## My Mry

Devoted to politics, fiterature, Agriculture, Sciente, filoarlity, and Fencral Intelligence.
VOL 18.
STROUDSBURG MONROE COUNTY, PA. MAY 13,1858.


THE PERTLS OF THE BORDER.
 the frightul massace of keveral white
fsamilies by the Black-fot Indian, we were
rem inded of of thrilling everot which oo.
$\qquad$ highig accoumplithed young hady, the
davghter of a distinguì ed offieer of the part. The story being of a most thrilling
nature, and ner the "Perils of the Border," we hare The ngle on the rizht bank of the
Great Kanowhat formod by titj ouction
with the Ouio, is called Point plensaut.




[^0]
 the others, "Bianee Bertrand never
bnow wat it was to fear, I believe !"
"Just like her father!" joined in husband of the matron, the brotber of
Biancte 's mother, the commander of the
station, and the middle-aged gentleman station, and the middle-aged gentleman
mentioved as one of the party; a true
dnughtiter of a true soldier. Her father, Colonel Plitip Bertrand, God bless him
for a true beartl never did seem to know


By this time the parties had reached
Be cribed-Eugene Pairfax, the secretary
of Blanelies father-at once stepped fornanner, offered his hand to the different emales to assist them on board. The
bando of Blapeche was the last to touch his
-and then but slightly, as she sprung




| is sufficient to concent us from the savages, even were tliey in the ricinity." "I know little of Indians." returned |  |
| :---: | :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| they are somewhat rewarkable for |  |
| the case, there would be no neeessity of their being very vear, to be made acqusinted with our locality, judking from the lond voices $I$ heard a few minutes ago. 1 fear we |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| said Eugene, in a deprecating tone; "but in the excitement -" |  |
| His words were suddenly eut short by |  |
|  |  |
| followed by a quick and heavy trampling across the deck; and the next moment |  |
|  |  |
| across the deck; and the next moment Seth Harper and Diek Wister buret into |  |
| the passage, the former exclaiming: <br> "We've rau plam into a red nigger's |  |
|  |  |
| "We've rue plam into a red nigger's pest, Cap'on, and Ton Harris is already |  |
|  |  |
| And eren as bespoke, as if in confir mation of his dreadful intelligence, there arose a series of wild piereing demoniacalsells, followed by a dead and omioua |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| silence. |  |
|  |  |
| So far we have followed the lovely he- |  |
| but the foregoing is all that we can publisb in our columns. The balance of the narrative can only be found in the New |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| York Ledger, the great family paper, which can be obtaived at all the period- |  |
| ical stores where papers are sold. Reerer to dated |  |
|  |  |
| Mas 2:2nd, and in it you will get the con- |  |
|  |  |
| tiouation of the |  |
| stores or news offices conrenient to where |  |
| you renide, the publisher of the Ledger <br> will send you a copy by mail, if gou will |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| Street, New York. This story i, entitled |  |
|  |  |
|  |  | THE MAILROBBER.

tavel far such a night as this,' said the

| a fragment of english history. <br> When the tgranny and bizotry of the | ${ }^{\text {trav }}$ |
| :---: | :---: |
|  | seativel at the English gate, |
| t Jawes drove bi* subjects to take |  |
| dse against bim, one of the most formi. | over the bridge. |
| ble evenies to bis aurpation Was Sir |  |
| eorge Cochrane, a promivent actor in | the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweednoutb, which for miles presected |
| rgyle's rebeltion. | a desertt of turze, fers, and stunted heath, |
| For ages a de-truetive doomsee | with here and there a diugle cover wid |
| ase of Catrbell, evvelo- | thick brushwood. Slowly be toiled |
| ir fortures to the cause |  |
| , | now raved with the ailde:t fury. The |
| tainv. The sane doom encompa | raio fell in terrents. and the wiud howled |
| Jotn Coechrave. He was surround | as |
|  | do |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { to die up } \\ & \text { few days } \end{aligned}$ |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |



vorite emild, and his head was pressed a. breat.
vaiost the cold dawp cell, to cool the fe. .Di-wount or die $V$, said the atranger
binges, and his keeper entered followed arms, bot io a woinent the hand of the
by a youg aod beantifol lady. Her rotber, quiting the tride, gravped the
person wax tall and commanding, her ege. breast of the tider, aud dragged him to



$\qquad$

$\qquad$
$\qquad$
second time the bigotted monareb, had
singeo the warrant ot bis deatb, sod with
in little niore than a day that $\pi$ marrant
$\qquad$
the king has sealed the order of my eso- utmost speed, he looked before, bebind,
cution, ond the messenger of death is on round bim, and in his right hatd he held
bis may.


[^0]:    

