

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

## H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

[From the houiscille fournal.] mil isom Y CHILD A Hight is from our housthold gone; A foice me Thiel is stilled. A plage is vacant at our hearth Which never can be filled ; .... and gently heart, that th toisled but now With tenderness and love, will so know and Has hushed is woary throbbings he rea To furshin offer bleve to sun no see Yes, to the home where migels are Her trugting soul has fled. And yst we hend above her tomb With tones and childer dead. We call her dead, but ah! we know She dwells where living waters flow. a 1 Woming thee from our home, dear one, al antwe miss theelfrom thy place ann " OF ! Hife will be to dark without ! The sinishine of thy face; We wait for thee at eve's sweet hour

When Starabegin 19 burni to sel ed belloclosiemthy, betwiende bein beine ne malaniei liegeneine wind wienendes gulbas a souther Barniture Brough the Bowers, sou Ard me with fiver's solumn from a time of a could and a dim.

The third we fored to stoging yet there our cetting door, a sign to hear it serging new him educardsby then ho, more ; The sinshing and the frembling leaves, Thestee oler-archinigsky. . The most of the wandering winds That fleat in whispers by--

All speak in trader tonds to me of all life's parted hunrs and thee. I do not see thee now, dear one. I do not see they now a But even when the trill ht breeze : Stenis soilly b'er my lifted brow, Thear thy voire aponing earst hereit

In mariners low and safe of Theo I hear thy words of tenderness That I have heard so oft.

that the five which she still owed should short- was a las. I remember one night-I lived

willich ran thus : Digan Farayo, Miss, Govrayness, Allie Jarvis pleasure ground, and up to the window of the and T developed foil foil find I have not gof any were not down, and, as it was dark, I watched ever so long without any body seeing me ; but legible, and with a smile I hand over the to the window, and I suppose they must have member, taiss, that long, steep hill that goes Queen's portraits to the maid, who departs seen me-I warrant I looked queer in my down from the moor into the valley ?"

goese. "he same love sector is every a treath of many be sure; but got home as fast as I could. I shall never halfe a more profit ble invest- for I should have lost my place."

I do not wish the debt to be liquidated now,

ask after the rheumatism, the fluger joints, she says; cand even the family did not like and plunged antil it shock both the villains and other chronic allments of the venerable it. You see the old colonel had done a wrong off. They fired after the old gentleman, but public servant; until we glide into the full thing in leaving it as he did, and so people he got clear and galloped away. He overlook channel of retraspective small-talk; for Allie's salke L. There were footsteps tramping about the Colonel soon and they made good haste the chronicle of Moorbeck. She tells me first, at night, and sometimes a great sigh would be home, you may think. The next day, nothing that in tils little dottage where we both stand, hear I, though nothing could be seen ; it came would serve them but they would go and look she has brought up fourteen children and two and signed over them as they lay in bed, I at the place, for the Squire was sure one of grandehildren; that her husband for a long have heard the girls tell, and then something the men had been burt, and after looking about time before his death never did a bands-turn; was sure to happen. And before any of the in the wood a little while, they found a grave again." I that one of her sons-Henry, the bandsomest family was going to die there was always the dag, which had been got ready for Mr. Long-

and eleverest of them all-bry wasting in bod noise of shudding down a coffin heard, follow- date, no doubt. Both the squire and the Col- the slit, Allie tells me that she always puts seven years before he died. She shows me el by several people going down the great onel had their suspicions about one man, but the poker down lest any letters should have

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19, 1855:

inext day. Ailie brought six, and left them with | "These times are different;" Ailie goes on is an old stone coffin that they use as a trough | while I've always when the Squire's family is a small pote conched in polity terms explaine isolemply ; sthere are no such fine assemblies -you've seen it?" ing that she could not produce more then; but | at the great house now as there were when 1 "Yes." "I don't credit the talk of treasures and

mede ad ad ad ad ad so the set of the state of the state of the set of the se "however, another missive was presented to me had sent us to bed-I got up and put on my servue dignity, to which I reply that such regows, and stole across the puddock into the ports are usually unfounded.

obliged if you will let how have the room where they were dancing. The blinds to Scarthneck, miss ?" "Yes, Ailie; a couple The spolling was correct and the writing at last a gentleman and lady came suddenly

therewithing of all-amont and has seen mightcap-for she screamed shill fall down in a "Well, you are silly ! I would not let her faint, and I heard the gentleman ery out, the have them,", cried my pupil; "you are a Devil? I didn't stand to be told to ran, you ers the high slope on the right-hand side ?"

I deposit the note in my workbox, and, af- and then I did hagh. But it got about that a ter slightly rulling the sleek planning of my ghost haunted the gardens; and if you believe wise and plain-spoken pupil, I return to the me, the squire hel wooden shatters put to all We linger in our country porch of every any perusil of my thirty-year-old Review. ..... I the low windows immediately. I didn't tell ment than that shilling ; it has gledded ex rbi- . But are there ghosts at Moorbee's, Ailieat tant integest in the girculating medium of club / real ones 17 Lask with interest ; ofor if there -When leam dall, or selly disposed, or weari- is one thing I relish more than mother, it is a ed with the vivid segacity of my young triands: "Linguatory." Ailie is a rather enlightened the other at the tail. They never touched the I write a letter and carry it to the post mysel?" character, but she admits that the old grange Colouel, whose horse took fright, and started J cuter the office, which is also Ailie's hede where the colosef once lived, and which was off. Well, what they wanted was the money,

room, and deposit it on the table with a penny. burnt down two years ago, had a very had but the old squire was tough and strong in the arm. They tried to drag him from his horse, I do not wish the debt to be liquidated now, name, buf it rests batween us suforgotten; then I - The servents would not stay one while ;" but it was a high-metiled thing, and kicked

"Yes, Ailie: a couple of months since."

"I nod acquiescence.

"Yes, perfectly."

"There was a strange thing happened there

once-it was to the Squire's father. You re-

Mr. Langdale's horse-one at the head, and

at home, as many as forty near, or fifty, sometimes."

"That seems too bad, Ailie." "There is a deal of things too bad in this world, Miss, that we have to bide. You're young yet; you don't know. How do you like your place, Miss? This question is confiden-"They are, miss-they are. Have you been tial."

"Very well Ailie; I am quite contented." "That's lucky I am sure, But it must be dull for you at Moorbeck, isn't it, now ?"

"No, Ailie, I'm never dull; I have a kitten." "A kitten-oh! yes; we all knowyour white kitten, with its red necklace; but you would "And you remember the low wood that coy- not get a heau if you were to stop here for twenty years."

I laugh, and say it does not matter, and I do not care; a profession which the old woman Well, one evening at dark, the Squire's fascouts as utterly rediculous and false. Then ther and the old Colonel were come on horseshe bids me be of good heart, and never deback up the hill-where they had been to I spair, for who knows what may happen, for I don't know! but, however, Mr. Langdale had a can't be so very, very old, after all. "Not great sum of money with him; they were talk. ing and going slowly, when, just as they got much over thirty," I tell her, smiling. "You thirty! Nay, that you're not; I'll not to the brow, two men rushed out and seized

credit it. You're twenty-two, may be." of am grey-headed, Ailie, and shall never see old maid's corner again."

"Old maids-I never could bide old maids. Don't you be one, whatever you are. Gray hairs are honorable, but old maids are abominable !"

"Then, the two together-the gray old maid -will be just tolerable." "Nay, I don't agree to that."

A lurching country lad comes to the gate with a loosely-tied newspaper, and pushes it into the slit of the letter-box.

"You'll never get that in, lad. Just go into the house and bring the tongs to pull it out

While the youth drags his newspaper out of stuck, which is often the case. I wonder what est I say I must really go.

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"The Old Folks." "O, sharper than a sergent's tooth it is than to have a thankless child."

"I suppose I must go down and see the old folks pretty soon, but it is a dull job," said a fashionably dressed young man to me one evening. "The country is so dull, after living in the city, that I dread to go there; there is nothing to look at, and nowhere to go; but mother is getting very feeble and I ought to go." I perceived that the 'old felks' he so disrespectfully spoke of, were no other than his own father and mother.

"I could get along' with one day well enough," he said, "but the old folks are never satisfied unless I stay a week, or three or four days, and I get heart-sick of it, it is so dull. I used to go and see them once or twice asyear, but now it is between two and three years since I have been there. I could go oftenor, but it is so tedious; and then they make so much of me, and cry so when they'sce me, that it makes me feel bad, because I do not go as much as I ought; so sometimes I think I will not go at all."

How little had this careless son thought of his aged parents, and yet how daily and hourly had those aged parents thought of him, and how many fervent prayers had ascended to God for him, from that quiet fireside. He knew not how many evils those prayers had averted from his ungrateful head, of how many blessings they had poured upon him.

But all sons are not thus ungrateful. A young friend of mine, who has resided sixteen years in the same great metropolis, has never failed twice a year to visit his parents, and goes often, or whenever it is possible for him to leave his business. I accidentally saw a etter he addressed to a sister, a short time since, which shows that a young man can be immersed in extensive business, and yet find time to love and venerate his mother. "I received a letter from my mother," he rites, after hearing that she had been ill. "I am fearial she is not improving. If she is any worse, or becomes dangerously sick, I desire to know it. I dread the thought that our mothet cannot be spared many years, at the best -it may be but a few months. I have tho't of it very much for a few weeks. Altho' she has lived nearly her three-score and ten, and nature has become almost exhausted, yet how I should miss her! What a mother she has been to us; what an example; what a Christian I I am sure of it .- I know that she has been my dearest object of love and affection all the days of my life. However I may have strayed from her bright examples and her teachings, my mother has always been before, beckoning me to walk in the right way ; and if I have not prayed myself, with the ferver and devotion that I should. I have always felt that she was supplicating for me. How much she has cared for us! What a sacred treasure, even to the end of our lives, will be the memories of orn MOTHER ! I see her now, as she looked to me, when she stood by the bedside of one dying brother, cheering him in his sufferings; and I hear her say, "The same clock that told the hour of his birth, is now telling the hour of his death !" What a scene was that! We know, dear sister, that these things must be, and it is not in a melancholy strain that I write, but every indication of the approaching end of my mother, stirs within me all the tenderest impulses of my heart. Her removal will be to the BRIGHT-Esr heaven, die when she may. Old age is but the threshold of death, and after a life spont as our mother's has been, the portals of another world can have no dreary look."

And od my wounded spirit falls avad A blessing from above of a born ad That whispers the tay life is ofen:

No used of earthin fame. Thou not each just in our foul bearis, territed that is gal size sizes enterelore a - Ar, fuibal Saith and trust and hope, ora Wainsall & Mill Foulded seapor to bound THI me the Philip Line wave of time down I tin. To mingle with the lored and lost "To mend with all the blest above ward of

The past mightes at Monteels is retained by Five of her children, she tells me, three Join Grafton. It was while he had it, and just and besides, his conscience pricked him hard. government at a dimeral salary of five annual sons and two disighters. He buried with her before his youngest daughter was married that The Squire talked to him a bit until the others pounds!"Blie has held her office, as she casu-hushand in Moorebeck churchyard; Henry it was burnt down; all her wedding-clothes seemed off their guard, and then whispered, ally intomaed in ., during four reigns, and has "Derinthe old cherchyard on the hill at Sear- were burnt, and, as it happened at hight, the "Don't you think it was my horse gave you seen there great wars in the American, which here and of the rest, some are married and set- girls encaped in their sight-gowns, and took your fit of colic f" He h d not a word to say she remembers bearing tell of when she wasa, and in the date, some hat a enigrated, and refuge at the spaire's. Miss Louisa was mar- then, and he confessed it was. He died that child red from there a month after. There are a same night-the other man was transported." in it's Boundaries wina, and now this war her domestic relations, by no means to be great many people who say they saw the old of did not think you had any such wicked with the lassiane-not to mention the battles measured by these few bilef times, she branch- c douel walking about the house when it was people in all the date, Ailie." in India, where one of the old colonel's sons es out m, a general way on things that have burning, and that at the last he went of like a of Miss, I think human nature is much of was made wondfed, and another was made been in Moorfeek since she remembers. . . . . . pillar of blac flame. I say myself that spirits a muchness all the world over. There are capital for slaving a fabalous number of the . We go out fato the September substance, and no doubt there were, but they were in the cel doth good and bad in the country as well as in enquy, with his own hand. , which so has they stand by the gaylen gate; every moment 1. Iar, and as they were not got out, they made the town." Like's gossipalizest etimes gone by, and an departieg, but still I don't depart. Alle a fine lowe, as spirits always do."

Aine Larvis likes 's gossip too; perhaps that points to Pennhill, and askenne if I can see -I am afraid you are right, Aille, and that don't you? the hitig rose-covered collage at the bottom of poung as they have been. Meerbeck after all. the thild when it is half-holidage one fine a fire off off, Miss, "I range ber out " I'll tell you, Miss, what I once saw my you came? No; I don't think you will, for Molified dection to "Alife was in this wise : hight-it don't seem so long since to me, the' ownself," Ailie recommences, laying an em-is a second and they must needs have a license now. Well, I wanted stamps, and walked down to the post- in happened before you were borne. Penuldil phatic tore-finger on my hand. "It was when in my time, after we had been asked in church office to apprehase A bon wills a skilling in my top was all in a lowe. We will expecting my husband was took for death, and I had to the third time, the old clerk sung out' God hare 1 medion this discusse we do not car- oBonaparte and the Erouch to land every day ; fetch the doctor from Marston. Nothing would speed 'em weell' and when I was married his ry parses is a diffe bally article of invest?" sufficient the brow officienty hill they plied a serve him but seeing Doctor Linkey-he boy asked for my garter, and he got a fine ment at Moorners being pupes and mis. I wis great heap of sticks and some dry kindling to thought a vast of Dr. Linley. It was a misty white ribbon. Then the first Sunday Willie accompanied dying amiable pupils, also for aset firsto, so as to alach the country, you. October night, and I set off across the fields- and me went to church; after we were wed many many the post-mustress as their "know. We were just going to bed, the fire it is three titles from Moorbeck to Marston .-- they sung that paalm adout of ive-branches-I new got orness. She was a little well-made was out and the dier (shut, which we heard The doctor had been called out, but they promwohan worging on eighty, with a fue fore somebole rule by, stiduting - Pennifil's bla-ised to send him as soon as he came back; and neral they have dirges when the relations come he aband traces of a boardy, which neither zing! Pennhilf stating the French are com- as I was in a great fear for poor Willie, I to church. They don't do it in London, Miss, hard work, ward fare; nor alf all meed of troit with g 120 guloumno and not "redoine - - - did nt wait to see him. Well, I had got just do they ?" bles had sufficed to obliterate. She received . You may just think what we must have by the stile in the river-closes, when I saw a me with gasy dignity asked me what country for 1 furned as cold as a stone first, but the light before me. It danced up and down inwoman I was, and hoped Isliked Wensleydales hads said, Keepyour heart, mother; we'll see the mist like a live thing; but I said my pray- "And I haven't either, and I think I never Having replied forthese question, I preferred them all driven into the sen. They'll never ers, and it kept going on and on till I got out shall now. But I walked seven-and-twenty a mild request for statics, the que gargest log i to Mootheck." in the road, and then I missed it. Now, that's miles one day this Summer to see a son of true, Miss."

"It was a will-o'-the-wisp-a marsh-"Inen'l'in silve Peantulet gouilinuve them; men alliet, men alliet, men a horseback, and the old co- light."

I've only two left sno inatroquinu odi ladi ba londiand the settire among tent) It was a wet - . No, miss, it was a solemn warning. Willie "Oh indeed, Kell never, mind : one will, night and the church-hells were going-it was died that day week."

do for the present. Perhaps you will ask the dismal mind. Well, the colonel took his The old woman was firm in her own supermall cart man to bring some it' and I gave ap "sword and martened the men on, and they stition, so I made no further attempt to vanthe shilling, at the same time feeling a tug it rade und they rade until they got hearly to quish it. I adding a tug it inde und they rade until they got hearly to quish it. I adding a tug it inde und they rade until they got hearly to quish it. of precocions shrewdness and vast second- | Why the French had never landed at all; it castle, down yonder, miss ?" "How silly of, you to give her the money," and the beacons were lighted for miles away. "Well, a light haunts them such as I saw-

sheathispers; "you will neverget the stamps." - But the 'Vest of it was, that Bessle Hester, I've seen it often." I cast a regrettal look at the old woman's who lived on Pennhill, where her husband was "The rains are not far from the marshy

hand in which my cold is fast imprisoned, for watch got her bed with the fright, and a finer - ground by the river Ailie."

my number of shullings, is liquifed TI may say | boy you never saw ! The old squire would | "What does that matter? And ever since I the letters." "All for five pounda-year, Ailie?" very limited. Addim assures me as ligot out a stand goldiffuer for him, and gave a fine day. can rememder, the folks have said there is a that I shall have my stamps in the morning her at the christ-ning. I was goumother and buried treasure watched by a raven. Penhill without init and a main well of the bairs was christented Pennhild Heslop's father actually dug for it, but he only sure you I was main well of with it. But al- of the de "I should think so," murmured Miss Ame- and I sat at table with the gentlefolks, and found some old coins and rings and bones, and relations were made; a post was set up at \* drank wine with the colonel and the squire the Squire was mightily put about that the bany, and they only left me firlia ; Incredulously. I have now been at Moorbeck eighteen months, too." ground should have been disturbed; for it other goes to the nor and I have not received those stamps yet. The This is evidently a very proud remenissence. seems Heslop had dug in the chapel. There i be he be --- pounds-the cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand

stand letters that he wrote to her, and also his staircase, slow and heavy, as if they carried a for the other they could not fix on anybody .-Is blide filled with morginal notes, and the blank barden. That happened before the old colonel Well, they went home again, and that eve- is the state of my correspondence when it leaves covered with texts appropriate to bis died, and the nurse told nie herself, when I ning there came a woman to the great house, reaches the hands to which it is addressed .--The We have not lest thy love. The interest in the address of the boy with the paper has to beg a drop of brandy for her husband, who The intrusion of the boy with the paper has .h by him hanging eventhe chimacy-pices. It represe geine looking corpse with his thick gray mons- was taken with a bad fit of colic. They were broken the thread of our discourse, so in earn-

No held of fails's prod sets for thee viand intellectual. What those seven helpless can't tell how many of that family : there was comes the wife got some brandy, and went Wears must have been ! Then with a bot flush | the colonel's wife, and Miss Eleanor, who died home. All at once a fancy took the Squire, Fon her check, and spathle in her fided eyes, of a waste-she was a beautiful girl, and as and he said to his wife that he would just the allades to eacher too, who, having sisen good as she was bounds; then there was that walk up the village and see the poor man. He in the world, is too pread to acknowledge his and semperates, Master Everard, and the little did not knock at the door, but walked straight hoy ; the old colonel outlived 'em all, and was into the kitchen, and there talking with the

I pray God Almighty might hundble his as bitter mentoes. He got his nephew Rich- wife, he saw the fellow he suspected of having "" when all the rest were been one of those who set upon him at Scarth-With all car she forgiven, in a make than a blessing in it ; but her flory indig- gone, but I dare say he harried him almost to neck. They seemed quite begone, and would in mation touches slightly, very slightly, on the death. Eichard matricel a great lady for his not let him go into the bedroom where the In our sweet home in heaven, or any if I favorite daughter, with, who-she pauses, and whe, and so the old men was pleased and left man lay ill; for ever so long; but the Squire Towpeat with all the thus, above stand of share the daspoken story is known, says, the estate to hun justead of to his elder hro- was determined, and at least he got to the bed From How workshold workshold workshold workshold on oh we neither gentle nor simple in all the dale was sats quarreled. Then Richard and his wife in pain. He cried out when he saw Mr. Lang-

"Well, Miss, thank you. It is very good of von to come aud talk (?) to an old woman .-Eless me, if there is not you kitten !"

I turn round and see my snowball Charlie hastily descending the orchard wall. He comes, and is duly petted and admired. "The gamekeepers will shoot him," Ailie

observes. "No, they won't, I introduced him formally

and they promised not, and to let him out of traps if he was caught."

"I lay you're fond of him, miss ?"

"Very; he is so compassionable. He lies on the table watching me write, and sometimes he walks over the paper, and acts as very bad blotting-paper. We are great friends. Charlie and L.

"Some people don't like cats." "Then I pity them. Good-bye, Aille." I take my little cat in my arms. Ailie calls after me that she is afraid it is a bad sign, as I saunter up the hill. Midway I encounter a group of small children going home from school. They curtsey revernity before my face; but when they have got past I hear a lit the laugh, and one says: "It's her cat; she gave our Tom sixpence for getting it out of a

free. 35 At the turn to the gates I come suddenly on "You keep up the old customs here, Ailie, group of young people-my pupils and some of their friends.

"Miss Lee and her cat. of course: ugly Charbody's banns published in the church since lie-horrible Charlie!" cries the owner of a fat terrier, which is pussy's sworn foe.

"You have had him out for a walk. I wonder what you will do next ?" cries the amiable Amelia.

"I shall roll a ball on the lawn for him to run after;" and I go and do it definately. So ends my half-holiday. I recommend every governess to have a pet; it gives her a feeling of independence, and fills up spare moments when she would be likely to mope and fancy herself miscrable. I think the affection of even a kitten worth having.

"No. Ailie-at least I think not, but I never FACTS FOR INDIAN HISTORY .- It is stated was there to see." that while some workmen were excavating for a cellar in Concord, N. H., they discovered

are supposed to be the remains of some of the mine that was ill at Leeds. There isn't many ancient Pennacooks, who once inhabited that going on for eighty could do that, miss."

"I dare say you could, miss, it need were that you should. You are small and light, like me, but then, to be sure, we have had different bringings-up. I'm always well if I can get out of doors; for I've been used to a deal of walking. It is only lately that the mail-cart has come through Moorbeck, and left the bag at my door. I had to go to the corner of the road, near the bridge, which is a good mile off; every morning, rain or shine, to wait till the mail went by, and then I had a round of six or seven miles more to deliver

How ennobling, how touching, are this young man's words. We cannot but respect him for his beautiful reverence for his mother. Years of a life in New York, subject to every snare and temptation, engaged in an engross. ing and extensive business, with the heat and passion of youth upon him, yet the one steady flame of deep love for his mother, burned undimmed in his heart.

Mother, she was a mother worthy of such a son. She was a Christian mother. Would you inspire a similar love and reverence, be like her, and earnest and heartfelt follower of the blessed Redeemer.

And let every heartless, neglectful son, remember the thorns of agony his thoughtlessness implants in the hearts of his parents .-nine skeletons within a space of ten feet. They Let him call to remembrance the helpless years of his childhood, and all the self-sacrificing love that fills their hearts, and now return to them and to God the love and gratitude which are so justly due.

PRAYER .- Prayer was not invented; it was born with the first sigh, the first joy, the first sorrow, of the human heart: or rather man was born to pray; to glorify God, or to implore him was his only mission here below : all else perishes before him or with him: bat the cry of glory or admiration, or of love which he raise es towards the Creator, does not perish on his and have no knowledge of a Supreme Being. passing from the earth; it re asone . sounds from age to ....

----- it remighty 12" -se, in the ear of the Al-., use the reflection of 1 is own magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is ... not greet wholly divine; and which he can exhale with

OF Why is a man's pastor really and trais

his brother !--- Because he's his pa's son.

returns from the labors jow and pride; in an homage to Him to whom

---- his home by the sweet enchantment of a Being .-- Lamarine.

region, and must have been buried about one "Indeed, Ailie, I could not do it myself." hundred and fifty years ago. Six of the skeletons were those of children and three of adults, one of whom was of giant proportions. So much for the past. The Exploring Expedition, as our readers have been informed, recently discovered in the South Pacific a new race of Indians, called Technecis, (if the papers spell correctly,) who are said to be a warlike race, that owe no allegiance to a for-

eign power, are characteristically provident. So much for the present and future.

THE WIFE .- That woman deserves not a

husband's generous love who will "No, Miss, it was twenty then: and I'll as- him with smiles as he "

subtraster there; and may- that is so unfeeling as to withstand such influ-

ara a month, ence and break away from such a bome.