

NORTHERN DEMOCRAT

VOL. V.

MONROE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1848.

NO. 7

POETRY.

From the Democratic Review.

THE CHESAPEAKE.

On thy brim I am standing, thou beautiful Day!
Where in childhood as free as the zephyr I strayed,
And as glad as the lark at the dawning of day,
In the beams of the morning disported and played;
With entrancing delight view'd thy waters afar,
That lay like a banner of silver unfurled,
Until glow'd in the westward the soft vesper star,
And the queen of the night shed her smile o'er the world.

With my book I have walked on thy blossoming strand,
While I sent my young thoughts down the vale of the past,
To the time when the Red Man was lord of the land—
And his ear unattuned to the cannon's fierce blast;
Or enmeshed in these bowers of roses serene,
And woodbine from morning till eventide dewed,
O'er the Sorrows of Harold, and Spencer's fair Queen—
At the altar of Homer enraptured have knelt,
Yes, beloved Chesapeake! ah! how oft on thy bank,
When the flowers were smiling—the birds were all glee,
And the young prairie fawn stooped beside the dead stream,
The fountains were leaping through woodland and lea—
And the world was effulgent with beauty and life!
Have I roved with one dear to affection and love,
Till my soul with bright visions of glory was rife,
And my thoughts were all pinion'd in regions above!

But these days have departed—these visions are o'er—
That dear one has gone to the Land of the Blest—
The friends that watched over my slumbers of yore,
And soothed by affection my sorrowing breast,
Are roving afar, or repose in the clay,
And I, now, in this world of a crowded mart,
Save the memory of these to enliven my heart,
And illumine the void in this desolate day.

MISCELLANY.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

A STORY OF THE SCOTTISH GLENS.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"The moon was a waning,
The tempest was over."
Etrick Shepherd.

I.—LASSIE HERDING SHEEP.

Beautiful as the heather bell of her own glen, lass was Helen Grene. She was the only child of her parents, and dwelt all alone with them in a Highland glen, sharing her solitude with the wild water-fall and the eagle that fluted a speck in the sky overhead. Sweetly as a dream of early infancy—gently as some silver flowing stream her placid existence had glided by. If you could have heard her watching some simple ballad out of sight, you would scarcely have thought it a human voice, but had looked to see what lark high up filled Heaven with music. Her light step, as she tripped over the hills, was like that of some aerial being, and, in the distance, you half-expected to see it float into the air. Worshipful she was by all, but especially by young Roland Glencoe, the blithest, boldest and handsomest lad in Scotland's thousand glens! Often, after she had passed, he knelt to kiss the heather she had trod upon. Of her still he wished he saw a trace, that he might lay his riches and rank at her feet. But as he winced, he sighed, for alas! he was an orphan, depending on his daily labor for his daily bread, while the father of Helen was the owner of a Highland hall, and a rich man for a peasant. So, poor Roland, fearing to press his suit, sighed, and was silent.

But when was lassie loved, and ignorant of it? Helen saw the downcast eyes, the embarrassed air, and blushing cheek of the young shepherd; and knew, by those tokens, that his heart was bent. Her own bosom throbbled when a suspicion of the first darted across her mind, and the crimson tide that suffused her cheek, spread over neck and shoulder, until even her snowy bosom flashed as rosily as Mount Blane at sunset. She had never thought of such a thing before, but now she knew that she loved Roland. Inensibly her affection for the young shepherd had grown up in her breast. They had walked together by the brook, they had watched their locks in neighboring hills, and in the long winter evenings he had sat at her father's ingle-side talking with her parents and herself; and whenever they met he had always a smile, or sometimes a wild flower for her; and so it happened—have not such things happened before?—that his image became entwined with all her associations, and being ever present to her thoughts led her on unweariedly to love. And yet, when she discovered the existence of this affection, though she trembled and blushed, all alone as she was, she did not weep; but on the contrary a thrill of delight went through her heart, and visions of a happy, holy wedded life rose before her pure imagination. In the innocence of her sweet soul she thought nothing of the difference between her father's wealth and that of Roland. Yet she saw, when her lover looked but dared not speak his love, what something held back the words that trem-

bled on his lips, and she wondered—dear lassie!—what it could be.

It was on a bright, Highland morning, many a long year ago—for this little legend is told in the glens as happening in far distant times—that Helen, as she watched her father's sheep, leaned against the hill side and twined her distaff busily; for, in these days, no peasant girl, or indeed no lady even of high degree, kept her fair fingers idle, but was ever occupied, either in spinning whist linen for the cottage loom, or in embroidering some knightly surcoat or bit of silken tapestry; and so Helen, working and singing, was thinking of one manly form alone, when suddenly a step started her ear, and Roland herself stood before her. She looked up with a faint cry. He was attired as for a journey. There was something, too, so earnest in his face, that the color left the cheek of Helen, and she dropped her eyes.

"Helen!" said Roland, and hesitating an instant, he took her hand—he had never done this before, and Helen's agitation increased—"Helen, I am going away."
He stopped here, as if the words choked him. One quick look of wondering inquiry, sudden as the lightning flash, Helen gave him; and then again her eyes sought the ground, and she colored to the tips of her delicate fingers.

"Perhaps I shall not soon return—perhaps never," he continued, speaking very fast, and in much emotion. "The old man who brought me here, an orphan, when a child, has sent for me to the Lowlands, and I go to obey his behest, for he is the only father I have ever known. I feel like one going to the scaffold, too, Helen! every step I take from the glens is like a dagger thrust through my heart. But, as the old man says, I am but a poor shepherd lad here, and down in the Lowlands I may become a soldier and advance my fortunes. But for that thought, Helen, I would not go. But Helen, dear Helen—for now I can make bold to lay open before you the heart of an honest lad—I have dared to love you, humble as I am, and rich as you are; and I sometimes think—forgive me if it is folly; that if I had gear as great as your own, your father might not spurn my suit, and that perhaps, you yourself would not despise it. Nay, Helen do not be angry—do not turn away your head in indignation—it was a vain dream, and I do not know what madness urged me on to speak thus to you. Overlook my rash words, and bid me a good-bye, and I will try to forget you, though that I can never do."

So humbly did he speak, and so heart-broken—
"Helen," said Roland, and hesitating an instant, he took her hand—he had never done this before, and Helen's agitation increased—"Helen, I am going away."
He stopped here, as if the words choked him. One quick look of wondering inquiry, sudden as the lightning flash, Helen gave him; and then again her eyes sought the ground, and she colored to the tips of her delicate fingers.

At first everything was forgotten but Helen's sweet confession. But then came the recollection of her parents, who, though esteeming him, would certainly object to bestowing their daughter on a penniless shepherd lad. Soon, too, followed other thoughts. The message he had received from his foster father was a very empty one, to come to the Lowlands, and take up the trade of a soldier. Could he have heard of Roland's love, and knowing its folly, sought this cure? Whatever might be the reason for the exercise of his authority, Roland acknowledged its force; and so, with a sad heart, he prepared to tell Helen that he must prosecute his journey. She wept, but was at last convinced. He pictured to her imagination how he scarcely dared entertain, to reconcile her to the separation, promising to return soon, perhaps before the summer was over. "I may win gold—what knows I?—my foster father may give me some gear to begin with. Oh! Helen, believe me, I will prove faithful, and Heaven will yet bless our love, and unite us happily."

And so the sweet lassie dried her tears, and smiling on her lover, accompanied him part of the way on his journey; then, standing on the brow of the hill, and shading her eyes with her hand, gazed upon him until he was lost to sight. Alas! when hearts thus part, how little do they know when they shall meet again!

II.—THE OLD KEEP.

It was on a hot Summer day, a month after Roland and Helen parted, when a hale old man, and a blithe shepherd lad, approached one of those old castellated towers that still tower occasionally over the landscapes of Cumberland, but were then far more frequent than now. Roland, for the youth was our hero, had met his foster father at Stirling, according to the message; but, instead of being attended to the old man's purpose, had been told he must prepare for a long journey, and accordingly the two had set out together, and traveling by easy stages, for they walked all the way, had at last arrived at the old keep.

scapes, which looks like a brook, but is a river—and to the east, the dark wooded elevation, half a day's journey hence—well then, my boy," he exclaimed, as Roland nodded assent to all his questions, "all within these boundaries are your own—for all these are ancient lands of the Cliffords—and now, since bloody Gloster is no more, and Harry of Lancaster rules the realm, the soul of the Clifford shall have his own again."

The old man had spoke with rapidly increasing enthusiasm, and now he fairly clasped the youth in his arms, and wept aloud for joy. "But how—where—what do you mean?" exclaimed Roland, bewildered; for all this appeared to him like some strange dream. "What do I mean?" said his companion, holding him at arm's length, and gazing proudly at his features. "Why this, that I see before me the only child of the murdered Clifford, and the lineal heir of that ancient and noble line."

"Explain—how can this be?—you fool me, old man," said Roland, placing his hand on his forehead, yet leaning for weakness against the battle-axe, for in the wild hope that this tale might be true, he trembled like a girl. "I am, or was once a knight in your father's train," said the old man, "and when the rose of York triumphed over that of Lancaster, the rage of Clifford was hunted down like wild beasts took you, the only child of my master, and fled with you to the Scottish Highlands, where I had you brought up as a shepherd by a cousin of one of my liegemen; while I myself took service in the Scottish ranks, that I might be near to watch over and bring you to your own again, if ever Lancaster should triumph over York. That happy day has come, and now I see a Clifford once more on Clifford's hill!"

It seemed like a dream to Roland, and it was long before he could feel that all this was not all visionary—that he was indeed the possessor of those broad lands—that at he was a noble, and of England's proudest chivalry. But the old knight had proof of everything he asserted. He produced, from a bundle which he carried with him, the identical clothes in which Roland, as a babe, had been dressed, on the night of the flight to Scotland, together with the coat of arms, marked with the Clifford arms, that the child had worn. He carried him down to the neighboring village, where still lived the foster brother who had nursed him, and who recognized her boy immediately, telling him of marks upon his person, of which Roland had believed no one but himself knew. There were scars upon his forehead, and a mole upon his cheek, and so Roland was fain to believe all this was true; and with what rapture did he admit it, when he thought of Helen!

"She will be mine now," was his first reflection, "nothing can separate us. I will make her my mistress, and there will be none to rival her in the land. Oh! how she will be surprised when she hears of it!"
Roland, full of these thoughts, would have hurried back to Scotland to claim his bride; but this, on second thoughts, he could not do, for it was necessary first to travel up to London, with the old knight, and exhibiting his proofs, claim from Henry VII., the fresh from the victory of Bosworth field, the heritage of the Cliffords. This occupied time, and there was a first some delay. But the evidence was so strong to be long resisted, and so, finally, Roland was placed in possession of the rich domains of his ancestors. But his romantic story had got abroad in London—and reader, there was as much curiosity and enthusiasm then as now—so at the monarch's express command, the young Lord Clifford was forced to abide in London for awhile, to grace the royal court. Efforts were made, by more than one fair lady, to win this hero for a husband.

GOOD MANNERS.—We know a young man, slow, sullen, heavy-browed and ungracious, who whenever you speak to him, answers as if it were an effort to be even decently civil, and who, moreover, seems to be quite content and even proud of his civility. And we lean to the charitable side so far as to think this is nothing more than a bad habit of his, which has insensibly fastened upon him; and that he goes along through the world—a world of mutual dependence—little aware of the fact, that so small a thing as his manners is constantly producing impressions, and fast forming a reputation, such as ten years hence he may regret as the great blunder of his life.

Would it not be well for every young man to remember the truthful anecdote of the rich Quaker Banker, who when asked the secret of his success in life, answered, "Civility, friend, civility!" How much does it cost a man, either old or young, to be truly civil in all the intercourse of society? rather how much does it cost a young man to form this habit, which, if formed well upon him easily, gracefully and profitably, so long as he lives? Far more depends upon the little, often despised circumstances of his world than any other single adventitious circumstance, by which men rise or fall. We may look around us, at any time, and see men high in place or power, who have not attained that elevation by force of individual character or great knowledge, but simply from the fact that the trifling graces of life have not been altogether despised. It is not a dancing-matter's grace that is now referred to; but that little benevolence of manner that recognizes in little things the rights of others, and fully acknowledges such rights.

the want of that little something to please as we go along, will cause many a rough job in the road, which otherwise, might be smooth as summer stream. Wear a lunge in your neck, young man, and keep it well oiled.

THE DEVIL'S HALF ACRE.

BY WM. T. ROBERTS, JR.

Across the whole length of New Jersey, extending a chain of broken, yet partially connected mountains, called the Blue Ridge, a Branch of the Alleghenies. Through the county of Somerset runs a lateral spur of rocky and isolated hills, covered for the most part with a sparse growth of chestnut, oak, and stunted cedars.

Of the very top of one of these, called Shan-nock Mountain, is a large space covering nearly three acres, barren of tree or shrub; the surface of which appears to be formed of a single rough stone. 'Tis called the Devil's Half Acre. Near the center is a ragged opening of about 20 feet in diameter, which appears to penetrate into the very bowels of the earth.

The incidents I am about to relate, occurred some time after the passage of General Washington and his army, across New Jersey, in the spring of 1776.

The infamous cruelties of the marauding parties of British soldiers, had awakened every feeling of resentment, and aroused in every bosom an implacable hatred, which only the extermination of the infernal monsters could allay.

At length, a cowardly assault upon a family, composed of an aged widow and her three lovely daughters, who, after being cruelly outraged by the brutal soldiers, were beaten nearly to death, and the old widow and a grey-haired negro, killed and thrown into the well of the Devil's Half Acre, so exasperated the young men that they resolved on vengeance.

A secret meeting was held, and they resolved to meet next evening at the foot of the ridge, to punish the cowards, who were encamped in fancied security, about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the outrage. The greater part of the day was spent in mounding bullets, and preparing their weapons, which being accomplished, they awaited with feverish anxiety the appointed hour.

The one chosen to command them was a sturdy youth of 18, strongly built and athletic; he carried a long rifle, and was clad in a plain suit of grey homespun. At length the party, numbering 15, were all assembled; the ages of none exceeding 18, while the majority were, still younger. The order to march was given, and the young band followed their leader in profound silence.

continued, in a voice trembling with emotion. "You all know the widow Gale—you know her lovely daughters—blissful, amiable, light-hearted, happy girls. You know them, but not as well as I. The eldest is my affianced bride. My whole soul is wrapped up in her—she is my quilling star! I love her better than my life, and the wrongs she suffered at my very soul. Before you, you see, the perpetrators. Look at them—are they fit to live?"

"No no!" exclaimed each and every one. "Then, my friends, they are not fit to die! We have already spilled blood enough for one night, and the death of these men will not repair the wrongs already committed. What say you? Will it not be far nobler to spare their lives? Let us leave further vengeance to the laws, or to him who has said 'Vengeance is mine.' Fifteen have already forfeited their lives; may we not spare the five?"

Though every heart was still burning with revenge the example shown by poor Dan, who had suffered more than any present, softened their hearts, and they allowed themselves to be persuaded.

The prisoners were led down the mountain side, and the next morning taken to Somerville, and delivered to a party of Continentals who were stationed there.

The actors in these scenes have all passed to that better world from whence no traveller returns. But the recollection of old Daniel Lount, and his martyrly life, is still fresh in the memory of the writer.

WAITING ORDERS.

BY A. D. CHALDNER, M. C.

On a lovely evening in the month of May, several officers in fatigue dress were seated in a room in camp Palo—the sides of the tent were raised to allow their air to enter, and at the same time afford a view of the encampment.

The long lines of tents were glistening in the rays of the sun; the groups gathered round the fires; the neighing of horses and the occasional challenge of the guard alone broke the silence—while the background, formed by the clippings, completed the picture.

Many an anxious thought occupied the group of officers, and they were now discussing, in low tones, the propriety of some measure, the camp was to be broken up, and they were to join Gen. Scott on the southern line—and upon their reception depended all—to some time, to some glory; but alas! to many death!

At length, a cowardly assault upon a family, composed of an aged widow and her three lovely daughters, who, after being cruelly outraged by the brutal soldiers, were beaten nearly to death, and the old widow and a grey-haired negro, killed and thrown into the well of the Devil's Half Acre, so exasperated the young men that they resolved on vengeance.

At length, a cowardly assault upon a family, composed of an aged widow and her three lovely daughters, who, after being cruelly outraged by the brutal soldiers, were beaten nearly to death, and the old widow and a grey-haired negro, killed and thrown into the well of the Devil's Half Acre, so exasperated the young men that they resolved on vengeance.

Great Western Horse Trade.

There is a certain individual in this State who rejoices in the nickname of the "Western Railroad Jockey," or more commonly the "Great Western," a man who is half horse and whole Yankee. He is the keenest chap in trading nags that was ever raised in New England, and "canny Yorkshire" could not produce his match at "taking in the flats." The fame of this excellent man at length reached the ears of another adept in the same profession, living somewhere up on the Vermont line, equally skilled in horse flesh and the trick, but not equally successful in fortune, equally renowned. When the northern Nimrod, for he was quite a sporting character, heard of his rival's reputation, and the superiority of his horse, he could not help but say, "I will have a try at him, and if I can't get the best of him, I will give up the business." The "Great Western" was to be located at a particular spot, on a particular day, for the purpose of trading horses, he determined to be there with a man of his to measure strength with the redoubtable jockey.

Accordingly, in anticipation of the "bet," he began training and feeding a worthless horse of his that rejoiced in the name of "some—if not more, and by dint of careful grooming and a generous stable diet, succeeded in making the animal look as fine as a lily bird on a plum tree, as the "Cornish" would say. So he determined to take the "critter" down by easy stages, to the place of rendezvous. When near the village, our friend dismounted, went into the bushes, and there occupied some time in changing his coat. He went into the "cover" looking like a slip up sporting gent; he came out in the most verdant looking juvenile that ever ate gingerbread at a country muster. His hair was combed smooth behind his ears; he had donned a genuine white wool bell top; the great peevish-dollar buttons on his coat waist were near up to his shoulder blades, and his homespun blue trousers were tucked in the tubes of a pair of astounding acrobatic boots.

Reaching the village tavern he dismounted and hitched his horse in the shed near a huge woodpile laid in for winter's consumption. In the bar room he found the "Great Western" and a mixed company, including a horse talk and rum and molasses. Our hero passed and listened and put in a word or two occasionally, which attracted the attention of the "Great Western" to him as a fitting subject whereon to exercise his transcendent conversational talent. He accordingly offered to "open 'em" to the beverage the company was drinking, and he was prevailed upon to do so.

By the operation of the third horn, he let on that he'd come down on business for the old man, and he'd rode the old man's horse—a dreadful nice critter."

"The 'Great Western' wanted to see him, and the pair adjourned to the wood shed. The 'Great Western' was much struck with the appearance of the horse, and after satisfactory examination, asked "Green 'Un" what he'd take for him.

"He ain't for sale, mister," answered Gree-ny. "The old man sets all creation by him. Raised him himself. The critter was foaled eight years next grass."

"But supposing I was to give you a 'dreadful nice horse of mine, and thirty dollars boot?" "I dussn't to look at it, cap'n. If I was to sell that are critter—I shouldn't never duss't to go him again. Let's go into the house, cap'n, it's cold as a mountain out here. How much did you say?"