

The Lancaster Intelligencer

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

INTELLIGENCER & LANCASTERIAN

TERMS.
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O, WHERE ARE THE LOVED ONES?

O, where are the loved ones? say, whither have they flown.
The hearts which once cheered us, the eyes that once shone?
I see them no more where the fire-side glow,
Ah! 'tis there where we miss them—where, where, are they now?
O, where are the loved ones, sweet bird that once thou wert.
In thy soft warbling, notes where the cherishes dwelt.
Didst thou pass some green isle in a bright summer sea,
And hear a sweet spirit-voice calling to me?
O, where are the loved ones? ye soft-breathing winds,
That come from the lands of the "purple-clad vines,"
Where the flowers bloom brighter, and the scenes are
Say, can ye not tell me if the loved ones are there?
O, where are the loved ones? 'till the white-crested gull,
Is there not in the depth of the ocean a wave,
Where the notes of the sea-symphies in harmony swell,
And the loved ones, are they there? bright waves canst thou tell?
O, where are the loved ones? 'till the radiant star,
Perhaps thou canst tell where the wanderers are?
In their orbit of light in thy heavenly sphere,
Hast thou met with the loved ones, who gladdened us here?
O, where are the loved ones? perhaps you bright train,
Of souls that are ransomed, will answer my strain.
For I dream of a world where the loved who have flown,
Ever wave their plumes giving a heavenly tone!
O, heavenward, then will I breathe my fond prayer,
Spirit-land, spirit-land, say, are they there?
And whispers, "the loved ones are here, they are here."
COLUMBIA, N. Y., May 7, 1858.

The Battle of Lexington, April 19th, 1775.

April 19 was the eighty-third anniversary of the battle of Lexington, the initiating event in the history of the war. At a recent meeting of the New York Historical Society, Hon. George Bancroft read a paper on the battle of Lexington, being in substance a chapter of his forthcoming history of the Revolution. The learned historian has narrated the story in eloquent sentences and in a charming style. On the afternoon, he says, of the 18th of April, the day on which the provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off to Concord, to the place which was to be the scene of the first bloodshed. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept, and signals were concerted to convey the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon. On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves thro' Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communications. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, commanded by the incompetent Lieut. Col. Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's march through wet marshes that are now covered by a state town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord. "What aim they miss their aim," said one of the party who observed their departure. "What aim," asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concert signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles river. All was still as suited the hour.—The ship was winding with the young flood, the waiting moon just peered above a clear horizon, while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel. A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Methuen. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute men of that town, and continued to row almost every house on the way to Lexington. On the morning of the 19th of April, between the hours of 12 and 1, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and a private of the Concord, rode for help, calling on the inhabitants, who passed along till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall, and galloped on for Concord.

Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock, that they held the defense of their liberties a part of their covenant with God, his presence with arms proved his sincerity, and strengthened the sense of duty. From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton.—Express messengers and volleys from minute men spread the alarm. How children trembled as they were scared out of sleep by the cries! How wives, with heaving breasts, bravely seconded their husbands; how the country men, forest suddenly to arms, without guides or counselors, took instant counsel of their courage. The mighty chorus of voices rose from the scattered farm houses, and as it were from the very ashes of the dead. Come forth, champions of liberty; now free your country; protect your sons and daughters, your wives and homesteads; rescue the houses of God of your fathers, the franchises handed down from your ancestors. Now all is at stake; the battle is for all. Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700 inhabitants, from one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent Jonas Clarke, the bold inditer of patriotic state papers, who read on their behalf in December, 1772, they had instructed their representatives to demand a "radical and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they sprang the use of tea. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition," "to encourage military discipline, and, to put themselves in a posture of defence against their enemies." In December they distributed to the train band and alarm arms and ammunition, and resolved to supply the training soldiers with bayonets.

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The burning mountain.—As is generally known, there is a vein of coal located above water level in the Broad Mountain, about seven miles from this Borough, and near Heckescherville, which for twenty years has been on fire. The fire which contains the excellent Welsh coal, is some forty feet in thickness. The origin of the fire is attributed to a couple of miners, who, having some work to perform in the drift in the depth of winter, built a fire, they being cold in the gangway. The flames destroyed the prop timbers, were carried by a strong current, rapidly along the passage, and the fire communicating to the coal, all subsequent efforts to extinguish it were ineffectual. The men were cut off from escape, and were undoubtedly suffocated to death. Their remains were never found.

A few days since we ascended the mountain at the spot of the fire, and were much interested in examining the effect of the fire upon the surface. The center of it is from west to east, and where the vein is nearest the surface, the ground is for the space of several hundred feet, sunken into deep pits, and while the stones exhibit evidences of having been exposed to the action of intense heat, every vestige of vegetation had been blasted. It is a desert tract in the midst of smiling fertility. The ground in some places was almost too warm for the hand to rest upon it, while steam from water heated by the fire, rose from every crevice. The fire has evidently extended for several hundred yards from the place it originated, and finds vent and air to continue its progress, at the pits to which we have alluded.

ADAMS & COMPANY, 111 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE PROPER NORTH AND SOUTHERN STORES. 302 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

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In two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only, but with the old men also who were exempt, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be first to the fire. Messengers, sent to look for the British regulars, reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed, with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their homes, some to the tavern near the southeast corner of the Common. Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire towards Woburn.

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