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Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, August 3, 1854.

Volume 11, Number 31.

Select Poetry.

The Wild-Wood Home.

By Mrs. LADIA MARE NELSON.

Oh show me a place like the wild-wood home,
Where the air is fragrant, and free,
And the first pure breathings of morning come
In a gush of melody.
She lifts the soft fringe from her dark blue eyes,
With a radiant smile of love,
And the diamonds that o'er her bosom lie,
Are bright as the gems above.

Where noon lies down in the breezy shade
Of the glorious forest bowers,
And the beautiful birds, from the sunny glades,
Sit nodding among the flowers.
While the holy child of the mountain spring
Steals past with a murmured song,
And the honey-bee sleep in the dells that swing
Their garlanded wings along.

Whereby steals away with a young bride's blush
To the soft green couch of night,
And the moon throws o'er with a holy hush
Her certain gleams of light.
Oh, sweetest of birds in the hemlock dell,
Oh, sweetest of birds in the hemlock dell,
Fill the dew breeze with a tracing swell
Of melody rich and free.

There are sumptuous mansions with marble walls,
Surmounted by glittering towers,
Where fountains play in the peridot halls,
Amongst exotic flowers;
They are suitable homes for the haughty in mind,
Yet a wild-wood home for me;
Where the pure bright streams, and the mountain wind,
And the bounding heart, are free!

Miscellaneous.

Death.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

"I would not live away,
I ask not to stay."
Where trials and tribulations are constantly
besetting my pathway,—where the wicked
and the mindful scoff and sneer at my ap-
proach,—where the rich and the poor are so
individual characters and are not allowed to
mingle together,—where the robber com-
mits his midnight depredations upon his fel-
low mortals, I would not live in a world
composed of beings whose hearts are open
for any and all crimes. Who wishes life, and
is content to make earth his workshop for ages,
"This world is but a fleeting show,"
To man's illusion gives.

Which I am forced to believe has "more truth
than poetry," and who can believe otherwise,
for the rich and the gaudy are but a "fleeting
show," aristocratic in their manners, de-
fective in their ways, and more pilferers in
society.

Why slum death as though something terri-
ble existed in the belief of an immortality
beyond the grave? Have you a constant
looking for of judgment lingering in your
mind? If so, drive away the fear,—blot it
from existence now at once. It may brood over
you with great weight, but place your finger
upon it, and it will blow away on the four-
winds of heaven. How many a night have
you spent with all the horrible images of the
grave, passing and re-passing before your
vision, disturbing your peaceful slumbers? Ah!
to whom this addresses itself the most
minutely, answer by silence. No doubt
but you imagined yourself gnawing at
breath in the very jaws of death,—that grim
and ghastly forms with fensid smiles were
staring you in the face.

Hark! hear the creak of the coffin lid, as
it shuts all light from the immortal sleeper,—
there is something terrible in that sound, it
is the last dying knell of the dead,—the blood
runs cold in your veins, you shudder, you
shrink from the sound as if a dagger had
been plunged in your bosom and your life-
blood was oozing from the wound. And
again a procession of mourners, carrying the
dead to their last resting place, breaks upon
your ear and doubly bespeak the horrors of
the tomb.

But a change comes over the spirit of
your dream,—instead of ghastly and grim
figures, instead of all the horrors of the
grave troubling your mind, you can look out
upon the bright turrets and lofty domes of
the "Elysian City" and long for the time
that you may climb to the top-most spire.
Such thoughts are admirable,—such thoughts
are pleasing and agreeable to the mind, and
afford meat for the soul. With these truths
before us, and for our consideration, we can-
not doubt but God will in his infinite good-
ness, give us an immortality beyond the
grave. Time is fast approaching ere we will
be in the tomb,—the white robes will glisten
in the distance, and white robed angels
will beckon us from earth, and with harps
uned by the mystic winds of the air, will
play anthems of pleasure as we journey to
the skies.

ESTO ALTRIMOD.

Montrose, July 27th, 1854.

Always have a book or paper within your reach.

Always have a book or paper within your reach, which you may catch up in a few minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, it will be felt at the end of the year. Thoughts take up no room. When they are right they afford a portable pleasure with which one may travel or labor without any trouble or inconvenience.

An Irishman who had commenced building a wall round his lot, of rather un-

common dimensions, viz four feet high and six feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs my honey, don't you see that if it ever falls down, it will be higher than it is now."

Jesus, my lad, keep away from the girls.

Jesus, my lad, keep away from the girls. Ven you see one coming, dog—just such a one as that young 'un cleaning the door step on either side of the street, fobbed your poor dad, Jimmy. If it had not been for her, you and yer dad might have been in California 'n' dimus, my son.

From the Flag of Our Union.

THE SYBIL'S PREDICTION.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

La VINETTE is a beautiful village. You might search through France, and hardly find a prettier. How indeed could it be otherwise, with its fruitful vineyards, its substantial white farm-houses, and its streets lined on either side with varieties of fruit trees? Everything looks so comfortable and homelike, so expressive of peaceful plenty, that it is no wonder that the traveler, as he passes through the village, permits his eyes to rest with pleasure upon its neat appearance, and exclaims, "Surely, it is a little paradise!"

After all, I have not named its chief recommendation. Nowhere will you find prettier maidens than those of La Vinette. To be sure, they are not high-born, nor versed in the elegant accomplishments, since there is not one amongst them of higher rank than a farmer's daughter. Fortunately, however, beauty and high birth are not always inseparable, nor do they always go together. At least, there is many a countess who would count no price too great by which she might purchase the charms of Marie. Maillard, who outshone all the other maidens of La Vinette as the sun does the stars. For all that, Marie was a great favorite with all her companions. Unconscious of her own superiority, she did not attribute it to herself, and she was not one of those who are vainly proud.

One afternoon it chanced that Marie and several of her companions were returning merrily from the vineyard, whither they had been to estimate the probable amount of the coming vintage. All at once, one of them espied in the road an old woman, walking along the road by the help of a staff which she held in her right hand. She turned towards them, and awaited their coming.

"What can we do for you, good mother?" inquired Marie.

"Cross my hand with a silver piece, my pretty maid, and I will tell you your fortune."

"You are a sybil, then?"

"You may call me so. It is given to me to see ere they arrive, the chances which fortune may have in store."

They looked at her with growing reverence, despite her tattered garments and unprepossessing face, but none spoke at first. However, much one wish to know what it was to happen to him or her, he cannot avoid feeling a little reluctance—a little disposition to defer the eventful moment.

"Here, mother," at length said Lizette, one of the gayest of the party, holding out her hand to the old crone, "you may tell me your fortune. But I must tell you beforehand, that you need not take the trouble to provide me with a husband, as I have vowed to be an old maid."

The sybil took the hand of the laughing maiden, and after a single glance fixed her penetrating eyes upon her.

"I see," she said slowly, "a bridal train marching slowly to the village church. Fairies are strown along the way, over which pass the bridal pair. Need I mention the name of the bride?"

Lizette drew back with a blush; the sybil was right, for on that day week she was to stand at the altar. Another took her place, and still another, till Marie alone remained.

"Come, Marie," said the girls, impatiently, "don't keep us waiting. We want to know what your fortune will be. It should be a good one."

Marie came forward and submitted her hand to the interpreter of fate. The sybil started, as if suspicious that her art had failed her. But a moment's survey dissipated her doubts and she murmured, as if to herself,

"Match a brilliant destiny awaits you—You will wear a title, and become the mistress of a fair estate. Servants shall be in waiting to do your bidding, and wealth will pour forth its choicest offerings at your feet. Such is the decree of destiny."

"Mother," said Marie, in extreme astonishment, "you have certainly read wrong for once. Such a fate is not for me, and I would not that it were. Enough for me that I set the day for the same position that I now occupy, surrounded by my friends and acquaintances."

"No matter," said the sybil, composedly; "you cannot change the course of events.—Wait patiently for their unfolding. Be not apprehensive of evil, for this line, and she placed her withered finger on Marie's palm, "betokens a long life and a happy one."

"I am much obliged to you, mother," said the latter, laughing, "for your favorable prediction, and when I become a countess, I will take care that you are provided for."

"You owe me nothing," was the reply. "I am but the mouth-piece of fate. I may demand the fulfillment of your promise sooner than you think."

"Be it so, mother. When you are entitled to make it, be sure that I shall not withdraw from my engagement."

When the sybil had hobbled away, richer by some farthings than before, Marie was bantered a little by her companions on the desert, to which had been marked out for her.

"Which shall it be, Madame La Duchesse, or Madame La Comtesse?" inquired Lizette gaily.

"I have a good mind," said Marie, "in return for your malice to steal away your Philip, and marry him myself. In that case, at least, the prediction—"

Lizette, who would have been very unwilling for Marie to attempt the contest which she had entered in jest, thought it best to drop the matter, and she had at first assented. As for Marie, she thought little of the prediction, for her mind it was to altogether improbable that she did not think it worth while to waste a thought upon it.

The soil of La Vinette is somewhat uneven, though it contains no very high hills. In the northern part there is a little brook flowing over a rocky bed, with considerable impetuosity. Over this stream, which is low, narrow, and shallow, there is a narrow foot bridge for the accommodation of passengers.

It so chanced that about a week after the events above described, Marie, who was just returning from a visit to a neighbor, on the other side of the stream, had occasion to pass over the bridge. Doubtless her thoughts were pre-occupied, or she would have been more careful. As it was, her foot slipped when half-way across, and she fell in. It was a very serious affair, but she felt awkward enough, and vexed at the necessity which compelled her to wade through the water. She

and night had long drawn his sable curtains, and they parted and retired to rest.

Arising with the sun, on the following day, they slowly pursued their delectable walk.

"Amongst the coolly shade,
Of the green sycamores, by the Mulla's shore,"

beguiling the time in pleasant converse, or in contemplating the loveliness of nature around them. Now their walk took them among the forest trees, and the vistas formed by their graceful stems gave partial glimpses of the melodious Mulla's rippling waters, glistening in the morning sun. Now they emerged into open glades, trying in breadth—sometimes so small that the entwining boughs of the trees made darkness over their heads, and then enlarging to lie in gleams of sunlight, and anon opening yet wider, into little dewy meadows, on which the sunbeams lay in glittering silence.

Proceeding through scenes like this, they came to a glade where the forest trees were more widely separated from each other than usual, and where the ground beneath, cleared of coppice and underwood, was clothed with a carpet of the softest and most lovely verdure, screened from the scorching heat of the sun by the gnarled branches of a huge oak. Close by this grassy knoll murmured the winding Mulla, and over its curling wave the knight slipped a few pebbles, while his friend, sitting on the grass, gazed at his immortal "Faery Queen."

"They then disposed themselves for their morning diversion; Raleigh reclining his graceful length upon the green sward, and resting his head upon his arm, and Spenser sitting erect against the massive trunk of the oak which his verse has immortalized as "Spenser's oak."

The various effects produced by the brilliant light upon the fresh wet leaves of the trees, the gleamy bowels and slender trunks, the checked shadows on the velvet lawn, the picturesque attitudes of the two friends, and the placid surface of the meandering stream, reflecting on its crystal bosom the trees which lined its banks, would have drawn the attention of a poet or a painter.

Spenser now began, with the most graceful education, the recitation of his poem. At first he read in a subdued and modest tone—the low sibilant of the lulling water accompanying the modulation of his voice, and adding to its beauty—but soon, inspired with the spirit of his verse, he infused into his recitation all the pathos of his romantic nature.

Raleigh was at first attentive, then interested, then absorbed, and then fired with enthusiasm. The adventures of Una and the Red Cross Knight aroused all that was chivalrous within him. The perils and obstacles which beset their progress just suited his adventurous spirit, and the arduous and difficult journey of Una captivated his lively imagination. He often burst forth into involuntary expressions of delight, and as his friend recited the concluding lines of the first book he exclaimed,

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The period of our tale was shortly after the force of British and Indians, under Proctor and Tecumseh, had been defeated at the battle of the Thames by General Harrison; and hence for a while restored to the western settlements. The fort was at that time garrisoned by a small force of twenty men, composed of hunters and settlers, who had taken up arms to defend their homes against the attacks of a cruel and ruthless foe. Lulled into a false security by the absence for some months of the bands of Indians who formerly had annoyed them by sudden attacks and ambushes, Captain Highton and most of his men had fallen into a degree of apathy in regard to the dangers that threatened them, and spent their time in hunting or fishing, or idly waiting to return to their homes, believing that the war was at an end, leaving the gates of the fort open, and the entrenchments in an almost defenceless condition.

Caroline Highton was the only daughter of her father, and had joined him during the summer, and taken up her abode with him in the fort, being the only woman to be found for miles and miles of pathless forests that lay between the frontier station and the nearest settlement. Thrown into constant contact with each other, an affection which gradually flamed into love, was kindled between her and Edward Stewart, and they were generally considered by the other inmates of the fort, as being in that condition which now-a-days would be called "engaged."

Edward Stewart knew well to what dangers the fort was subjected, he knew that the cessation of hostilities would only be of short duration, and that before they were aware of their presence, the dark forests would pour forth their bands of painted savages, who would suddenly attack an unguarded situation, and destroy a peaceful settlement. He had often before earnestly expressed his sentiments to the captain, and warned him to be on his guard, but his words were always met with an incredulous smile, and his warnings fell unheeded on the ear of the commander.

Not more than a week had elapsed, after the conversation we have related had taken place, when, one night, when the inmates of the fort were reposing in unguarded slumbers, a sudden yell, uttered as if by a hundred voices, was heard ringing through the fort, and its defenders were suddenly aroused to meet an enemy whose savage foe led on by the very same stern warrior who had received us, we have mentioned, a few days before, and who had conducted his swartly followers into the fort, while its inmates were wrapped in sleep.

At the first alarm, Edward Stewart leaped from his bed, and seizing his rifle that lay by his side, rushed forth, but to see his companions fighting in vain, and overpowered by a force of well-armed Indians. His first thought was to join in the fray and rush to her apartment, just in time to save her from the blow of an Indian, whose tomahawk was raised to "murder the senseless savage before him." Killing with one blow of the hatchet, which he also carried, the intruder, he grasped Caroline in his arms, and bore her through the crowd of fighting savages to the gate of the fort, from

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THE HIDDEN CAVERN.

Or the Hunter's Escape.

By T. D. WILKINS.

On the battlements of a small fort that had been built as a frontier station on the shore of Lake Erie, at the hour of sunset, might have been seen three persons, who were silently gazing upon the last rays of twilight that lay upon the water, by the mellow light of the setting sun. The scene on which they gazed was indeed beautiful; the dark woods behind the fort were dressed in all the gaudy livery of the earlier months of autumn, ere yet the leaf had been touched by the transforming hand which prepares the earth for the approach of winter; while the dancing waters, stretching away until they almost merged into the congenial blue of the overhanging sky, offered a rare picture of loveliness into the eyes of the beholder.

The group that we have mentioned, consisted of two men, dressed in the common habiliments of the hunter and frontiersman of that period (1813), the eldest of whom held the rank of captain of the fort, while the other was his lieutenant, and a young girl of apparently not more than twenty summers, who was the daughter of the commander. The latter had prevailed for some time was broken by the youngest of the two, a stout individual, who, addressing the other, said:

"Captain Highton, may I inquire who that person was who came to the fort yesterday, and remained till this morning?"

"He represented himself to be a stranger, journeying alone to the next post."

"It is unusual for men to traverse these forests alone, in these troublous times, and there is something singular in his appearance, that struck me when first I saw him—something suspicious, that warned me to be on my guard against him; but, by the by, sir, they say that the Indians are again leveling their devastation in this part of the country, and it might be well for us to be on our guard against them."

"Pshaw! pshaw! Stewart, you give too much credit to idle rumors; in my opinion we might as well return to our homes, for the war is nearly over, and no more danger to be feared from the savages."

"But, sir, a large body of Shawnees fully armed, were lately seen by one of our scouts, and as long as they gather in large numbers there is danger to be feared."

"Well, have it, your own way, then, but for my part, I see no necessity of shutting ourselves up in the fort, for fear that there may be some strolling Indians in the woods," so saying he turned away and walked to another part of the fort.

"And do you really think, Edward, that there is any danger to be apprehended from the savages?" inquired Caroline Highton, who had listened to the conversation between Stewart and her father.

"I know not what to think," was the reply. "That there are Indians and British in the surrounding woods, I have no doubt; for the former have been repeatedly seen by our men, and I have my suspicions in regard to the character of the individual who paid so short a visit, yesterday—but, come, what may, not one of our heads shall be hanged while there remains one drop of blood in the veins of Edward Stewart."

The period of our tale was shortly after the force of British and Indians, under Proctor and Tecumseh, had been defeated at the battle of the Thames by General Harrison; and hence for a while restored to the western settlements. The fort was at that time garrisoned by a small force of twenty men, composed of hunters and settlers, who had taken up arms to defend their homes against the attacks of a cruel and ruthless foe. Lulled into a false security by the absence for some months of the bands of Indians who formerly had annoyed them by sudden attacks and ambushes, Captain Highton and most of his men had fallen into a degree of apathy in regard to the dangers that threatened them, and spent their time in hunting or fishing, or idly waiting to return to their homes, believing that the war was at an end, leaving the gates of the fort open, and the entrenchments in an almost defenceless condition.

Caroline Highton was the only daughter of her father, and had joined him during the summer, and taken up her abode with him in the fort, being the only woman to be found for miles and miles of pathless forests that lay between the frontier station and the nearest settlement. Thrown into constant contact with each other, an affection which gradually flamed into love, was kindled between her and Edward Stewart, and they were generally considered by the other inmates of the fort, as being in that condition which now-a-days would be called "engaged."

Edward Stewart knew well to what dangers the fort was subjected, he knew that the cessation of hostilities would only be of short duration, and that before they were aware of their presence, the dark forests would pour forth their bands of painted savages, who would suddenly attack an unguarded situation, and destroy a peaceful settlement. He had often before earnestly expressed his sentiments to the captain, and warned him to be on his guard, but his words were always met with an incredulous smile, and his warnings fell unheeded on the ear of the commander.

Not more than a week had elapsed, after the conversation we have related had taken place, when, one night, when the inmates of the fort were reposing in unguarded slumbers, a sudden yell, uttered as if by a hundred voices, was heard ringing through the fort, and its defenders were suddenly aroused to meet an enemy whose savage foe led on by the very same stern warrior who had received us, we have mentioned, a few days before, and who had conducted his swartly followers into the fort, while its inmates were wrapped in sleep.

At the first alarm, Edward Stewart leaped from his bed, and seizing his rifle that lay by his side, rushed forth, but to see his companions fighting in vain, and overpowered by a force of well-armed Indians. His first thought was to join in the fray and rush to her apartment, just in time to save her from the blow of an Indian, whose tomahawk was raised to "murder the senseless savage before him." Killing with one blow of the hatchet, which he also carried, the intruder, he grasped Caroline in his arms, and bore her through the crowd of fighting savages to the gate of the fort, from

whence he proceeded to the beach, and laying the senseless form in the hollow of one of the many canoes which were hauled up on the shore, he pushed off into the lake. The Indians, after they had completed their work by lifting all the inmates of the fort, discovered the loss of Stewart; who had passed through the fort, and rushed down to the beach in pursuit of him. Three canoes were soon manned and pushed off, while another band of Indians skirted the shore, to prevent the fugitive from making his escape. It was a bright, moonlight night, and although Stewart had a few minutes' start, his pursuers gradually gained on him, and fired several shots at him. "Beating low in the little craft, so as to hide his body from the Indians, he paddled with such swiftness out into the lake, that it kept his pursuers busy to keep in sight of him. Suddenly, he made a turn in his course, and put directly for the shore, the high banks of which were overhung by a dense growth of bushes and small trees, which took root in the soil. This movement was hailed by the Indians as a signal for pursuit; but loud shouts for they thought he was about to land on the shore, where they could easily follow him up, and capture him.

Swiftly the canoe which contained Edward Stewart and his precious charge, neared the shore, and it had already touched the overhanging branches, when he rose and fired in the foremost canoe behind him. The effect of the shot was told by the falling of a heavy body into the water, and in another moment the canoe of Stewart disappeared among the bushes.

His pursuers approached the place, where he had so strangely vanished from their sight, paddled around, above and below it, and landing on the shore, bent about the woods for some hours, striving in vain to capture the remaining hunter of the fort, till at last they relinquished the search.

Some months previous, when upon a hunting excursion, Stewart had followed a deer and had chased it into the lake. Following in his boat, he pursued it for some distance, till it neared the shore and mysteriously disappeared as he at first thought, in the earth; but just as he was giving up the chase, he accidentally discovered the opening of a small cave, hollowed as if it were in the rocky side of the bank, but the ingress to which was completely hidden by a thick growth of foliage over the entrance. He then found the deer had wounded, in the last moments of death, and had been related, occasion to make use of his discovery in escaping from a merciless foe.

From the Flag of Our Union.

Strange Hallucination.

By GILBERT LE FEVRE.

One of the strangest experiences of my life occurred during a residence in Paris, in 1844, at which time, with a class of young friends, I was attending the medical lectures and visiting the hospitals, preparatory to claiming a diploma as a member of the medical faculty. A party of us lived in a suite of rooms together, and they lived very familiarly with a single elderly woman as housekeeper.

I shall never forget, one afternoon, immediately subsequent to dinner, of feeling a strange drowsiness come over me, and yet a consciousness of some singular inability to sleep. In vain did I strive to close my eyes and to court the insensibility of slumber; the more I tried, the more wakeful, seemingly, I became, but still I could not shake off the sense of drowsiness that oppressed me. My companions, who had been sitting round me, were all fast asleep, and I finally ended, by a regular attack of "lockingjaw." What could this mean? I was dreaming? No; for here came in one of my room-mates, who spoke to me and I answered him. True, he looked gigantic in proportions, say about the size of Mount Vesuvius, and from his head, to carry out the semblance, there seemed to pour fire and smoke, as from the crater of a volcano in full eruption. "Was I asleep?" No, for I pinched myself soundly and languidly about the sensation.

Other of my companions came in, there were five in all, but they now numbered as many thousands, and the miracle was how they could all get into the room, and why they wore such wreaths of flowers about their heads I could not conceive, but I freely thanked them, however, for their fragrance was perfectly delicious and their color surpassingly glorious. All this was monstrous, myself, and while I strove to reason with myself against such nonsense, I suddenly discovered that I was able to walk, and that I directly walked about the room, holding my wings and stretching my neck in all directions. I saw my companions hup, I thanked them, but it could not be helped, I must, and still I waddled about happily, my wings.

One of my friends proposed that I