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Thursday Morning Nov. 1, 1855

### AUTUMNAL.

The shade of the summer air falling fast;  
And the serene leaves are falling with every blast;  
And I think at the close of each shortening day,  
That another bright summer has passed away!  
It has passed, like the rest, with its hopes and its fears,  
Now brightened by smiles, now bedimmed by tears;  
Like a faded rose, like the rose with its pleasures and pain—  
And like them, it must never return again.  
The fast falling leaves, and these withering flowers,  
Are an emblem of man and his fleeting hours;  
For he is but a leaf on the tree of life's bright ray,  
And the summer of life has passed away.  
And the autumn of life is chill and drear,  
When like leaves of the forest our hopes appear,  
As they drop one by one from the withering spray—  
And the autumn of life has passed away.  
And the winter of life is sad and cold,  
When the feelings are dull and the heart grown old,  
And we long for the rest which the weary shall find  
In the silence and gloom of the passionate wind.  
But the grass of the grave can now flow 'round our feet,  
And the soul of the just has a refuge of rest,  
And the spirit of stately blossoms for aye,  
And its leaves never fade or its blossoms decay.  
Though the sun never shines in these regions so bright,  
Yet the lamb that was slain in his shadowless light,  
And the paramour of martyrs can never be dim,  
For his bright with the radiance reflected from him.  
Unfading, his glories, unshaken, stand,  
The one never fails, the other never departs,  
And the eyes never close that unbound the view,  
And the joys that never change, forever are new.  
The sun on the emblem of earthly days,  
Can trace, 'mid the darkness, a promise of day;  
And man, 'mid the rustling of leaves and flowers,  
The harp of the angels in solemn bowers.

### THE LADY ANNABEL.

(An Abridged Romance.)

BY MATTIE BLAIR WHIPPLE.

Lady Annabel Bernard sits alone in her boudoir—her rose tinted cheek resting upon a hand of snowy whiteness—a polished arm gleaming through its artfully arranged folds of lace, her dark eyes fastened dreamily on the tip of a fairy slipper that peeps from beneath the rich folds of her dress, while her wandering thoughts drift idly out upon the unknown future. A soft shadow in upon her brow, not like the sadness of settled grief, but the sweet melancholy, the gentle pensiveness called up by the bewildering presence of love's dear dream. Books are scattered carelessly about, but neither these, nor her late also beside her, present any temptation to draw their owner from the pretty abstraction that has stolen upon her.

While she thus sits, unconscious as it seems, of the rare beauty of this summer evening, and its wondrous zephyrs, sporting with the twining curls upon her blue-veined temples, a burst of music floats in upon the fragrant breeze—a rich voice, freighted with the sighing gale with the burden of its tender song, and the lady's color deepens to a brighter crimson, as her head bends forward to catch these words:

"I know not why I love thee—  
Thou dost not never think of me,  
And yet my thoughts will wander,  
Forever back to thee."  
The first verse of the Minstrel's low breathed strain has scarcely died away, when the door of Lady Annabel's apartment opened, and Lord Bernard entered, with hasty steps, and a frowning brow.

"And now," said Lord Bernard, softly stroking the golden curls of his lovely daughter, "let me plead with my spoiled child, for my young friend, the Duke of G— You have not seen him, but he is coming in a few weeks, a suitor for your smiles and favor. Will you not promise to be kind to him?"

"Ask anything but that," retorted Lady Annabel, archly. "You should be better acquainted with my sex, than to bespeak admiration, for a gallant, as yet unknown and unseen? We ladies, like our lovers to do their own wooing."

"To be sure, to be sure," cried Lord B—and so the Duke will."

"I am not so sure," answered the lady. "Perhaps your peerless daughter may not chance to please the fastidious wife hunter."

"No fear of that, returned the proud father with a look of gracious fondness. "And if your daughter should not like him—what then, papa?" inquired Lady Annabel, looking into his eyes for his answer.

"If she likes bravery, loyalty, devotion, nobility and all goodness, she will adore the Duke," replied Lord Bernard, enthusiastically.

"What shall she," said his fair daughter, with an incredulous smile—and there the interview ended.

"Wandering in the dangerous moonlight, beneath the shadow of these orange trees is Lady Annabel, with fluttering heart, and straining ear, drinking in the sweet music of the minstrel's voice, and burning song—Weeks have passed since the scene in the boudoir, and every day has added one more link to the chain that is binding two loving hearts together. Unthinking of danger the high born beauty had listened to the passionate songs that stole upon her ear, and not withstood the love inspiring smiles that seemed to be the young minstrel's only reward. Meeting him often in the garden, she had spoken to him freely and kindly, and he had answered with a timid modesty that was at once the most safe and effective weapon he could have used in conquering her heart. Believing herself safe from the snares of love, she had yielded wholly to the charms of her new friend's society until it now seemed agony to be away from him.

Yet he had not dared to speak the emotions that lit up his expressive eyes, and gave more sweetness to his exquisite countenance, for he was but a wandering bard, and Lady Annabel, the beauty and the heiress, with gentle blood, and high lineage, would not scorn him from her?—Alas, love's note is such distinction—the lowly and the high born, the rich and poor, the outcast and the millionaire are pierced by the same dart, and overcome by necessity, blind contact and the strong necessity of love.

"Sing me that song again, sir, minstrel," said Lady Annabel—I love its sweet notes. Are the words true?"

"Yes, Lady."

"And was your passion, then, as hopeless, as you have painted there? Come, gentle sir, tell me, was your love, your Lady's faithless?"

"No lady, true as Heaven itself."

"Thou art a brave defender of her truth. Thou didst not love them vainly?"

### A TRUE INDIAN HERO.

A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, writing from Wolf River, Kansas, recently, gives the following account of the noble character and heroic death of Logan, the chief of the Omaha Indians:

Logan Fontanelle, chief of the Omahas, has just been slain and scalped at Loup Fork, by a band of Sioux. Logan was a noble fellow, and in this last mortal conflict he despatched several of the enemy to the spirit land before, to herald the coming of his own brave soul. He fought long, desperately, and with great effort, but numbers finally overcame him, and his life departed through a hundred wounds. He died a martyr for his people, and his name should be carved upon fame's bright tablet.

He was on his annual hunt with his nation. A number of his lodges were pitched along the plains near Loup Fork. As a young warrior one day rode round the adjacent hills he espied a powerful band of Sioux encamped along a stream in a sequestered vale. He hastened to inform Logan of the propinquity and power of their natural foe. Logan ordered his people to take immediately, and proceed in a straight line and with all speed for home, while he would remain behind, and divert the Sioux by false camp-fires and other devices from a direct pursuit of them. This was about twilight. The people got under way as quickly as possible, but not too soon; for scarcely had they turned a high-land when several Sioux warriors came in sight and discovered the place of their recent encampment. They examined it and found that Omahas had been there, and then they returned to notify their chief, and bring an adequate force to pursue and slaughter them. Logan, from a hiding place, saw all, and knew that no time was to be lost in drawing their attention from the trail which they would soon discover and follow, and mounting his horse he dashed away at full speed across the prairie, at right angles with the route the tribe had taken, & struck a fire about eight miles distant, on an eminence where the Sioux could distinctly see it. He had scarcely done so before a powerful band were upon the spot that he and his people had so lately left, and who, without stopping to distinguish the trail, started for the fire, which they saw rising against the clear blue sky, and where they expected in another moment to imbue their hands in the gore of their ungodly victims. But Logan had not been unwarlike. As soon as the fire was lighted, he again mounted and rode on eight or ten miles further, and kindled another fire just as they reached the first. This rather bewildered them. They dismounted and examined the ground. Logan, anticipating this, had trotted and walked his horse around it, so as to make the appearance upon the grass of the treading of a dozen horses; and this drew them into the belief that a small body had lingered behind and kindled this fire, and then gone on to where they could see the new fire burning; and so they followed with renewed avidity. The same thing happened as before. Logan had gone on, and another fire met their astonished gaze, while the same sort of footprints were about the one around which they were now gathered. Their suspicions were now awakened. They examined the ground, both far and near, and discovered that a solitary horseman had deceived them, and they knew it was for the sole purpose of leading them off from the pursuit of those of whose encampment they had first discovered.

Logan saw them going round with glaring torches and understood their object, and knew that his only chance of safety was in immediate flight towards his home; and he further knew that by the time they could retrace their way to their place of starting, and find the trail that his own people had taken, they would be beyond the reach of danger.

The Sioux, in the meantime, had divided into smaller bands, the largest of which was to return and pursue the Omahas, and the others to endeavor to capture the one who had misled them. They knew that he must be an Omaha, and that he would either go further and kindle another watch fire, or start for his nation in a straight line; and therefore one party went on a little further, and others spread out toward the Omaha's country for the purpose of intercepting him. Logan pressed forward as rapidly as his jaded steed could bear him, until he thought he had entirely eluded them; but as the day dawned, to his horror and dismay, he saw his pursuers close upon his track. He turned his course for a ravine, which he distinguished at a distance covered with trees and undergrowth. He succeeded in reaching it, and just within its verge he met an Indian girl dipping water from a spring. She was startled and about to cry for help, when he hastily assured her that he needed protection and assistance. With the true instincts of noble woman, she appreciated his situation in an instant, and all her sympathies were with him. She directed him to dismount and go to a small natural bow to which she pointed him in the verge of the woods, while she would mount his horse and lead his pursuers away. He obeyed her, and she mounted his horse, and dashed on in a serpentine way through the woods, leaving marks along the bushes by which she could be traced. The pursuers soon followed. When she had got some distance down the branch she rode into the water and followed its descending course for a few steps, making her horse

### WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere forms a spherical shell surrounding the earth to a depth which is unknown to us by reason of its growing tenuity as it is released from the pressure of its own superincumbent mass. Its upper surface cannot be nearer to us than fifty and can scarcely be more than five hundred miles. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us yet we are not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the finest down, more impalpable than the finest gauze, it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion its force is sufficient to level the most stately forest and stable buildings with the earth, to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up water from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path to give us the twilight of evening and of dawn; it disperses and retracts their varied rest of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst upon us, and fall us at once—at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat; but the bald earth as it revolved on its axis, would turn its tanned and weathered front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day. It affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames and receives in itself that which had been polluted by use and is thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of fire; it is in both cases consumed and affords the food of consumption, in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion and is removed by it when it is over.

"It is only a girling, encircling air," says a writer in the North British Review, that floats above and around us, that makes the world habitable. The carbonic acid with which to-day our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way around the world. The date trees that grow around the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take it to add to their stature; the coconuts of Tahiti will grow rapidly upon it and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnesia of the Susquehanna and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon, the giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon trees of Ceylon and the forest oaks of Africa, far behind the mountains of the Moon. The rain we see descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the polar star for ages; and the lotus lilies have soaked up from the Nile and exhaled as vapor, snows that rested on the summits of the Alps."

"The atmosphere," says Mann, "which forms the outer surface of the habitable world is a vast reservoir, into which the supply of food designated for living creatures is thrown; in one word, it is itself the food in its simple form, of all living creatures. The animal grinds down the fibre and the tissue of the plant, or the nutritious stores that has been laid up within its cells, and converts these into the substance of which its own organs are composed. The plant acquires the organs and nutritious stores thus yielded up as food to the animals, which are furnished with the means of locomotion and seizure—they can approach their food and by hold and swallow it—plants must wait till their food comes to them. No solid particles find access to their frames; the restless, ambient air, which rushes past them loaded with the carbon, the hydrogen, the oxygen, the water, everything they need in the shape of supplies is constantly at hand to minister to their wants, not only to afford them food in due season, but in the shape or fashion in which it alone can avail them."

### WEAR YOUR BEARDS.

The following paragraph is a strong argument in favor of men wearing their beards at least upon their glands and throats:

The New York Observer says the officers and crew of the North Star, Arctic ship now in Sheerness, have suffered the privation of two winters, of six months each total darkness, with the thermometer 50 deg. below freezing point. They have been without a single human being to associate with, except their own little company for the period of two years and a half. During the whole period the officers and crew ceased to see a razor, nearly all their heads—and trimming their faces and heads—and there has not been one solitary case of ulcerated or sore throat among them. Until within a week, the razor was only known by name in the ship, and strange to say, immediately after their faces lost their warm clothing several found that the cold took effect on their throats. Not a single man or officer has been lost from sickness."

### NATURE'S LESSONS OF RELIGION.

The following, by J. G. Whittier, is instinct with lessons of religion apparent to every eye in nature's scenery, and audible to every reader:

There is a religion in everything around us; calm and holy religion in the unobtrusive thing of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence stealing, as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes—it has no terror, or gloom in its approaches. It has nothing to rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creed and unshackled by the superstitions of men. It is fresh from the hands of the Author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the great spirit which prevails and quickens it. It is written on the arches of sky. It looks out from every star; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong winds with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like legible language upon the broad bosom of the unsleeping ocean; it is that which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our phase of probation, which breaks link after link the chain that binds us to mortality, and which opens to the imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

OCTOBER.—October is the month for forest splendor. The trees are now putting on their last grandeur, donning their richest and warmest colors, and casting, for the while, hallowed beauty on the landscape. An English writer has well pronounced the forests unrivalled. To witness the burning forth of autumnated nature in the spring is indeed beautiful; but to wander in our American forests in autumn and see the trees clad in richest verdure—the many tinted leaves falling to their silent majesty; to tread on their rustling masses in the nut-paved glades; to hear the rustling of the wind through the trees, now like the gentlest, sweetest tones of the Eolian, and now like the organ's solemn psal, and feel, as it were, the language of the season of all that is solemn and pure, yet buoyant in heart, are sights and sounds that will dwell indelible in the heart, or else flow in "will sweet waves of music" on the air.

And now farewell October and farewell autumn! November will come rugged in its garb and comparatively barren; but October will go out and leave behind a pleasant and a feast. The woods will be hung with autumnal tints; the grass, under the sun, will be scattered in profusion on the ground, the dark and richly tinted hoards of squirrels will enjoy a feast in the tops of the beech trees. Farwell, then, October, in the midst of this great banquet of beautiful nature.—*Albany Argus.*

ANOTHER VETERAN GONE.—Ellaia Bartlett died in the town of Georgia Vt. recently at the advanced age of one hundred years, nine months and thirteen days. Her three sons will be scattered in profession on the ground, the dark and richly tinted hoards of squirrels will enjoy a feast in the tops of the beech trees. Farwell, then, October, in the midst of this great banquet of beautiful nature.—*Albany Argus.*

THE Philadelphia Ledger grows eloquent over the plentiful promise of buckwheat cakes, and give a recommendation as follows: Buck wheat cake! One Buckwheat cake "differs from another" by "glory" yet not one in a thousand is made right. Let of all things it is the easiest to cook, if the meal is made right. To every three bushels of buckwheat, add one of flour white oats; grind them together as if there was only buckwheat; then will you have cakes always light and always brown; to say nothing of the greater digestibility, and the lightening of spirits, which are equally certain. He who feeds on buckwheat may be grim and lethargic; while he of oatmeal will have exhilaration of brain and contentment of spirits.

HEART HOMES.—Genius hath its triumphs; fame its glories; wealth its splendor; success its bright rewards; but the heart only hath its home.

Moms only! What more needeth thy heart! What more can it gain? A true home is more than the world—more than all of earth can give—the light the noon-day sun may not yield, and yet the tiny flame of one pure deed of love unkindled, and sympathy makes to burn forever.

Home! How more than beautiful thou art!—how like an untaught religion—a golden link between the soul and heaven—when the presence of a pure heart makes the radiant, and the music of their affection flows like the chords of unseen cherubim around their tranquil hearts!

### Let no man be ashamed to work.

Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him only be ashamed of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty—let him only be ashamed of idleness and dishonesty. Let no man be ashamed to be indignant against the cause of poverty. No man can possibly consume all he labors for. Who, then, gets the surplus—or rather, who takes it? To be plain, who steals? That problem is now being solved, shut their eyes to it who may.

The height of the place is not always in proportion to the merit that fills it. You frequently see a weak person in a high place, and wonder to yourself how he got there. But do not be discontented—at a dinner-table is not the highest seat invariably occupied by the most childish!

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.

God breaks a link in the chain that connects us with him, and set us adrift on the stream of destruction.

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