

American

AT \$200 PER ANNUM.

NO. 7.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1851.

Poetical.

THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.

BY LUCIA M. COVY.

Turn on I turn on I thou lonely flame,
Within the midnight dim profound;
For spirits of immortal name,
From the Past, are thronging round!
They come with hushed and solemn tread,
They come with hushed and solemn tread,
Come where thy sober rays are shed,
And wake the dreams of years ago.

The votaries of science bend,
A solemn throng around thy flame,
Until their eyes a radiance lend,
Which blazes all who'er it gleams.
Like beacons on the dark sea's waves,
To light the mariner to woe;
Their memory rises from their graves,
In hearts of after-ages shown.

And poets gather 'neath the rays,
A glorious and impassioned throng;
And in their proud and fondling days
They wake again the lofty song.
The bard of midnight and of tears,
And those who've wept in sorrow,
And others, from Misfortune's tears,
Come forth with words from princely dome.

A weaver art thou, or a loom,
Engaging souls with thy glow?
And yet thy heart is not so dumb,
Behold the speaking canvases thou!
A statue smiles from thy pillar glow,
A dream wrought from thy pillar glow,
Break not thy sleep, thy vision show!

Ah, they who burn the midnight oil,
Upon the dazzling shrine of Fame,
Are like the lamp that lights their toil—
Life wastes in vain, and they are lame.
Through life may be the sacrifice,
Though wealth and honors be thy crown,
Still must their rugged pathway rise,
Still must they grasp the victor's crown.

Not as the lamps of festive halls,
Which gleam in pomp and revelry,
While Pleasure's music fills the walls,
Art thou, the Lamp of sober ray,
That art where meditation reigns,
And Genius in thy presence glows,
Divestest treasures to unfold.

HIS NAME THE WORSE FOR THAT.

What though the homespun suit he wears—
But suited to the season's toil,
What though on coarsest food he feeds,
And tends the loom or tills the soil,
What though he may be called the wrong,
It is not his name that is his wrong,
The man is none the worse for that.

What though within the humble cot,
No costly ornament is seen,
What though the wife possesses not
Her share of gold and silver green;
What though the merry household band,
Half naked, may be seen to dine,
If conscience guides the heart and hand,
The man is none the worse for that.

True worth is not a thing of price—
It is not found in costly things,
And though the world may think it wise,
To dress in gold and wear a ring,
Though pride may turn the world to gold,
The latter gain the crown is lost,
The man is none the worse for that.

Miscellaneous.

THE NOBLE PRUSSIAN GEL.

A Thrilling Tale of Silesia.

During the seven years' war, the exertions of the Prussians in that critical moment to support the fall of fortunes of their indefatigable monarch, were truly worthy of a luminous character in the records of history; but they were far from being the only sacrifices which were voluntarily made by individuals to repel the encroachments of the armies of France in the year 1806. Each family contributed in different ways to the expenses of the war; even the poorest herds gave up their milk for the good of their country, and the families of many a little luxury which they had before been used to. In one of the romantic valleys of Silesia, lived a young girl of surpassing beauty—the pride and delight of her parents, and the admiration of the whole neighborhood. Her name was Ella, like the wild flowers, had grown and bloomed in obscurity, adorned and beautified by the rays of nature. She had been little of the world, until the tramp of war sounded over the country, and echoed discordantly amidst the recesses of its solitude; and when, in consequence of her injuries, her father was obliged to leave her, she was left to the care of her native land, the indignant blush and high heaving of her bosom proclaimed how much she felt for her enterprising sovereign and the brave people who were arrayed to defend his dominions.

"Heaven grant for your Silesia!" exclaimed she in the patriotic enthusiasm of her soul. "I would, father, that nature had made me strong enough to fight."

The old man only smiled a reply, and kissing her rosy cheeks, bade her keep out of the way of the soldiers.

The caution was scarcely needed. Ella knew where to find one whom she might gaze upon for hours; and who, though not dressed out in the world's besides. She was soon at the mountain's slope watching her herd, and listening to the low notes as they flowed from the pipe of Adolphe—a fine feature by the earnest and at her feet, gazing tenderly upon her smiling face.

"That hair of yours, Ella, said he, laying down the instrument, 'I would give the world for one little lock,' and he ran his fingers through the grey tresses, as they hung luxuriously around her finely moulded shoulders.

"The world is not yours to give, Adolphe," said she, archly, "but do you only love me for my curls, which you are always prying into?"

"I love you for your Silesia, dear Ella, but these curls ringlets which might grace a queen, I almost idolize them, and you refuse to bestow upon me one little tress?"

"Have I not reason? Were I to give you a lock, I might never see you again, for then you would have your idol by you, and I should be forgotten. No, Adolphe, first prove yourself worthy of the gift, and then you shall have not only a tress, but my hand, too, if you desire it."

"Tell me how to become worthy of so estimable a gift," exclaimed the enraptured youth, "and I will follow the path you point out."

"There it is," answered the maiden, pointing towards Breslau, and looking her lover fixedly in the face.

"And what am I to do in Breslau?"

"Join the brave men who are struggling for our liberties, and in old days will be the love of Ella. A slight blush overspread the face of Adolphe, he bade her farewell, and was soon lost in the recesses of the valley.

There was more courtliness in the last speech of Adolphe than generally falls to the lot of the untutored mountaineers of Silesia; and Ella thought, as she watched him wading down the narrow defile, that there was more dignity in his mind than she had ever before observed—she scarcely dare ask herself who he was; for he had been but a short time among her fathers, and she only knew him as a student of his art or profession; but every one loved him for his generosity and nobleness of spirit.

"My hair," said Ella, as the youth vanished from her sight, "will do for his sake. They say it is rich and beautiful. Ah! how freely would I destroy each simple tress, and scatter it upon the winds, did he not love to smooth it with his fingers." Months rolled away, and Ella watched her hair, in sadness, for nothing was heard of Adolphe, and the demon of war continued to spread his desolation over the land.

It was proposed to raise a sum by contribution among the inhabitants of the mountain, which

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There is nothing to be gained in dangle for a twelvemonth after a sensible woman, talking unmeaning stuff—words without wisdom. Tell her you wish like a man and not like a blubbering school boy; and if there are three grains of common sense in your make, she will be glad to get rid of her. She will be glad to get rid of her. She will be glad to get rid of her. She will be glad to get rid of her.

THE PERILS OF SUSPICION.

The Victim.

"And shall we all condemn, and all distrust,
Because some men are false, and some unjust?
For his, if heaven be better, 'twere to be
Draped of the fond imposture's grave."
Thus thus to live, Euripides' bitter slave.

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