

Lewistown Gazette.

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FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, 1850.

New Series—Vol. 4—No. 23.

Rates of Advertising.
One square, 18 lines, 2 squares, 6 mos. \$5.00
1 time 50 " 1 year 8.00
2 times 75 " 2 years 15.00
3 " 1.00 " 3 years 20.00
1 mo. 1.25 " 6 " 15.00
" 3 " 2.50 1 column, 3 mos. 10.00
" 6 " 4.00 " 6 " 15.00
" 1 year 6.00 " 1 year 25.00
2 squares, 3 times 2.00 Notices before mar-
riages, &c. \$12.
3 mos. 3.50

Communications recommending persons for office, must be paid in advance at the rate of 25 cents per square.

W. H. IRWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAS resumed the practice of his profession in this and the adjoining counties. Office at the Banking House of Longenecker, Grubb & Co. Jan. 20, 1848—tf.

GEO. W. ELDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lewistown, Mifflin County, Pa.
OFFICE two doors west of the True Democrat Office. Mr. Elder will attend to any business in the Courts of Centre county. August 25, 1849—tf.

W. J. JACOBS,
Attorney at Law,
WILL attend promptly to business entrusted to his care in this and adjoining counties. Office one door west of the Post Office. June 16, '49—1y.

MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE.
CHRISTIAN HOOVER,
Justice of the Peace,
CAN be found at his office, in the room recently occupied by Esquire Kulp, where he will attend to all business entrusted to his care with the greatest care and despatch. Lewistown, July 1, 1848—tf.

M. MONTGOMERY,
Boot & Shoe Manufacturer
MARKET STREET LEWISTOWN.
CONTINUES to manufacture, to order, every description of BOOTS AND SHOES, on the most reasonable terms.—Having competent workmen in his employ and using good stock, his customers, as well as all others, may rely upon getting a good article, well made and neatly finished. January 22, 1848—tf.

Bank of Discount and Deposits.
LONGENECKER, GRUBB, & CO.
Cash Capital Paid in \$70,000.
LONGENECKER, GRUBB & CO. have established at Lewistown, Pennsylvania, an Office of Discount and Deposits, for the transaction of the regular business of banking, Drafts and Notes payable in the commercial cities will be discounted at all times, and deposits of current money will be paid, on demand, in par funds. Every facility will be afforded to business men in their negotiations with the Eastern and Western cities.
Notes offered for discount must lie over one day.
The aggregate Capital of the establishment exceeds half a million of dollars.
DAVID LONGENECKER, JOHN MILLER, M. D. A. BATES GRUBB, CHRISTIAN BACHMAN, JOHN CHRIST, H. FREELAND, BENJAMIN ESHELMAN, W. RUSSELL, Cashier.

W. H. IRWIN,
Solicitor and Confidential Agent.
Lewistown, August 25, 1849—tf.

LEWISTOWN
Cheap Cabinet Ware room,
Near J. R. McDowell's tavern, Valley st.

THE SUBSCRIBER invites those about going to housekeeping and to those that wish to purchase **Cheap Furniture.** In all the above mentioned Ware room and examine his large stock of Well Made and Useful Furniture of all kinds too numerous to mention here. Among his stock they will find an assortment of **CANE SEAT CHAIRS,** which are sold for CASH CHEAPER than they have ever been sold in this place. I would draw attention to a new Elastic Spring Bottom Bedstead, which can be seen in my Ware room at any time. It can be put up and taken down in less time than the old plan, and without a screw-driver, and the great merit is that it forms a spring bottom without a cord or sacking, thus saving the purchaser the cost of these articles.
COFFINS made to order and funerals attended at the shortest notice. Either Mahogany, Cherry or Walnut can be had at moderate terms.
ANTHONY FELIX.
Lewistown, December 1, 1849.

Indemnity.
The Franklin Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia,
OFFICE, No. 163 Chestnut street, near Fifth street.
DIRECTORS
Charles N. Bancker, George W. Richards,
Thomas Hart, Mordcaid D. Lewis,
Tobias Wagner, Adolph E. Borie,
Samuel Grant, David S. Brown,
Jacob R. Smith, Morris Patterson.
Continue to make insurances, perpetual or limited, on every description of property in town and country, at rates as low as are consistent with security.
The Company have reserved a large Contingent Fund, which with their Capital and Premiums, safely invested, affords ample protection to the assured.
The assets of the Company, on January 1st, 1848, as published agreeably to an Act of Assembly, were as follows, viz:
Mortgages, \$890,558 65
Real Estate, 108,255 90
Temporary Loans, 151,459 00
Stocks, 51,563 25
Cash, &c., 45,137 87
\$1,226,971 67
Since their incorporation, a period of eighteen years, they have paid upwards of one million two hundred thousand dollars losses by fire, thereby affording evidence of the advantages of insurance, as well as the ability and disposition to meet with promptness all liabilities.
CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.
For terms apply to R. C. HALE, Lewistown, April—1y.

PALMER'S Business Men's Almanac, for sale at this Office.

Poetry.

WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

We'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Savior's love,
And leads us home to God.
We'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

We'll not give up the Bible,
But if you force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say—
"The words that we have learn'd while young,
Shall follow all our days;
For they're engraven on our hearts,
And you cannot erase."
We'll not give up, &c.

We'll not give up the Bible—
We'll shout it far and wide;
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treacherous art;
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part.
We'll not give up, &c.

Miscellaneous.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY HELEN IRVING.

CHAPTER I.

In the village of R— resided Henry Livingston, a man of good family and position in society, upright in his dealings, and possessing a nature of genuine, unostentatious goodness. He was not without his peculiarities—his faults—but these were mostly of education and habit, and affected not the heart—the source of constant kindness.
It is true, by some of the rigid religionists about him, he was looked upon with mistrust, for the expression and exercise of his liberal opinions—for he was not one of those who deem 'the way of life too narrow' for any to walk in, save their own peculiar sect—but through all his life played the sweet waters of mercy, seasoning a justice quite as true as theirs.
At the time to which I refer, his family consisted of a wife and two daughters, the eldest of whom, a girl of fifteen, had been for nearly two months an invalid. These he supported in a simple, quiet style, by following his profession, that of a lawyer, in the city adjacent, whither he repaired every morning, returning at sunset.
He was not a man of brilliant talents, and therefore had never attracted much notice at the bar, but his goodness and integrity had made him numerous friends, and his time was always fully occupied.
It was a still, sunny Sabbath afternoon in July, that Mr. Livingston brought to the door his horse and carriage, that he might give his invalid Emily a sight of the green fields and waving woods, and a breath of the fresh air.
Ah, it was pleasant to see the faint glow of delight sent to the sick one's cheek, as the mother carefully robed her, and placed her in the carriage, and very pleasant it was to the father to note the happiness of that ride—Emily's first release from the sick room—for business of late had pressed so urgently upon Mr. Livingston, that he had no time in the week, to devote to the pleasure of his child.
Only one who has been ill can realize the joy with which she saw again the blossoming vales, the bright streamlets, and felt the free passing of the breath of heaven—can understand the feeling of life's preciousness, the calm, sweet sense of the joy of existence, that came then. It seemed that the music of birds was sweeter, in the still Sabbath air, that the flowers were brighter, and the leaves of a softer green.
Ah, earth is always beautiful when it is Sabbath in the heart!
About five miles distant from R— was the populous town of C—, where resided Emily's grandparents, and at their door Mr. Livingston alighted, that his daughter might see for a while her aged relatives.
They had remained about an hour, and Emily having recovered from her slight fatigue, and received the last caresses of her deoting grandmother, to whom she was namesake and pet, was now ready for her departure, when on going to the door, their horse and carriage was nowhere to be seen.
Here was an unexpected dilemma. The horse, though high spirited, Mr. Livingston knew to be well trained, and moreover he had been securely fastened to the ring in the pavement; there were no traces of the struggle that must have taken place had the animal endeavored to free himself; there was but one conclusion; he must have been most daringly stolen.
It was the first impulse of Mr. Livingston to institute an immediate search; but that was impracticable, for the sun was declining, and his invalid daughter must be at home before night; so after a moment's deliberation, he repaired to a livery stable, whose keeper was known to him, there to procure a vehicle to convey himself and daughter back to R—, and to make arrangements for the recovery of his horse and carriage.
He had often driven the animal to town, and he found that the people of the stable needed no description of him. Mr. Smith,

the keeper, readily agreed to despatch men in pursuit, and after hastily arranging all necessary preliminaries, Mr. Livingston hurried back to his daughter.
Although there seemed hardly a possibility that the horse should not be speedily recovered, still he felt some uneasiness, for the animal was one he had owned for two or three years, and to which he and his family were much attached, and he had some fears that the thief might conceal his prize, with the intention of conveying him away in the night.
The neighbors had seen Mr. Livingston return with a horse and carriage not his own, and the story of his loss was soon noised about. It was that evening's theme in every house. Some hoped that if he caught the fellow he would make him suffer, while others rejoiced that the villain would be in the hands of a lawyer, who must know how to manage him.
Mr. Livingston felt that it would be useless for him to return to C— that night. He could not aid the persons so much better qualified for the search than he, and all that was left for him was to wait patiently until morning—trusting then to find his horse recovered, and the reckless perpetrator of the theft taken into custody.

And there was waiting in another home that night—in a dwelling on the outskirts of the town of C—.
It was a cottage home—one of the thousand that are scattered over all New England—often such nesting places of contentment and comfort. There was a grass-plot, fresh and green, in front, and an old elm on the street leaned over and drooped its shadowing branches over the door, by whose side well trained roses told of a tasteful hand.
In-doors neatness prevailed, and it might seem that comfort did also; but an accurate observer would have marked the slow creeping in of neglect—here and there a broken piece of furniture, that had not been repaired—some necessary article lost, that had not been replaced—but more than all, the marks of neglect on the face of the young wife, who sat watching at the window, sorrowfully listening to the murmur of the child upon her knee—watching for him who was the cause of all her grief—for of late with bitter teachings had she learned that indeed she was an inebriate's wife—that this was an inebriate's home.
Oh, woe for the young bride, be she in cottage or palace hall, when the lips that breathed the marriage vow, turn in love to the intoxicating wine cup!
At the window beyond sat an old man, the setting sun falling in gold upon his white hair. He was the father of the absent one, and he also was gazing down the road in anxious watching.
'Where can William be?' he asked for the hundredth time.
'I cannot think,' replied the low, meek voice of Mary. 'Perhaps we had better not wait any longer, and there was a very sickness of the heart in her tones, as she turned to give the father and her little child their simple evening meal.
Night came on. Her boy had given her his good night kiss, and gone to sleep; the father, tired of fruitless waiting, slept also; one by one the lamps in the houses about her were extinguished, and she shaded her own feeble light, and tried to close her eyes, whose tear fountains grief had long since dried.
Weary with hearkening to every sound, at length she slept; for, alas! this was not the first night she had thus watched and listened. She had been unconscious but a few moments when she was roused by voices—the old man talking with some one at the door. Was it he? No, but she heard the name of William, and wrapping her shawl around her, she hurried to the door.
A neighbor stood there who had brought them news. Her husband had been taken by the officer of the law, about ten miles from C—, with a horse and carriage in his possession, which he had stolen; had been brought to town, and was now in the hands of the constable.
'Where is he? Let me go to him,' were her first words.
'It's of no use, Mary; he's locked up for the night, and you can't see him until morning—good night,' and the kind but blunt neighbor went his way, leaving the wife and father gazing upon each other in mute anguish.
At length the old man laid his white head upon his hands and feebly groaned, 'My boy a thief! My boy a thief!'
The words, like a sound of horror, roused the young wife—
'Oh, not my husband! Father do not say so! there must be some mistake!—What will become of him—of me?'
More like the echo of his own thought than an answer to her question, he muttered hoarsely, 'The State Prison!'
Low as was the sound, it caught the quick ear of Mary, and she sobbed wildly, 'They will not, must not take him there! Oh, he was not himself, when he did this! he cannot have meant to steal! my husband is no thief!'
'The law looks at what a man does, Mary, not at what he means,' said the old man. 'I tell you nothing can save him from the State Prison.'

Now, indeed, fell on her heart the weight of despair. Her husband—he for whom her love was yet in its freshness—to be shut up from the world, and from the light of heaven, and with the black stain upon his name, to share the fate of a vile felon!
She flung herself on the bed, beside her infant boy. Oh, must there fall upon his young head this bitter disgrace! When she taught him to say 'Father,' must he also learn that his parent was a violator of the laws of heaven and man, and was suffering the penalty?
Memory went back to the time when, four years ago that very summer, she came a hopeful, trusting bride, to the plain and comfortable home love had provided—how with heart and hand she had labored to assist her husband, and to keep their sky all brightness.
Then the dreary time when he was lured from her side by gay and dissolute associates, and she was left to tears and sad prayers; and how on the birth of her boy hope seemed to come again, for he was industrious and steady for a while, careful of her happiness, and fond of his home. But this lasted not long; the demon was upon him, and he gradually went back to his old habits; his hands, skilful in his occupation, were often idle, and there were times when only her own cheerful industry saved them from poverty.
But he had never, through all, been wilfully harsh to her; he had weakly been led by examples and strong passions, and though he grew careless and neglectful, he was often penitent, and her heart loved him still—it could not think him capable of crime. But the remembrance of the law—the stern, inexorable law—crushed every bud of hope; all was sadness.

There was no sleep in the cottage that night, save that of the unconscious child, but ever and anon were heard the convulsive sobs of the stricken wife, a low moan from the overcharged heart of the aged father.
CHAPTER III.
It was early in the morning, when Mr. Livingston returned with his hired vehicle to C—. As he entered the stable the first object that met his eyes was his own horse quietly feeding, and he was speedily made acquainted with the capture of the thief.
'The man was more than half intoxicated at the time he was taken,' said Mr. Smith, the voluble stable keeper, and seemed perfectly stupid about what he had done. He is one of a gang of idle, vicious fellows, that hang around the town, and it is well that something has brought him to a stand. A year or two at the State Prison will be a good thing for him, and teach him to walk straight in the future.'
'Where is the fellow?' said Mr. Livingston, and escorted by the officious Smith, whose severest indignation was naturally excited by theft of a horse, speedily arrived at the watch house where the unfortunate William Milford was in custody.
Mr. Livingston's face was stern as his could be as he entered the room, while that of Smith wore the careless business-like air of a man who was quite used to these things, and saw but one way to dispose of them.
What a wretched looking being was the prisoner who met their gaze. Pallid from yesterday's inebriation, his eyes sunken and blood-shot, his hair hanging wildly over his forehead, his whole frame trembling with terror as he marked their entrance.
By his side was the light form and pale face of Mary, who had come with the dawning light to gain admittance to her husband. Her child was in her arms, its joyousness a strange mockery in that gloomy place.
Opposite sat the old man, his grey head bowed, paying little heed to those about him.
Smith was the first to speak.
'So, my fine fellow, we've caught you at last, eh? Mr. Livingston here will soon have you where you want be a stealing gentlemen's horses and chaises again in a hurry, I fancy.'
'Indeed, indeed sir,' said the trembling prisoner, 'I did not mean to steal; I don't know how I came to take the horse; it seems all confused now, but I am sure, very sure, I meant to carry them back.'
'Oh, yes,' rejoined Smith, 'most probable, that is all very fine, but it won't do here. Very likely you were going to see a sick friend, or to treat your poor lame grandmother to a ride, eh? There has been a good many valuables stolen within a month or two, and I'll be bound you've had your share of the spoils.'
'There must have been a softness in Mr. Livingston's eye, for as the young wife heard these words, she raised her hands to him appealingly, and cried—
'Oh, do not believe him, sir—my husband is not a thief. I feel sure he did not mean to steal your horse—he was not himself, then—he was unconscious of the crime he was committing. It is his first offence. Oh, will you not listen to him, and have mercy upon him for the sake of his child? If you do not appear against him, the law cannot harm him!'
'There, the old story,' interrupted Smith, 'you might apprehend rogues from now till the end of the year, and there would always

be plenty of wives and children to beg their pardon. I tell you he unfastened the horse, and made off with him, and was found ten miles from home, after nine o'clock of a dark night, with both horse and carriage in his possession. It don't promise very well; he'll be delivered over this morning, and I reckon we shall have to try his digestion of prison fare for a while.'

During all this time, Mr. Livingston had listened to the conversation while he had been strictly observing the persons before him. He had seen the flush of shame pass over the face of the prisoner, who by no means looked depraved—he had marked the genuine indignation that flashed from the eyes of the wife, as she heard the coarse accusations of Smith—and now when he spoke, it was that he might be left alone for a few moments with the prisoner and his family.
As the door closed, he turned to William Milford, and looking into his face, with his mild yet intense gaze, said firmly, 'Did you tell the truth when you said this was no premeditated theft, that it was done in a time of lawless intoxication?'

'There was no mistaking the fervent honesty with which he answered.
'As I hope for pardon it was! Heaven knows I have done enough in almost breaking Mary's heart by my reckless conduct, to deserve the severest punishment, and this last is crushing her to the earth—but I mean no crime!'
There was something of sternness in Mr. Livingston's tone, as he said—
'I consider it no light crime for a man to place himself, voluntarily as you have done, beyond the controlling power of reason, even for a moment. You know,' he continued calmly, 'that the act you have done is sufficient to procure your imprisonment for one, if not for two years—now hear me. On the condition that you give me your sacred promise to touch no more anything that can intoxicate—to return to the occupation you have neglected—to do your duty as a man and citizen, I will refrain from presenting my accusation, and will set you free. What say you?'

Again and again the wretched man essayed to speak—the rush of feeling was too much—but at length he fell upon his knees and grasped, most solemnly I promise!
'Heaven bless you sir,' came from the full heart of the wife. 'God will reward you for this—and you shall see that your mercy on my husband, your trust in him, has not been for naught.'
The old man, who had listened intently through all, now rose up, and tottering to Mr. Livingston, took both his hands in his, while the tears coursed over his withered cheeks. 'Take,' said he, 'the blessing of an old man and a father, and God send to you, in the hour of trouble, as sweet peace as you have brought to this bruised heart of mine.'
There was a mist in the blue eyes of Mr. Livingston, and his voice was husky, as turning to the prisoner he said hastily—
'I have but little time to spare this morning, but there is a crowd about here; I will take the child and you in the carriage, while your wife and father follow. There has been expense attending this affair, which, as an earnest of your good intentions, I shall look to you for pay. Not now, not now,' he continued, as the old man stepped forward, 'but I shall not lose sight of you, and some day I will call for it.'

The door was opened, and the eager group without again admitted. There was much surprise, and not a little displeasure, when Mr. Livingston calmly ordered the constable to set William Milford free. Smith had no power to conceal his indignation. 'For his part he thought Lawyer Livingston had no right to set such a scamp at liberty—if thieves and rogues were to be let loose upon the town there was no safety for any body—he intended to double lock his stable doors without delay.'
'To all this Mr. Livingston paid no heed, but saying that he should return in a few moments to settle with Mr. Smith and those by his request who had been employed in this affair, for all they had done, he placed Milford and the child in the chaise and drove off.
There were murmurs of discontent among the crowd—many marvelled, and some cheered, at what they considered a foolish leniency, and some turned away disappointed at having lost the 'fun' of the trial.
That night in the cottage of the Milfords, there went up supplications to Heaven, from lips that had not prayed for a weary while before—the prayer of one humble and contrite spirit, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

And from the heart of Mary, the heart purified by an ordeal of sorrows, rose fervent thanksgiving, and a prayer for blessings on him who had poured through the thirsty channels of her spirit, a tide of joy and hope.
And was not the sleep of Henry Livingston calm and sweet that night, though an erring man had gone unpunished? There rested on his head the love of Him who forgave the penitent—who said, 'Be ye also merciful, as your Father in Heaven is merciful.'

CHAPTER IV.

Just after sunset, one cool evening in October, and a little more than three months after the occurrence of these events, Mr. Livingston alighted from his horse before the Milford's cottage.

The door was shut, but the window curtain was up, and by the bright blaze of a wood fire, the room and its occupants were distinctly visible.

The old man sat by the fire with his little grand child upon his knee, who laughed and clapped his tiny hands in the wildest glee. The table was spread, and the dishes that smoked upon the hearth told that the repast waited for some one absent.

Mary was stirring blithely about, getting everything in readiness—her cheek was plump, and its beautiful color might have been a reflection from the fire's ruddy glow, but it looked more like the bright hue of perfect health and happiness.

Just then the door opposite the window opened, and a young man entered. Was that William Milford? With the bright brow and pleasant eye, and the glow of health and cheerful exercise upon his cheek. It was pleasant to see the glad welcome that sparkled in the eyes of the busy wife, as he greeted her with a 'here I am, Mary!' and passing his arm around her, gave her a playful kiss ere he turned to take the boy, whose little arms had been outstretched to him the moment of his entrance.
Mr. Livingston knocked at the door, which was immediately opened, and he was greeted with the liveliest demonstrations of pleasure by all the inmates. The color rose to the young man's brow, as he grasped his extended hand, and there was a pride in Mary's tone, as looking from her husband to Mr. Livingston, she said—
'William and I have been hoping to see you for a long time, sir.'
'And I think I should have hastened my coming, could I have realized what a delightful reception awaited me,' and he seated himself with the smiling group.

At his request, William Milford related his past struggles, his present success, and his future hopes.
'It needs not words, he added, as he finished his recital, to thank you for all this. Our cheerful comfortable home—Mary's glad face, my own health and happiness—are they not all owing to you—and do they not tell their own grateful story? It is you who have saved me from destruction, and brought joy again to us all!'
'William and I have had this ready for you a good while,' said Mary as going to an inner-room, she brought forth a small roll of bills, and placed them in Mr. Livingston's hand. There was more than the sum required, and she smiled as he looked them over, and quietly asked the mother the name of the little fellow who sat in the old man's arms.
'My child has his father's name,' answered Mary.
'Well,' said Mr. Livingston, 'for your son William I will deposit this money in the bank—a little fund to which you and your husband can add whenever you choose. It may be pleasant to look upon it, as the first fruits of your exertions in the path of duty—no thanks, no thanks, I wish it to be so—I shall always feel an interest in you, and I hope from time to time you will come and see me, and let me know how you are succeeding.'

With a last look at the bright cheerful home, with its happy faces, Mr. Livingston mounted his horse and rode away—and as he passed the prison walls, which lay upon his homeward route, his heart rose in thankfulness that William Milford was not there—rejoiced that Heaven had made him the means of restoring an erring man, who with no hand to lift him up, might have been led on deep into sinfulness and crime.

Imitation of Mahogany.

Any wood of a close grain may be made perfectly to imitate mahogany, by the following French process: Let the surface be planed smooth and then rubbed with a solution of nitrous acid. Then apply with a soft brush, the following mixture: 1 ounce of dragon's blood, dissolved in about a pint of spirits of wine, and with the addition of a third of an ounce of carbonate of soda, mixed and filtered. When the polish diminishes in brilliancy, it may be restored by the use of a little cold-drawn linseed oil. Dragon's blood, as most of our readers know, is a resin obtained by incision from certain tropical plants, and is sold at the druggists, to the varnishers and marble stainers. The method is extensively adopted in France, and might be well adopted in the United States, for the interior decorations of our dwellings.

DEAD INFANT FOUND.

The dead body of a female infant was found in the Juniata river, at Mexico, on Saturday the 9th inst. in a perfectly nude state. Judging from appearances it was but a few weeks old, and had been in the water several days. The body was still sound and might be identified; but it is reasonable to presume that the fate of the child was not the work of accident, and that it will not be inquired for. The body was decently interred.—*Juniata Sentinel.*