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THE MINEAVSOURNAL


POTYSVILLEE


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 To Praideden Howese, and had denied he turub of












 The sadiding Ariny Prinesf ind











Mocings






 Soldiers, bearing your messmate now,
Leax happy methinks ara yol


 Bwept lile the esunbeams of wister avay Less bright are the fiowers, less vivid the green
The mournera have cast 9 clodid 0 'er the scene Oh 1 that each moment brgat or chill
To oome must Death's hernald be,
 He ounn no season-he knows no stay-
Falf beauty he parares not-nor warrior gras



The heart that's wounded but not crushed,
Brigh joys goon laugh us out of not ;
In pleasare's lap loves's sobs are hasted, Nor please she wopld for belle or beau.
Nonme solace silill, perchace, we find Some oolace sill, perchance, we find
For misters ofot or writ inhmed
But what can light he datkened mind But what can light the datkened mind
A sitere's love hath once illumed? A sistert love $:-80$ pure, so swee
So calm, so passiontess and mild ; Such joge as angelas when they meet,
tespeaje and layse each passon wiil.
Dear Emily, I know his morth Dear Emily, I know his worth,
nd happy bour, I augur, must
The future hold in store for both, A heppy, quiet home, I nnoon, Awaits thee near the bumble cots
Beneath whose roof, mossy and low, Fate cast our hapyy infant lot
And fairer land, or looveries scene, Were never clothed in beacty's stbeon,

## Or smilea beeneinit he gloling From tropic line te either pali, Than that sweet vale


 In Penagylvania bosom's yet
Higb, bald, diedaning oul deciil
Nor yet the laurel blooming hill,




 Their memory will long remain With thee whom naur's's charms can plesuce,
For offen have I sean thee gazing On distant summite crowned
Or in the glare of night fres blaing
A ruder jeauty dwelleth Lere


 Which sempt betwen its narrowing bed.
And then the valley apreading wide, With gendy sloping summits crovned,
Gives to our hame the stram beside, A seene by boflest beauty crowneed.
How aveel the hopet ondo our daya,
On that lest spot our days began ; On that blest ppot orr days began ;
Lite p pigrin, from bis wandering mas To Erish llfe 's alloted span. Methinks 1 could more sweedy rleep,
Whilop iniowed on my native bil
Where rest our friends in slumber deep. And faterer's ficed from cara and toil.
Perchance I yot may lay my head;
Beneath the elm its branches spreading
 A thoveand blesings on your bead!
That posce forever with thee dwell,

 The quaealion beire
Mr. Waddy Then.
















 Mr. Evans inquired of the
The Speakeen. reat? has not



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