

AMERICAN LANCASTER GAZETTE.



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

NEW SERIES—VOL. 6, NO. 41

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1859.

ESTABLISHED IN 1826

The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE—Martin's Row, one Door South
of the Post-Office

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CITY OF LANCASTER.

Thursday Morning, Jan. 20, 1859.

They are Passing Away.

"They are passing away." Amid the busy scenes of life we are often made to realize the shortness of this existence, by being called to part with some dear friend. To-day, we see a circle of friends in perfect health—made joyful by the prospect of long life and happiness, and forgetful of the uncertainty of human life; their only thought is for this world, and the happiness in store for them. But alas! their hopes are vain. To-morrow, death—the silent messenger—enters that happy circle, and one of their happy number with high hopes and expectations, is cut down, to be upon earth no more. Look upon that happy family, now seated around the home fireside; they know not the meaning of the words "care and sorrow"—will it ever be thus? Again we visit them; but now they gaze in mute despair upon the inanimate form of their darling. Death has visited that family, and taken the flower of the household, the youngest, from that little flock. Surely now they must realize the force of that short sentence—"They are passing away."

The Father of Waters.

The vastness of the Mississippi river is thus depicted by a writer from Maiden Rock, Minnesota:
"While I look upon the river, three miles wide at this point, my mind seems to take in at one grasp the magnitude of the stream. From the frozen regions at the North to the sunny South, it extends some thirty-one hundred miles in length. It would reach from New York across the Atlantic, and extend from France to Turkey, and to the Caspian Sea. Its average depth, from its source in Lake Itasca, in Minnesota, to its delta in the Gulf of Mexico is fifty feet, and its width half a mile. The trapper on the Upper Mississippi can take the furs of the animals that inhabit its shores, and exchange them for tropical fruits that are gathered on the banks below. Slaves toil at one end of this great thoroughfare, while the free red men of the forest roam at the other end. The floods are more than a month travelling from its source to its delta.
"The total value of steamers afloat on this river and its tributaries is more than \$60,000,000, and numbers as many as fifteen hundred—more than twice the steamboat tonnage of England, and equal to that of all other parts of the world. It drains an area of twelve thousand square miles, which is justly styled the garden of the world. It receives a score of tributaries, the least of which is larger than the vaunted streams of mighty empires. It might form natural boundaries for all Europe, and yet leave for every country a river larger than the Seine. It engulphs more every year than the revenue of many petty kingdoms, and rolls a volume in smoke on the head of St. Paul's could be sunk out of sight. It discharges in one year more water than has issued from the Tiber in five centuries. It swallows up fifty rivers which have no name, each of which is longer than the Thames. The addition of the waters of the Danube would not swell it half a fathom. In one single week it pours twenty fathoms of water from the sea, the waves of the world might safely ride at anchor. I wonder the shores of twelve powerful States, and between its arms its space enough for twenty miles!"

Both the tragedian, had his nose broken.

"A lady once said to him—"I like you acting, but I cannot get over your nose." "No wonder replied he, the bridge is gone."

The Winter of Life.

The snow of winter gently falls,
And whitens o'er the ground;
Thus with the snowy wreaths of time,
The brow of age is bound.
It never melts, but slowly falls,
Silent and unheeded,
Until the hoards of those we love
Glisten with silver shoen.
Time never heeds the pain or grief
Which human nature feels;
No backward moment ever ticks—
But onward rolls its wheels;
Regardless of the bitter wall
Of hearts by anguish riven;
The snowy mantle of old age,
Unheeded rises to heaven.
Oh could we find the fabled spring
Which would our youth restore;
Or gaze, like travellers outward bound,
On the receding shore!
But in vain—the bounding wave
Still bears us from the strand;
The snowy mantle of old age,
Unheeded rises to heaven.
Better to bear with cheerful heart,
The changes that time may bring,
And give our weary youthful bloom,
Than sigh for endless spring.
Treasures of faith, of hope, and love,
Preserve to mortal eyes;
These will endure our youthful bloom—
There's no old age in heaven.

From the Waverley Magazine.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

BY CHARLES FLORIDA.

"Is it an exhibition? O, where is it, and when shall we get to it! I have always had such a desire to see it!"

"Yes, yes, my dear; don't be in a hurry. The crowd is very dense, and it will be some time before we can reach the case."

"Will, will you point it out to me? and please not forget!"

"Certainly, certainly, my dear."

"Now do; for you know how disappointed I shall be if I do not see it."

The large and noble-looking gentleman upon whose arm this little fly-away of a lady was resting, seemed not to hear this last request, for he turned up his head and looked about as though he did not think much of the "small talk." Besides, it was all out of place on such a public occasion, when so many people were about, and there was so much to be seen.

Yes, Esquire Davy tossed up his head, and did not hear the last remark of his pretty wife. Did your husband ever do so? Well, did you order your carriage, and leave the exhibition, and go home and cry for a whole week? No, neither did Mrs. Davy. She tossed up her head, and brushed back her curls, and pulled on her gloves, and then in a kept pace with the Esquire. What did she care, if he did, or did not hear? Was she not able to take care of herself? And if she wished to see anything in particular, go and find it!

"Oh dear, husband, I do wish you would come! What makes you stop so, when you know I am in such a hurry to see it?"

"The 'dear husband' was deaf—did not hear,—which amounts to the same thing; or he was a 'one idea man,' and could not attend to a dozen things at one time; as he knew who addressed him or;—

"Well, well, husband; if you don't go, I shall. As for stopping here to view a corn-digger, or a potato-busker, or a turnip-thresher, I won't!"

"My dear,"—for, of course, how else should he address his wife when in public?—"this is not a busker, or a digger; I am examining an improvement on the old method of turning a switch for railroads. Now please just wait a moment, and I will go with you. You see, my dear, that I am much pleased with this little model, and I think you will be if you but examine it!"

"Such men!" and Mrs. Davy smiled, just a little, as she turned to chat a moment with a friend.

"Have you seen it, Mrs. Davy?"

"No, not yet; but I intend to before I leave. I have been urging Mr. Davy to be a little 'sperrier' for the last two hours, but he has so much else to attend to that it does seem as though he never would get round to it."

"Indeed! However, I suppose he finds something to interest him?"

"I presume he does; but did you notice that elegant piano, inlaid with mother-of-pearl? I am sure you must have passed it."

"Oh, wasn't it beautiful?"

"I admired it, 'tis so much like my own at home."

A slight "ah ha!" and Mrs. Davy's friends were lost in the crowd, while she was left with nothing to do but to get that "man" started.

"My dear," said the Esquire, "are you waiting?" and he proceeded to move.

"To be sure I am, and have been for the last half hour. Now won't you let these models of engines, and mowing machines, and I don't know what, and take me right to the case, for I am in such a hurry to see it?"

"Soon, soon, my dear. I wish to stop here a moment," and the great mind of her husband was, just once more, in looking over a small something designed as a labor saving machine for those who have a larger number of problems to solve.

"It is a poor rule that will not work both ways," said Mrs. Davy to herself, "and now I think, we will see who can stop the longest," so she stopped to large show-cases of embroideries and lace, and then the little fingers flew here and there, and took up this bit of insertion, and that piece of edging, till at last she stopped to admire them as a whole.

"Come, come, wife, I am waiting for you."

But Mrs. Davy was deaf, as she did not hear, or she would not answer, or some-

The Canal Convention.

COLUMBUS, January 6 1859.

The committee appointed to memorialize the Legislature made the following report:

MEMORIAL TO THE LEGISLATURE.

Your Committee appointed to draft a memorial to the Legislature in relation to the canals of Ohio, beg leave to report as follows:

To the General Assembly of Ohio:

A convention of delegates representing many of the counties of the State, having assembled at Columbus on the 6th of January, 1859, to take into consideration the future policy which should be pursued in reference to our canals, represent—

That the construction of the canals of Ohio has been the principal cause of our State's prosperity, growth and greatness. They have been the means of clearing our lands—rendering the cultivation of our soil profitable—building up our manufactures—rendering the minerals of the State valuable—furnishing avenues of extended commerce, and bringing the State of Ohio from a wilderness to a high state of civilization and prosperity.

The sale of the canals would in our opinion result in their utter abandonment, and as no securities could be given by purchasers which would be lasting in their nature, and in no case beyond the lives of the present generation, the abandonment would follow whenever the purchaser should find it unprofitable to keep them up, or when the canal business interferes with other interests, railroad or otherwise which might in the opinions of the purchasers, be paramount to their interests in the canals.

The great benefit derived from the canals is not the production of a revenue, but to enhance the value of property, and to increase the business of the State, because the money in the canals, although sometimes lavishly and recklessly expended, amounting to several times their cost, and therefore the State may well keep up the canals, even at a sacrifice, when individuals would be justified in sustaining them only when their revenue made them a source of profit.

And further, the benefits are not confined merely to the counties along the line, but the cost of transportation on all our railroads the canals fixing the general average cost of transportation. Were it not for canals many of our railroads could not be established, and would consequently depreciate by just so much the cost of all articles for transportation at the home market.

The value of taxable property would be so reduced, that the State would lose a far greater sum than has ever been expended to keep the canals in repair. The canal counties now pay a much larger amount of taxes than all the other counties, and the consequent decrease of taxable property in the canal counties would require the other counties to pay a larger tax than they now pay.

As a proof of this we would refer to the policy pursued in reference to the Ohio and Pennsylvania canal, about one-third of the stock of which is owned by this State, and the other two thirds by individuals interested in railroads. This canal is so managed that nearly all business has been driven from it, and is now monopolized by railroads.

While we believe an honorable and fair competition between the railroads and canals of the State would be beneficial to the interests of the people, we think the Legislature should interpose its power to prevent an unjust policy on the part of the railroads, which sometimes seems intended more to injure the business of the canals than to promote the interests of the roads.

Your memorialists earnestly request that you make a sufficient appropriation to put the canals in thorough repair. If this is done, and a rate of tolls established sufficiently low to invite business, the revenue derived from the canals will be amply sufficient to sustain them, and these great works, the first cause and present monuments of our State's greatness be preserved to benefit coming generations.

Mr. Dawes, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That a bill for the sale of the Public Works of the State has passed the House of Representatives by a majority of sixteen, is before the Senate, and as the deficiency of revenues from these works, caused by the floods of last spring, has strengthened the confidence and stimulated the efforts of the advocates of such sale and—

Resolved, That the Legislature earnestly remonstrates against either the sale or the leasing of the Public Works of the State.

Resolved, That the publishers of the newspapers in the State are respectfully requested to publish the proceedings of this Convention, together with the address to the people of the State on the subject of selling the Public Works.

After the adoption of the resolutions, the Convention took a recess until half-past seven.

The business done in the evening is hardly worth recording. The resolution offered by Mr. Eggleston was adopted.

A resolution requesting the Board of Public Works to make an estimate of the cost of raising the water in the canal from Newark to Cleveland and from Newark to Columbus, to the height of five feet was adopted.

The Secretary was authorized to publish the address in pamphlet form for circulation, and the money was immediately raised for that purpose—reporters passing as dead-heads.

Although a good time was had, and it is confidently believed that the action of the Convention will have a decided influence on the action of the present Legislature.

P. C.

DANCING—A LUDICROUS DESCRIPTION.

If any of our readers desire to split their sides a laughing, they will read the following—if not we would advise them to pass it by:

"Look! look!" said a half a dozen lady voices one pretty night as we sat leaning against the outside of the ball room.—We did look—also for our poor modesty, we ought not to have done so. "If my children were among them, I'd whip them well for it. Yes, if they were full grown, I'd give them the birch!" So said the wife of one of our princes, as she turned away in sterner disgust.

Doctor, let me describe a little if the public may look, certainly it may read, though it runs. A group of the splendid ones on the floor, and lovingly mated. The guests encircle their partners with with one arm. The ladies and gentlemen stand closely face to face. The gents are very erect, and lean a little back. The ladies lean a little forward. (Music.) Now, all wheel and whirl, circle and swirl. Feet and heels of gents go rip rap, rip rap, rip rap. Then all go clippity, rippity, tippity, bippity, skippity, hoppity, jumpity, bumpity, thump. Ladies fly off by centrifugal momentum. Gents pull ladies hard and close. They reel, swing, slide, stink, look tender, look silly, look dizzy. Feet fly, tresses fly, hoops fly, dresses fly, all fly. It looks tuggity, huggity, pullity, squeerity, pressity, rabbity, rip. The men look like a cross between steel yards and "limber-jacks," beetles and jointed X's. The maidens tuck down their chins very low, or raise them exceedingly high. Some smile, some grin, some giggle, some frown some pout, some sneer, and all sweat freely. The ladies faces are brought against those of the men, or into their bosoms; breast against breast, nose against nose, and toes against toes. Now they go again, making a sound like Georgey porgy, deary, riddy, riddy, riddy, cookey pokey.

This dance is not much, but the extras are glorious. If men were women those would be no such dancing. But they are only men, and so the thing goes on by women's laws of it. When a boy, we used to visit these Dutch dances and trip the whitening butt barrels as they passed our feet and then run for dear life. We still feel the instinct of tripping in our toes.

A secular writer says: "There is no established standard of propriety about this matter. If I were a lady I might object to these dances; but being a man I do not. We certainly ought to be satisfied; if they are."

The following has the ring of the jackpans in it all over: "Strolling leasurly about Uncle Sam's big shipyard in Washington on the other day, we observed a regular hard weather sailor-looking chap from a man of war, in turn was watching two men dragging a seven foot cross-cut saw through a huge live oak log. The saw, was dull, the log terrible hard, and there they went—saw—pull push, pull push. Jack studied the matter over, a while, until he came to the conclusion they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and, as one was a monstrous big chap, while the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so, taking the big one a clip under the ear that capitalized him end over end, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, sang out:

"Now run, you beggar!"

Davy Crockett happened to be present at an exhibition of animals in the city of Washington, where a monkey seemed to attract his particular attention, and he observed: "It that fellow had a pair of spectacles, he would look like Major Wright of Ohio." The Major happened to be just behind Crockett, and tapped Davy's shoulder, remarking: "I'll be hanged, Major, if I know whose pardon to ask, yours or the monkey's."

FELICIOUS.—The honor of naming the first planet discovered at the Dudley Observatory has been given to Mr. Dudley, its patroness, and she has christened it "Pandora." In view of the many squabbles and the much ill-feeling growing in one way and another out of the Observatory and its management, the name selected must be regarded as extra-very felicitous. Mrs. Dudley evidently has a liking for a good joke as well as for science.

The Drawing of the Cosmopolitan Association took place at Sandusky last Saturday evening, but as the books in which subscribers are enrolled are kept in the eastern office, the names of the lucky ticket-holders are not yet made known. The list will be published in the next number of the Art Journal, which will be issued about the first of next month.

Think of the Poor.

Kind reader, the morning is cold, the wind blows sharp and keen, and while you are comfortably housed and warmly clad, give a thought and perform an act of charity for the poor that surround you. They are God's children, and must be fed and clothed, for while it has pleased Him to crown you with plenty, and place you above the reach of want, 'tis surely no crime for you to give a little to your less fortunate neighbors.

It is true that we may not witness do much destitution this winter as we have done in previous ones, for those manufacturers that suspended operations last fall, have most of them resumed, thus giving employment to thousands of hard working mechanics, that last winter were the subject of charity; and who filled our soup houses, and other benevolent institutions overflowing; still we venture to say that within sound of the State House bell, there are hundreds of families that today need a helping hand. Perform the part of the good Samaritan, and visit these children of poverty in their lowly dwelling places, administer to their wants and necessities, for by these little actions you will not only prevent much suffering that would otherwise occur, but you will be carrying out that golden rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

We say, "Remember the poor," for though to day you may be reveling in all the luxuries that money and friends could possibly furnish, to-morrow's setting sun may find you a mendicant at the door of charity. Thought to day all may seem sunshine and happiness to you, to-morrow may bring its howling blasts, and storm-clouds may well up in your path, and engulf you in their vortex.

Give a thought and care for the poor—Go to work and search them out in your own immediate neighborhood, and give them such relief as may be in your power, and you will feel much better and happier for having furthered the ends of charity, by the performance of a kind action towards your poor neighbors. Commence your good deeds early, and wait not until want and exposure shall have laid low the many forms of those whom the Father of All recognizes as His children, and loves them with a parent's love.—Phila. Commonwealth.

Sympathy.

Sympathy is that attribute or emotion of human mind by which we become enlisted in the feelings or interests of others. This emotion is excited and brought into life, not only by the pains and trials of others, but also by their joys and pleasures. When it is aroused in our bosoms by the suffering of others we are led to commiserate, to condole with, and give consolation, so far as we are able, to those in need. In the hour of death when we hold friends and kindred mourning for departed ones, for those whom they dearly and tenderly loved, it is then that our sympathies are called forth, and we are induced to administer the balm of comfort which only a sympathizing heart can supply. In all cases of misery or pain this natural attribute of the heart prompts us to offer succor and relief. Such acts as the satisfaction of having done right, always fully repay those who engage in them and yield as much happiness to him who grieves, as to him who is the recipient of such sympathy. It is a duty that we owe to those who suffer, not merely to sympathize with them, but to let our sympathy lead to action, and that the result of our action be charity and kindness.—(Moody Offering.)

FEAR IN HARNES.—We learn from the New York Day Book, that a Professor Bartolotti in that city, has caught and tamed some sixty flies. He was six or seven months employed in training them for public performances, but his success exceeded beyond his own expectations. The Day Book says:

He inserts the neck of each within a collar attached to a chain, and obliges the little creatures to perform all sorts of extraordinary feats of agility and strength. They turn windmills, they fight ducks with small swords; they drag rail cars two hundred times their own weight; they imitate Julius, the celebrated conductor, with his baton; they walk in couples, and otherwise entertain the spectator. Their master feeds them twice daily from his own arm, he requires five hours to harness them up to posture, release them from duran e wire. Some of the creatures seem to possess greater talents than others; one the professor declared he would not loose for a hundred dollars; this was a star performer.

The New York Tribune of Saturday last, has a large table of the sales of Stock in New York Market for last year. The following are some of the totals:

Bullticks	191,374
Sheep and Lamb	177,445
Swine	521,470
Bullticks from Ohio	72,609
Illinois	52,318
New York	30,990
Indiana	14,190
Kentucky	9,409

It will be seen from the above, that Ohio sends more cattle to New York Market, than any other State.

FATTENING FOWLS.—If it is desired to fatten fowls in a very short time, they should be confined in small coops. Bally says: "A coop for twelve fowls (Dorkings) should be thirty inches high, three feet long and twenty-two inches deep; it should stand about three feet from the ground, the front made of bars about three inches apart; the bottom also made of bars about an inch and a half apart to insure cleanliness, and made to run the length of the coop, so that the fowl constantly stands, when feeding or resting, in the position of perching; the sides, back, and top may be made the same, or back may be solid."

Some writers think it better to make half of the floor a little incline, and to cover with a board. Troughs for feed and water should be fastened around the edge of the coop, and the whole placed in an out building, as a barn or shed, away from other fowls. For the first twenty-four hours give water but no food. On the second day commence feeding regularly three times daily with the most nutritious food, such as oatmeal, mixed with milk, boiled wheat, &c. &c. The troughs should be cleaned daily, and plenty of fresh clean water given, and the fowls must be fed very early in the morning, and they will eat at all times. In from fourteen to twenty days they will be in their best condition, when they should be killed if kept longer they soon become diseased.

Dorking, Spanish, Game, Hamburg and P. list chicken hatched the last 6 May in latitude 43, will do well to fatten when three months old, but Shanghai, Malay and Java chicks should be at least a month older. [Chapter on Poultry in the Annual Register for 1859.]

THE DEVIL'S TEA KETTLE.—There is probably no portion of the continent which affords a wider field for geological research than the Great Basin of Deseret or Utah. In that solitary unexplored region are many curious and striking vestiges of a lost ocean, the waters of which are so strongly impregnated with saline matter that they are little less than immense reservoirs of salt in solution. Vast rivers meander for hundreds of leagues through sterile solitudes and at length mysteriously disappear in the thirsty desert. Immense deposits of a dense calcareous water like boiling caldrons. Springs of sulphur and springs of boiling hot water, mountains of snow and burning plains smiling valleys and vast deposits of subterranean ice, those and a thousand other wonders are to be seen in the Great American basin. Lieut. Sawtelle, of the 16th Infantry, while on the recent march across the continent, at a point about forty miles from where the overland route first strikes the Humboldt, saw a very singular natural curiosity, which we compliment, we will name "the devil's tea kettle." On the very apex of a conical shaped mound about fifty feet in height, was an unshapable miniature lake of warm water, which had no apparent outlet or inlet. The water was quite tepid, and perfectly innocuous, and its surface was nearly on a level with the top of the cone which contained it. Various attempts were made to fathom this curious basin, but no bottom could be found. At the distance of forty feet from the base of the mound, were a number of gushing fountains the water of which was intensely hot. Can any one explain the mystery of the "devil's tea kettle."—(Placerville Democrat.)

THE SECRET OF ELOQUENCE.—I owe my success in life to five single facts; that, at the age of 27 I commenced reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific books. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a corn field, at others in a forest, and not infrequently in some distant barn with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great arena that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve then, young men, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cease controlled man by exciting their fears; cheer by captivating their affections; and awaying their passions. The influence of one parished with its author, that of the other continues to this day.—Henry Clay.

THE DEW-DROPPING WIT.—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will haunt the rest of their lives, should such sorrow be humanity, in a few brief and deprecating words, can sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I will could bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and sorrow, to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children, drear poverty, ignorance, a few shillings, and a remembrance that their father was a monster.

One Sabbath in evening, while a minister was on his way to the church, he found the sidewalk occupied by a number of boys playing marbles, upon which he stopped short and exclaimed:

"What, boys, playing marbles on the sidewalk? Why you frighten me!"

Upon this a fair haired little fellow stepped ad, and answered:

"Frighten, ha! why is the devil does you run then?"