



ig wedyesday,

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. Portin.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 81, 1844.

idy B. S. Goodbion & Soz.

on the Death of a Young Girl.

BY N. P. WILLIS. ficult to feel that she is dead, sence, like the shadow of a wing inst lessening in the upper sky. -We can hear her voice, her step we listen, and the eye or her wonted coming with a strange d earnestness. We cannot feel she will no more come-that from he

licate flush has faded, and the light g her soft dark eye, and on her lip, es so exquisitely pure, the cew lamp grave has fallen! Who so lov'd. mong the living! Who hath walked orld with such a winning loveliness, its bright brief journey gather'd up reasures of affection! She was lov'd s idols are. She was the pride familiar sphere—the daily joy who on her gracefulness might gaze n the light and music of her way, companion's portion. Who could fee would ever perish! It is like cling of a star into the sky you are gazing on it, or a dream' ast ravishing sweetness rudely broken.

the world in throngs shall pass, the battle's glorious van, the oppressed shall seek redress, dehalf claim the rights of manhall Freedom smile sgain, earth on the main.

Freedom.

the tide of war shall roll the imperious ocean's surge, the tropic to the pole, ito the earth's remotest vergeshall valor dash the gem each tyrant's diadem.

on the hanner is unfurled he a silver cloud in air. the champions of the world atheir might assemble thereadult rend his iron chain. laleein his right again. -

the thunderbolts shall fall, their fury on each throne, ze the despot holds in thrall mits noblér than lits own the cry of all shall be, eshroud or Liberty.

the trump shall echo loud, ing nations from afar, daring line to crowd. al to rear the blade of warthe tide of life shall reign, encrimson every plain.

n the Saracen-shall flee om the battle of thee Lord: ea the light of victory ball illumine Judea's swordnew Liberty shall shine the plains of Palestine.

en the turn shall madly view How his crescent waxes dim, te the waning moon who's hue fales away on ocean's brim-, a the Cross of Carist shall stand that consecrated land.

the light of Preedom smiles i.the.Grecian phalanx now is upon lona's isles. lal on Ida's lofty browthe shouts of battle swell at the Spartan Lion fell.

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the Spartan Lion fell! and dauntless in the strife, umphant was his knell! sublime his close of life! ^{hone-}upon his eye, which can never die!

hall earth awake in might, bution shall arise. tegions shall unite cuin the glorious prize plession's iron crown dust be trodden down.

Freedom! yet awhile, unkind shall own thy sway, eye of God shall smile the brightly dawning daythe nations shall adore. altar evermore.

The Choice. but the form or shape I prize estures, true and fair; for animated eyes, andest, cheerful air.

ing cheek and snow-white arm neer my wishes win; as heart's the greatest charm distablest within.

NO. 84.

[From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.] The Forest Flower. A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MARIA LOUISA THOMSON.

Gentle reader! I would court your attention awhile. My tale is of the forest. Dismiss the polished smile which wreaths thy lips; no legend nor glittering pageantry of courtly halls or not of fashion's throng, or of the giddy no; it is a tale of our own beloved country, of by-gone days when this beautiful and ferule land was a dense wilderness, inhabited by hordes of savages and beasts and birds of prey. But where O, where, I would ask, would we go but to our own lovely land for son of patriotism and listen to a tale of cherish the martyrs of our national libheroism and chivalric courage! and, come, ye who are sighing for fame and rels of distinction! Come to the shrine of the hero of freedom and drop a tributary tear overhis grave. Americathou home of heroes, patriots, philosophers and statesmen-long, long mayliberty! and never, never may the chains of tyranny bind thee with their departed countrymen! ve who so genwho by their untiring energy and deproudly reared to the skies in the farnames forever be cherished by a grateful posterity! As we pause o'er the not learn an instructive lesson as to what is real greatness? Ah! there ishing. were many noble hearts who fell in the glorious struggle for liberty, whose sepulchre was the cold battle-field, and the mournful sighing of the breeze, perproudly attests the sculptor's matchless of his gallant countrymen. to mark the last resting place of very many brave and noble hearts! hearts having experienced that blighting wreck called the "treasurer of the soul!"of glory which shall be of Phænix-like clime. duration, downwards to the utmost verge of time, and which shall be a bea- His household consisted of himself, faithful countrymen, the only monu- tended his domestic affairs, and watchment which the hero craves, and one ed with tender solicitude over his chilnever destroy. Peace to the ashes of mind, sensible, amiable and benevolent. the herges of liberty! We will leave She was a fall dignified lady of forty;

them " alone in their glory !? ties-stood a low cottage embosomed of useful knowledge; for General Howtico, while its clinging tendrils had in- harp, when gentle, breezes sweep o'er dark waters of the deep. Lotty oaks, sentiments; and five and twenty years / "Lady, farewell," said he. "My terwoven with a wreath of wild honey- its strings, vibrating its richest chords towering chestnuts, and spreading ever- had passed lightly over his manly form, heart has lingered here too long;" and suckle that entwined itself around the and thrilling the soul with its dream greens, were scattered along its banks, leaving an impress of beauty rarely pressing his tips to her beautiful brow,

la, while clusters of wild rose bushes, laden with buds and blossoms, were grouped beneath the shadowy boughs of the noble chesnuts which partially concealed the cottage. A noble and beautiful forest stretched far, far away o'er a land blooming with undying verdure, from the blue mountain onward to the dark waters of the mighty ocean, where its lone echo sighed out in solitude the ocean's lasting dirge. An untale of fashion is mine; it is not of the broken silence pervaded this wilder- ful and snowy neck that fired the gaze ness of beauty save here and there the of those who looked upon her, and of knightly array; it is not of the busy shrill cry of a wild beast when roused deepened it to admiration. No; it was with the beauty of decay. The strancity or of the crowded pavement; it is from his lair, or the soft, thrilling notes the revealed beauty of the soul that gers gazed in silence for some time of a torest bird from the top of a chestmultitude that worship vanity and are nut bough, or the melodious sighing of pleased with the toys of fortune. Ah! the gentle breeze as it ruffles the bright foliaged drapery of emerald hue that clothed the majestic forest, which alone broke the harmonious spell that bound earth, and then died away like the sweet, soft cadences in exquisite music. But, alas! the innovating hand of of her intellectual countenance, the man hath crushed the choicest wild levely, unsophisticated simplicity of her the theme of glory, and to learn a les- flowers in this Eden of the forest, and character that rendered her preeminenthave reared their elegant and beautiful valorous and manly deeds? O, come! edifices, fabrics of human skill, rich book of science. She had dwelt among ye gentle ones! ye who revere and blended masses of granite and brick, the beautiful influences of the forest whose towering domes seem buried in erty! Come, ye who love deeds of the fleecy clouds, while arched colon- voiceless images too high for earth, and ades and carved pillars succeeded each other through magnificent avenues, and renown, and toiling for the dusky lau- streets overlaid with chiseled pavement. from every tiny blade of grass and which are thronged with the busy mul- flowret that she crushed beneath her titude eagerly toiling for wealth and fame, and where is heard the hum of tered on the lowliest flower that brightbusiness, the emphatic language of in- ened her pathway to the loftiest star dustry and enterprise; and instead of that hung in the azure vault; she had est thou guard and preserve thy national the light Indian canoe that darted across learned music from the rustling leaves the rippling blue waves of that beautiful stream, beneath the overshadowing forgalling bondage! Shades of my brave est boughs, we now see the stately vessel with its proud flag streaming in the erously fought, aye! sacrificed even breeze, and its broad canvass illumined this beautiful wild flower of the forest, life itself to the goddess of Liberty ! and by the sunbeams, seems like a vast like many of earth's loveliest flowers, sheet of burnished gold. Alas! who cision, laid the broad base of the gigan- can but weep o'er the blighted, withertic tower of liberty, whose summit is ed beauty of the forest, where the poet might linger in shades of imagery, and famed western world! O may your learn from the stars lessons of exhaustless romance. Oh! there is not such a thing as beauty or loveliness that doth tomb of the hero and patriot, may we not fade away, and thus the heart is time and Lieutenant Howard had obever felt to wail o'er bright things per-

But I will go to my tale. The old cottage was the residence of General

General Howard lived in retirement. con-light to future ages. Forever will daughter and his housekeeper; a maid. their memory be cherished by their en sister of the General, who superinand no one could look upon the placid Many long, long years ago, upon the brow and good humored winning smile banks of a beautiful stream—one of the on her lip, and not love and respect

foot might have graced a Juno; and and craggy cliffs jutted out o'er the heart had been chilled by the heartless. there was a witching grace in every altitude and every movement; and then across them their sombre shadows. her little white hand, it might have The murmuring of the waters and the he doubted many professions that fell wielded a fairy's wand. But it was not the stately beauty of her form, nor the unrivalled beauty of her complexion, that was pure as the snow flake, nor the velvet cheek, pink as the opening rosebud; it was not the bright clusters of golden curls that fell over her graceshone from her large dårk lustrous eyes -eves dark as night, but brilliant as the evening star, and veiled by long Clifford, broke the silence. ; silken lashes, as if their rays were too "America shall be free!" said he, bright and beautiful for earth; it was the lostiness of mind stamped upon her high and beautiful brow of unsullied whiteness, and the expressive beauty ly beautiful. Nature was that lady till its shadows had filled her soul with taught her heart feelings of devotion: she had learned lessons of instruction feet and from the dew drops that glitand flowers, and the low sighing of the breathing winds had poured inspiration into her soul, and filled her heart with emphasis, "dwell the beings I love best built at the entrance of the porch,lofty and poetic feelings. But, alas! was born to waste the richness of its perfome on its solitude.

It was summer-never was earth decked out in more gorgeous array, when the family at the cottage received will receive an humble officer;" and shadowy vine of ivy that hung over the joyful intelligence that the army he drew himself up proudly as he her. Suddenly De Clifford turned and had retired into quarters for a short tained leave of absence to visit home, and he was to be accompanied by a young officer, Captain of his regiment, Charles De Clifford. A lofty enthusi-Howard, one of the noblest patriots of asm enkindled the eye of General Howfumed with the breath of flowers, which and deep furrows in his cheeks told pier than ever, while Olive wept with open lawn in front of the cottage. lingered a moment as it swept onward tales of suffering and hardship in many delight, and impattently watched the in its course to sigh forth a requiem for a weary campaign. Years had rouled hours as they flew until he arrived.— might be a flower-nymyh's grot; or not forget Captain De Clifford, but will mental pile of granite rises in silent mind; and his was a heart overflowing herself with preparations for her guests, tone. grandeur with all its pristine splendor, with the kindly feelings of the soul, and zealously assisted by Olive, who, the upon which is bestowed all the elabo- one that no extremity of danger could day that Lieutenant Howard was ex- laugh, and they dashed rapidly over the against a rustic column. Unwitherrate workmanship of art, enriched with | daunt. Yes! noble as he was brave; | pected, adorned the cottage with wreaths | sunny turf, until they halied before the | ing ivy," he exclaimed, as he plucked the most delicate carving, and decked and often did the patriotic tear dim his and garlands of evergreen, while the door of the cottage, and the next mo. a few leaves of the signficant plant, with the richest gilding, and which eye at the narration of the heroic deeds delicious fragrance from the bunches of ment Olive Howard was clasped in her which flourished in unfading beauty, skill-no! there is no such monument | General Howard was a widower, ments with a perfume more delightful welcomed Captain De Clifford to the "thou art an emblem of the art's unalwith two children, a son and daughter, than the most grateful oriental exotic.

and expectations were early blighted. idolized wife, within a few years after in the costume of American officers, the countenance of Aunt Judith, as she Olive, in a low, rich voice. At that Ambition's clarion voice will no more his marriage and faithfully did he en- drew up their noble steeds upon the speedily spread refreshments before the moment she was summoned to her rouse to action the tenant of the cold, shrine her image in his heart. Edward brow of a hill that overlooked the cot- travelers. Olive Howard received Cap- father, and as she was about to depart dark sepulchre! No laurel wreath of Howard had grown up to manhood tage, and paused beneath the exershad- tain De Clifford with her native grace, she held out her hand to De Clifford. fame: decks the brow of many fallen with one of the noblest hearts in the owing forest boughs to admire the wild as the friend of her brother; and her Fine dark eyes, which needed no interpatriots. But rest, ye mighty ones !- universe. Frank and generous, he in- beauty of the scene before them. The princely curved lip were the proud pretation, as he took her hand and For stars shall keep vigils, o'er your herited his father's daring recklessness sun's golden orb just lingered above the smile of courtesy. De Clifford gazed presed it to his lips, and the next motombs, and flowers around them bloom of spirit, and with a soul too lofty and western hills, and the sky's cerulean with surprise and admiration. There ment she bounded away, leaving him when the world hath ye forgot. But elevated to cringe beneath British tyran- tint was melting away into ridges of was that in her dark eye and haughty to his own meditations, the monuments of those brave heroes ny, he left the paternal roof and joined are enshrined within the bosom of eve- that brave little band, whose war-like ses of crimson, purple and gold. The ry as it is sometimes written on woman's yet Lieutenant Roward and De Clifry true patriot. Their mighty deeds of glory shall resound throughout star-like sunbeams tinged leaf and flow- brow; and, oh! there were traces of ford ingered at the cottage to say fare- heroism and courage are inscribed upon ages. And well might fame twine a er gloriously, while the rich sunset shed higher and nobler feelings in her soul-lit well. They were about to depart, the tablet of memory which is truly garland for the brow of the brave young and golden light over the thicket, and smile—the inexhaustible, rich affections when General Howard presented each Lieutenant Howard. America, can brightened the green turf with a hue of that better become woman's destiny .- of the young officers with a brace of Then let their epitaphs be their deeds boast of no nobler son in her proud russet gold. Before them lay a land- She was dressed simply, with no orna- pistols. He chose them he said, as a which the dilapidatory hand of time can dren. She was a woman of strong breathing winds. Afar off in the dis- queen of beauty, as to Olive Howard, and his voice was tremulous with emotance lay a lake which seemed like a the Forest Flower. sea of weltering silver, while in the valley below rolled a broad stream, its knight. He was left by the death of er. She was fearfully pale, and though undulating waves creating myriads of kindred the only herr to a vast for- her dark eyes were clear and brilliant, bubbles that glittered like gems as they most noble and majestic of America's Aunt Judith. She was her father's danced in the sunbeams. Fishes glidproud waters, and upon whom verdant idol—nature's sweet child, was Olive ed sportively along beneath the crystal between the infantcolonies and the moth "Olive," said the old General." banks is now built one of the most Heward. She had been educated with waves, perchance darling for an instant or country, bravely, and nobly he en have you no parting gift for our noble. splendid and opulent of our eastern ci- great care by her father in every branch under the pebbles that shone like dia- listed in the American cause. He was guest?" monds in the lucid waters; while its in the dark forest shade, and half hidden ard was an accomplished scholar for banks were fringed with lovely flowers edly military. He was an accom- for an instant, and then returned with a from view by a luxuriant vine of ivy the age of literature in which he lived. that drooped o'er the curling blue plished scholar, brilliant in his address, small miniature of herself, richly set in that had climed o'er the roof and over- She was just seventeen; that sunny pe- waves, and the pure liquid drops that insinuating in his manners, brave gen- a plain hoop of gold, which she pre-shadowed the sides of the addique man- riod of existing when the heart not of hung in their silken cups seemed like erous, light-souled, and with a heart sented to De Clifford, who took it and sion, and creat over the old ruined por- sorrow or care, but is like an untuned pearls with which Peris beautify the susceptible of the finest and noblest bowed gallantly.

dark waters that rolled below, flinging as they flitted from branch to branch. rose upon the still air, while in the dim embrasures of the forest fell a shower with their golden light, playing o'er

energetically; but the next moment a he sighed deeply.

His companion smiled mournfully. and throwing back his military cap and pushing aside clusters of Auburn curls from his noble brow, he replied enthusiastically, " America shall never want a defender while this form enshrines the heart of Charles De Clif-

A pause ensued, and a shade of reverence stole over the countenance of Edward Howard, as he cast his eye anxiously towards the cottage. "Do star spangled sky, with its glittering you see yonder; cottage, De Clifford, corruscations streaming brightly through situate in that shady dingle? See how lofty arches, lent lustre to the beauty of the rich twilight is sitting in wreaths of the hour, silvery moonbeams glimmerpurple on its ivied roof. That is the ingly fell over forest and glen, and home of Edward Howard. There I brightened the dew drops that were spent the years of my childhood, and already clustered on leaf and flower. that cottage is hallowed to me by its De Clifford with folded arms leaning remembrances; and there," said he with against a rude, irregular pillar that was on earth!"

"Alas!" said De Clifford, thoughtfully, " I am a stranger; and I can ne- features, but his fine countenance flushver express my gratitude to you for your generous hospitality; but you will pardon me, noble Howard, I know not seat, with her head gracefully leaning how the daughter of General Howard

A proud smile wreathed the lip of test the welcome, Do Clifford !" So silently descended the winding footpath

Howard's only reply was a gay

wild flowers in vases filled the apart- brother's arms while General Howard as if it would mock blight and decayian the most grateful oriental exotic. hospitalities of his house, with all the terable and unchanging affectious."

"I was the hour of sunset on a bright warmth and kindness of his generous "It might typify memory—a vo whose lofty aspirations, blissful hopes of domestic happiness, the loss of an sunny day, that two horsemen, dressed soul. A kind, benevolent smile lit up scape of picturesque beauty, with its ments except a profusion of beautiful token of favor because they were trovariegated and beautiful scenery. As curls falling over and shading her neck; phies of an early adventure of his own far as the eye could reach extended but she looked surpassingly lovely; when in the army—they were relies of beautiful plains and rising hills, covered and though De Clifford had seen the the past. The young officers took with lofty trees and lowly shrubs, and gay and beautiful, and had paid hom, them, and silently pressing his hand, decked with blossoms of every hue, age and adulation at beauty's shrine, knelt to receive his blessing. A tear whose persume was incense to the never, bowed so lowly before any titled moistened the eye of General Howard,

when the struggle for liberty broke out tears. tall, his form elegant and his air decid-

ness of women, and though he had listened to the serene voice of flattery warbling of an innumerable multitude lavishly upon his ear, for he rememof hirds of gorgeously-dyed plumage, bered wealth's bewitching charms, the enchantment and magic omnipotence of gold. But his wildest visionary dreams of female loveliness were more than of sunbeams, bathing leaf and flower realized in the person of Olive Howard and he loved her with all the enthusiasm beds of violets, and quivering on the of his noble soul. But he did not dedark moss that clothed the huge stumps clare his love, for he knew not that it was returned. But Olive loved and concealed it. Such is woman's pride. wrapt in thought, when Lieutenant Time flew by, and by the happy hours Howard, for it was he and Captain De spent by Lieut. Howard and captain De Clifford at the cottage were past. The period had arrived when they must rejoin the army; and it came not withshaue fell over his excited feelings, and out regret. The young officer had endeared himself to the old General by his patriotic sentiments, and the generous reception he met with reciprocated from his heart feelings of respect and esteem.

It was twilight, the evening before their departure; De Clifford was in the old porch with Olive, watching the sun as it sank behind the western hills. A faint tinge lingered above the forest boughs until a dark cloud enshrouded the bright foliage forest. The azure brightened the dew drops that were He was dressed in his uniform, and there was no relaxation in his haughty ed as he stood gazing upon the scene of beauty. Olive reclined on a low on her hand and partly screened by a seated himself by her side-

"Lady," said he. " we part; and to-Howard as he replied: "Time will morrow finds me far away, where this heart may soon lie cold on the battlesaying, he gave the reins to his steed, field, where there will be no new paths and, followed by his companion, they of glary or fame to sigh for. But I would not leave Miss Howard without their only knell was nature's knell- the Revolution. He was an invalid; and as he thought of beholding his son that led down the hill side and through one kind word, and I trust she will at and the silvery locks on his notile brow again, and Aunt Judith appeared hap- the glen, till they came out on a broad times bestow a thought to the memory of De Clifford."

the illustrious dead who were entomb- over his head, but they had not impair- The cottage immediately underwent a the temple of the goddess of the remember him as the friend of his couned in their glory. No towering monu- ed the vigor of a strong, discriminating transformation. Aunt Judith busied woods!" said De Clifford, in a merry try and as one of America's brave defenders."

De Clifford leaned abstractedly

"It might typify memory—a votive wreath which never withers;" said

tion, as he pronounced the soldier's Capttain De Clifford was a French benediction. Olive stood by her fathtune. He embarked to America, and the long silken lashes were wet with

She blushed slightly and disappeared aented to De Clifford, who took it and

suckle that entwined itself around the and turning the sout with itself and turning the sout with brow, rude pillars of the rustic porch, and in- like music. Strangely beautiful was while dark frowning mountains rose in equalled. He had worshipped with bade her adieu, sind mounted his noble termingled its buds and twining leaves. Olive Howard. Her form was sylph-sublime grandeur, overgrown with flattery the beautiful and high-born in steed. Olive Howard clung to her with those of the jessamina and suricu-like, beautifully symmetrical, and her stately pines and moss enameted rocks, the stately halls of France, but his (concurred and the rocks)