

## cadtard



wednesday,

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

iby e. s. goodrion a som.

TOWANDA, BRADIFORD COUNTY, PA., FIEBRUARY 28, 1844.

**M**O: 28:

From the Democratic Union.] "llow old art Thou."

BT H. M. MARTIN.

13 IV0

Slowly wending my way through winth, under the guidance of my e suddenly came upon an old man vears, seated upon this pillar; his ged loosely about him, and his head on his broom. Observing us, he madesire to rise. I aided him. Leaningly upon his staff, his snow-white ching almost to the girdle that confiender garments. He regarded me a ith a look of fond affection. "Young il he, and his voice was husky "I the a lesson of wisdom: How my " My thoughts hurried back over How old was I? Should I count or my virtuous actions!

the days that have idly flown, ears that were vainly spent, ik of the hours thou must blush to own thy spirits stands before the throne. ount for the talents lent-

aber the hours redeemed from sin. noments employ'd for heaven :and evil thy days have been, a toilsome but worthless scene, nobler purpose given-

shade go back on thy dial plate? e sun stand still on his way ? ger on-and thy spirit's fate the point of life's little date: while 't is call'd to-day-

my hours, like the Sybil's page, essen, in value rise; tee and live, nor deem that man's ag the length of his pilgrimage, avs that are truly wise. ELPHIA, Nov. 1843.

Winter Pictures:

MY MRS. SARAH J. HALR. is liles shed their leaves. n summer days are fair, airery snow comes floating down. lossoms through the air; o the earth, like angel's wing. ling, white and pure, ashe shield of power divine, maith may read it sure, He who rules the year can bring t, the love liness of Spring.

then the bleak and storm-rob'd day sealed with cares and fears, bough his prison-house of cloud. iting sun appears, the pensive watcher's gaze, am of glory bears, in the noontide summer's prime ver, never wears; lope, that pours her light most clear, guef's dark clouds are gath'ring near

the minds, like Avavering host, dark night fill with dreadlove may trim the genial fire, mind's rich banquet apread, s life's storms of sorrow draw nd hearts more kindly near, lature's cold, stem frowns will make ear home more deeply dear. Faith and Hope, and Love are given inter Pictures, limned by Heaven.

[From the New Mirror.] he fetter 'neath the Flowers.

floog her garland gaily 1 maid, in seeming play; sperience whispered daily, the chain while yet you may." cried she, "'tis but a joy, of many a fragrant flower: till its bloom enjoy, treak it any hour."

\* sported freely, lightly, her soft and glowing chain, clasps my heart so tightly, break the toy in twain." colve! the tie that bound her. neath her struggling will. lossoms fell around her, etter lingered still.

he Hother's Request.

grê.

dfor for

ilss sarab C. Edgarton. weet mother, that I'go when years are past, present shame and wo, alt be well repaid at last. a crown of fame once more thy faithful heart, the sharest now my shame, agiory then have part."

Ta ticher meed than fame bee to thy mother bring; the glorious name, that may cound thee cling; ing back a sinless heart, hithout one guilty shade, hough poor and scorned thou art, more than well repaid.

## The Bear Hunter of Mt. Defiance.

BY F. BUCKINGHAM GRAHAM.

I am not a Romancer-my duties are of a more humble, and less exciting ed as its own, and there can I again be character; but my readers will bear with me, I trust, if from time to time, I attempt to narrate, in my own way. such little incidents as in a romantic, roving, and eccentric course of life, may have come to my knowledge .-The novelist, or the elder sketcher may think them of but little consequence to a literary public; but in the hope that they may interest those whose dispo- he passed for a time from our memorsitions are similar to my own, I have ies, and we commenced our daily been induced to give some of them publy outhful sports. I was very young licity.

Years have flown by since that beautiful morning in summer, when the basis of my sketch was indellibly impressed upon my memory. Horicon presented an ruffled surface, and the forest trees by which the sides and summit of with us for the last time, and that day Mt. Defiance were clad rustled softly in we heard for the last time the sound the zephyr breathing atmosphere. The of his gun. He was found a short time sun had not yet tinged the green soliage afterwards in the woods, a lifeless of the tamarack and hemlock with his golden hues, and the lark had just commenced his matin and his voice echoed through the wilderness and fell sweetly upon the ear of the sturdy farmer and plain lumberman as they wended their way to the respective scenes of their day's toil

On the very summit of that Mountain, and near the place where the brave  $\Lambda$ llen marshalled his forces on the night on which, "in the name of the continental Congress and the Great Jehovah," he took possession of the fort at Ticonderoga, at the time of which I am speaking, there stood a "log cabin"the happy home of a poor but respectable family. I say happy home and I say so truly; although in this age and climate, some would seem to suppose that a splendid mansion, luxurious entertainments, and extravagant furniture, constitute the only 'home, sweet home,' known on earth.

But I have digressed. It was at this early hour in the morning that the inmates of the above described dwelling, saw a tall, strongly built man, approach ing. The cabin stood nearly in the centre of a cleared space of ground, and when the individual above alluded to came near he paused suddenly, as if whose rifle of echoed through the of adversity, without any had for years been the favorite of the the atmosphere of the heart. white inhabitants of that region. All knew him, and children would listen for hours to his stories of wild-wood adven- lantern, which beguile us to the treach- new town having just come out from ture. As was his usual custom he stopped at the little cabin, partook of a frugal breakfast and related some little in- the celestial highland, for the souls to er of cabbage and natural eloquence. cidents, one of which I shall now for the first time take the liberty to repeat : | landing place.

"Many moons have come and gone,"

said he, "since I first crossed in my canoe the waters of Horicon. I was young and happy then-for my squaw and fair pappoos were with me, and it offie. "I don't know such a man," was on just such a morning as this .-When we landed, we heard nothing but the merry song of birds, and saw nothing but wild-flowers, trees, and rocks. The Great Spirit then breathed peace and love in our ears, as he does this morning, and our hearts went upon the wind to him. But we were alone, and knew no friends here, and so we builtour little hut of brush as well as we and affecting scene to contemplate. could, and we lived and loved in that same spot for many days.' Every mornsee me. At last, one day when near tors. "In an elopement." I ran, but was too late. A large bear take a share in a murder!" stood over the body of my poor squaw. One ball from this same rifle that I YANKEE GRIT.—" Marm, may I go now carry passed through the head of and play horse?" "No you must stay to me, friends, was no revenge, but I you don't let me, I'll go and catch the town not forty miles from Boston, re- curely on the wonderful course; and, hoped to rescue my wife, if still alive. | measels-I know a big boy that's got Alas, alas, that could not be, her flesh still trembled, but her soul had gone, and her breath was mingled with the gentle winds. I looked around for my boy; but he, too, was gone, and I was indeed alone. I buried poor Urunko in the shade, beside the tall oak, where the sun cannot wither the wild-flowers I plant on her bosom, and where the whip-po-will, the bird she loved to best secures his own happiness by conhear, can come and sing to her all night | tributing to that of others.

long." Here the Indian paused and wiped a tear from his swarthy cheeks. "The cloud, overcasting suddenly the sunny of Nabby, save it! Save it Nabby! was Something New. His second was "Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to an Red-man of the wilderness," he again sky of life, threatens us at every mo- to which she replied "Goit, Jue-long christened " Nothing," it being Noth- your parsing lesson." continued, "can cry. I am old, now | ment with a storm of affliction.

-very old; but I have never thought of that dreadful day without weeping. Day after day," said he, " have I sat, upon the little mound which contains the first and last object my heart claimhappy-sorrowfully happy."

Here ended his story—and he took up his gun and proceeded on his way down towards the Lake, again to take. his station upon the grave of his wife, and hymn the requiem taught him in youth. We watched him until he entered the woods and in a few moments we heard the report of his rifle, and then then; but the size and personal appearance of the old man, are now present with me; and I remember even the effect which his sad story had upon my mind, as well as if it were told to me but yesterday. That day he parted corpse-and two mounds now appear beneath the branches of the oak against whose trunk he oft had leaned. The bear still growls near that spot-the deer bounds lightly and quickly by, unfrightened,-the whip-po-will nightly sings there unlistened to. The romantic traveller walks up and down the margin of Horicon and gazes with wonder upon its pure waters, and its beauteous isles: the aged who dwelt in the neighborhood, have nearly all died-the youth have grown up and forgotten the from those wild, romantic scenes, is left Bear Hunter" of Mt. Defiance.

A SAD MISTARE.—In the practice of politely bowing strangers out of a new. where there is still room to spare, is sy? "Have you not mistaken the Sunday Chesterfields, as with emphatic gracefulness he opened the door .-"I beg pardon," replied the stranger, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's."

Sorrows are spiraroused from a deep reverse. As he itual rain-drops, falling continually looked up, he was recognised as the through the whole day from the cheerold Indian Bear-hunter, the crack of fulness and chilly north-eastern clouds | was irresistable, and went home to Derprospect of a dense forests of Mount Defiance. Be- single straying ray of comfort at hand; from the deed, and the speculators deing the only remaining representative but Penitential Sorrow a summer parted with a flea in their ears. of a long extinct tribe, and being also shower, which on its cessation, produgenerously and peaceably disposed, he | ces an inexpressible refresing aspect in | now lie burried in one corner of their

> erous shoals of disappointment; but the whitewashing process of bankrupt the eternal hope, a beacon kindled upon find the anxiously-looked for, and sure

A Knowing One .- "Is Jonathan Dumpy here?" asked a rather country replied the foreman. "Don't know Sally."

DESPAIR .- A mental tornado, which. blasts every flower of peace in the mind. the heart, rendering the whole, like a miserable suicide in the midst of his

Scene in a London Printing Ofing I went out to hunt, or fish, and be- FICE .- "What are you engaged in?" fore night I would come back; and oh! said the head printer in a newspaper how happy were my little family to establishment to one of his composimy, home, I heard a loud scream, and said his interrogator, "I want you to

the bear, and he fell by her side. This home. "Now, look here, Marm, if 'em first rate."

> Love Letter.-Ronsseau tells us that to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have said.

vor for a neighbor, don't hesitate. Man DESPONDENCY .-- A south-western

Short Sermon.—If you can do a fa-

The Old Cabbage Patch. -

We recollect an excellent story illustrative of the attachment of our good old Dutch ancestry to their cabbage patches, which, in the hands of Diethich Knickerbocker, that worthy and veracious historian, would swell into a delightful romantique burlesque. But, since Irving is not one of the editors of the Aurora, and we hate, for our rea- band. ders' sake, to lose the story, we shall e'en tell it in our own way.

Derrick Von Schaussen then was one of the most staid and respectable Dutchmen that ever settled on the banks of the Croton, and his "goedt frau" was as tidy a matron as ever knit striped mittens, or taught her daughters the mysteries of "treading kraut"-in oth- devil. er words, preparing cabbage for a certain process, by some called fermentation and by others rotting-by treading it down in a barrel with their naked feet. For many years every thing those who tempted him to his ruin, to went well with this worthy couple .-Their children grew and prosperedpromising to turn out as bouncing a set of Dutch "boys and gals" as any farm in the settlement-and their cabbage patch, the delight of their good old hearts, and the comfort of their age, each year increased the number and the size of its vegetable stores.

About this time, a company of speculators had formed the idea of " laying out a town" on a plat including the ing his subsistence. very spot occupied by Von Schaussen's cabbage patch. They accordingly waited upon him; and, determined to carry the old gentleman at once \$20,000 for old Indian; and to me, a wanderer far the premises. At this magnificent offer, the worthy Derrick rubbed his eyes for another day's subsistence. the privilege of writing the story, and in astonishment, and actually began perpetuating the memory of the "Old capering around the room for joy. The deeds of transfer were made out and signed—the money was-produced, and nothing wanting to complete the bargan but the signature of Frau Katreen. The worthy old lady was called inthere not a lack of even worldly courte- the money bags shown her, and the knee. deeds pointed out, awaiting but her new, sir." blandly said one of these magic mark-the cross of St. Nicholas -before she and her husband should be absolutely possessed of the . chink.' She hesitated a moment; and then, throwing the paper from her, she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "I know tish a great heap of money-but, Derrick, what will we do when we've sholt out? Where is another cabbage patch as that to be got?" The appeal crimes. -stomach. He tore his nam TICK S-

The good old Derrick and his ' Frau, beloved "cabbage patch"-which still remains; the speculators' fever having HOPE. - Worldly hopes are jacks-o'- | died away, and the 'proprietors' of the law-a striking illustration of the pow-

HINT TO THE FAIR SEX .- An English paper received by the recent arrival, says, that the unmarried gentlemen of Northumberland have resolved to looking fellow, bolting into a printing form themselves into an Association to be denominated the "Shirt and Pie Club," the principle object of which is him," said he, "why he's courting our to insure suitable wives. To affect this each member is bound under the penalty of £50, not to marry any lady who cannot by two witnesses be proved to be able to cut out and sew a shirt, and uproots every germ of affection in make a pie, and darn a pair of stockings; and must within six months after his marriage, he able to establish that unhappy family, an awful, desolate, his lady has made at least a dozen of shirts, baked a dozen of pies, and darned a pair of stockings. The idea, it is said, has been borrowed from a club at the South, where the scheme has been eminently successful, as the young ladies, seeing that what in modern parlance, are usually denominated accomplishments were at a discount, turned their attention to what was really

predicament he called lustily for Nan- ericka Bremer. cy. His "guide wife" seeing his 'deep' interest in her affairs, seized the long life to your honor," &c. | ing New.

Finished.

A word in general use and of very significant import.

A young girl who has passed three years in a boarding school, gathered a superficial knowledge of her own language and the French; acquired a profound knowledge of music, is said to be finished—that is ready for a hus-

A student who has passed four years in a college, learned to rob hen roosts. drink rum, smoke cigars, play at games of chance and spend the liberal allowance of a kind parant in every species of unworthy excess-makes a commonis finished. That is, ready for the

The prodigal, who wastes at gaming and in the haunts of debauchery, a be finished.

It is finished, exclaims the man of fashion, as he survives at the compleair, while they are wasting and devour-

It is finished, the poor widow whispers, while her sunken eyes dilate and the siege by a coup de main, offered folds the garment the making of which will give to herself and father-

> It is finished, the seedy, pale, and emaciated author murmurs, as, with trembling fingers, he gathers up page

It is finished, with despairing vioence, shouts the homeless wanderer, as the sleet descends on his unprotected head, and the icy blast congeals the currents of life, and he lays him down, uncared for by his brother man.

It is finished, gasps out the man of blood and violence, as he lays his head on the scaffold, and pays to the society he has warred upon, the forfeit of his

realized, what forebodings confirmed!

Finished, says the fond parents, as the realization of all their prayers sleeps sweetly in the cradle they are bending

Finished! ejaculates the weeping woman, drooping over the tomb.

THE BIBLE .- Book of books! deep, wonderful mine, whose shafts ages have assaulted, ages have traversed, and will vet traverse! Holy lineage-roll, displaying the record of the internal unfolding of the race of man from the hour of his birth-gigantic drama of life's beginning and end! Drama with dark episodes and bloody scenes, but whese mornings are in light; which commences with man's infancy; and ends where begins a new life after death and the grave. History of histories! how often have I not descended into its depth with an ardent and inquiring

Long-long was it to me dark, mys, terious, and incomprehensible, and I could not separate the precious metals from the dross and earth which adhered to it, the great pulse of reconciliation stendily beating beneath the varying weal and wo of earthly life, amid the solemn blessings and curses of the wailing mind, was concealed from me: long have I strayed and doubted, often despairing of the way and the truth. Yet the eve became, by degrees, used to see twilight: and even for the least AWFUL SITUATION. A notorious tip- of his inquiring children, does God let ler, says the Boston Courier, in a his light shine! Now I will walk seturned, home last washing day, with a to my last hour, will I journey on, jug of rum, and staggering into his searching and praying. To effect wife's domain, mistook a tub of well mans reconciliation with the true life, and warmed water for a settee, and sudden- with God, the development of his naly settled himself into it, so that its ture and his farther progress, he must, surging sides leaped merrily about him in the present age, especially, become -he being a fast prisoner. In this reconciled with the scriptures .- Fred-

WHAT'S IN A NAME !- A chap in it." jug, danced around the philosopher. Iowa, by the name of New, recently "It ith thith, thir: If one apple pouring its contests over his head—got married, and being somewhat of a cauthed the ruin of the whole human disregarding his prayerful look, out facetious turn of mind, named his first rathe; how many thuch will it take to stretched arms, and beseeching appeal born "something," which of course make a barrel of thweet thider, thir?" Yeth, thir,"

National Ideas of Paradise.

Almost all nations have united to

make the future abode of good spirits a garden; a name among the Assyrians synonymous with Paradise. The Mahometans call the Paradise to which the faithfully will be called, Jannat le Nain the Garden of Pleasure; Januar Aden, the Garden of Perpetual Abode, and not unfrequently by the simple name of others. The laplander believes Paradise to be situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden! The Muscogulees imagine it among the island of the vast Pacific. The Mexicans conceived that those who died of wounds, or were place speech, receives his diploma and drowned, went to a cool and delighted place, there to enjoy all manner of pleasures; those who died in battle or in captivity, were wafted to the palace of the sun, and led a life of endless splendid patrimony, and then blows out delight. After an abode of four years his brains in a fit of despair, is said, by in this splendid habitation, the animated clouds, and birds of beautiful feather, and of sweet song; having at the same time, liberty to ascend to Heaven or descend to earth, to suck sweet flowtion of all the essentials of a splendid ers and warble enchanting songs. The entertainment, which he is about to give Tonquinese imagine the forests and hundred men and women, who, so far mountains to be peopled with a pecufrom indulging a friendly feeling for liar kind of geni, who exercise an influtheir host, will laugh at him in their ence over the affairs of mankind; and sleeves, as they sip his costly wines, in their ideas, relative to a state of fuand impudently criticise his person and ture happiness, they regard a delightful climate, an atmosphere surcharged with odors, with a throne profusely covered with garlands of flowers, as the summit of celestial felicity. Among the Arabs. light up with a mournful joy, as she a fine country, with abundance of shade form the principal object of their promised bliss. There is a tribe in Ameriless ones, the coarse and scanty loaf ca who believe that the souls of good men are conveyed to a pleasant valley. abounding in delicious fruit. The heaven of the Celts was called Fluth-innis, "the island of the good and the brave;" after page of the work, which he hopes their hell, Ifurin, "the island of cold will give food, fame he looks not for, climate." The Druids, as we are into the young, fond wife at his side, and formed by Ammianus Marcellinus, bethe little babes that cluster around his lieved that the soul of good men were. wafted, in progressive course, from planet to planet, enjoying at every successive change a more sublime felicity than in the last.

Hobbies.

If you want to be happy, mount a hobby. This world is a dreary place to a man who has not a hobby. He knows not what to do with his time, if he has got any to spare, and if he has got none to spare, he knows not how Finished! is the life-journey; what the season-his labor so as to make it palatable. A man will learn more in a what doubts made certain, what hopes week mounted on a hobby, than in twelve months walking on his leather soles. Boys should by no means cease to ride hobbies when they become men; they ought merely to procure more manly hobbies, and ride on. In fact, the most valuable portion of the life of man is that which he spends on his hobby. He himself is happy in riding and most probably he invents or discovers something which promotes the happiness of others. All great improvements in art, all great discoveries in science, have been made by men when riding on their hobbies. In fine, the greatest luminaries of mind which the world has produced, have been hobby riders; men who apparently sacrified themselves for the good of mankind, but who after all, were merely consulting their own private happiness in riding their hobbies. The silkworm that spins its cocoon of silk con amore, is happier than the termagant who sometimes decorates her person with the labor of that insect. It is an' enthusiast, and wherever, there is any happiness. We have no occasion to pity the enthusiast; he is happier than we are, if we are not enthusiasts. We are yawning for want of excitement and for want of excitement, we take to smoking, and drinking, and gambling, and roaming. He, on the contrary has found amusement, and time flies sweetly over his head as he feeds on the luxuries of thought.

> Posing a Pedagogue .- " Sally Jones, have you done the sum I set you ?"

" No thir, I can't do it."

"Can't do it! I'm ashamed of you. Why, at your age, I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word can't! for there is no sum that can't be done, I can tell you."

"I think, thir, that I knowth a thum you can't thifer out."

"Ha? well, well Sally let's hear "It ith thith, thir: If one apple