



_{iay} wednesday,

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. Pobres

(by B. S. Goodbion & Soy,

Towanda, Bradford County, Pa., January 24, 1844.

NO: 83:

Liberty.

BT T. B. READ.

blew his fiercest blast. snows were drifting fast. child of slender form, arce a shelter from the storm ng 'neath a howling sky, l to ocean's lullaby: ons curse had driven the child ne desert far and wild, tters bound his hands and feet, his head the tempest beat; ough condemned with bonds to cope. ioling's breast swelled high with hope. pice from subterranean cave. sper wasted o'er the wave, the harps molian trill, muring of the distant rill. rd within the spirit sigh, isp the name of LIBERTY.

outh, unyielding, to the storm, sturdy grew in mind and form, e flying years sped hand in hand k oblivion's silent land. summer clothed the hills in green, pread her thousand gerns between, night the sunny shower to fill or the leaping, singing rill, se the youth in statue strong. perve that spurned the oppressor's wrong; n his spirit hung a spellthe galling manicle. hrilled his soul? What lit his eye? used his sad, crushed heart to cry, sanre! hear my troubled voice: r-what makes thy heart rejoice?" nght plumed hird upon the limb. ill day gave to heaven its hymn, orth a strain with sweeter swellrtal hear thy spirit tell." giver stream, that sought the sea, to the air its minstrelsycruel rocks," the rambler cried, ould gladly bid me cease to glide: hey, who came to curb my course, reswhelmed at last by force. eme dancing down the steep: hār me laugh, you see me lcap: see me lingering on the lea. imbering 'neath the willow treehear your heaving heart confess ume of all my joyousness." isic bursting on the night ams from clouds sulphureous light; ater from a fountain gushes, on the cliff the torrent rushes, within, the spirit cry inling name of LIBERTY

III. lithe vouthful Herculus. the land, now on the seas: it though he wears a manacle ?: him to his duty well! trife begun—the battle doneinks are falling, one by one all the first at Lexington : till they full at every stroke, chains and the oppressor's yoke, standing free, a victor now, ercules with tranquil brow, stribund his fire-lit eye, thalling voice sends up a cry, rien bill and valley heard, ir off shores give back the word. indening name of LIBERTY.

faiden's Spirit to her Sleeping Lover.

, sleep on-less bright and dear efficiends who hang o'er thy slumber here the watch of thy spirit love, [vine, would'st sleep for aye could thy soul diand to guard thy couch was mine, from the realms above.

n, sleep on-for thy young heart's dreams right as the sunset's golden beams, lown o'er a summer sky. earless sounds of a mortal throng rach thee—but of smiles and song am when I am nigh!

on, dream on, not of Pleasure's lure, love I bore thee, deep and pure, in chained in my bonds of earth, lite again, but in sunny skies, death's unerring dart ne'er flies, chill it in its birth!

n. dream on of the happy land thee soon, and the sister band nends we loved below. os, not long o'er thy slumbers deep by spirit-love her vigils keep ilis scene of human woo!

on, dream on-for thy altered check tree form of suffering speak, snap thy life's frail thread ! all my guardian task be done, out souls be joined, thou faithful one ! mit numbered with the dead!

The Indian Trail. BY PEIRCE II. SELTON.

"The Indians have attacked Mr. Stuart's house, burnt it, and carried his family into captivity," were the first words of a breathless woodsman, as he rushed into the block house of a village in the western part of New York, during one of the early border wars.-Up, up-a dozen men should have been on the trail two days ago."

"God help us!" said one of the group, a bold frank forester, and with face whiter than ashes he leaned against the wall, gasping for breath.-Every eye was turned on him with sympathy, for he and Mr. Stuart's only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen. were to be married in a few days.

The bereaved father was universally. respected. He was a man of great benevolence of heart, and of some property, and resided on a mill seat he owned, about two miles from the village. His family consisted of his eldest daughter and three widowed children. He had been from home, so the rumor said. when his house was attacked, nor had the neighbors any intimation of the catastrophe, until the light of the buraing tenements awakened the suspicions of a settler, who resided a mile nearer the village than Mr. Stuart, and who, proceeding towards the flames, found the houses and mills in ruins, and recognized the feet of females and children on the trail of the Indians. He hurried instantly to the fort, and it was this individual who stood breathlessly narrating the events which we, in fewer words, have detailed.

The alarm spread through the village like fire spreads in a swamp after a drought, and before the speaker had finished his story, the little block house was filled with eager and sympathizing faces. Several of the inhabitants had brought their rifles, and others now hurried home to arm themselves. The young men of the settlement gathered to a man, around Henry Leper, the betrothed husband of Mary Stuart, and though but few words were spoken, the earnest grasp of the hand and the accompanying look, assured him that his friends keenly felt for him, and were ready to follow him to the world's end. The party was about to set forth when a man was seen hurriedly running up the road from the direction of the desolated home.

let him come in:"

ther entered; the neighbors bowed re- With the next minute he was foremost spectfully to him as he passed. He in the line of pursuers, apparently the scarcely returned their salutations, but coolest and most cautious of all. advancing directly to his intended sonin-law, the two mutually fell into each other's arms. The spectators not wish- | yards of the encamped Indians, glimpses ing to intrude on the privacy of their of whom they began to catch through grief, turned their faces away with that the avenue of trees, as the fire flashed instinctive delicacy which is no where up when a fresh brand was thrown on found more often than among those it. Stealthily creeping forward a few who are thought to be merely rude bor- paces further they discerned the captive derers; but they heard sobs and they knew not that the heart of the usually three sisters, bound, and, at the sight, collected Mr. Stuart must be fearfully agitated.

"this is kind. I see you know my gave way to a thrill of indescribable loss, and are ready to march with me. joy. He and Jenkins were now look-God bless you!" He could say no ed on as leaders of the party. He paus-

which in that moment of desolation, least a third with one fire, and then carried sweet comfort to the parent's heart, " you cannot bear the fatigues as well as we-death only will prevent us bringing back Mary."

"I know it-I know, my son-but I cannot stay here in suspense. No-I will go with you. I have to day the

strength of a dozen men." The fathers who were there nodded in assent, and nothing further was said, but immediately the party, as if by one

impulse set forth. the trail of the Indians, along which the pursuers advanced with a speed incredi- and with his eyes fixed on the thicket | cannot," said he, "but admire the dress ble to those unused to forest life, and the result of long and severe discipline. hawk above the startled girl, as if to seen a young woman so neatly dressed; But rapid as their march was, hour af- strike, the instant any demonstration of of all that I have seen for some time, I ter hour elapsed without any signs of hostility should appear. the vicinity of the savages, though evidence that they had passed the route a side with stifled cries. The moment selves, stood reproved by Mr. Wesley's while before, was continually met.— was critical. The proximity of the commendation of the servant's dress.

The sun rose high in he heavens until pursuers was suspected, and that their he stood above the tree tops, then he discovery would immediately result. began slowly to decline, and at length To wait until each man had his victim his slant beams could scarcely penetrate assigned him might prove ruinous, to to travel, fastened a chain and padlock the forest; yet there were no appear fire prematurely might be equally so. to his legs and laid down in a field.—
ances of the Indians, and the hearts of But Leper forgot every consideration in He was apprehended on suspicion of the nursuers began to despond. Al- the peril of Mary, and almost at the being a convict, and conveyed gratis to that "he never would say for certain, see through it now; but it is one of

village if attacked in our absence?"

party stopped, and many, especially of torious. the older ones, took a step or two in-voluntarily homewards. The father field. The instant he fired, flinging and Leper looked to each other in mute despair.

"You are right, Jenkins," the young us to lead you so far from home on-" and here for an instant he choked-" on perhaps a fruitless errand. Go backwe thank you for having come so far. But as for me, my way lies ahead, even village."

"And I will follow you! And I!-And I! exclaimed a dozen voices, for the young to a man sprang to Leper's parative immunity which they enjoyside.

Even the older men were affected by the contagion. They were torn by

"See-there they are!" and as he spoke he pointed to a thin column of light ascending in twilight above the tree tops from the bottom of the valley lying immediately before them.

"On them-on," said Jenkins, now the first to move ahead; "but still, for the slightest noise will ruin our hopes.'

Oh! how the father's heart thrilled at these words. The evident belief of his neighbors in the uselessness of further pursuit had wrung his heart, and, with Leper he had resolved to go on unaided, though meantime he watched with intense anxiety the proceedings of "It is Mr, Stuart," said one of the the council, for he knew that two men, Stand back and or even a dozen, would probably be insufficient to rescue the captives. But The men parted right and lest from when his eyes caught the distant light, the door way, and immediately the fa- hope rushed wildly back over his heart.

With noiseless tread the borderers proceeded until they were within a few girl, with her two little brothers, and the fear of the father lest some or all of this little ones, unable to keep up in "My friends," he said, at length, the hasty flight, had been tomahawked, more, for he was choking with emotion. ed to count the group.
"Stay back, father," said young Le-

"Stay back, father," said young Le- w Twenty-five in all," he said in a per, using for the first time a name low whisper. "We can take off at rush in on them," and he looked at Jenkins, who nodded approvingly.

In hurried whispers the plan of attack was regulated, each having an Indian assigned to his rifle. During this brief pause every heart trembled lest the ac-

that a further advance was useless, for related were taking place, took aim at to go.

the boundaries of the settler's district the savage standing over his betrothed, had long been passed: they were in and fired. The Indian fell dead. Imthe very heart of the savages country; mediately a yell rang through the forand by this time the Indians had proba- est, the savages leaped in their arms, a for me to take an English newspaper." bly reached their village. Yet when few dashing toward the thicket, others To those who make use of this language, the older men who alone would venture rushed on the prisoners, and others, and we would now address ourselves, and to suggest a return, looked at the father | these were the more sagacious, retreat- say Friend, have you a family? Have or his intended son-in-law, they could ing behind trees. But with what a you children to educate; if you have, not atter the words which would carry whoop a dozen rifles rang on the air, despair to two almost broken hearts, and and half a score of the assailed fell to children to school-you wish them so the march was continued. But the earth, while the borders, breaking taught to read and write in order that night drew on and one of the eldest from their thicket, with uplifted knives they may be prepared for business of "There seems to be no hope," he wild hand to hand conflict ensued, in they learn to read and write, but when said, stopping, and resting his rifle on which nothing could be seen except the they return home from school, the book the ground, "and we are far from our figures of the combatants toiling to- is left behind, and the reading and writfamilies. What would become of the gether among the withered leaves, no ing no more thought of until the return thing heard but angry shouts, and the of school again; and thus it is from This was a question that went to grouns of the wounded and dying. In week to week, and from year to year, every heart, and by one consent the a few minutes the borderers were vic-

down his rifle, he leaped from his hiding place and rushed to Mary's side, thinking only of her safety. It was little of the world and the manner of doman said at length. "It is selfish in well he was so prompt. Two stalwart savages dashed at her with swinging tomahawk, but the knife of Leper found the heart of one, and the other fell stunned by the blow from the butt end of the father's rifle, who followed his if it lead into the very heart of an Indian intended son a step of two behind. A second's delay would have been too late. Fortunately none of the assailants were killed, though several were daring, in moments like these, carries seriously wounded. The suddenness the day against cooler counsels, and of the attack may account for the com-

How shall we describe the gratitude and joy with which the father kissed conflicting emotions, now thinking of his rescued children? How shall we their wives and little ones, behind, and tell the rapture with which Leper-claspnow reminded of the suffering captives | ed his affianced bride to his bosom? before. They still fluctuated, when We feel our incapacity for the task, and one of the young men exclaimed in a the veil over emotions too holy for exposure. But many a stout borderer wept at the sight.

The Unbeliever.

I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, the glory and the beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touch of His finger, who is over, and with and above all-from my very heart I do commisserate his condition. The unbeliever, one whose intellect the light of reason never penetrated who can gaze upon the sun, moon and stars, and upon the unfading One newspaper will do for a whote and imperishable sky, spread out so family—all become instructed by it magnificently above him, and say all all acquire the knowledge it imparts the foundation of our prosperity and this is the work of chance. The heart and the parent who cherishes a wish to of such a being is a dull and cheerless see his offspring well informed, certainvoid. In him, mind—the God like gift ly must be pleased to notice the effects with verdure, or are crowned with goldof intellect, is debased, destroyed; all the weekly paper produces. Look into en grain-our temples of worship pointis dark - a cheerless chaotic labyrinth, some families where a newspaper is reging their spires to heaven our proud rayless, cheerless, hopeless. No gleam ceived, and you see the children wait- ships that plow the ocean and ride buoy- of light from heaven penetrates the ing with the greatest anxiety for the ant upon the wave spreading their canblackness of the horrible delusion-no coming of the news boy, especially up- vass to every breeze, and flaunting the voice from the Eternal bids the despond- on a wet or stormy day and after hav- pround pennon of liberty in every clime ing heart rejoice. No fancied tones ing read it, you will hear them relate from the hearts of seraphim amuse the the occurrences mentioned in the paper, dull spirit of his lethargy or allay the and speak of the news it contains from consuming fire of the brain. The wreck foreign countries, as well as of their would be our distinction in the scale of of mind is utterly remediless; reason own country, state, and county, in is prostrate, and passion, prejudice and which they live; and can it be that much then, do we owe to those whose superstition have reared their temple on parents would deprive their children of the ruins of his intellect. I pity the this? We do not think parents would emblems of our greatness? We do not unbeliever. What to him is the reve- who have any regard for them. But appreciate to its full extent the reverlation from on high but a sealed book! all do not consider aright. Some think He sees nothing above, or around, or only of the expense, two dollars a year, those among us your up-start pretenbeneath him that evinces the existence and reason with themselves as if they of a God; and he denies-yea, while derived no benefit for the two dolstanding on the foot-stool of Omnipo- lars, while at the same time, all their things made up of ruffles and broadtence, and gazing on the throne of Je- children are being instructed in knowl- cloth, who shun the working man, with hovah, he shuts his eyes to the light of edge, such as they cannot get in school, his sleeves rolled up, as if there were reason, and denies there is a God-CHALMERS.

Wesley on Dress.

Mr. Wesley was a great admirer of plainness of dress, especially in women. Being invited to dine at a gentleman's house, there were two ladies belonging cidental crackling of a twig, or a tone to the family who had dressed themspoken unadvisedly above a whisper, selves in the most fashionable manner. should attiract the attention of the sav- to do donor, as they thought, to Mr. ages. Suddenly, before all was arranged, one of them sprang to his feet and the young ladies and their dress, and looked suspiciously in the direction of at the same time took particular notice There was no difficulty in finding our little party. At the same instant of the servant maid's dress who waited another sprung towards the prisoners, at the table, which was very plain. " I where the pursuers lay, held his toma- of your servant; I think I have never admire it the most." Thus the mother

> A Good Resort.—fellow without money, having a considerable distance

Parents Read and Think.

We have often heard the remark, " I can't read English myself, so it's no use just listen a moment. You send your and tomahawks, came to the rescue. A some kind in after life; well, in school where no newspaper meets the eye .-Now, we would ask those who do not take the paper, whether this is not the fact? The children grow up-they have been to school and have learned to read English, in a book, but know ing business, because the parent does not provide the newspaper that gives a weekly account of what is going on in the world; and as the business of the country is done in the English language, they are unprepared for business to the extent that those who are in the habit of reading. No person can conceive of the differ-

ence that exists, between those who

read the papers regularly and carefully, and those who do not. Take, for in-

stance, a boy fifteen years of age, from

a family and neighborhood where newspaper reading is encouraged, and place him beside a boy of the same age, from a family and neighborhood where they are not received, and you will require no further evidence of the benefits derived from newspapers. He who reads the newspapers will be made acquainted with what is transpiring, and at the same time that he is adding to his store of knowledge, he will be improving himself in reading, as well as in the English language. Now, is it not so? And if you are convinced it is so, why not give your children the same opportunities which others possess? Do you not love them? Are the children of others better than yours, that they should be better educated? Parents consider. All wish their children well, it is natural; but all do not consider .and will serve them in any situation in

Parents think of this, and as you love your children do not neglect the necessary provision which is calculated to benefit them through life. If you have not already done so, go and subscribe for a paper, endeavor to cultivate a taste for reading in your family, and the benefits you yourself will derive, to say nothing of the improvement of your children, will far exceed the price of subscription. Many more and powerful reasons might be adduced why every parent should provide a newspaper for his children, but we will let this suffice for the present, and shall resume the subject at another time. Montgomery Ledger.

A GRAMMATICAL GIRL.—Father, said a wistful looking lass about the age of sixteen. I know something about grammer, but I cannot decline matrimonp, ask you what your name is not, but it nor see the reason why myself and Gil- is. No contempt of Court, Sir! bert cannot be conjugated.

THE TEST FOR A DRUNKEN MAN .-The N. O. Picayune states, that a witness, in Court being asked whother a tin, tin Martin-Knott Martin. man on trial was drunk or not, replied, C. O. very well, Mr. Martin, we

The Young Man's Leisure.

Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known, and you know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or literary, or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance and lounging in bed, and in idle company, might rise to any eminence. You have all read of the sexton's son, who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of high sheriff of New England. and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write after his eighteenth year, as a ship carpenter in Boston.— William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, hé wrote out his problems on smooth leather with a blunt awl. David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, when a plough boy, was observed to have covered his plough and fences, with figures and calculations. James Ferguson, the great Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of astronomy whilst a shepherd's boy in the fields by night. And, perhaps, it is not too much to say, that if hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation, at the tavern, were only spent in pursuit of useful knowledge, the dullest apprentice in any one of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course, the rough covering of many a vouth might be laid aside; and their ideas instead of being confined to local subjects and professional technicalities, might range throughout the wide fields of creation; and other stars from the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that is gilding our country with bright yet mellow light.-Rev. Dr. Murry.

The Working Man.

The working men of this land-the mechanics and laborers—are its bulwarks. They are the very salt of the nation. Who does not respect the laboring mau-the man with a hard hand and an honest heart, whose toil lays -show the result of industry and the triumphs of skill. Without these where would be 'our bossted name-where nations? Echo answers where! How unwearied toil have raised up these ence due to them. Aye, there are even ders, who think that " dress makes the man, the want of it the fellow"-your contamination in his touch ! Who turn up their noses with ineffable contempt when in his presence, and seem to say, with the fop in Hamlet, " come not be tween the air and our nobility." We have seen such effigies of humanity, and have wondered that Heaven had vouchsafed to them a spot on earth large enough for the exhibition of their contemptible antics .- Chester Republican.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE .- Not many years ago a man appeared in court, whether as plaintiff, defendant, or witness tradition does not inform us. Be this as it may the following dialogue ensued:

Court-What is your name, sir. Answer .- My name is Knott Martin.

your honor. C. Well, what is it?

A. It is Knot Martin. C. "Not Martin," again! We doont A. If your honor will give me leave

I'll spell my name.

C. Well spell it.
A. K n o double t, Knott, m a r, mar

ready the opinion had grown general instant when the occurrences we have the jail in the town whither he desired except he saw him try to light his pipe most knotty cases we have had before in the river." us for some time. - Yeoman's Gaz.