

UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.
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One of the Heroines of Seventy-Six
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

The Star and Chronicle.
MONDAY, DEC. 10, 1860.

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I don't like to hear the noise of those hammers—the dull song of laboring picks breaks upon the ear with monotonous regularity—they are making tracks for a railroad in this ancient town. I am not pleased with the "improvement," as some call it, for a farm-house, and its surrounding fields that sloped from high and undulating hills, have vanished for ever before its nod. The great genius of enterprise, with his ugly shears of commerce, is clipping at the poor wings of poverty and ransacking, till, I fear, by and by, they will have only power to flap along the ground, their other feathers chained down to stock-taking and invoices.

I am sorry that house-gone, for in it, about twenty years ago, lived the noble widow of Captain Pierpont. She was a fine specimen of old time women; dignified, ever commanding in manner, with a fresh bloom upon her cheek, artistically modulated forehead, and a deep, earnest expression in her bright eyes. She was a woman of refined and cultivated intellectual powers, who in youth had known no stint of wealth, whose mind was stored with classic lore, who had never, till she emigrated to the wilderness of the New World, sailed her fingers with even household work. Her father and husband were both dead. The bones of the former reposed in another country, beneath a marble monument; the latter had now slept two years in the little burying-ground, beside the wooden church, in sight of the red farm-house, and a small gray stone marked the spot where his ashes mingled with the soil.

One day, during the hardest campaign of our soldiers, Madame Pierpont was alone at the farm. Pierpont, a major's servant, had gone on some errand which would detain him until nightfall; and Nick, the hired man, had wounded his hand in the morning with an axe, so that he was quite disabled and obliged to return to his home, about a mile distant, (which, by the way, was the nearest homestead to the old red farm-house.) The widow's four brave sons, of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-six, had started, but two days previous, to the head of their country's battle. While the widow realized, that, in all probability, some, perhaps all, of her treasures would be smitten by the ruthless hand of war, her cheek was still unshaken, and hope sat in the repose of her beautiful features. Only now and then she turned to open the Bible before her, and read a few consoling passages, and straightway resumed her work, with a trusting smile. Ah! patriotism found an endearing home in many such a gentle breast.

Suddenly, from the distance, came a sound like the trampling of horses' feet, and a great cloud of dust betokened the approach of travelers hurrying to their destination. The widow moved to the door, and, shading her eyes from the intense sunshine, watched their progress. They drew nearer, and in another moment three horsemen drove up before the door. They wore military costume, and were all fine-looking men. The foremost gentleman by far exceeded the others by his imposing figure and the greatness of his countenance; it needed no introduction to assure the widow that this was George Washington. With that blindness which always characterized him, he bowed gracefully to Madame Pierpont, as he asked if he could find rest and refreshment:

"Our horses are wearied; and we would ride since this morning, and would fain recruit," he added.

"Certainly, gentlemen, and welcome," she replied, smiling, throwing wide open the inner door as they dismounted.

"Our poor beasts," said one of the officers, patting his smoking horse. "I would they could be attended to immediately. Is there a groom or servant about your house, Madame, who could rub them down and feed them? I will reward him liberally."

"We would ask no reward in this household, sir," replied the widow; "if you will lead them around, they will be cared for."

"Make yourself perfectly comfortable, gentlemen," said the widow, "and excuse me while I prepare your refreshments. You must be hungry as well as fatigued."

In another minute, the widow was in the stable, unloading the poor horses—work to which she was not accustomed, but which she nevertheless could do in time of need, being a woman of strong muscular frame and great energy. She knew it must be done by herself or not at all. As for men and horses, they were completely jaded out. She with straw rubbed the animals down with her own hands, led them into stalls, and prepared and gave them food. After changing her dress, the widow returned again to the parlor, where the officers, having unbuttoned their swords and doffed their caps, sat conversing together, evidently enjoying a delightful rest. As the widow stepped over the threshold of the room, one of the officers was remarking to his companions—

"He was one of the best men, and as fine-looking a young fellow as ever volunteered."

"Do you speak of young Pierpont?" asked another.

"Yes, he fell yesterday, pierced by three balls, poor fellow! it was a hard fate for such a boy."

For a moment, the cheek of the widow was blanched, the heart of the mother shocked, but she spoke almost calmly as she asked: "Which one was it, sir?"

"Henry Pierpont, if I am not mistaken. Was he known to you?"

Was he known to her? Oh, the torment that followed that question! Henry! Her noble first-born! He who had taken the place of the dead at their board, and, with a gravity beyond his years, carried out the plans his father left unfinished! And now his blue eyes were closed for ever! His bright locks rolled in the dust! Oh! the thought was anguish! A deathly paleness came over her, but she rallied with great effort, and said as calmly as before, as she turned her whitened cheeks away: "He was my son, sir."

They did not see her face as she walked quickly and firmly from the room.

"Now, God forgive me! I feel as if I had done a cowardly thing," murmured the officer, while his lips grew pale with emotion. "Coming here to partake of the widow's hospitality, I have cruelly stabbed her to the heart."

"You are to blame, my friend," said Washington, in his deep tones, in which was blended a sudden pathos. "Neither, if I read her bright, would she recall the child bravely fallen in his country's cause. This is no common woman—here is the soul's nobility. Mark me, when you next see her, she will be fearless—no word of sorrow will issue from her lips. Our mothers, our wives—I am proud to say it—are heroines in this trying period. And this," he continued, pointing to the Bible, "this is the secret of their greatness; whenever you build that Volume opened, bearing evidence of constant perusal, there you will find women capable of any emergency. I repeat it, when we meet again she will be calm and fearless, although a mother bereaved of her child."

And so it was. Madame Pierpont had exhorted her grief for the time into a sudden and sacred submission, and when the officers were called into another room to partake of the smoking viands she had prepared, they found her collected, unshaken in her manner, and serene in countenance. The officer from whom the news had so rudely burst, was lost in admiration of her composure, and was often heard to say, subsequently, that he venerated woman more for her sake.

Towards night, the trio departed, thanking the kind woman with grateful hearts for her courtesy. They found their horses ready saddled, and were forced to conjecture that Madame Pierpont had herself performed the duty of hostess.

Gen. Washington kindly took her hand before he mounted his charger, and addressed her tenderly and affectionately. Tears came to the eyes of the officers while they listened, but, though an increasing pallor overspread the widow's face, she murmured: "I am thankful, thankful to my God, sir, that he has deemed me worthy of demanding my first-born in the glorious struggle. He was ready, sir, ready for life or death."

But, when they had gone, she returning to the silence of that lone house, the mother wept exceedingly bitter tears. Draw we the curtain before her secret anguish.

Farewell! old Pierpont house, with your carpet of mallows, and old-fashioned flowers in old-fashioned pots standing on the stoop. I feel sad at the thought that I shall never again see its doors wreathed in vines whereon hung clusters of luxuriant grapes, or its windows on the lower floor all opened with the white curtains of snowy muslin floating with a dreamy, undulating motion in the pleasant breeze.

PAYING DEBTS.—Few people seem to realize the *dishonesty* of not paying their debts. It has become a habit, with many, to defer liquidating their liabilities to the longest possible moment. The most trivial excuses, and in many instances downright falsehoods, are resorted to, to put off a creditor. Men with money in their pockets will declare that they are entirely unable to meet the demand made upon them, in fact, have not a cent in the world, but they are extremely sorry, and, at some other time, they hope to be able to pay what they owe. Others will spend their money lavishly in gratifying their appetites and fancies, and let their creditors whistle for their dues. Some such men profess Christianity! Now, we submit whether such conduct is any less dishonest than it would be to put your hand into another's pocket and steal his purse. On the contrary, it seems to us to be meaner. Men obtain credit through the confidence the creditor may have in them. When they refuse to pay, they abuse this confidence, and persist in holding on to what does not belong to them. Take common thief *takes* and keeps. The man who makes a business of getting trust and never paying, gets and keeps. The only difference between them is, one *takes* and the other gets, and that, we think, is distinction without much of a difference.—*Huntingdon Globe.*

Census of Pennsylvania—1850 and 1860.

County	1850	1860
Adams	25,981	27,997
Berks	77,129	81,043
Bucks	56,091	63,803
Carbon	15,086	21,229
Chester	66,438	74,719
Cumberland	31,927	40,192
Dauphin	35,754	48,610
Deleware	24,679	39,614
Franklin	39,901	42,242
Lancaster	98,044	116,621
Lebanon	26,071	30,050
Lehigh	32,470	43,942
Montgomery	13,279	16,805
Northampton	58,291	70,491
Northumberland	40,265	47,775
Philadelphia	408,762	568,081
Perry	20,088	22,910
Pike	5,881	7,439
Schuykill	60,712	70,173
Snyder	21,890	32,172
York	57,450	65,088

In 21 Counties 1,220,053 1,558,153

County	1850	1860
Allegheny	138,290	180,074
Armstrong	30,414	45,554
Butler	39,346	53,752
Bever	26,689	39,321
Baldwin	25,052	36,851
Blair	21,777	27,785
Bradford	42,851	59,045
Bradford	37,849	49,541
Clarion	23,955	35,375
Columbia	17,710	24,602
Centre	23,855	27,085
Clinton	11,207	17,722
Clearfield	12,886	18,955
Cambria	17,774	29,312
Erk	28,742	49,692
Erie	3,531	5,848
Fayette	29,112	49,105
Fulton	7,567	9,140
Forest	8,899	13
Greene	24,406	24,406
Huntingdon	24,786	28,204
Indiana	27,179	39,809
Juniata	13,029	16,300
Jefferson	13,518	18,414
Lancaster	26,256	37,593
Lawrence	21,070	29,213
Luzerne	50,672	61,058
Marion	33,172	51,194
Mifflin	14,989	16,678
Monroe	14,229	18,110
Morgan	5,254	9,000
N. Kent	22,272	29,057
Northumberland	6,018	11,437
Pottsville	24,416	29,029
Somerset	18,243	24,124
Snyder	26,883	31,222
Sullivan	3,601	4,140
Susquehanna	28,888	36,665
Tioga	23,917	31,218
Union	18,410	26,189
Warren	13,071	19,280
Westmoreland	31,726	50,020

In 44 Counties 1,699,728 2,212,491

21 Eastern Counties 1,220,053 1,558,153

44 Western Counties 1,699,728 2,212,491

65 Counties in all 2,919,756 3,770,642

The Presidential Election, 1860, by States.

State	Electors	Lincoln	Breckinridge
Alabama	4	4	0
Arkansas	6	6	0
California	11	11	0
Florida	13	13	0
Georgia	10	10	0
Illinois	12	12	0
Indiana	13	13	0
Iowa	7	7	0
Kansas	8	8	0
Kentucky	12	12	0
Louisiana	10	10	0
Maine	12	12	0
Massachusetts	12	12	0
Michigan	10	10	0
Minnesota	4	4	0
Mississippi	8	8	0
Missouri	10	10	0
Montgomery	10	10	0
New Hampshire	4	4	0
New Jersey	10	10	0
New York	35	35	0
Ohio	23	23	0
Oregon	3	3	0
Pennsylvania	27	27	0
Rhode Island	4	4	0
South Carolina	8	8	0
Texas	4	4	0
Vermont	5	5	0
Wisconsin	5	5	0
Total	150	150	0

FREEDOM'S VICTORY.

The People have risen—restless in strength—
And the Cause of the People hath triumphed at length!
O, who that shared them, ever can forget
The emotions of the sparkling tongue,
When in the mart and fabled the country met,
Early and late, at eve and morning's beam!
When the loud cannon and the trumpet's gleam
Hailed news on news as State on State was won!
When Hope, long doubtful, soared at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day began,
Watched Freedom's banner rise to meet the rising sun!
Ah, those were hours whose swelling joys repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubt and fears,
The heart-sick faintness of the hope deferred,
That tracked with terror dark, portentous years!
All is forgot in this glad jubilee—
Her downcast eye disfranchised Kansas rears
To sigh a thankful prayer and the plea
That haunts the Oppressor's fall "Heath Law and Liberty!"
The Land has awakened, and free to the blast
The standard of Freedom is fearlessly cast—
For the Rights that we all from our Forefathers deem,
We strive, and our leader was Lincoln the true,
While our Mountains shall stand, or while—partakes a River,
Our Cause and our Country shall flourish for ever!

George L. Seymour, a colored man, formerly of Hartford, in company with a relative, Lewis Ash, had made a most interesting and important exploration some three hundred miles toward the interior of the continent. They were defeated in a Presidential contest.

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OUT THEIR TERRITORIAL EXISTENCE.

and until they shall be admitted as States into the Union, with or without Slavery, as their Constitutions may prescribe."

3. By purchasing Cuba from Spain at the cost of all the States, with the moral certainty that the slave-holding interest in the Union would thus be strengthened by ten or twelve additional Members of Congress and as many Electoral Votes for President.

4. By paying certain Cuban slave-traders the value fixed by them on the Amistad negroes, taken as slaves from Africa to Cuba in clear violation of the laws of Nations and of Spain, who liberated themselves as all laws give them a perfect right to do, and were landed on our shores, whence they were sent back to Africa, after our Courts had decided that they could not be legally given up to the Cuban pirates who claimed them.

These measures of Pro-Slavery aggression are pressed upon Congress by the same Buchanan, who tells us in the same breath that all that is asked of us is that we let Slavery in the States alone, and mind our own business, and that this will put an end to slavery agitation!—But we waste words on such audacity of imposture.

—What the President says of the alleged Right of Secession, and the expediency if