

The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

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POETRY.

THE BOOK OF NATURE AND THE BOOK OF LIFE.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God—
Pope.

When in the verdant fields I stray,
Or through the woodlands tread my way,
Or seated on a sod,
The tuneful birds their matins sing,
To which the forest-echoes ring—
And tell me there's a God.

The lark, the harbinger of day,
Before the sun has shed its ray
O'er yonder eastern hills,
Rises, on quivering pinions borne,
Alone to meet the fair hair'd morn,
Whose throat with praises thrills.

Bird of the morn, with speckled breast,
As soaring upwards from thy nest
Hid in the grassy sod,
I hear thy clear toned, warbling tongue
Welcome the sun with grateful song,
Thy humble praise to God.

Lo! every beast that creeps the mead,
The lowing herd, the prancing steed,
That bend to man's control,
The wavy grove, the purling brook,
Are nature's ever open book,
To teach the doubting soul.

My spirit ranges Afric's plains,
Where the fierce lion-monarch reigns
And spurns the scorching sands—
The tiger from the jungle springs—
The coiling serpent's venom stings—
All speak Creative Hands.

When midnight wraps the sombre skies,
With Argus like a thousand eyes,
Beneath her shroudy veil,
Can Contemplation view the whole,
At thousand worlds in ether roll,
And feel her faith exhale?

Behold, from out the blackening skies,
On viewless wings the lightning flies,
The power of the Lord,
Hark! how the deep toned thunders roll,
And seem to rend the vivid pole,
'Tis great Jehovah's word.

Say, shall the sceptic atheist dare
To view the scene and still declare
That chance has formed the whole?
Dare he deny Jehovah's power,
And see unaw'd that dreadful hour,
Which mocks a less control?

All nature, by his bounty deck'd,
The earth, the firmament, reflect
Nature's creative God;
Whose word controll'd chaotic storm,
Whose fiat spoke the earth in form,
And rules it with a rod.

In Nature, from the simplest flower,
Which springs amidst the summer-shower,
And in the night blast dies,
To the huge oak which tempests jeers,
The monarch of a thousand years,
Jehovah's image lies.

Thus much we know—but still the fate
Which, when the body dies, will wait
The soul's ethereal spark;
Whether it soars 'bove mortal ties,
Or in the grave corrupting lies,
There Nature leaves us dark.

There Nature fails, but from the skies,
On angel-wings a vision flies,
Whose dazzling raiment shone;
'Tis Revelation, that descends,
The legate, that the Father sends
From Heaven's eternal throne.

She comes, her visage beaming light,
Like Moses, who, in Sinai's height,
Spoke with the Holy One;
Before whose presence Israel paled,
Now view'd his dazzling face unveil'd,
In which God's glory shone.

To him Jehovah's hands had given
Two mistic tables grav'd in Heaven
With Israel's holy law;
But she a nobler volume bore,
Whose pages breath a milder lore,
And love takes place of awe.

The law with threaten'd curses brands
The soul who breaks her least commands,
So strict that all must fall—
The Gospel shows a Saviour slain,
Whose dying groans has rent in twain
The sacerdotal veil.

The law demands our forfeit soul,
As pointing to the fearful scroll,
'The soul that sins shall die'—
The Gospel lifts our drooping head,
Shows us a ransom in our stead,
And wipe the tear-dew'd eye.

All hail, blest Gospel! Jesus, hail!
Whose blood, once shed within the veil,
Can cleanse from every stain,
Nailing our sentence to the tree,
On which thou blest Son of Calvary,
And breaking Satan's chain,

Then with attentive vision scan
The volume nature opens to man,
With pure instruction rife,
And when it fails to teach thee more,
With bowed knees His grace adore,
Who gave the Book of Life.

REPORTE.

A clergyman was censuring a young lady for
not being a Christian. "Why," replied the young lady,
"I could not easily recommend those habits to
my parishioners." The clergyman smiled.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE, OR, THE HEROINE OF SARATOGA.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

At that dark period of our revolution which preceded the capture of Burgoyne on the plains of Saratoga, the friends of Liberty, incensed and driven almost to desperation, by the repeated success of the British army, and the cruelty with which the American prisoners were treated by the enemy, resolved to leave their domestic firesides—"march to the battle field," and risk all upon the hazard of a die. It was a fearful hazard—New York, Philadelphia and other important posts on the sea board, were in undisturbed possession of the invaders—the northern frontier was lined by a savage and blood thirsty foe, and the little Spartan band who had sworn by the ashes of their fathers, to "live free or die," were compelled to seek refuge in the interior, and patiently but anxiously, wait for a favorable opportunity to avenge the wrongs of their oppressed country. The entrance of Burgoyne into the state of New York, from Canada with a powerful and well disciplined army created alarm—and excited a spirit of patriotism among all classes, of both sexes, which even the martyrs of Thermopylae might have envied.

Among the many that thought more of liberty than life, was Hezekiah Elverton, one of the pioneers of western Massachusetts. He was among the first to raise the standard of Liberty in New England, and embraced every opportunity of inculcating into the minds of his wife and son, (who composed his whole family,) the same patriotic spirit by which he was animated.

On a beautiful evening in October, 1777, Mr. Elverton appeared more than usually agitated. He paced the room to and fro for a considerable time, as if in deep thought—and then requested his son to bring him his horn inkstand, a pen and a sheet of paper. After spending half an hour in writing, during which time not a word was whispered by any member of the anxious little family; he carefully folded the sheet—and still holding it in his hand placed himself between his wife and his son.

"Henry, are both our guns in order?"

"Yes, sir—I cleaned them yesterday and put in new flints for the purpose of pursuing the wolf that has lately made such havoc among our sheep. I was about to ask you to allow me to join a small party of our neighbors for that purpose, to-morrow; the rogue cannot be far off and I think he might be easily captured."

"Henry, did I ever refuse you a reasonable request?"

No father—on the contrary, you have granted me many an unreasonable one. But this is certain for our interest, and we know that our long sixer seldom betrays you. Come father let us both go."

"Henry," replied the patriot, his eyes sparkling with youthful animation, "why should we hunt the wolf when a lion is in the neighborhood?"

"A lion," exclaimed the old lady; "how did he get among us?"

"No matter how. He is among us, and must be met and conquered. Henry have you any bullets cast?"

"Only a few, we are out of lead."

"Out of lead! go to the closet and get two of the heaviest pewter plates, and melt them into bullets before you go to bed. The lion must be conquered and both of us must join the party."

"But where is he, father?"

"I will explain, my son. A division of the British army are near us, anxious for plunder and thirsting for blood. General Stark has ordered out his militia, and calls earnestly upon every patriot to join him. At dawn in the morning we must start for Bennington."

"Hannah, put a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a few slices of venison, into our hunting pouches. And should I never return,—for the first time a tear glistened in the eye of the patriot but he dashed it from him and continued—should I never return, this letter, (reaching her the manuscript which he held in his hand) contains some instructions relative to the management of our worldly affairs. She took the paper and deposited it in her bosom.

Henry promptly obeyed; the instructions of his father relative to converting the plates into bullets, and had scarcely finished them when his mother brought him a large pewter mug.—"melt this also, my son, it cannot be put to better use, and when you meet the enemy let every shot count, but before you go, bid farewell to Emeline; for it may be your last farewell!

"Yes, Henry," said the father "I will cast the other bullets, while you call upon Emeline. Tell her that your bridal day must be postponed; tell her to pray for the success of our arms, for the speedy emancipation of our beloved country, from the thralldom of despotism and for our safe return to home and happiness."

Henry Elverton and Emeline Wharton had been intimate from childhood. They had recently exchanged vows of eternal fidelity; and the day was appointed when these vows, already recorded in Heaven, were to be ratified at an earthly altar.

The present unlooked for emergency, was like a death blow to the youthful hopes of Henry—but he braced his nerves to meet it, as he rushed from his father's house to reveal it to Emeline. In ten minutes he was by her side. The deepest anxiety was depicted on his manly countenance as he spoke—"Emeline!"

Overcome by his emotions, he could say no more; and for the first time in many years his cheeks were moistened with tears. "Henry," another pause ensued. The anxious girl knew not what to fear, expect, or hope; but she endeavored to prepare herself for the worst.

"Henry explain, and relieve my suspense."

"Emeline we must part, perhaps forever."

The bloom left her cheek, she in vain attempted to rise—when Henry, forgetful of every thing but her safety and welfare caught her in his arms. The embrace was mutual and restored to Emeline that confidence in Henry's fidelity which his last words had rendered doubtful.

"Emeline the British are near us. To-morrow dawn will find my father and myself on our way to join the American army. Should I fall—"

"No more Henry," said she as she grasped his neck more closely; "a proof of your affection—no more—obey your country's call should you fall it will be in a righteous cause—but," said she after a moment's hesitation—"but Henry we shall meet again!" Another heartfelt embrace closed the scene, and Henry left the house of his early love with a much lighter heart than he had entered it. Encouraged by her he could face the cannon's mouth thoughtless of danger in the hope of returning to his much loved home a sharer in the honors of glorious victory.

The parting of Mrs. Elverton with her husband and son was brief and affectionate; her heart was full but not a bare bedewed her aged cheek as she gave them a blessing and encouraged them to depart.

On their arrival at Bennington the bloody strife had already commenced the odds were fearful against our ill armed and undisciplined militia, but the appearance of recruits constantly approaching and joining them from every quarter encouraged Stark and his little band to hold out till their forces should justify them in making a bold but well planned *chevaux-de-frize* in hopes to surprise and to ensnare the enemy. The soldiers felt moreover that they were fighting for their firesides and their little ones, the graves of their ancestors, the consecrated altars of their religion, against a foe whose only wish was the spoils of victory, and whose only fear was the displeasure of their royal master. These considerations nerved every man and animated every heart. The battle was short but decisive in favor of the Americans. Many a fond wife on that day became a widow—many an anxious mother was doomed to consecrate the memory of a favorite son by her unavailing tears of sorrow—and many a maiden pressed to her anguished bosom a beloved likeness—all that remained of the departed.

Immediately after the battle of Bennington a beardless young lad apparently not more than fifteen, offered his services to the commander of the company, to which the Elvertons were attached, which was accepted. He gave his name as Robert Wilber. Notwithstanding his youth, his swarthy complexion indicated that he had been accustomed to labor under the scorching rays of a summer's sun, and his sparkling eye, as he enquired for the officer was a sufficient proof that he was willing if not able to endure the fatigues of a campaign.

Early in the evening of the 7th October a British sentinel introduced himself to one of the picket guards of the American army, in the character of a deserter from the British camp—but was immediately arrested as a spy and brought before Gen. Gates. Alarmed for his personal safety the prisoner offered to give the English countersign for

that night and remain a close prisoner until it could be ascertained whether or not he was deceiving them.—Of the intended movement of the enemy, he knew nothing. He gave the countersign to Gates and was placed under a strong guard.

Taking advantage of this timely and unexpected intelligence, Gen. Gates immediately summoned a council of officers in order to enquire whether any brave spirit could be found under their respective commands, who would voluntarily run the almost desperate risk of entering the British camp that night, for the purpose of ascertaining as nearly as possible, their force and intended movement. The project was speedily made known to a chosen few, whose zeal in the cause could not be doubted, when about thirty of the number, whose enthusiasm overcame all fears and danger except for their common country, simultaneously volunteered to make the rash attempt. Lots were cast, and the important and daring enterprise devolved on young Wilber! For a moment, even his apparently sunburnt cheeks did not conceal the flush with which they were suffused; it was only for a moment—and within that moment a score of New England hunters offered themselves as substitutes.

"No," replied Wilber with firmness, "should I consent, I should be deserving a coward's fate. It has fallen to my lot, and let mine be the peril."

"Rash youth," said the general, "leave this dangerous undertaking to some one of the many who have already offered their services, and who, if they have not stouter hearts must be supposed to have had more experience, and to possess more physical energy than could possibly be expected in a lad of your age. I doubt not your patriotism, but old soldiers, and we have but a few among us, are more efficient in such cases than mere school boys."

"Sir," said Wilber, "I am not a school boy! my appearance deceives you. I have recently passed fearlessly through a more trying struggle than this; then do not compel me either to slum the danger which would attend a failure, or the glory which would crown the enterprise."

"Enough," replied the general, but remember that on you, perhaps even more than myself depends the fate of our gallant little army. Then calling Wilber aside he gave him the English countersign, with such advice and directions as he thought would probably be of service to the young soldier, who immediately commenced making preparations for placing himself between a bare chance for life, and the almost certainty of death. Dressed in the uniform of a British soldier and wrapped in a dark cloak, Wilber was conducted by an officer of the guard to the outposts of the American camp, when bidding farewell to his comrades, he directed his steps toward the camp of the enemy.

He had now a moment for reflection. He thought of his late peaceful and happy home, of the parents whom he had left clandestinely, and of the probability of never again meeting them on earth, but he thought of his country too, and pressed forward. In a short time he found himself within hailing distance of a British picket.

"Who goes there?" demanded the sentinel, in a rough voice.

"A friend."

"Give the countersign."

Wilber advanced to the point of the sentinel's bayonet and opening his cloak sufficiently to show his uniform whispered "success."

"Right," replied the unsuspecting sentinel, "what news from without?"

"I have been into the rebel camp," was the reply. "Their force is small, but rapidly increasing and they are not expecting an attack from us for several days."

"Then they will be disappointed," replied the British soldier. "Even now Gen. Burgoyne is attempting to attack them. Before sunrise, we must all be under arms."

"I know it," replied Wilber, "and they will fill an easy prey to us, but I must listen to join my company; and throwing off his disguise he was soon in the heart of the enemy's camp. There all was bustle and activity, in anticipation of the next days conflict; all were elated with the certainty of an easy and ignoble victory.

Having satisfied himself, after an hour's ramble among the tents, of the danger to procure any further information, and aware of the importance of immediately conveying to the American General the little intelligence which he had received, he cautiously but boldly left the camp in a different direction from that which he had enter-

ed. He met with no detention until accosted by the picket guard.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"The countersign."

"Success."

"Whither bound?"

"For the camp of the rebels, in quest of intelligence; I shall be prepared with a disguise and if I escape detection, I shall return to Gen. Burgoyne before the dawn of to-morrow. Should I not return you will know my fate."

"Go then, and may God and the King protect you."

He reached his anxious comrades in safety and was soon in the presence of his general, with whom he had a conference of a few minutes, when confidential messages were immediately prepared for a desperate struggle. Wilber having changed his dress, was made bearer of despatches to the several commanding officers of the regiment and company to which he was attached, which he was not backward to execute.

Just before dawn, a soft voice whispered in the ear of Henry Elverton, as he was lying on his musket, "courage Henry, we shall meet again." Before Henry could recover from his surprise the mysterious speaker had disappeared and the next moment the drum beat loudly to arms.

It is unnecessary to repeat the bloody scenes of that eventful, that glorious day, the pages of history record them in letters which will never be effaced.

Immediately after the battle General Gates' first inquiry was for the gallant youth whose deeds of daring had contributed so much to the success of the American arms. But he was not found. It was ascertained however, from Elverton, by whose side Wilber fought, that he had left the field a few minutes before the close of the action in consequence of having received a severe bayonet wound in the right hand. His last words to Elverton as he dropped his musket and left the ranks, were, "courage Henry, we may meet again!" All search for the young hero proved fruitless.

On the evening of the 14th of October, a wounded soldier presented himself at the farm house of Isaac Wharton and craved accommodations for the night. He bore the impress of extreme fatigue, and was readily admitted. After having partaken of a homely meal, with which he seemed much refreshed, he recorded the principal incidents which attended the battle of Saratoga, and spoke with almost supernatural eloquence of its glorious termination.

After a minutes pause—"Stranger," inquired the worthy host, "did you chance to meet a young soldier in the army by the name of Elverton?"

"I did," said Wilber, scarcely able to conceal his emotion, "and bravely did he acquit himself. I received this wound in my hand while fighting by his side. He escaped uninjured."

"Thank heaven for his safety," exclaimed the patriot, "but he little dreams what sorrow is in store for him. I fear that he will never again embrace a beautiful bride, or we an only daughter." Wilber could hold no longer.

"Father, mother, forgive—forgive your daughter!" and the next moment Emeline Wharton was in the arms of her mother.

Let those who can imagine what cannot be described, picture the scene which followed this revelation.

On the surrender of Burgoyne about five days after the general battle, Elverton and his father were discharged, and reached home on the very day following the above incident. After an affectionate welcome by his mother, Henry's first question was:

"How is Emeline?"

"Alas! my son!"

Sobs and tears deprived her of utterance. Henry forgot the laurels which his bravery had won—even patriotism itself was forgotten, as he hung in painful suspense over his weeping and almost fainting mother. Though his mind was on the rack to know the fate of Emeline, he refrained from asking any questions until she should become more composed. At this moment a sweet voice from the outer door fell upon his ears—"Henry we have met again!"—The voice was familiar—he had heard it in battle, and springing to the door to welcome the brave Wilber, he encountered—Emeline Wharton! It was long before he could be persuaded that the gallant soldier who so valiantly fought at Saratoga, was the betrothed of his bosom!

About three years afterwards, a gentle looking stranger accompanied by a single servant, halted before a neat little cottage in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in front of which sat a stur-

dy yeoman, lolling to sleep by humming Yankee Doodle, a restless little lad some two years old.

"My friend," inquired the stranger, "will you be so kind as to furnish us with a glass of water? Our horses, too, need refreshment—you shall be rewarded."

The farmer cast a scrutinizing glance at the stranger—

"General, I am already rewarded! If you will but deign to enter my humble cottage."

Further utterance was impossible; he thought of former scenes; and rushing from the presence of the distinguished traveller he sought his young wife and whispered:

"An old friend wishes to see you."

"Observing an unusual flush in the countenance of her husband, she anxiously inquired:

"Who is it?"

"I will show you," said he, "come with me."

In the meantime the stranger dismounted, and without ceremony entered the cottage anxious to know by whom he could have been recognised in a section of country which he had never before visited, & where he would least expect to be addressed by his military title.

He was met at the door by Henry Elverton leading with one arm the blushing Emeline, and bearing on the other their only pledge of youthful love.

"Gen. Gates," said Henry, "do you remember Robert Wilber?"

"I do," said the General, interrupting him—"where is he?"

"She is here!" returned Henry, pointing to Emeline.

"Thanks be to heaven for the discovery," exclaimed the veteran hero as he grasped the hand of the soldier's bride, and kissed the little one which was resting unensily in the arms of its father—"receive the blessings of an old soldier, who will never forget The Heroine of Saratoga."

PRINTERS PROVERBS.—Never enquire thou of the printer for the News, for behold it is his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee without asking.

It is not fit that thou shouldst ask of him who is the author of an article, for his duty requires him to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter into a Printing Office, have a care to thyself that thou dost not touch the types, for thou mayst cause the printer much trouble.

Look not at the copy which is in the hands of the compositor—for that is not meet in the sight of the Printer.

Neither peep over the outside while it is being worked off or look over the shoulders of the Editor while he is reading proof.

Prefer the town paper to any other—subscribe immediately for it, and pay in advance, that it may be well with thee and thy little ones.

A FACT.

In a town not a hundred miles off, a small sized man went to the plantation of a certain gentleman who was light in wit, but rather heavy in flesh, with a piece of paper in his hand, folded in a legal form, and known by the abbreviation of *ca sa*. Having found the owner of the mansion in the field; he explained his business when he was requested to read the *capias*, commenced as usual. "You are hereby commanded, without delay, to take the body of," &c.

"Humph!" said the prisoner, stretching himself upon his back, "I am ready?"

"Oh, but you don't expect me to carry you in my arms?"

"Certainly you must take my body, you know, I do not resist the process of the law, understand, but submit with cheerfulness."

"Will you wait here until I bring a cart?"

"Can't promise; I may recover my fatigue in the mean while."

"Well what must I do?"

"You must do your duty."

"And there he lay immovable until the Sheriff left."

During the comet excitement, Bill Burton a bright specimen of human form divine, after listening to stories respecting the destruction of the world was asked what he intended to do in such a case.—"Well, I am goin' over to neighbor Gillespie's; he's a pretty knowin' man, and if he says the world's goin' to be burnt up here's what puts for Canada."

EXPLICIT.

"Mrs. Grimes, lend me your tub!"

"Can't do it, all the hoops are off! it is full of suds; besides I never had one, because I wash in a barrel."