

# LANCASTER GAZETTE

## AMERICAN

"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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Thursday Morning, April 26, 1855

### "SEASONS OF LOVE."

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

The spring-time of love

Is both happy and gay,

For joy sparkles blossoms

And bays in our way;

The sky, earth, and ocean,

In beauty repose,

And all the bright future

Is smiling in view.

The summer of love

Is bloom of the heart,

When hill, grove, and valley

Their music impart;

And the pure glow of heaven

Is seen in fond eyes,

As lakes show the rainbow

That hangs in the skies.

The autumn of love

Is the season of cheer—

Life's mild Indian summer,

Which comes when the golden

Ripe harvest is stored;

And yields its own blessings—

Repose and reward.

The winter of love

Is the season that we win,

While the storm sweeps without,

From the sunshine within.

Love's reign is eternal.

The heart's his throne,

And he has all seasons

Of life for his own.

### JENNIE GREGOR'S PRIZE,

OR

### THE LOST BRACELET.

BY FRED HUNTER.

Between the shire town of Kircubright

and Port Patrick, upon the extreme south-

westerly point of Scotland, there is a bay

making up inland, above the Mull of Gal-

loway, where the northern fishermen

find shelter from the rough weather

that overtakes them in the edge of the Irish

Sea, and which has served as a capital

harbor for the small craft of that region

many a time, upon the approach of a hur-

ricane on shore.

Among the families of hardy Scotch

people who resided along the shore there,

many years ago, was one by the name of

Gregor—McGregor had been the original

name, but the first syllable had been drop-

ped by the descendants of the more illuc-

trious of this race, and his family were

known simply as the Gregors. Jennie

Gregor was the daughter of the fisherman,

and he had two other children, sons, who

were engaged with the father upon the

small sloop they owned, and which was

employed most of the time on the fishing

grounds.

Jennie was a fair-haired lassie, who sang

sweetly, and who was always happy, tho'

the Gregors were poor enough in purse,

and she was obliged to rise early and work

steadily at the wheel or about the house,

to aid in the family's support. But, as she

turned the briskly spinning wheel, or bore

the well-filled pul from spring or cow-

house, she was always the same merry,

bonnie lass, ever joyous and rejoicing with

herself and those who surrounded her.

And Jennie came and went, beloved by

all, and idolized by her father. She was,

indeed, a brilliant star in the somewhat

circumscribed horizon that encircled her,

and her fond parent often declared that if

fortune dealt with her according to her

the blow, yet the anxious daughter could

not see the desired craft among them.

Suddenly, far away to the southwest, a

black speck was discovered, which soon

loomed up, and was made out a square-

rigged vessel, much larger than the shore

people were in the habit of seeing in that

region, and immediately afterwards the

'Swallow' hove in sight, with all the sail

spread that she could carry, booming on

over the now angry waves towards the

Mull of Galloway.

The hurricane was coming, and a fearful

one it was to prove too. The large vessel

was a brig that had been blown off her

course and now she heaved the rough

coast, where her helmman was a total

stranger. The 'Swallow' lay blithely up

to the wind, and coming down from a quar-

ter more favorable, she soon lowered all

sails, save the jib, and before sunset reach-

ed the wished-for haven in safety, where

with the rest she came snugly to anchor.

All eyes were now toward the brig,

the managers of which seemed intent upon

clearing off the coast; but she became un-

manageable at last, and an hour after

nightfall, in the midst of the terrific howl

—while the fishermen were some of them

dragging their anchors from the increased

violence of the gale—the brig suddenly

dashed in amongst them, under bare poles,

while officers, crew, and passengers were

viewing with each other in their shouts of

warning or for succor amid their fearful

peril. The anchors were thrown over, but

all efforts to save the vessel were fruitless.

She stranded upon the rough beach, and

her crew and passengers all perished, it

was believed, amidst the darkness and the

storm.

All night the hurricane raged with re-

lentless fury, and during the next day the

wind continued to rave and howl, with dis-

mal mournings, as if over the fate of the

lately lost vessel, pieces of the wreck of

which were dashed high up over the rocks

at the shore. But no living soul was seen

and it was clearly supposed that all on

board had perished with the wreck.

Yet, after the storm became a calm, usu-

ally. And on the second morning suc-

ceeding the gale, the sun rose in all his

glorious splendor, shining brightly upon

the now calmed waves, and looking cheer-

fully upon the dozen or more white sails of

the anxious fishermen, who quickly avail-

ed themselves of the opportunity afforded

them by this change to pursue their avoca-

tion.

Jennie had been down to the shore to

give her father and brother the customary

temporary adieu and good-speed at parting,

when, upon returning up the beach to-

wards the cot, her eyes suddenly fell upon a

curious article in the sand, such as she had

never seen before.

It was a magnificent bracelet of gold,

circled around the edges with glistening

jewels, the real value of which Jennie had

no conception of, though they were dis-

monds of the first water. In the center of

the ornament was a large emerald, too,

of surpassing beauty, and underneath this

stone appeared the initials 'C. P.' grav-

ed on the gold band. This was, indeed, a

prize to the poor Scotch lass. And she

peared in the 'Dumfries Courier,'

'FOR AN OWNER.—Picked up, on the

beach above Kircubright, immediately

after the late storm, a valuable gold brace-

let, diamond mounted, bearing the initials

C. P. upon the band. The owner can

have the same by identifying the property,

and making known his pleasure to Mau-

rice Gregor, at the beach.'

The editor added to this that the brig

'Robert Bruce' had gone ashore near this

place, and undoubtedly the bracelet had

been the property of some unfortunate lady

passenger lost in that ill-fated vessel.

Some six weeks subsequently to the ap-

pearance of this advertisement, there ar-

ived at the humble residence of Maurice

Gregor, a young man about two-and-twenty

years old, who desired to see the fisher-

man in reference to his 'card.' Maurice

was absent from home, and Jennie receiv-

ed him. He was struck with the singu-

lar beauty and modesty of Gregor's fair

daughter, who asked if she could serve him,

in her parent's absence.

'My name is Plympton,' said the stran-

ger. 'I heard of your father's advertise-

ment, lately, and I come to claim the

bracelet he has found, as I believe it is the

property of my sister.'

He then described the lost ornament ac-

curately, and, upon seeing it, pronounced

it to be his sister's instantly. Her name

was Caroline Plympton, and she was a

passenger on board the 'Robert Bruce,' on

the way from Dublin to Carlisle. The ves-

sel was lost, but the captain and officers,

with five of the passengers, had taken to

the long-boat and had been saved, after

three days' and nights' exposure to the

elements. When the brig had neared the

shore, the master helped the two lady pas-

sengers into the boat, and in the midst of

the confusion, as he took Miss Plympton's

arm to hand her over the vessel's side, he

grasped it so suddenly as to break the

clasp of the bracelet, which fell into the

water. It had plainly been washed ashore

by the incoming waves, and thus Jennie

had become its possessor.

It was highly prized for certain family

associations connected with the jewels,

and from their intrinsic value also, which

was very considerable—the gems being

worth several hundred pounds sterling.—

While Mr. Plympton was thus conversing

with Jennie, whom he thought one of the

sweetest creatures he had ever chanced to

meet, the fisherman returned, and entered

his cottage to find the stranger alone with

his daughter.

Matters were quickly explained, and the

young Englishman detailed to Gregor the

object of his mission. He also gave him

an account of the loss of the brig and then

tendered him a liberal reward for his

course of conduct with the bracelet. He

tarried at the cottage over night, and even

lingered there far into the afternoon of the

following day. He visited the beach be-

low, in company with Jennie, and talked

to her of scenes that she had never heard

of previously. And when he finally left,

he asked the privilege of returning thither

again at an early day. He would bring his

sister with him, he said, who would in per-

son thank the beautiful Jennie for her dis-

### GLIMPSES BY THE WAYSIDE.

The stage-horn was ringing in my ear

its warning that like time and tide, it wait-

ed for no man, or woman either, but as

I hurried on through a dim passage, I had

a glimpse through a half-open door at a

scene that has impressed itself on my

memory indelibly.

'Why didn't they hold me?' were

words uttered in such ire and anguish,

that they thrilled in my ear when the

stage had borne me far away from that

great city and its sins and sorrows, and I

determined to fling them as an alarm on

the winds, until statesmen and people,

minister and teacher, should set about for-

getting bands to hold those that follow in

the footsteps of that dreadful sufferer. A half-

dozen fine looking men surrounded his bed,

the thrifty growth of hair on their faces,

and the glitter of jewelry about their per-

sons, indicated as plainly as their haggard

features and wary eyes the order to which

they belonged. They were of that myste-

rious order of knighthood, who seem to

have found the alchemist's coveted results.

They live in first-class hotels, wear first-

class clothes, gold abounds with them, and

yet they hold labor, practically at least, in

supreme contempt. I knew the object of

their care was one of their number, who

the night before, in a fit of delirium trem-

ens, had thrown himself from the win-

dow in the upper story of the hotel. He

did not toss from side to side as men usu-

ally do when a burning fever rages on

them, for head, spine, limbs, had all been

rendered useless by that fall; but his whole

frame quivered with agony, and from