

AMERICAN LANCASTER GAZETTE

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

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CITY OF LANCASTER.

Thursday Morning, July 29, 1858.

SELF-DENIAL.

A SERMON BY A BROTHER BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A man's head is not a unit, as owl philosophers have taught hitherto. It is a city a confederacy, a commonwealth of faculties. First are what we call the appetites which take hold of the sensual life. Then there are the passions which make the driving power, and without which man is good only as camellias are good, that have no odor. Then there are the moral powers which pertain to the spiritual life; and then what we call the intellect, which is the messenger and watchman for all the other faculties, which look out, and perceive, and analyze, the reports. In body the eyes and ears and nerves are in pairs; so the soul and faculties act in pairs, but it is in opposites. When average is roused, benevolence rises to restrain it. When fear is excited, hope comes assuaging. So the soul is not balanced and quiescent, but continually rises and falls in undulations, like waves of the sea. Every faculty sends up its solicitations, but all must be denied at the time but one. An analogue of this can be found in the human body. All the senses can be exercised in low forms at the same time; but in their highest use, only one. I stand listless in a summer afternoon, under a tree covered with fragrant blossoms, eating a bunch of grapes which I both feel and taste. I see the peaceful landscape—the browsing herds—the distant mountains. I hear the chirping of insects—the notes of birds—the falling of waters, in the unpaired phyllophone of nature. The flowers send up their odor about me as if God's creation loved to do homage to his creature. But suddenly a companion exclaims: "Hark! Do you hear that distinct thunder?" Or some nudon at my side, who know I cannot distinguish a peculiar bird-note calls out: "There listen that is it! That is it!" And instantly landscape and flowers and grapes are forgotten; I could not tell what fruit I was eating, but all my attention is concentrated upon the sense of hearing.

Every man knows the truth of this principle when applied to the pursuits of life. He who would be a soldier cannot be a traveler and circumnavigate the globe. He who would gain his living from books, cannot devote himself also to pictures. No one can possess the highest skill both at the anvil and anvil. Many people think self-denial begins when men join the church but self-denial is not peculiar to Christianity. It was a part of God's original idea in the creation of man. It belongs to every choice among complex motives. Christianity only gives us the law of yielding.

Most men make the basilar part of their head despotic, and harmonize every thing downward, like fable Neptune, who ruled in the ooze and mud at the bottom of the sea. A few there are that make the top of the head govern, and harmonize every thing upward. Their deity sits throned on high Olympus, not Jupiter but Jehovah. Many men vibrate between the two, and now are ruled by the superior and now by their inferior nature. They will have everything pure and virtuous and noble in the family; they give play there to their higher powers; but when they go to their stores they say, "Business is business, and the family is the family." And conscience peeps and says:—

"What is right?"

"And the man answers—

"Back with you! What is customary?"

Customary! One might as well look in the middle of Broadway for water-cresses and daisies, and springing grass, as look in the hard, dusty, foot-beaten ways of custom to find out what truth is! Money always thinks what the devil tells it, and in the o'clock, I ring and round of gold, all magnanimities, and nobilities of rectitude, all question of right and wrong that go beyond the yard-stick or the gallon measure, have to yield to its control.

Men's passions are not always hawking; when the cold eagle is urged and lies asleep in his eyes, the spirits are out—the specters fly at the bottom of the cliff—the

THE SMITH FAMILY.

Henry Smith, the razor strop man; who is known all over the country as one of the originals, gave a sketch of some of the Smiths in one of his speeches to the citizens of Providence R. I., a few days since. We copy it from a Providence paper:

Perhaps there is some gentleman in this respectable crowd who do not know who I am. That I am famous just I know, and I also know that I am of but comparative worth. There may be some gentlemen here, who, although highly intelligent and well versed in general knowledge are yet so far behind the times as not to know that my name is Smith. To such I take great pleasure in introducing myself.

Gentlemen, my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd knows that very uncommon name. If, however there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up his dicky, turn out his toes, take courage and thank his stars that there are "a few more left of the same sort."

Smith gentlemen, is an industrious name, and stands very high in the annals of fame. Let Willie Brown and Jones increase as they will. Believe me, the Smiths will outnumber them still.

Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith; not a SMITHS, nor a SMITHIE, but a regular, natural, original SMITH, Smith. Hunting a Y in the middle of an E at the end won't do gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of Smyth or Smith? Echo answers who, and everybody says nobody. But as for Smith, plain SMITH, Smith, why the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name.

Who were the most racy, witty and popular authors of this century? Horace and Albert Smith.

Who the most original, pithy and luminous preacher? Rev. Sidney Smith.

To go further back, who was the boldest and bravest soldier in Sumpter's army in the Revolution? A Smith.

Who plaved with Powhatan, galleanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families in Virginia? A Smith again.

And who I ask, and I ask the question seriously and soberly, who I say is that man and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, run away with the most wives and married the most widows? History says, you say, I say, and everybody says, John Smith.

To go further back still, the Scriptures speak of an Alexander, the copper smith. Farther back still, we read of Tubal Cain, who was an artificer in brass and iron. He must undoubtedly have been a black smith. And I have no doubt, gentlemen, that the great progenitor of our race would have been called Smith, if his name hadn't been Adam.

And now, gentlemen, in conclusion, let me ask, who is that benevolent and self-sacrificing individual, who regardful of the wants of humanity, strives to cheer the hearts of men, to dry up the tears of women and hush the cries of children, by declaring eternal and exterminating war against all, each and every dill, razor, knife, shears and scissors in this great and "glorious" country? Modesty, respected fellow-citizen, that natural and retiring modesty which is so peculiar to that honored family of which I have spoken, forbids me to mention his name.

Let it suffice to say, that if any gentleman in this most respectable and intelligent crowd, wishes to procure an article that is warranted to sharpen his wife's scissors, his boy's knife, his own razor, his wife or his appetite, I stand ready as the sole representative of all the Smiths, whether blacksmiths, whitesmiths, goldsmiths, silversmiths, coppersmiths, or John Smiths, to sell him a keen, close, cut, cunning, capable, curious and capital razor strop, of which I am proud to say, "I have a few more of the same sort," and the price is twenty-five cents.

Earthquake in the City of Mexico.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from the city of Mexico under date of June 30, gives the following account of the recent earthquake there:

I had mailed my last letter to you but fifteen minutes before, and was on my way back to my hotel, when suddenly the earth rocked beneath my feet. I was precipitated against the wall of a house; the houses commenced to crack and roll about like empty bottles in water; the streets were rapidly filled with young and old—some in full dress, some in no dress—all making the most frightful odes; some laying flat on their bellies, but most on their knees, calling on all the spirits in the Mexican calendar to save them, their wives or husbands, their children &c.; horses, dogs and even the males and the stupid asses in the street stood stock still, quivering in every part. A second or more gave me an idea of what was transpiring, and recollecting an exclamation of a cavalier, a few seconds before, that there was an earthquake, I covered myself as I was going headlong in the street on the rebound, and heaving myself to a doorway, took out my watch and commenced making notes of time and events.

As I laid hold of one side of the door—which was the San Francisco, near the corner of the Vergara—the houses in the street appeared to me to be rocked about as if they were made of cork, and at the time were floating on a stormy water. Windows cracked, patio lamps were hurled through portals into the streets, altogether there appeared to me to be but little chance of getting through the trouble with whole body and bones, so I made my way as best I could over the heaving pavement to the corner of the street—moved thither by the general instinct exhibited by all living creatures. A crowd of leopards, donkeys, horses, some ladies and a few gentlemen, soon formed my companions. When I arrived at the corner I was the only person standing—all the rest were on their knees or bellies; but a few seconds brought several who also took an upright position—most of them for bravado. At the corner I could see the National Theater, the Hotel Inurbide, the Progresso, the Academy at the corner, and several other large buildings. They were all heaving to and fro in the most alarming manner. For my own part I could not conceive how they were able to resist one of the Shocks, so violent were they and so heaving. But fortunately, no house in the range of my vision came down. The shocks lasted for nearly three minutes, although all the heavy walls passed within the space of three minutes.

The first shock was light and unperceived by me; although noticed by a cavalier whom I was passing at the moment, who was seated on a corner stone. I had time to cross the street after the first shock and had gone some twenty feet, when the statement of the cavalier turned out to be a false alarm, which were annoying to foot passengers. The earth was contracting into its place, and gave several disagreeable twinges and jolts.

The first shock came from the south-south-east, and was followed by three from the same direction, when the motion suddenly turned from east to west, and gave a few heavy surges, which was followed by others of less strength.

The whole affair created the most intense excitement throughout this city, which admitted no statement for three or four days. The previous gossip which had existed regarding the forced loans, banishments &c., suddenly was hushed, and all were absorbed in learning the truth of the calamity which had passed. For the first night and day the populace flocked to the squares and principal openings in the city. The first night the Alameda and Grand Plaza were filled with thousands of people who kept watch, for sleep they could not on account of the drizzling rain. A general impression prevailed that there would be a repetition within thirty-four hours after the visitation. Fortunately this did not come.

The direct of this earthquake is not yet exactly known, but already it is known to have extended over an area of six hundred miles. It is also impossible as yet to ascertain where the shocks came from. Some incline to the belief that they originated in the volcano of Jorullo, in Michoacan, on account of the almost entire annihilating of the town of Patzcuaro; others think the shocks were caused by some internal movement on the Pacific coast, near Alapasco, as the village of Chilpancingo has suffered severely, sixty houses having been thrown down.

Carriages have been permitted to pass in several streets since the 21st, but many are still closed, and the houses in those streets are undergoing repairs.

DETAILS OF DAMAGE BY THE EARTHQUAKE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The two aqueducts which carry water into this city have been badly damaged, especially the one which passes into the city by the Garita de Celen. This is broken completely off in many places, and throughout the entire line to Chapultepec the arches are broken horizontally, showing that they were subjected to a severe oscillating motion. The water was precipitated from the aqueducts throughout the entire line. The damages done to these public works will require a large sum to repair, and in the meantime the supply of water in the city will be small. The water in all the ditches throughout the city

THE DEATH OF DUROC.

BY BLADY.

Napoleon's great misfortune, that which wounded him deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to break the enemy's ranks and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movements of his army, one of his escorts was struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said, "Duroc, fate is determined to have one of us to-day." Soon after, as he was riding with his suit in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball smote a tree beside him, and glancing struck Gen. Kirgenor dead, and tore out the entrails of Duroc. Napoleon was ahead at the time, and his suit, four abreast, behind him. The cloud of dust their rapid movements raised around them, prevented him from knowing at first who was struck. But when it was told him that Kirgenor was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted and gazed long and sternly on the battery from which the shot had been fired; then turned towards the cottage into which the marshal had been carried.

Duroc was grand marshal of the palace, and a bosom friend of the Emperor. Of a noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all who knew him. There was a gentleness about him and purity of feeling, the life of a camp could never destroy. Napoleon loved him for through all the changes of his tumultuous life he had never found his affection and truth the same—and it was with an anxious heart and sad contentment, he entered the lowly cottage where he lay. His eyes were filled with tears as he asked if there was hope. When told that there was none, he advanced to the bedside without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand and said, "My whole life has been consecrated to your service, and now my only regret is that I can no longer be useful to you." "Duroc!" cried Napoleon, with a voice who knew not grief, "there is another life—these you will await me, and we shall meet again." "Yes, sire," replied the fainting sufferer, "that thirty years shall first pass away, when you will have triumphed over your enemies, and trampled all the hopes of our country. I have endeavored to be an honest man. I have nothing with which to reproach myself." He then added, with a faltering voice, "I have a daughter; your majesty will be a father to her." Napoleon grasped his hand, and leaning his head on his left hand, remained with closed eyes a quarter of an hour in profound silence. Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, "Ah! sire, leave me; this spectacle pains you." The stricken Emperor rose, and leaning on the arms of his equestrian and Marshal Soult, left the apartment, saying in heart broken tones as he went, "Farewell, then my friend!"

The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before, was forgotten—victory, triumph, prisoners and all, sunk into utter worthlessness, and as at the battle of Aspern, when Lannes was mortally wounded, he forgot even his army, and the great interests at stake. He order his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and entering it, passed the night all alone in inconsolable grief. The Imperial Guard formed their protecting squares, as usual, around him, and the fierce tumult of battle gave way to one of the most touching scenes in history. Twilight was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of ranks going to their bivouacs; the low rambling of artillery wagons in the distance, and all subdued yet confused sounds of a mighty host sinking to repose, rose on the evening air, imparting greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon, with his grey great-coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands, sat apart from all, buried in the profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dared not approach him, and his favorite officers stood in groups at a distance, gazing anxiously and sadly on that silent tent. But immense consequences were hanging on the movements of the next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with his army yet unbroken—and that at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the broken-hearted chieflain on y shook his head, exclaiming, "Everything tomorrow!" and still kept his mournful attitude.

Oh, how overwhelming was the grief that could so master that stern heart! The magnificent spectacle of the day that had passed, the glorious victory that he had won, were remembered no more and he saw only his lying friend before him. No sobb could escape him, but silent and motionless, he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands, and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and at length the moon rose above the hills, bathing in her soft beams the tented host, while the flames from the burning villages, in the distance shed a lurid light through the gloom, and all was sad, mournful, yet sublime. There was a dark cottage with the sentinels at the door, in which Duroc lay dying, and there too, was the solitary tent of the Emperor. Around it, at a distance, stood the squares of the Old Guard, and nearer by a silent group of chiefains, and over all by the moonlight. Those brave soldiers, filled with grief to see their loved chieflain borne down with such sor-

row, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the bands struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and in prolonged cadence on the ear of the fainting warrior—but still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes till the heavens rang with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon. Such he returned flushed with victory, till his eyes kindled with exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless eve. It ceased, and again a mournful requiem filled the air. But not long could arouse him from his agonizing raptures—his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life, was throbbing its last pulsations.

What a theme for a painter, and what a study on Napoleon was that scene. That noble chief, which the enemy of the world could not shake—not the terror of a battle-field moved from a calm repose—nor even the hatred and insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humbled—here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affliction. What military chieflain ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and what soldiers ever loved a leader so.

A Chapter of first Things.

The first printing was done April 14, 1844.

Printing was first brought into England March 28, 1471.

The first Total Abstinence Society was organized Feb. 13, 1826.

Steam navigation was first successfully applied, Feb. 11, 1809.

The first English Steamer for India sailed Aug. 16, 1845.

The first commencement at Harvard College took place Oct. 9, 1642.

The first Cardinal was made Nov. 24, 1024.

The first mariner's compass was made Nov. 21, 1303.

Christmas was first celebrated December 25th, A. D. 98.

The first trial by Jury took place May 14, A. D. 970.

The first debate in the United States House of Representatives was on the subject of a tariff. In the debate one of the members from South Carolina favored a protective duty on hemp.

The first women mill on the Pacific coast has been set in operation at Salem, Oregon, with four hundred and eighty spindles.

The first building erected in America to collect the King's duties, occupied the site at the corner of Richmond and North St., Boston.

The earliest reference we have to music is in the book of Genesis (chapter v, verse 21) where Jubal, who lived before the deluge, is mentioned as the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.

The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia was in 1780 and the subscription price was \$50 per annum.

The first religious newspaper issued was the "Herald of Gospel Liberty," which was published by Elias Smith, in Portsmouth, N. A. in 1808.

The first cut nails ever produced in Rhode Island, and the Historical Society of that State has the machinery employed at their introduction. The nails were made during the Revolution.

The first Iron works established in New England, were at Lynn. The first attempt to melt the ore was made in 1643.

The first paper mill produced in New England was produced at Milton; the first Linnen at Londonderry; the first blankets at Ipswich; the first scythes and axes at Bridgewater; the first powder at Andover, the first glass at Quincy.

COOLING ROOMS.—The warm weather is here, and every one will be seeking the refreshing influence of a cool and shady place whereunto they can retreat from the blazing sun; so we will give our readers a few hints concerning the cooling of their houses. The first necessity is a thorough draft. This can be obtained by opening every door and window in the basement, the top of every window above, and by throwing each door wide open; but above all be sure that the trap door in the roof is open; and there is plenty of air from it down the stairs so that whichever be the direction of the wind, there will be at least one ascending current of air in the house. Another requisite is shade. Our common slat shutters answer well for the windows, but the most cheap and convenient shelter for the roof is to cover it thickly with straw, dried reeds or rushes. These will resist the influence of the noontday sun, and keep the garret as cool as the basement. One of the most simple methods and at the same time cheapest means of artificially lowering the temperature of a room is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want to cool; let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than half an hour. The above hint will be useful to many, and as a last suggestion we will inform the reader that, in summer, it is well to keep a solution of chloride of lime in the more frequent parts, as the passage and stairs.—Scientific American.

The intellect derived from philosophy is similar to a chariot; for it is present with our desires, and always conducts us to the beautiful.

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