

THE LANCASTER

VOL. LI.

CITY OF LANCASTER, TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1850.

NO. 17.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS, WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

Miscellaneous.

NIGHT REVERIES.

BY THE HOLYMAN.

Tell me ye stary ho, O, tell me why
Ceaseless ye wander thro' the eth'ry sky—
Spring into being, divine command—
Fashion'd and moulded by Almighty hand—
Was it that finite man on earth might gaze
And wonder long at Maker's glorious ways?
Was this thy being, O, thy orb of light,
Like diamond gems to deck the crown of Night?
No, higher far thy aim: O, speak and rave,
Where'er thou wander, thy Creator's love
Know ye a place where angel spirits dwell,
Sweetest of rest, some heavenly bow?
Where care and sorrow's troubled heart corrode,
Answer ye blazing worlds that e'er revolve;
Light ye no haven for the immortal soul?
To wooding world, to recesses of His reign,
Dwells not the eternal God, author of light?
Ye heralds of the wise, speak and proclaim
To wondering world, the recesses of His reign.
Unknown to man, deep veiled in shadowy gloom,
But a light beyond the darkness of night,
"Farewell to earth," then wings beyond the skies:
Fath'ers cheer the angels, and the angels cheer,
With skylit train to lamp the stars serene,
And when that hour is gained, will man
Sapient as gods, proud as the angels be?
Will then the imprisoned wind set free,
Wander at will thro' ether's immensity?
I speak ye light, that angels resolve,
The anxious query answer—problem solve!
MORNING, MAY, 1850.

THE VIRGIN'S GRAVE.

'Tis a lovely grave, but it suits her best,
That breathes of fragrance and speaks of rest,
And meet for her is calm repose,
Wholly free from all her cares and woes.
'Tis a shady dell where they laid her form,
And the hills gather round it to break the storm,
White above her head the bending trees,
Tall of each ministering angel's breeze.
A trickling stream, as it winds below,
Has a music of peace in its quiet flow,
And the buds that are ever-blooming above,
Tell of some ministering angel's love.
It is sweet to think, that when all is o'er,
And life's feverish pulses shall no more,
There shall be one, with a fond regret,
That the world's joys were but a passing breath.
One kinder heart, all unstained by earth,
That has kept the fresh bloom from its bud and its birth,
Where tears for the sorrows of youth shall be shed,
And whose prayer shall still rise for the early dead.

THE COUSINS.

BY LASSORE.

Mary! I cried a voice from the hall the morning
After her walk—Mary! your Father wishes to see you.
Yes, I will soon be down, she replied, in her natural
Sweetened voice, and hastening to adjust her
hair, she hurried down to meet her Father. As she
opened the parlour door her Father advanced to
meet her. He could not help noticing how sad she
looked, for she had been weeping the whole morning
over the letter she had just received from her
Father, as he took her hand and bade her good
morning.
"No, dear Father, I am only sad—I heard some
very strange things concerning Harry last night."
"What, my dear, that is exactly what I wished to
tell you. I received a letter from him this
morning at the hotel. You may read it, he
said, placing it in her hands. The letter thus read:
"DEAR SISTER—
I have some intelligence
to communicate, concerning Miss Mary Weston,
who, I believe, is the daughter of your Father.
You meet me at 23, Bryan's Hotel, at 10
o'clock, and oblige a well-wisher of the family."
"Great goodness! what does that mean?"
"Tuesday morning."
"What, my dear, what do you think? I suppose I
must meet him."
"Yes, she exclaimed, do Father. For Heaven
knows, dear Harry—I mean cousin—has suffered
enough since he has joined the Navy, as he has
a faint blush upon his cheek, Captain Whelan raised
his eyes, and looking at her archly, said:
"I don't half like this thing of cousins taking such
active interest in each other, as if we were
dear, as it is anything but dear to me."
"Why, Father, I am sure you always thought
of much of Harry, or used to before his money
was squandered. You used to run away with
his visits. When he joined the Navy he was
with the best fellow living, because he showed his
willings to the ladies."
"But, my dear, I sincerely hope nothing serious
has befallen him, for it is out of my power to aid him
in any way, said the Father.
"Then he's dead?" said Mary, while she threw
herself on the lounge and burst into tears.
"The old man, you had better try to soothe
himself, for he is not in the habit of weeping."
"The man, you look and act so strangely this
morning. Come, dear, do not do this."
"Father, ask me not, I feel I have not sufficient
strength, nor can I speak for my emotion's sake.
I wish to visit this gentleman, he will tell you all
I wish to return to my room, and I will see you
on Monday. Good morning, said, kissing him
on the cheek.
"God bless his good daughter, I'll go and hear
what is to be heard, and to see what is to be seen; while
he spoke, Mary left the room and followed after.

THE EXPLANATION.

George sat waiting impatiently on his visitor—
The servant soon entered and announced Mr. Ham-
lin, the name of Mary's Father. George rose, and
taking his hand, remarked, the business upon which
I wish to see you, this—you have a nephew by
the name of Harry Weston, in the U. S. Navy;
I believe, sir, I have my dear nephew, and I
thankfully receive my information concerning him.
I am glad to believe from my daughter's conduct
that there is some good in the fellow.
"Before him! No danger ever stood before that
boy that was not in it, my dear sister; he is now
confined in the prison. He is a native of the
West India group. He is availing his trial for
Murder, so reads the charge. But witness God he
is innocent. Yet the Martial Judges are so easily
controlled by the Post Captains, that he will stand
no chance on trial. My object is to rescue him. By
your assistance, my dear sister, I hope I can rely on it."
The old man studied a few moments, and raising
his head, replied:
"I wish to provide a vessel, if you provide a
Letter of Marque against the Spanish Government,
and you will also choose your own men. I will
provision the vessel, and give my earnest prayers
for your success.
"If you see, my dear sister, and in the excess
of his joy, he caught George, and in the excess
of it so hard that it made him shout with pain.
After they exclaimed, in over, George, said the old
man, will settle the affair with thee, coming to my
house and taking thee.
"George thanked the old man for his kindness,
and accepted his invitation.
"The evening, thy lovely face, sweet moon,
is again keeping vigil over the silent and lonely spot
By the old mill pond. Seated within that beautiful
kiss cottage are two persons; hand in hand they
sit, while both are attentively watching the quiet
scene without. One of these persons is a
lovely, even in the saddened expression that is
thrown there, as she gazes intently on the
silver waters, her eyes are filling fast with tears—
"It is useless to try to check them—they are sure
monitors of her heart. A low sob is heard break-
ing the quiet and heavy slumber that lay around.
The young man present, hand in hand, sits
while he finds it a hard matter to check his
own emotion. Another sob and a long-drawn sigh
was answer to his inquiring look.
"George, I am thinking of dear Harry. What
must he be suffering in such a loathsome spot as
you describe. You may think this is foolish,
George, yet I cannot restrain my feelings—how
Heaven knows how I love him, as Harry! and

NOTICE.

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