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CITY OF LANCASTER.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 11, 1855

The Blessing of a Good Deed.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I should like to do that, every day, for a year income," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his hands together, quickly, in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker, and had just made an "operation" by which a clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured. He was alone in his office, so much alone as not to feel restrained by the presence of another. And yet, a pair of dark sad eyes were fixed intently upon his self-satisfied countenance with an expression, had he observed it, that would, at least have excited a moment's wonder. The owner of this pair of eyes was a slender, rather poorly dressed lad, in his thirteenth year, whom Mr. Everett had engaged a short time previously, to attend in his office and run upon errands. He was the son of a widowed mother, now in greatly reduced circumstances. His father had been an early friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact which led to the boy's introduction into the broker's office.

"Two thousand dollars!" The broker had uttered aloud his satisfaction; but now he communed with himself silently. "Two thousand dollars! A nice little sum that for a single day's work. I wonder what Mr. Jenkins will say to-morrow morning, when he hear of such an advance in these securities."

From some cause, this mental reference to Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state of exhilaration. Most probably there was something in the transaction, by which he had gained so handsome a sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not bear too close a scrutiny—something Mr. Everett would hardly like to have blazoned forth to the world. Be this as it may, a more sober mind, in time, succeeded, and although the broker was richer by two thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was certainly no happier.

An hour afterwards, a business friend came into the office of Mr. Everett and said:

"Have you heard about Cassen?"
"No; what of him?"
"He's said to be off to California with twenty thousand dollars in his pockets more than justly belongs to him."

"What!"
"Too true, I believe. His name is in the list of passengers who left New York in the steamer, yesterday."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, who by this time, was very considerably excited.

"He owes you, does he?" said the friend.
"I lent him three hundred dollars only day before yesterday."

"A clear swindle!"
"Yes, it is. O, if I could only get my hands on him!"

Mr. Everett's countenance, as he said this, did not wear a very amiable expression.

"Don't get excited about it," said the other, "I think he let you off quite reasonably. Was that sum all he asked to borrow?"

"Yes."
"I know two, at least, who are poorer by a couple of thousand by his absence."

But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an hour after the individual left, who had communicated this unpleasant piece of news, the broker walked the floor of office with compressed lips, a lowering brow, and most unhappy feelings. The two thousand dollars gain, in no way balanced in mind, the three hundred lost. The pleasure created by the one had not penetrated deep enough to escape obliteration by the other.

Of all this, the boy with the dark, sad eyes had taken quick cognizance. And he comprehended all. Scarcely a moment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked with uneven steps, the floor of his office.

As the afternoon waned, the broker's mind grew calmer. The first excitement produced by the loss, passed away; but it left a sense of depression and disappointment that completely shadowed his feelings.

Intent as had been the lad's observation of his employer during all the time, it is a

little remarkable that Mr. Everett had not once been conscious of the fact, that the boy's eyes were steadily upon him. In fact, he had been, as was usual, he case, too much absorbed in things concerning himself, to notice what was peculiar to another, unless the peculiarity were one readily used to his own advantage.

"John," said Mr. Everett, turning suddenly to the boy, and encountering his large earnest eyes, "Take this note round to Mr. Legrand."

John sprang to do his bidding; received the note, and was off with unusual fleetness. But the door, which closed upon his form, did not shut out the expression of his sober face and humid glance from the vision of Mr. Everett. In fact, from some cause, tears had sprung into the eyes of the musing boy, at the very moment he was called upon to render a service; and quicker than usual though his motions were, he had failed to conceal them.

A new train of thoughts now entered the broker's mind. The child of his old friend had been taken into his office from a kind of charitable feeling, though of low vitality. He paid him a couple of dollars a week, and thought little more about him or his widowed mother. He had too many important interests of his own at stake, to have his mind turned aside for a trifling matter like this. But now was the image of that sad face—for it was unusually sad at the moment when Mr. Everett looked suddenly toward the boy—lingered in his mind, growing every moment more distinct and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the pleasant hours they had spent together in years long since passed, ere generous feelings had hardened into ice, or given place to an all-pervading selfishness. He remembered, too, the beautiful girl his friend had married, and how proudly that friend presented her to their little world, as his bride. The lad had her large, dark eyes only the light of joy had faded therefrom, giving place to a strange sadness.

All this was now present to the mind of Mr. Everett, and though he tried once or twice, during the boy's absence, to obliterate these recollections, he was unable to do so.

"How is your mother, John?" kindly inquired the broker, when the lad returned from his errand.

The question was so unexpected that it confused him.

"She's well—thank you, sir. No—not very well either, thank you, sir."

And the boy's face flushed and his eyes suffused.

"Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke with kindness, and in a tone of interest. Not sick, I hope?"

"No sir; not very sick. But—"

"But what, John?" said the broker, encouragingly.

"She's in trouble," half stammered the boy, while the colored deepened on his face.

"Ah, indeed! I'm sorry for that.—What is the trouble, John?"

The tears which John had been vainly striving to repress, now gushed over his face, and with a boyish shame for the weakness, he turned away and struggled for a time with his over-mastering feelings.

Mr. Everett was not a little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. He waited with a new-born consideration for the boy, not unmingled with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mother is in trouble, it may be in my power to relieve her."

"O, sir!" exclaimed the lad eagerly, coming up to Mr. Everett, and in the forgetfulness of the moment, laying his small hand upon that of his employer, "if you will, you can."

Hard indeed would have been the heart that could have witnessed the appealing eyes lifted by John Levering to the face of the broker. Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference toward others, but the crust was now broken through.

"Speak freely, my good lad," said he kindly. Tell me of your mother. What is her trouble?"

"We are very poor, sir." Tremulous and mournful was the boy's voice. "And mother isn't well. She does all she can and my wages help a little. But there are three of us children; and I am the oldest. None of the rest can earn anything. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, sir, because she hadn't the money to pay it with. This morning, the man who

owns the house where we live came for some money, and when mother told him that she had none, he got, oh, so angry! and frightened us all. He said if the rent wasn't paid by to-morrow, he'd turn us all out into the street. Poor mother;—she went to bed sick."

"How much does your mother owe the man?" asked Mr. Everett.

"Oh, it's a great deal, sir. I'm afraid she'll never be able to pay it; and I don't know what we'll do."

"How much?"
"Fourteen dollars, sir," answered the lad.

"Is that all?" And Mr. Everett thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here are twenty dollars. Run home to your mother, and give them to her with my compliments."

The boy grasped the money eagerly; as he did so, in an irrefragable burst of gratitude kissed the hand from which he received it. He did not speak, for strong emotion choked all utterance; but Mr. Everett saw his heart in his large eye, and it was overflowing with thankfulness.

"Stay a moment," said the broker, as John Levering was about to pass through his door. "Perhaps I had better write a note to your mother."

"I wish you would, sir," answered the boy, as he came slowly back.

A brief note was written, in which Mr. Everett not only offered present aid, but promised for the sake of old recollections that now were crowding fast upon his mind to be the widow's future friend.

For half an hour after the lad departed, the broker sat musing, with his eyes upon the floor, his thoughts were clear and his feelings tranquil. He had made on that day the sum of two thousand dollars by a single transaction, but the thought of this large accession to his worldly goods did not give him the title of pleasure he derived from the bestowal of twenty dollars.

He thought, too, of the three hundred he had lost by a misplaced confidence; yet, even as the shadow cast from that event began to fall upon his heart, the bright face of John Levering was conjured up by fancy, and all was sunny again.

Mr. Everett went home to his family on that evening a cheerful man.

"Why? Not because he was richer by nearly two thousand dollars. That circumstance would have possessed no power to lift him above the shadowed, treacherous state which the loss of three hundred had produced. Why? He had bestowed of his abundance, and thus made suffering hearts glad; and the consciousness of this pervaded his bosom with a warming sense of delight."

Thus it is, that true benevolence carries with it ever, a double blessing. Thus it is that in giving, more is often gained than in eager accumulation of selfish withholding.

BEWARE OF THE MAN WHO NEVER LAUGHS.—In a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, before the Western Unitarian Conference, is the following paragraph:

"For my own part I say it in all solemnity, I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs; that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlets for those natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant crimes springing up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and, therefore, it gives me a sincere moral gratification anywhere and in any community, to see innocent pleasures and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than that dark, dead, unhappy social life—a prey to ennui and morbid excitement, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise?" said a gentleman who was carving.

"No," said his friend, "cut it blade-wise, for then we may all chance to get a bit in our mouths."

MATHIMONY.—It is said by a Washington correspondent that the Hon. James Buchanan, Minister to England, is about to lead to the altar the widow of the late President James K. Polk. Success to all old bachelors when engaged in such praiseworthy enterprises.

GRAND JURY ROOM, OCTOBER TERM, A. D. 1855.

To the Honorable Court of Common Pleas, within and for the County of Fairfield and State of Ohio.

The Grand Jury impanelled and sworn at this term, in compliance with the direction of the Court, visited the jail of the county, and examined into its state and condition, inquired into the discipline and treatment of prisoners; their habits, diet and accommodations, and find the best of condition, discipline and accommodations.

And the Grand Jury further report that with the assistance of experienced and skillful mechanics, they have examined as thoroughly and carefully as circumstances would permit, the condition of this Court House. They find all the walls of said structure to be in a very bad condition, being much cracked. They consider the north portion of the second floor to be in great danger of falling, owing to the giving away of a wall which supports one of the girders. They also find that the roof leaks, and that the whole building is in a very filthy condition.

They therefore consider that the building is totally unsafe and unfit for the purpose which it is used.

Wm. S. Crook,	Fred'k. Sites,
Conrad Crumley,	Christian Morehart,
George Fisher,	Geo. H. Williamson,
Wright Larimer,	Lewis R. Bailor,
Jacob J. Stuart,	P. C. Benadum,
John W. Dilger,	T. P. Ashbrook,
Saml. Lemar,	John Miller,

Daniel Boyer.
The above is a correct copy.
JOHN RADEBAUGH, Clerk.

Insurrection in India.

A formidable insurrection has broken out against the British government in India. The insurgents are a wild, strange race of people called Santools, whose character and habits are thus described in the Delhi Gazette of August 4th:

"They are a race little better than savages, who inhabit the lower slopes of the hills from Bangalore to Drissa. They are for the most part destitute of fire-arms; but they in a measure make up for this disadvantage by their skill in the use of the bow, which they do not hesitate to render more deadly by the cruel device of poisoned arrows. Their religion is a simple and barbarous idolatry—the worship of stocks and stones, without any of those mystical refinements by which the idolatry of the Hindoos is overlaid. Their mythology, compared with that of the Hindoos, is almost a blank, and they have no notions of caste. Their food consists of almost anything that can be eaten, from loads and caterpillars up to tigers and horned cattle, for the flesh of kine is not forbidden to them. As to their vices, it is certain from their recent proceedings that they combine cowardice with cruelty to a remarkable degree, for they war with women and children as well as men; and, unlike the North American Indian, who prizes most a warrior's scalp, the head of a woman is to the Santal the most acceptable trophy that he can take away from the village of his enemy. But with all this it is remarkable that the Santals are distinguished for a love of truth which exists nowhere else among the natives of India. Their numbers are said to amount to 100,000 fighting men, and if they are joined by the other tribes, the number of Vindhyanhill men capable of bearing arms against us would become formidable indeed. It is not supposed that any attempt will be made during the present season to do more than drive the enemy to the hills and keep him there. Next Next cold season will be the time for active offensive operations, and most signal retribution for the damage done must be inflicted, if the shock which the affair has given to our prestige is to be recovered from."

MORALS IN CALIFORNIA.—A journal before us, in expressing the gratification of its editor at the improved condition of California in all respects, says:

"It presents a different moral and religious aspect now from what it did in the days of vigilance committees and Lynch law. There are in the State no less than forty Methodist pastors, nine Episcopalian, and nine Baptist, all in charge of prosperous churches. Under the pressure of public opinion, the Legislature has passed stringent laws for the suppression of gambling, which have been rigorously enforced in the chief cities."