place forgot You first selected for your hut? The first blow struck, the first tree fell, Are they not all remembe Can you remember how you made Your first log cabin in the shade Of towering trees that yet o'erhung The little clearing you'd begun? And soon that clearing far and wide Bogan to spread on every side;— Tree after tree, bereft of strength, Lay prostrate on the earth at length, And being burnt, there might be seen, The growing crop of corn between;
For without help you could not clear;
The ground from logs till the second year.
Nice pastures then, well tenced and green, Could not, on any side be seen; But the one cow then lov'd so well, Was found at night by her well known bell; The old tin horn was blow'd in time To call you'to the house, to dine; And succeer sound was never heard By hungry man, if long deferred.
Your sap troughs made in early Spring,
You tapped your trees, and thence did bring A sugar sweeter than Havana, Or ever came from old Savanna And often, leaving home and work, To find some twenty pounds of pork,

You'd travel twenty miles or more, Where you had never been before, And with some sugar in a sack, And that suspended 'cross your back, Five pounds for one you'd freely give.
The forests now begin to yield;
The sun shines down or From Earth her bounties you receive;

And you again begin to live. You then wrote home to let them know How rich the soil, how crops did grow-Soon others came, and by your side The forests opened, far and wide.

New Hampshire sends her sons along;
Green Mountain boys help make the throng;
Connecticut, that good old State.

The birth-place of both good and great—
Old Massachusetts, where the free In Boston Harbor made their tea-Rhode Island, too, though very small-Answered at once, her every call-These are the States that sent their sons Inured to hardship that no copflict shuns— They in this land their virtues did display— We know they're represented here to-day.

By their strong arms and nerves, how very soon The rugged wilderness began to bloom; The forests vanished, like the smoking flax, Before the hero of the swinging ax; Villas and farms may now be seen And mills go up on every stream.

The noble Susquehanna bears to tide
Lumber and plaster and all else beside That makes return of wealth to those Who this exciting business chose. Happy as larks that sing at morn, The raftsman, with his sounding horn.
Now herds and flocks of sheep are seen In pastures of the richest green.
Old Continental bills no longer pass,

Nor paper now is used instead of glass. Our mothers acted well their part:-Our mothers acted went their part;

Strong courage raised and cheered the heart;
They milked the cows, and baked the bread;
They swept the house, the table spread;
They spun and wove, and clothes they made;
The hats of straw were of their braid;
The hats of straw were of their braid; The children they both washed and fed,
And them undressed and put to bed.
On Sunday, with supreme content,
They to some distant meeting went.
They rode old "Dapple," meek and kind—
The man before, the wife behind.
No silled an earing did thay wear. No silks or satins did they wear, But muslin frock, quite neat but spare No hoops they wore, but I confess They would have much improved their dress; For even though they take more space,
They give to form an airy grace;
And if they're made of medium size,
They must be fools or overwise— Who dare not say, without alarm, They add to comfort, health, and charm.

As backward we our thoughts do send.
Who does not think of some dear friend Who toiled and struggled in those days, And well deserves our highest praise?

Could we but know and see and feel,
Would some kind power to us reveal What the first settlers suffered here, When want and famine gathered near, When sickness came, and those must die Whose prayed for aid none could supply, Whose life they knew was ebbing fast;— They felt—they knew it could not last— What deeper auguish who can know, In all our trials here below,
Than watching the expiring breath
Of loved ones in the embrace of death? Yet deeper still the wound we feel, When we alone around them kneel, Alone to hear the last drawn breath. Alone to close the eye in death,
When all without is dark and drear,
Within, cold-death and sobs and fear
Tis midnight and the storm is high; The lightning blazes o'er the sky— The thunder rolls. In deep despair, You feel that death is reigning there. From break of day till late at night, The settler toiled with all his might; And midnight fires, oft blazing high, Revealed the fact that he was nigh. And as he labored thus alone, He thought of his lov'd ones at home And kneeling on the ground he prayed That they from famine might be saved. But my weak pen can never tell, Nor is it fit that I should dwell Upon those scenes, so hard and rife,
As settlers learn in early life.
How many names might I recall Of those remembered by you all, Who shared with you the joy and wo. That each did feel and all did know. But memory will much sooner trace Their names, their forms, their voice, and face,

More quickly far than I can do.

Ah yes! more swift than lightning chain, They'll pass before your minds again, And in this moment while you hear The thrilling scenes of many a year.
Your quickened minds will all reclaim,
And, like the lightning's flash, again
They'll all be with you. Don't you see Them all around as they used to be?

Ah, gone again!! How sad that sound,

How many lie beneath the ground
Which you and they together trod—
You yet remain—They've gone to God.
Of many I would like to speak to-day, Some yet alive, but more have passed away; But one short line for them must now suffice They live in memory till that memory dies.

But one there is,a friend whom all of us may claim But one there is, a friend whom all of us may claim, I need not tell you who he is, or give you now his name; From earliest youth I've known, and I have loved him too,
I hope he is a friend to me, as sure he is to you.
His head, with toil and age, is silvered over now,
But what he is and was is pictured on his brow.
Long hath he been a traveler o'er life's precarious road,
Long hath he labored faithfully for man and for his

He, in his carly youth, when all around was new. When woods were growing here, and people wer

Began his course of usefulness with armor girded on, And never will he lay it off till life itself is done. In all the settler's thrilling scenes he bore his humble part; In sickness, he was by their side, in sorrow cheere

the heart;
In all the varied ills of life, in sadness and in pain.
No person ever sought his aid, and sought that aid As often by the hand of death his bleeding heart was torn, So he, his sympathy could give to those who deeply

mourn.

In all the offices of life, in civil and divine,
His virtue and his love of truth along his pathway We're glad he has been spared to us and spared to us so long, And hope that many happy days to him do yet be

We all are glad he has thus lived to be with us to-A Pioneer indeed he is, in every God-like way.

A hill, descending gently to the south for half a mile—a spring gushing from its side,

head, Till he shall, after many years, be numbered with the dead;
And when to him the hour shall come to lay him

on high.
Will you, my friends, this day compare With sixty years ago?
When mails were carried far and near On horseback, as you know;
But now, o'er lands and ocean's depths, By lightning and by steam. Have we like Rip Van Winkle alept, Or do we now but dream? We have not slept, we do not dream, No veil is on our eyes;

It is an age of mind and steam,

Of wonder and surprise.

Could you, my friends, at all recount The progress of your day?
All obstacles we do surmount, No barrier stops our way. If we go on for fifty years, As we the past have done, There's nothing, as it now appears, But what may then be done. Water may make us oil for light; We through the air may sail; And over rivers take our flight,

In bomb or iron shell. But I must close-my friends, farewell; Perhaps we'll meet no more, Till we can each to others tell

I've trespassed long upon your time-I've learned one lesson by it; If you are asked to write a poem, I only hope you'll try it.

6. Music-A Song-" Loved ones at

7. Rev. A. L. Post, of Montrose, intro duced by the President, to give Historical Sketches, from the lateness of the hour, and the desire to hear from the Old Pioneers, wished to be excused. Not being excused, he gave a brief outline of the controversy between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, in rela- mutual kindness. Novelty gilded the scene. tion to the jurisdiction and title to all Northern Pa., and of its final settlement; and con- privation, to give life a relish. cluded with a few reminiscences relative to persons, things, and incidents, connected, mostly, with the History of Montrose.

8. Music. 9. The response to a call for the number Just at dusk, he returned from the woods in of Pioneers who have died in each County high spirits. "I have hum—a large bear, during the year, not being in readiness. Pioneers present were called upon to give sketches of first settlements. The call was responded to by Scott Baldwin, of Bridgewater, SETH MITCHELL, of Montrose, and STEPHEN BARNUM, of New Milford. The President read a communication deeply interesting from CHARLES MINER Esq., author of the "History cf Wyoming," as follows:

Letter from Hon Charles Miner of Wilker barre.

RETREAT, May 22, 1858. Hon. WM. Jessup :- Deor Sir :- It was not until last evening that I learned the "Pioneer and Historical Festival" was to be holden on the 2d of June. My intention had been, when it should be held in Susquehanna County, to be present, if possible, or to send to the meeting a page of my early recollections. Will you accept the mite of an early settler whose advent dates in the last century? One who owes much to her kindness-who has never ceased to regard her with affection; and delights to cherish the remembrance of his early association with her laborious, cheerful, and kind-hearted inhabitants. 4
On the 12th of Feb. 1799, in company

with Capt. Peleg Tracey, his brother Leonard, and Miss Lydia Chapman in one sleigh,
-Mr. John Chase of Newburyport, and myself in another, set out from Norwich, Ct., and arrived at Hopbottom the 28th. The long journey of 16 days was owing to the snow having left us on the first night, only 12 miles on our way, and being obliged to place our sleighs on trundle wheels.

The families of Capt. Joseph Chapman Andrew Tracey, Esq., and Capt. Peleg Tracey, had settled along the creek the year before. Mr. Jones, a Welchman, and Mr. Bloomfield Milbourne, his son-in-law, with a pleasant family, were near. Thomas Parke and his brother Henry from Rhode Island, active, intelligent men, with a black boy, had erected a cabin the preceding year, a few miles west on the Meshoppen. If you cast your eye over an early map, you will see the names of Macknamarra, Page, and two or three others, scattered along the Hopbottom. These were an earlier race, known as the Nicholson settlers, I think of '96. They had sold their improvements to the Norwich

Capt. Chapman and his interesting family occupied the rude hut that had been the patience. habitation of Macknamarra and his cow and

of wilderness intervening between him and Marcey's mill in the settlement on the Tunkhannock. From Hopbottom there was neither house nor road west to Wilson's on the upper part of the middle branch of the Wyalusing, eight or ten miles. Montrose was

not in existence.
Having made sugar with Sprague, on shares, I took a horse load down to the Tunkhannock, peddled it out, a pound of sugar for s pound of pork, seven and a half pounds for bushel of wheat, five pounds for a bushel of corn—saw the Susquehanna—got a grist ground, returned and with Mr. Chase (a most worthy young man) made knapsacks of coarse shirts, filled them with provisions, and each taking an axe on his shoulder, we took the bridle path by Mr. Parke's, and thence fifteen miles, more or less-arrived of Rindaw or Hyde's at the forks of the Wyalusing, from which place a settlement three or four years earlier had been made down the stream to the river. Trowbridge, with his taine elk, was at the Great Bend. David Barnum, afterwards prince of hotel keepers, was landlord at Lawsville. The settlement at Harford of the Tiffinys, was three or four years old. All else within the Great Bend proper, was with the exception of the cabins of the preceding year—"a howling wilder-ness?" No! no!—as lovely a spot as Nature ever exhibited to the admiring eye of

christian or philosopher.
I do not think a line drawn due south from Binghamton to the Tunkhannock, near forty miles, would have cut a laid out road, or come in sight of a house or cabin of an

earlier date than the preceding summer. Mr. Bronson piloted us to lot 39, in Usher. The vocabulary of us intruding Yankees spoke of Usher, Ruby, Lock, Manor, Dandoo, and Bidwell, as our recognized localities. running through groves of sugar maple, beech, cherry, whitewood, and here and there a monster of a hemlock, through swales now green with springing grass, we made a back down to die,

May he exchange this lower earth for better worlds on high.

green with springing grees, we made a gainst cabin, open in front to a huge log against which our fire was kindled—a bed of hemlock boughs-each a blanket-a six quart camp kettle to boil our chocolate-plates and dishes were soon made from the soft whitewood or maple. Here we took up our quarters for the summer. Chopped awkwardly, slept soundly, except awaked too early for our town habits by the stamping deer, for we had taken possession of a favorite runway. This, if my memory is correct, was about two miles west from where Montrose was afterwards located. That summer, the last of the century, and the next, population poured in rapidly under the auspices of Col. Ezekiel Hyde, our Yankee leader. His headquarters were at Rindaw. He and Mr. Robinson had surveyed the land into town. been allotted to numerous proprietors. Andrew Tracey, Esq., at Dandolo, was Secretary and Recorder of the company. This was the final effort of Connecticut claimants under the Indian Delaware Purchase to obtain pos-

From Wilson's, down the east branch of Wyalusing to the Forks, were Maine, Lathrop, Whipple, Sweet, Griffiths, Tupper. Pickett, the famous "Painter" killer, and Beaumont son the middle branch, at the large salt spring, the Birchards, I think the first and only inhabitants of Ruby; on the north branch, in Locke, Canfields and Brister, the renowned wolf slayer. The Parkes were the only settlers in Bidwell, as Wilson was

in the Manor. It was a time of suffering ? No! no!of pleasurable excitement. Hope, health, There was just enough of danger, toil, and

My Sunday home was at Mr. Whipple's. whose residence was on the Wyalusing, a mile south of us. He was a capital hunter. An anecdote will give you his character .we will go out in the morning and fetch, him in." Behold! as he had shot in the twilight, he had killed Nathan Tupper's only cow .--Mr. Whipple, the most forehanded settler, had three. "Neighbor Tupper," said he, "I am sorry—it was an accident. Now choose of mine which you please." "I wont take vour best-let me have old Brindle, sho is worth more than mine," said Mr. Tupper; and the matter was settled by that higher law—"Do as you would be done by." Not an instance of dishonesty, or even of unkind-ness do I remember. Grain was scarce mills distant—a maple stump was burned hollow for a mortar-early corn pounded, the good Mrs. Whipple stewed pumpkins and of the mixture made capital bread. The rifle of Mr. Whipple furnished abundance of venison. Deer were plenty-a few elk remained—on the river hills that encircled us, these were the pilot and rattlesnake, where annual fires prevailed. In the deep shade of the dense forest they had not yet penetrated. St. Patrick had not more effectually cleared

might repose with a feeling of perfect securi-I used to run over, by the lot lines, to the settlement of my good friends, the Birchards, in Ruby, and spend a day of pleasure with them. It was at the deer lick at their door,

Ireland. The earth was a rich carpet of ver-

dure, sweet, pure, where the most delicate

I shot my first buck. Returning to Norwich, in the fall, I accompanied Mr. John Reynolds to Long Island, became acquainted with Capt. Bartlet Hinds and his intelligent family. They, the next season, removed and made the settlement at what is now Montrose. The Captain, a gallant soldier of the revolutionary war, had been left a widower, with a charming little daughter, and had married a widow lady, intelligent, and of remarkably pleasing manners, Mrs. Post, with two active boys who

are amply able to speak for themselves. Capt. Peleg Tracey, and Mr. Joseph Chap-man, jr., had each chosen a bride of the old aristocratic family of Leffingwell, in Norwich, amiable and excellent ladies—so that if neighbors were five, ten, or fifteen miles apart; in good sleighing, reunions were not infrequent. I have a capital anecdote illustrative of the Nicholson settlers, related by the younger Mr. Chapman, but omit it as I feel that I am already encreaching on your

Not to weary you, I beg leave to make a pig, now, though yet rude, rendered cheer. note, very brief, of five or six of my friends ful by intelligence, neatness, and hospitality. who were in 1799 and 1800 fellow students. Four or five miles below lived, in solitude, with me in Nature's Beech Woods academy. Joseph Sprague; twelve or fourteen miles 1. Charles Mowry, after I became a prin-