## LIMETUSE Dentary

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Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Chursdan Morning, August 2, 1855.

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## Select Poetry

The Serenade.

WARE, lady, wake! for the moonbeams are glowing
In light and in beauty o'er forest and hill; The fair Housatonic is noiselessly flowing, Where o'er the green meadows the night-dew

The cool breath of evening shall murmer around And breezes shall waft thee this offering of

The sunshine of hope no dark sorrow has shroud-Each note that theu hearest shall tell theejoy; For the heart whose young life is still pure and

Is a world of delight which no fears can destroy. But if thou lovest better the language of sadness, If sorrow has blighted the hopes that were

Still, in moments of grief, as in moments of gladness,
'Tis music has power both to soothe and to

Then wake, lady wake! 'mid the quiet of even Forget for a moment thy cares and thy woes; This world, in its beauty, seemeth like heaven. So holy and calm in its breathless repose. Nor drain from thy heart the illusions that bor-

Their sweetness from Fancy's too changeable

Enjoy what thou canst while it's near, for to-mor-Its light and enchantment may vanish away.

From Dicken's Household Words. TWO MEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa near Walton-on-Thames sat, one evening at dusk, John Meade alone.

an old man and a young woman. The age
of the old man might be some seventy; while own interest—of our interest. What occaframe of the old man; but in his eye, and in | married." the corners of his mouth were indications of "Well, Mary dear, I'll do my best,"

see him, they can't come at once. The duty lett, you please Mr. Finch. die, and take what I choose to leave them in ber that." my will! Pooh! when I was a young man, quite heartless !"

Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner-to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctor stuff."

and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to

when I've told you how I hate to be called allowed to walk on the foot path !" Sir at all, Why you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity girl and I a "I say—you come out pretty strong last five hundred pounds toward the completion or no commission."

Leading extensive hundred pounds toward the completion of no commission."

A long storm, at nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've man! But I like your spirit." been your lawful guardian now for six months and you ought to know my likings and dis-

disliked ceremony," said Mary.

of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me-I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child-and it isn't every friend who would

do that !" "A kind and generous protector you have

"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't legiven you good, prudent worldly advice about John Meade, and myself quite disa"Well; boys," said he, "here I am, you belonging to Colonel Byrd and Nathaniel approached at full gallop. Riding up in front greeable, and like a guardian? Come, consee, brought to an anchor at last! The docfess von love this penniless nephew of mine."

"Penniless indeed !" said Mary. "All, there it is!" said Mr. Collett. " And what business has a poor devil of an artist to has has my ward to fall in love with a poor that the patients grope in English, and the lors with furniture of carved osk, a dining apprehension.

Cavil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's doctors grope in Latin!"

They first kill daughter all over! Havn't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the dis- Meade, creet one-the thriving one? Peter Finch timent, and always looks to the main chance. Tousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us with the deep evergreen of the cedar, pine But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil by marrying an oilman."

Canvas for ever and not grow rich. He's all for art, and trath, and social reform, and "A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. to spread out into a lake-like sheet, and was "No! no!" The Spiritual elements of the cedar, pine grand war dance."

Below, the tiver featured over its rocky bed, he sitate!"

"No! no!" The spiritual elements of the cedar, pine grand war discrete through the forests.

"Bacon," exclain to total the cedar, pine grand war discrete through the forests.

"Bacon," exclain to total the cedar, pine grand war discrete through the cedar, pine grand war dance."

"Bacon," exclain to total through the cedar, pine grand war dance."

"Bacon," exclain to the cedar, pine grand war dance."

"Bacon," exclain the cedar, pine grand war dance." plash poor John Meade as he trudges on

The harangue was here interrupted by a when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced. Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a

queer sort of a smile, while they made speech- infraid she don't deserve it. What right had had passed a winter with the Governor's famivisit. At last, stopping them, "Enough boys, enough!" said he. 'Let

lieve he only told the truth; so I gave him by Why, no," said Mr. Collett: "Briggs Bacon took the document, but as he read arrows, making many a brave man bite the lit out, and I won't leave my baggage any cast its mellow beams upon the sleeping a shilling; to get rid of him. Now, I'm afraid died a bankrupt, and his widow and children it a flush came over his cheek. At length he dust. The scene which followed is described how. My wife—only think on it—was to and danced upon its placid bosom. I did wrong. What reason had I for giving are destitute."
him a shilling t What claim had be on me? "That does not alter the question," said What claim has he on anybody? The value Peter Finch. "Let Briggs' faimily do someof his labor in the market is all that a work- thing for her." ing man has a right to; and when his labor is of no value, why then he must go to the devil or wherever else he can. Eh,Peter?—
That's my phylosophy—what do you think?"

That's my phylosophy—what do you think?"

ne of their labor in the market is all that la- You surely ought to notice her-to assist her. borers can pretend to-all that they should Confound it, I'm for letting her have the alist. have. Nothing acts more permiciously than hundred a-year." the absurd extraneous support called char- "Oh, John, John! What a break-down?"

tinued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at ways to very different men. Good bye, both robbery; private charity is public wrong." "That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett .--What do you think of our philosophy,

John 2" "I don't like it! I don't believe it ! said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling: I'd have given him a shill-

"Oh, you would-would you?" said Mr. Collett. You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all in the face of Rome and destroyed what had clear voice;

become a falsehood and a imisance." "Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. Really, we'd better talk of something else .--John, tell as about the last new novel."

arrival of the invalid's early bedtime parted or clothing, or shelter. uncle and nephews for the night. Mary Sulion seized an opportunity the next morning after breakfast to speak with her.

his companion had certainly not reached sion for you to be so violent, last night, and nineteen. Her beautiful blooming face and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw pendent being-and having duly considered will give you my answer."

a gay self-confidence, which age and sunering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more Mary," said he; out. I'm not an iceberg Mary."

"Thank heaven, you're not!" said Mary—think of that, John. a gay self-confidence, which age and suffer- John. "It was that confounded Peter, with thousand pounds, which will enable ber to His ideas of female excellence had been form- James River Falls was extinguished, and the | ger, seizeing him.

is simple in the extreme, -only to help me to | "So I do!" said John. "Yes: I'll remem-

"If you would only try to be a liftle mean Id have have done it for my uncle with the and hard-hearted, said Mary; "just a little, actor of my nephew, John Meade, and have utmost celerity. But the world's getting to begin with. You' would lonly stoop to been grieved to find him much possessed with his fellow citizens. Like every true Virgini- 4th, 1676—one hundred years to a day be- and brown boots, came toward him.

The girl poured some medicine into a glass the gate from his walk. I leave you togeth, about.

The girl poured some medicine into a glass the gate from his walk. I leave you togeth, about.

And collett, after having contemplated it for er." And so saying, she withdrew."

And so saying, she withdrew."

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he thought of rising in arms against the will of moment with infinite disgust, managed to "What, Meade!" said Peter Finch, as he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a "At any rate," said he to Wythley, as they entered. "Skulking in doors on a fine morn- way, and is so certain to get on in life, that "I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said ing like this ! I've been all through the vil- I should only insult him by offering an aid sat enjoying their wine after dinner, "I will

" Dreadful " exclaimed John.

that way myself," said Peter. "But the and then laughed, and then gried and laugh-"My poor father often told me how you world, my dear Sir—soon cures us of all post ed together; all these matters I shall not attained and the feet. Nay, she was rathmantic notions. I regret, of course, to see tempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs.

"Your poor father told you quite right," the poor people miserable; but what's the John Meade; and her husband has actually become more republicant in her commission. Virginians would act for themsaid Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man use of regretting? It's no part of the busi- begun the great historical picture. Peter ness of the superior classes to interfere with Finch has taken to discounting bills, and was his natural inability to keep a farthing the laws of supply and demand; poor people bringing actions on them; and drives, about

> must be endured." "That is to say," returned Jolin, "what we can't cure, they must endure." "Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bedroom. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits, as usual.

out in good spirits, as usual.
"Well, boys," said lie, "here I am, you for will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his upon what is now called Shockoe's Hill. It shouled: head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys! was one of those fine old mansions patterned Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them, they're all fall in love with my ward? And what busi- in the dark together—the only difference is spacious hall decked with portraits, large par-

"You are topsekeptical, Sir," said John "Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us charige -considering he's an attorney-is a worthy the subject. I want your advice, Peter and his magic pencil. The bright scarlet of the young man. He is industrious in the ex- John, on a mafter that concerns your inter- maple, the deep crimson of the dogwood, the treme, and attends to other people's business ests. I'm going to make my will to-dayonly when he's paid for it: He despises sen- and I don't know how to act about your low of the chestnut, contrasted strikingly

spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Collett. a wretch who not only sold oil, but Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and soap, candles, turpentine, black lead, and birch brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got lishment, was a hale and handsome man, with can I ask you to follow me to the rescue of a over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodis a thick black moustache, clear black eyes, loved sister?" ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was au- in despair. Well! Briggs the oilman died and a florid complexion. Educated in Enghounced. He had scarcely taken his seat last week, it seems; and his widow has writing the convolving struggles between of Bacon and Wythley beat high again, nor ten to me, asking for assistance. Now, I the throne and the parliament, he believed was it many hours ere the force was in mohave thought of leaving her a hundred a year that popular rights were equal, at least, to tion. A braver set of men never hastened to in my will. What lo you think of it? I'm royal sway. Not so his sister Henrichta, who the fray.

es expressive of sorrow at the nature of their she to marry against the advice of her friends | ly at Jamestown, where she had learned to Ridge, and the woods grew dim, as the Vir is find some better subject to discuss than Finch, "no notice dught to be taken of her teen, and although her form was not what the to reconnoitre, reported that there was an en the state of an old man's health. I wan't to She made an obstinate an unworthy match roluptuary would have called perfect, or her trenchment around the house, within which

fools."

Collett.

"Upon my word, I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up der this address; but Peter Finch sait calm confident.

"Upon my word, I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man.—

At the time when our story commences, and confident.

"What right had she to marry—as you observed a letter, from which a served with great justice, Sir? Let her abide printed packet fell to the floor.

Cost litteen donara—pink gown and brown mand of Wythley, were ordered to sweep ments that chabled her to charm all who mand of Wythley, were ordered to sweep ments that chabled her to charm all who mand of Wythley, were ordered to sweep should to the right, while General Bacon led the bulk of the force directly up the hill, against the frowning, silent breastwork.

"What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice, Sir? Let her abide printed packet fell to the floor.

On they moved, I think I must say the ments that chabled her to charm all who mand of Wythley, were ordered to sweep mand of Wythley, were or

this morning a poor whetch of a gardener the consequences—as you very properly re-

"To be sure !" said Mr. Collett, " Briggs

said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to plantation and remove to the North."
"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, "Ah, brother Nat, you would hav a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, and turned back at the second step! Here's

keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner

an unnatural level. State charity is state of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said." He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak breaking the seal, read the contents. next day, and in three days after that he calm-

ly breathed his last. was tead by the confidential man of business, served a decorous appearance of disinterested retire to their plantations, there to remain ness; and the usual preamble to the will have until they are scalped?" orthodox political economy, you Vandal?" ing been listened to with breathless attention, "Ah, I am glad to hear you talk so," re-ed it that night around the family hearth-". Yes," said John; "as the Wandals flew the man of business read the following in a plied Rupert Wythley, "for I have come ex-stone. Destined for a sacrifice, she had been

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs, "We notwithstanding she shocked her family by over five hundred as brave men as there is on shall never make anything of him, Peter .- marrying an oilman, the sum of four thous- this continent." and pounds; being fully persuaded that her They Conversed on various topies until the would do nothing to provide her with food,

John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch ground his teeth-but in a quiet, respectable man- to admire the fair Henrietta.

reading. "Having always held the opinion that wo

kept silent.

ing.
I have paid some attention to the charconquer; John-and you deserve to conquer. a feeling of philanthrophy, and with a gener- an, he felt that the country was in danger; ture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Col- sum of ten, thousand pounds-hoping that instead of adding to it, had rebuked them for lett will do nothing for us?! he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, killing a party of chiefs, because it injured and be enabled to paint his great historical the beaver trade, of which he held a monophere is our friend Peter Finch, coming thro picture—which, as yet, he has only talked oly. That an armed resistance to the Indi-

of admiration for his mental acuteness, I ven-

How Peter Finch stormed, and called "I have no doubt you do," thought John. names-how John Meade broke into a delemust be miserable. What can't be cared in his brougham already.

## From Ballou's Pictorial. A Tale of the First Familles of Virginia\*

BY BEN, PERLEY POORE.

since unequalled upon this continent. A out!" library with a bow window commanding a prospect of picture-que magnificence, especial. They say it is Powhattan's councily when autum has touched the follage with and no white man shall possess it." mellow brown of the ash, and the lively yelreach far down into the earth-tinted tide. Nathaniel Bacon, the master of the estab-

sion in her eyes and a grace in her

exclaimed, in an angry tone: "Hear how Governor Berkly closes his nc-

"Excellent! do you call that excellent, girl? Why, I have half a mind to sell my

nose frozen off; even if you only go among a brave traveller for you, Peter! John, John, the Manhattan Dutchmen, and rior, he introduced the new comer to his sis-

As soon as the funeral was over the will to hear of the course of the governor in dis- saw his own Henrietta. banding the volunteers. Can it be posssible who had always attended to Mr. Collett's af- that at this time, when the yell of the savage he shouted, and in an instant he had reached fairs. The group that sat around him pre- resounds through our woods, Virginians must her side, and she was clasped to his heart.

pressly to request your acceptance of the commission of general. Here it is, signed by

lost dignity, if she could even find it again, take up arms against Governor Berkley's ready summoned to the burning pile when a will?" said Henrietta, with a smile. "Nay, Miss; but the country is in danger," said the young man, who already had begun

"It is a grave question," remarked Mr. Bacon, "and I must ponder over it; meanwhile, my sister will escort you to the falls, and to the rock where Pocohontas preserved man should be rendered a rational and inde- the life of Captain Smith. At dinner time I

active, light and upright figure were instrong Peter Finch laughing to himself. John, you the fact that society practically denies her the Rupert Withley was a wealthy young plan- blood. The wounded were cared for, the contrast with the worn countenance and bent must be more careful, or we shall never be right of earning her own living-I hereby be- ter near Jamestown, who, with a well propor- dead interred, and by dinner time the horrors flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushqueath to Mary Sutton, the only child of my tioned person and a manly countenance, poss- of grim visaged war no longer met the eye. ing had damped, but not extinguished.

'No use looking any more Mary," said he; before dark.

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'You may divide the baggage among the will cannot be dead for the surviving descendants of the tribe of Po
'I'm goin' to fling invest into the dock and swint ashore?' cried the Yankee.

'I she chain of iron maxims, that made me fly marry or remain single, as she may prefer.'

'I'm goin' to fling invest into the dock and swint ashore?' cried the Yankee.

'I she will volce that came out of the dease, the will volce that came out of the dease, and the proposition of the sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and Remember—every time you offend Mr. Col. table. Both, however, by a violent effort, been long with Hennetta, he imagined, if her defeated, he would have been shot as a traitsee him, they can't come at once. The duty lett, you please Mr. Finch."

Let me go! I can swim.'

kept silent.

Let me go! I can swim.'

kept silent. The man of business went on with his read- al charms, he had, at length, found the beau nor rewarded him, and he was hailed by the

ideal of female perfection.

Meanwhile, her brother had been sorely ans was necessary, he did not doubt, but the "As for my other nephew, Peter Finch he thought of rising in arms against the will of

"At any rate," said he to Wythley, as they he, "I don't by any means approve of your lage. Not an ugly place but wants looking which he does not require; yet, from his af- go to Jamestown, and see how matters stand. "Oh, Sir' and "Dear Sir," and the rest of it, after sadly. Roads shamefully muldy! Pigs fectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony Let the news reach me that a single white man has been harmed by the savages, and I ed in homage before her heart lord. Soon ture to hope that he will accept a bequest of will lead you on to vengeauce, commission they were married, and returned to the plan-

A long storm, at the conclusion of which Wythley a week with the Bacons. He well "Oh, when I was a vonth, I was a little rium of joy-how Mary Sutton cried first improved the time, for, ere he left, Henrietta acknowledged that she was not disinclined feelings, and to atlmit that Virginians might

be capable of self-government.

Weeks passed, and in vain did Nathaniel Bacon urge Governor Berkley to abandon his scheme of detached forts, and authorize a volunteer force of riflemen. At last he left of their home-once the scene of deadl Jamestown in despair, and, ere going home, paid a visit to Henrico, where the sharp shooters were encamped, unappalled by the effects of the governor commanding them to disperse. In the antum of 1674, the present site of command of Rupert Wythley; but ere he had Richmond was divided into two plantations, heard the reports of sergeants, a horseman

"The savages are at the falls of James Riv after the baronial halls of old England, and er, killing and plundering. Turn out! Turn

"Where are they !" asked Bacon, pale with "They first killed all at the mills, and then camped around Bacon's house on the hill .-They say it is Powhattan's council-ground

"And Miss Bacon?" eagerly inquired "I heard they'd got a white gal prisoner, and meant to torture her in a few days, at a

"Bacon," exclaimed Wythley, do you now "No! no!" Then raising his voice until dotted with small islands, whose shadows it rung in trumpet-tones over the field, he continued: "Virginians, forgive my hesitation. Now, that my own home is desolate,

A loud shout of "lead on!" made the hearts

The sun had set in clouds behind the Blue What have I to do with her misfortunes?" | reverence "the right divine" of her sove- ginians approached the house of their gener-"My mind is quite made up," said Peter reign. Her age at this time was about eigh- al. Scouts, who had been sent in advance face one that a sculptor would have selected a huge council-fire had been lighted exactly lost. The mounted cavaliers, under the comaround to the right, while General Bacon led for the cap'n at the pint end of the ship, have

came begging here. He could get no work marked, Finch. Den't she carry on the oilit seems, and said he was starving. Well, I man's business? I dare say it will support
knew something about the fellow, and I beher very well,"

The could get no work marked, Finch. Den't she carry on the oilhis excellency's letters to the privy council,
the cutreuched foe. But when they were
trunks and mine are aboard, under a pile of
thrown its oily wand upon the Allegheny's
within about twenty paces of the breastwork, baggage as tall as a Connecticut steeple.—
crystal tide and it slept. The full round
there arose from its whole front a cloud of The darn'd black nigger says he can't hand moon, just bursting through the distant blue, Bacon took the document, but as he read arrows, making many a brave man bite the it out, and I won't leave my baggage any cast its mellow beams upon the sleeping river,

as one of deadly warfare, for no sooner had have come on board at half-past four, and the Virginians reached the breastwork than a here it's most five. What's become of her! from the adjoining thicket fell sweetly upon vell was given, and the rude terrace swarmed She can't liave cloped. We haint been mar-"I thank God there are no free schools with painted warriors, each bearing in his ried long enough for that. You don't think to the place of torture. At this moment a nor printing, and I hope we shall not have left hand a blazing pine torch, and in his she's been abducted, do yo mister?' Speak! family are the people to do something for these hundred years; for learning has brought ler. She mush't expect anything from us—disobedience, and heresy, and heresy, and heresy, and derous blows on all sides, often thrusting ship afire! of their assailants, the savages dealt their mar- What are they ringing that bell for? Is the "I quite agree with you Sir," said Mr. Destitute, is she? said John. "With libels against the best government; God keep their burning torches into the faces of the Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The val-children too! Why, this is another case, sir, us from both!" close was the encounter.

reat!" shouted General Ba-" Sonu con; an dience to the brazen trumcavaliers under Wythley charged through "Ah, brother Nat, you would have your the savages, and when they had passed, the infantry, hastily formed into a line, poured in murderous volleys. Again the cavaliers Here the laughing girl was interrupted by mowed off a swarth of the now discomfitted the entrance of a stranger, who presented a savages, again a storm of iron hall swept letter to Mr. Bacon. Glancing at the exte-through their painted ranks, and then, with a cheer, the entrenchment was stormed. At ter as Mr. Rupert Wythley, of Accomac, and the head of those who first entered the breastwork, fighting like a very demon, was Rupert "I am happy to see you," said he, when Wythley, and at the door of the old mansion, he had perused the epistle, "and regret much as he rode up to it, with a heavy heart, he

"Safe! safe! Thank God, she is safe!"-Our limits will not permit us to portray the story of her imprisonment, as she narratcarefully treated, and allowed the unmolested liberty of her room. But that night was to have witnessed her immolation. A Divine "You surely are not asking my brother to cape appeared impossible, and she was al- haul in the gang-plank; the fasts are already scout gave the alarm cry. Then, by the light of the torches, she plainly witnessed the fray, imploring, upon her knees before the

window, that a heavenly arm would sustain those whom she loved so well. Morning dawned, and a horrible scene presented itself around the house. Therewhere St. John's Church now stands-lay mangled corpses in the stiff attitudes of death. and the stream near by was tinged with life-

qualities, of mind corresponded to her person- or to his king; but now the haughty govertroubled at heart by the invitation to lead new laws, which code was completed July fore the Congress of the United States, adopt- The big brown Yankee uttered one stento-"Oh, Sir " said Mary.

"And what does Oh, Sir! mean? said he.

"Are you not to be my loying wife, Mary! over whatever is base and false. As these of what was ravaging the land under the ling the declaration framed by a statesman over whatever is base and false. As these of Wirginia, began a new era in the history tendencies are by no means such as can adjust the more, and there'll be an end to old studie while I paint my great historical picture.

"And what does Oh, Sir! mean? said he.

"Are you not to be my loying wife, Mary! over whatever is base and false. As these hideons forms of savage cruelty. The force of Wirginia, began a new era in the history tendencies are by no means such as can adjust under Captain John. Washington had studie while I paint my great historical picture, was the child of the seventeenth; and Bacon's rebellion, with the corresponding scenes in Maryland, and Carolina, and New England, was the early harbinger of American Inde-

And where was Henrietta, that sturdy loyalist? Not in the stately saloons of the governor, but with the sisters of her effianced lover, Rupert Wythley, who had a residence at Jamestown. Her dreams of royal protection and a noble husband had vanished during her terrible captivity, and she now bowtation, which Nathaniel Bacon gave his sister as a dower. Some clouds darkoued their the fords were impassable, detained Rupert pathway of life at first, but they lived many vears in as perfect happiness as mortals can enjoy; nor did she ever forget in after years in narrating to her grand-children the events to treasure up the rich harvest of affection of her rescue, to add; " for all that, my dears,

Years rolled on. The Old Dominion be come the leader in a great movement, and while the name of the Wythleys is rememb ered by many who visit the beautiful locality slaughter-history sounds the praise of Na thaniel Bacon, and inscribes his name in golden letters, high upon the architecture of our National Pantheon.

\*This tale is based upon one of the most important events in the history of the "Old Dominion," and embraces allusions to her earlier histo-

> A Little too Pauctual. A SKETCH.

The hour was fast approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from ier berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers, and friends of passengers, newswere assembled on and about the boat. We attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall, brown Yankee, in an immerse wool of the western States. hat, chocolate colored cont and pantloons, - Like Daniel Boon, Lewis Wetzell, Simon and a fancy vest. He stood near the star- Kenton and others, who made Indian hunting board padifle-box, and scrutinizing sharply a pastime, his deadly hate of the Indian, and every female who came on board, every now his burning passion for hunning them down, and then consulting an enormous sitver foill's amounted to a monomania. This hatrod was eve watch, which he raised from the depths in consequence of the wrongs they had in-of a capacious foli, by means of a powerful flicted upon his family—his father, Capt. steel chain. After mounting guard in this Brady, and his brother having fallen victims manner, he dashed furiously down the gang to the tomahawk and scalping knife. plank and up the wharf, re-appearing on board almost instantaneously, with flushed free, ex- place known to boatmen and raftsmen as pressing the most intense auxiety. This se- "Brady's Bend," and where now the noise ries of operations he performed several times, and bustle of a new manufacturing town callafter which he rushed about the boat, willly ed the "Great Western" resounds along the death.

and hopelessly ejaculating:
"What's the time erday? Wonder if my repeater's fast? Whar's the cap'n? whar's

boss that owns the ship?" ask him, when he stood still for a moment. bonnet, with a white Canton crape shawl— many trees, while his swarthy and hideously cost fitteen dollara—pink gown and brown painted followers were busy in Making prep-

"Here, brother Nat," said she, "is one of certain whether their coming was known to screamed; married her yesterday. All her upon the opposite shore. Calmness had

'It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second will ring in four minutes.' 'Thunder! you don't say so? Whar's the

Capin? 'That gentleman in the blue coat.' .. The Yankee darted to the captain's side. · Cap'n stop the ship for ten minutes won't

'I can't do it, sir.' But you must, I tell you. I'll pay you for How much will ve tax? 'I could not do it.' ' Cap'n, I'll give you tew dollars !... the Yankee.

The captain shook his head. 'I'll give ye five dollars and a half-and half-and a half! he kept repeating dancing about in his agony, like a mad jackass on a hot iron plate.

\*The loat starts at five precisely, said the off from retreat before they became alarmed. aptain, shortly, and turned away. O, yeou stunny hearted heathin ! mnrmered the Yankee, almost burstin into tears .--

Parting man and wife, and we just one day At this moment the huge paddle wheels began to paw the water, and the walking-beam killed or taken prisoners save the chief Corn-descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to planter, who finding himself alone, plunged her centre. All who were not going to New-Providence had nerved her heart, though es- Haven went absore. The hands began to

> cast loose Leggo that plank I roared the Yankee. collaring one of the hands. Drop it like a hot potatoe, or I'll have ye in the dock.' 'Yo-vo! shouted the men in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway. 'Shut up, you braying donkeys!' yelled the

maddened Yankee, 'or their'll be an ugly spot of work. But the plank was got aboard, and the boat plashed past the pier. In an justant the Yankee pulled off his coat

ed wildly to the guard.

quences of his jashness might have been fatal, Virginians as their defender. Marching to had not a sudden apparition changed his pur-Jamestown, he forced the governor to adopt pose. A very pretty young woman in a blue

> rian shoul of 'Sairy Ann " clasped her in his arms in spite of her struggling, and kissed her heartily, right before all the passengers. 'Where did you come from,' he enquired. 'From the ladies' cabin,' answered the

> bride. 'You told me half past four, but I thought Ild make shure and come at four.' 'A little too punctual!' said the Yankee .-But it's all right now. Hallo, cap'n you can go ahead now. I don't care about stopping. Come nigh losing the passage money and the baggage—come nigh getting drowned, Sairy, all along of you—but it's all right now. Go

ahead steamboat ! Rosin up, there, firemen! Darn the expense!" When the sun set, the loving course were seen seated on the upper deck, the big brown Yankee's arm encircling the slender woman in the blue bonnet and pink dress. We believe they renechd their destination safe and

red man.

ter. Many of the wild legends of border strife and Indian barbarity that have been enacted along the shores of the Allegheny and Ohio, dave never been rescued from the dim and lading remembrance of past ages. But ocsnatched from the lingering records of the

The story I am about to relate, I received from an old Indian pilot of the Allegheny .-It was many years ago when that stern old hief Complanter, (whose remains now repose in silence and loneliness on the banks of that beautious river he loved so well,) was in his glory. His tribe roamed over the dense and unbroken forests along its bands, fearless, unmolested and free.

His people were hostile to the whites, and never lost any opportunity to lie in ambush and seize the lonely voyager as he descended the river, and confine him to the stake and the torture. But the watchful, shrowd and deadly for of Complanter and the whole "tawny race" was the indomitable and fear-

The scene of the present story is at shores that then echoed only to the war whoop of the savage or the panther's scream. It is a bend in the river of nine miles in the steward? whar's the mate? whar's the length called the "Nine-mile Bend," and i scarcely half a mile across the neck. Here 'What's the matter, sir?' we ventured to in this bend, Complanter returned from some successful inroad upon the whites, and secur-'Hain't seen nothin' of a gal in a blue sun ed several prisoners, by tying them to as

'No such person has come aboard.' lindian barbarity. It was a beautiful evening; whine but duty and it walks the earth like a 'Tormented lightnin'! she's my wife "he the sun was just sinking behind the lofty hill spirit.

erations for the faggots and the torture.

the car. The victims were unbound and led voice high up among the frowning rocks that loomed out from the thick bemlock that crowned the hill opposite, hailed Complanter in the Indian tongue, informing him that he was an Indian warrior, just returned from the war-path with a goodly number of pris-

He desired that the ceremonies of the tor ture might be suspended until he could ford the river and join them, when they would celebrate the occasion with usual demonstrations of savage rejoicings. To this Corn-planter consented. The flames were extinguished that had been kindled and the pris

oners again bound to the trees. In the meantime, Brady, for it was he who had deceived the wily Indian, with a body of men, moved silently up the river to a place known as "Aruby,s Ripple," and there fording the river, drew his men up across the neck of the bend, and moved noiselessly down upon the savages. So cautious was his ap-Brady's men hemmed them in from behind. while the Allegheny rolled in front. The first intimation to the savages of his approach was communicated by a deadly discharge trom his uncring rifles. The indians fought with desperation, but were overpowered; all into the river, and swam for the other shore. Being a good swimmer, he remained several minutes under water, but as he rose for breath, he was greeted with a shower of bullets. In this way, alternately swimming under water as long as he could hold his breath, and then rising to the surface, he es-

in safety, secreted himself behind a large standing rock. The prisoners were of course unbound, and all joined in the jolification and joy at the timely and unlooked for release. The rock that shielded Cornplanter from Brady's bullets was pointed out to me by the old Indian in a recent trip down this river. It is known as the "Cornplanter's Rock." The old In-

caped unburt, and reached the other shore

jected countenance, in broken English. dark forest, now is heard the shrill whistle of the steam pipe and rushing of the mightysteamer. Where the tawny savage then reclined upon the shady banks from his pursuit of the deer, the panther and the bear, or restbonnet, white Canton, crape shawl, pink dress, | ed from the war-path, is now the scene of

life and activity. The tall forest has receded before the advance of civilization, and given place to farms, beautiful villas and bustling towns .--The Indian, too, has passed away; but a few, and they but miserable, decaying relics of what they once were, are now occasionally seen, the descendants of the proud race that once could call these hills, and groves, and rivers all their own. Alas! in the language

of the poet :
"Chieftains and their tribes have perished,

Physical Morality.

Like the thickets where they grew.

The word of God, specific language or in mplied direction, commands a life of temperance in food and beverage, a strict restraint upon the licentious appetites, regular industryand labor, cleanliness of person and apparel, and observance of frequent days of rest. The general moral sense of mankind has been given to these rules an independent sanction. Now, although the result of such physical Capt. Samuel Brady and Cornplan- morality is not the sole object of its injunction in scripture, nor are all the consequences clearly foreseen, where unnided moral sense enjoins it; yet the sure tendency of such observances is to bring the entire body to the state where all its parts of blood and bone and muscle, of sensitive nerve and organic functions, are fitasionally a story of thrilling interest is ted in their separate and mutual action to give the frame its highest powers of strength and endurance, and fitness for all the peculiar purposes of existence; and in the mere physical consciousness of this healthful existence, there is a physical happiness. It is not merely the absence of pain and uneasiness, but a positive feeling of buoyancy and exhibaration. And just in proportion as those laws are not observed, there is a corresponding loss of their physicial rewards, and a gradual sinking into positive suffering and disease. Even as we walk the streets we meet with illustrations of . each extreme.-Here behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor three-score and ten years seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, his undimmed sense, are so many certificates of good conduct: or, rather, so many jewels and orders of noboys, fruit-venders, cabmen and dock loaders, less Captain Samuel Brady. This veteran bility with which nature has bonored him pioneer and Indian hunter was one of those for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corwere gazing at the motley group, from the noble specimens of the hardy foresters who long shows that his blood has never been corfoot of the prometade deck stairs, when our plunged fearlessly into the interminable for rupted; his pure breath, that he has never ests that then overspread so large a portion | vielded his digestive apparatus for a vinter's cesspool; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been stupelled by the poisons of the distiller or tobacco-nist. Enjoying his powers to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them.
Despite the moral of the school-boy's story,
he has caten his cake and still kept it. As drains the cup of life, there is no less at the

> A NICE QUERTION .- You'll get it for hooking dat turkey last night. Mas'r knows it. Pompy.—I didn't hook it. Warn't de turkey mas'r's? Well. Ain't I mas'r's? Well. I eat de turkey, didn't I ! Well. Ain't de turkey part o' me ? Mas'r ain't got so much turkey, but ain't he got more nigger ! I tell ye de turkey only changes places.

bottom. His organs will reach the goal of

existence together. Painlessly as a candle

and a little imagination would convert

him into another Enoch, transplanted from

earth to a better world without the sting of

burns down in its socket, so will he expire;

Memory presides over the past—ac The stake was erected and the faggots pre- in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies; pared with all the coolness and refinement of and lined with tombs; the other has no