

# LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

## WEST BRANCH FARMER.

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H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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### From Sartain's Union Magazine.

#### The Celestial Army.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.  
I stood by the open casement  
And looked upon the night,  
And saw the western going stage  
Pass slowly out of sight.  
I saw the bright procession  
Went down the gleaming arch,  
And my soul discerned the music  
Of their long, triumphal march;  
Till the great celestial army,  
Stretching far beyond the poles,  
Became the eternal hymn  
Of the mighty march of souls.  
Onward, for ever onward,  
Red Mars led down his clan,  
And the Moon, like a veiled maiden,  
Was riding in the van.  
And some were bright in beauty,  
And some were faint and small,  
But these might be in their great height,  
The noblest of them all.  
Downward, for ever downward,  
Behind Earth's dusky shore  
They passed into the unknown night,  
They passed and were no more.  
No more! Oh, say not so—  
And downward is not just;  
For the light is weak and the sense is dim,  
That looks through heated dust.  
The Stars and the mailed Moon,  
Though they seem to fall and die,  
Still sweep with their exalted lines  
An endless reach of sky.  
And though the hills of Death  
May hide the twilight array,  
The marshaled brotherhood of souls  
Still keeps its upward way.  
I see their march sublime,  
And hear the glorious music  
Of the conquerors of Time.  
And long let me remember,  
That the pale, fainting one  
May to divine vision be  
A bright and blazing sun.  
"A Hero Act of Humanity."  
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Health to the art, when glory is to give,  
The blessing that makes life to live."  
Start not, my fastidious reader, when I  
announce that the young gentleman, in  
whose favor and fortunes I would culst  
your friendly sympathies, as the hero of  
this sketch, is, or rather was, a medical  
student. Now I am very well aware that  
medical students are proverbially "hard  
cases"—wild, sneering, careless, skeptical  
inclined young gentlemen, whose hand-  
kerchiefs smell of ether, and whose gloves  
are strongly suggestive of rubber; whose  
talk runs large, with bold jests on grave  
subjects, sly anatomical allusions, and  
startling hints at something  
"Mair horrible and awf,"  
Which 'un to name wad be unlawfu'."  
and whose very laughter has a sort of  
bony-rattle about it.  
But our friend, Will Ashley, fortunately  
belonged not to the Bob Sawyer and Ben  
Allen class of Esculapian disciples. He  
was a man of refinement, intellect, educa-  
tion, and principle—pleasing address, fine  
person, and good family. Republican as  
I am, I can but think much of good blood  
—pure and honorable blood, I mean. He  
had no bravado, no pretension, no reck-  
lessness, no skepticism about him. He  
chose his profession at the first, from a  
real, natural leaning that way, and pur-  
sued it with true enthusiasm and a true  
constancy; and this partiality and devotion  
have been rewarded with the happiest suc-  
cess. Dr. Ashley is now regarded by his  
many patients, with a remarkable confi-  
dence and affection. To them, there seems  
"healing in the very creak of his shoes on  
the stairs," his cheerful smile lights up  
the sick room like sunshine; his gentle words  
and sympathetic tones are as balm and  
"freshening oil" to hearts and minds,  
wounded and distempored with the body,  
and his bright laugh and playful wit are  
a positive tonic to the weak and nervous  
and fearful. But I am anticipating; my story  
has perhaps most to do with the student-  
life of Ashley.  
When William was quite young—a  
mere boy indeed, he became much attached  
to a pretty cousin of his own—a gentle,  
dark-eyed, Southern girl, who made her

home for some years with his mother and  
sister, in the quiet New England city of  
H—, where she was attending school.  
Jessie Archer was, in truth, a lovely  
creature—with a heart full of all good and  
kindly feelings—with a soft, endearing  
manner, but with very little strength of  
character, or stability of purpose. She  
tenderly loved her Northern relatives, and  
parted from them at last, from her cousin  
William in particular, with many tears  
and passionate expressions of regret. She  
was not positively betrothed to this cousin  
—such a measure would have been op-  
posed by their friends, on account of the  
extreme youth of the parties—but she  
knew well his love and his dear hope—that  
he looked upon her as his future bride, and  
she was well content with this understand-

ing.  
As a matter of course, and lover-like  
necessity, William Ashley corresponded  
with his cousin. At first, the letters on  
both sides were frequent, long, and con-  
fidential; but after the first year of ab-  
sence, those of Miss Jessie changed gradually  
in their tone, and became "few and far  
between." But William, who was faithful  
and believing, made a thousand kind ex-  
cuses for this, and continued to write out  
of his own affectionate and changeless  
heart. But at length his Jessie ceased to  
write altogether. Two months went by,  
and then poor Ashley, in much distress  
anxiety, wrote to her, entreating to be told  
the cause of her strange silence. There  
came a reply at last—a brief reply, writ-  
ten in the dear, familiar hand, but bearing  
for a signature, a strange name. She had  
been a fortnight married to a wealthy Vir-  
ginia planter.

This home-thrust at his heart by a be-  
loved hand; this sudden annihilation of his  
dearest hopes, by her whose sweet source  
and centre they had been, almost prostrated  
the young student, mind and body.  
He was proud, sensitive, and twenty-one;  
he had the heart and was at the age to feel  
acutely, to suffer and despair. His ambi-  
tion died out—his energies flagged—then  
his appetite went by the board, his eye  
grew dim, his step heavy, and his  
cheek pale. "He must give up study,"  
said his mother. "He must take a jour-  
ney," said his sister, speaking one word  
for him and two for herself. This last  
proposition, which was strongly pressed,  
was finally acceded to; and the young  
gentleman set forth, dispirited and ill, under  
the care ("protection," she called it,) of  
his charming sister, Ellen. They went  
directly West, for a visit to the Falls; the  
very journey which William had always  
looked forward to as his bridal-tour. Now  
it seemed but to depress and sadden him  
the more; he was restless, moody, and  
abstracted—the very worst traveling com-  
panion possible to have. Ellen found it  
exceedingly difficult to divert him from his  
melancholy thoughts and tender recollec-  
tions, "pleasant and mournful to the soul."  
The fine scenery along their route, con-  
stantly reminded him of the double pleas-  
ure he had anticipated in first viewing it  
with his beautiful bride.

At Buffalo, our travelers took the after-  
noon boat for Chippewa. It was a bright,  
and breezy day, early in July—water,  
earth and sky were lit up gloriously by the  
declining sun, as they gazed down that  
grand immortal river. As the brother and  
sister stood on deck, silently drinking in  
the rare beauty of the scene and hour,  
they noticed a party near them, distinguish-  
ed amid all the crowd, by a certain quiet  
elegance of dress and manner, with a bear-  
ing of perhaps unconscious superiority.  
This was a family party, and consisted of  
an elderly gentleman, Mr. Harley, a wealthy  
banker, and an honorable citizen of  
New York—his wife, a sweet, motherly  
looking woman—and their daughter, Juliet  
a fair and delicate girl of eighteen, and  
their only son, Master Fred, a lad of nine  
or ten.

Ashley was a thorough republican—  
proud and poor; and being now more  
than usually inclined to coldness and re-  
serve, instinctively shrank from all contact  
with this party, in whom he at once recog-  
nized the air patrician and exclusive. But  
towards evening, Mr. Harley made some  
courteous advances, and finally succeeded  
in getting up quite a free and animated  
conversation with his young fellow-traveler,  
with whose well-bred air and thought-  
ful countenance he had been attracted and  
impressed. They discoursed on the mag-  
nificent scenery around them, then on the  
battles and sieges, bold generalship and  
brave fighting which had made classic  
ground of the wild Niagara frontier; and  
Ashley, who was an admirable talker, soon

became earnest and even eloquent, in spite  
of himself. All at once, in looking up, he  
met the beautiful blue eyes of Miss Juliet  
fixed upon him with evident interest and  
admiration. The young lady dropped her  
gaze instantly, while a deep blush suffused  
her bright, ingenuous face. An involun-  
tary thrill of pleasure agitated the heart of  
Ashley, and his cold eye kindled with a  
new fire; but as that returned—the thro' of  
all the fickleness and coquetry, and  
heartlessness of woman, his brow clouded,  
he bit his lip, and with a few hasty words,  
turned abruptly, and drawing his sister's  
arms within his own, walked to the side of  
of the vessel, and there stood, silently and  
moodily, gazing down into the darkening  
waters and off into the deepening twilight.  
Owing to some detention, the boat was  
later than usual, so that it was quite dark  
when they landed at Chippewa. On leav-  
ing the boat, Mr. Ashley and his sister  
found themselves directly behind the party  
with whom they had been conversing.  
Mr. Harley looked round and seeing them,  
began making some inquiries respecting  
the hotel of which they had made choice,  
when Master Fred, who, in his boyish in-  
dependence, was walking along, suddenly  
stumbled and fell—fell from the board  
plank over which they were passing, into  
the river below. There were screams and  
rushings to and fro, but no rescue was at-  
tempted, until Ashley, breaking from the  
clinging hold of his sister, leaped boldly  
into the deep, dark water. For a few mo-  
ments, which seemed an age to the specta-  
tors, he searched in vain along the narrow  
space between the vessel and the wharf,  
but finally he espied the lad's head appear-  
ing from under the boat, caught, and drew  
forth the already in-sensible child, and  
greatly exhausted himself, swam back to  
the plank with his precious burden. They  
were drawn on board together with joyful  
shouts and earnest thanksgiving.  
As Ashley stood in the gangway, stag-  
gering and half blind, the crowd cheering  
and pressing around him, his sister flung  
her arms about his neck, and hung upon  
him, laughing and weeping hysterically.  
But the poor creature was faint and chilled,  
and strove to release himself from his  
passionate embrace. But just as he stood  
free, he felt his hand clasped, but gently,  
tenderly, and looking around, saw Miss  
Harley at his side. She hastily raised  
that cold, wet hand to her warm, quiver-  
ing lips, and kissed it gratefully, while her  
tears, her irrefragable tears, fell upon it,  
as she murmured—"God bless you! God  
in heaven bless you!" and then hurried  
away to attend upon her brother, who had  
been carried back into the cabin. The  
little lad soon recovered sufficiently to be  
able to join the party, who together took  
their way to the Clifton House.

That night, after supper, which he had  
served in a private parlor, Mr. Harley  
sought the room of Ashley—his heart  
overflowing with gratitude toward the  
young hero, and his thoughts busy with  
plans of generous recompense. At the  
door he met a servant bearing away a wet  
travelling-suit, which sight quickened even  
more his warm and kindly feelings. He  
entered, to find Mr. Ashley wrapt in a  
dressing-gown, sitting by a table, his  
head bent down on his hands, a plate of  
light food, almost unaltered, and a cup of  
tea, half drunk, pushed back before him.  
He was looking even paler and more  
spiritless than usual. In fact, our  
friend was completely exhausted by the  
excitement and exertion of the evening,  
and consequently deepened into moodiness  
and reserve. He rose, however, as his  
visitor entered, and bowing politely, beg-  
ged him to be seated. But Mr. Harley  
came forward, took his hand, and pressing  
it warmly, looked kindly into that pale,  
quiet face, his own countenance all a glow,  
and tears actually glistening in his deep-  
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to the subject nearest his heart—dwelt  
long and at large on his paternal joy and  
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"I trust their is some way in which I  
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my dear young friend, can I repay you in  
any way?"  
To Ashley's jealous ear there was a  
tone of patronage—an insulting jingle of  
the banker's purse in those words, at  
which he involuntarily drew himself up,  
and curled his short upper lip; and when

Mr. Harley earnestly repeated his question,  
thus:  
"Is there no way in which I can serve  
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"Yes; by never mentioning this little  
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parted from the reaver of his child, the  
young hero, with whom five minutes be-  
fore he would have divided his fortune.  
Tired and indifferent, Ashley flung him-  
self upon his bed, and slept soundly till  
late in the morning; then rose with a  
headache, made a light breakfast, and hur-  
ried down to Table-Rock with his sister,  
who had been up since daybreak, impa-  
tiently awaiting his appearance.

Ashley was long lost in that first con-  
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his soul seemed born to a new life—a new  
world of beauty, and power, and dread,  
overwhelming sublimity.  
The day was wondrously beautiful, and  
floods of sunlight were mingled with the  
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precipice; into the darkest depths fell the  
fearless, glad sunbeams, sounding like golden  
plumets those terrible abysses. There  
hung the rainbow, and Ellen, as she gazed,  
remarked a wild-bird, who seemed sporting  
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grandeur of Deity, through the beautiful  
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Ashley was at length roused from his  
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