

# Lewistown Gazette.

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FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 17, 1856.

New Series—Vol. 4—No. 30.

**Rates of Advertising.**  
One square, 18 lines, 2 squares, 6 mos. \$5.00  
1 time 50 " 1 year 8.00  
2 times 75 " 3 mos. 6.00  
3 " 1.00 " 6 " 10.00  
1 mo. 1.25 " 1 year 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 marriages, &c. \$12.  
3 mos. 3.50  
Communications recommending persons for office, must be paid in advance at the rate of 25 cents per square.

## NEW SPRING & SUMMER GOODS!

HAVING taken several additional rooms for the use of our store, we are enabled this spring to increase our stock of goods very much, and we now offer our friends a very large and desirable assortment of

## DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES & BONNETS, Carpets, Hardware and Groceries.

and think we can't be undersold in any of them. A great part of our stock has been purchased at auction, at regular catalogue sales, where nothing but fresh and warranted goods are offered, and by which we save from

**15 to 20 per cent.,** and we feel confident that we can sell a great many articles LOWER than those who buy only of the jobbers, as for instance—

## CLOTHS AND CASIMERES, CARPETINGS, BOOTS, SHOES, BONNETS, &c.

We invite our friends, and the public generally, to call and look at our goods, and if they afterwards think they can buy for less elsewhere, we will charge them nothing for showing.

WATTS & JACOB.  
Lewistown, April 12, 1856.

## IT IS EVIDENT To all discerning minds that BLYMYER has the most splendid assortment of

## SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

THAT has been brought to Lewistown this season, and withal so cheap that he who would undersell it must wake up a little earlier than he ever did before. The stock comprises in great variety,

## Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Vestings, Croton Cloths, Cashmeres, and Cashmerets; Tweeds, Mohair Cords, Drillings, Velvet Cords, French Cassimeres, Doe Skin do, white and fancy Marseilles, &c. A splendid assortment of

## Ladies' Dress Goods.

Grande Naps, Satin du Chenes, an elegant assortment of striped, figured and plain Silks, Bureges, Challey, Muslin de Laines, Alpacas, Lustres, Ginghams, Lawns, Mulls, Jaconets, Bombazines, striped and plaid Muslins, &c. He has also an extensive variety of the

## CHEAPEST CARPETING

that has yet been brought to this place; together with a never-ending assortment of

## READY MADE CLOTHING,

which will be sold at prices to suit purchasers. Besides this, he has

## HARDWARE, Queensware, Glassware, and an unparalleled supply of GROCERIES.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to clothe themselves in a becoming dress, such as is called for in the course of human events by fashion and public opinion, are invited to take a look at his stock before purchasing at other places. His clerks are ever ready and willing to exhibit to all, and if by price and quality don't suit, there will be no grumbling.

GEORGE BLYMYER  
Lewistown, April 12, 1856.

## THOMAS AGAIN IN THE FIELD!

THE public will be glad to hear that our stock of goods has been again replenished, embracing a supply of

## DRY GOODS, Groceries & Queensware.

of the latest styles and best qualities. The same attention to the wants of all will be given, and the reputation we have obtained for

**Selling Cheap** will be maintained. A personal inspection of our stock by buyers is solicited, and satisfaction warranted. If our goods are not what we represent, don't buy them—that's all.  
J. THOMAS.  
Lewistown, May 3, 1856—1f

**DR. GREEN'S LINIMENT**, for Rheumatism, Swellings, Bruises, &c., &c.—one of the best remedies now in use for least as well as man. Price 37½ cts. per bottle. For sale at  
A. A. BANKS' Diamond Drug Store.

## JOHN A. STERETT'S CHEAP CASH STORE CAN'T BE BEAT!

NOTWITHSTANDING all the puffing and blowing, printing and boring of others, it has been candidly acknowledged, by the best of judges, that JOHN A. STERETT, take his stock all through,

## Sells his Goods CHEAPER than any Store ever did in Mifflin County.

And why? Because he is a first rate judge of goods, with long experience, and buys strictly for cash, at the rate of one hundred cents to the dollar, with five per cent. off. He is just now opening a very large stock of

## SPRING & SUMMER GOODS, Of the Newest Styles and Lowest Prices.

For the LADIES, he has the best of **LAWNS AND ORGANDIES** From 12½ to 25 Cents per Yard.

And, by the way, the handsome levy LAWNS ever before offered. GINGHAMS at 12½ cents and upwards that can't be equalled. MOUSELINES DE LAINE in endless variety and very cheap.

Superior TISSUE SILKS and BAREGES from 31 to 37½ cents that can't be beat. Cords and Stacks of CALICOES from 4 cents to 12½. His Hip Calicoes are the handsomest and best ever sold in Lewistown.

LINEN LUSTRES at 12½ to 18½ cents—and in short every kind of **DRESS GOODS** of the **Cheapest and Best.**

For the GENTLEMEN he has a very large and fresh stock of **CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Vestings, Cravats, stocks, &c.**, which for variety, style and cheapness, no one will attempt to surpass. He has also a large and varied assortment of

## MADE UP CLOTHING,

consisting of every variety of COATS for men and boys, with PANTS and VESTS to suit.—Coats from \$1 to \$7; Pants from 50 cents to \$5. No other dealer shall undersell him in this or any other article.

## BOOTS & SHOES

He will sell as cheap as the cheapest for CASH. **GROCERIES** of every kind, at the lowest prices. Call and see, and then judge for yourselves. What is said here is meant, as you will find. Lewistown, April 26, 1856—4f

## TIN WARE! TIN WARE!!

J. B. SELHEIMER, AT his old stand, on MARKET street, Lewistown, six doors east of the public square, south side, informs the public generally, that they will always find at his establishment, a

## Heavy Stock of Made Up TIN WARE,

of almost every variety, and offering great inducements to purchasers. TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS, who may wish to lay in a stock for sale, he will make such reduction in price as will prove advantageous to them.

## A NEW MEDICINE! BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

A VERY valuable preparation for persons recovering from fever, or other diseases, a few drops imparting to the stomach a glow and vigor equal to a glassful of brandy, or other stimulants, without any of the debilitating effects which are sure to follow the use of liquor of any kind; and it is therefore especially applicable to children and females. To the aged it will prove a great comfort; to the dyspeptic, and to those who are predisposed to gout and rheumatic affections, it gives great relief; and to the inebriate, who wishes to reform, but whose stomach is constantly craving the noxious liquor, it is invaluable—giving tone to the digestive organs, and strength to resist temptation, and is consequently a great agent in the cause of temperance. For sale by

J. B. MITCHELL.  
Lewistown, March 22, 1856.

## Indemnity.

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia—OFFICE 161, Chestnut street, near Fifth street. DIRECTORS.

Charles N. Bancroft, Geo. R. Richards, Thomas Hart, Mordecai D. Lewis, Tobias Wagner, Adolphe E. Borie, Samuel Grant, David S. Brown, Jacob E. Smith, Morris Patterson.

Continue to make insurance, perpetual or limited, on every description of property in TOWN & COUNTRY, at rates as low as are consistent with security.

The Company have reserved a large Contingent Fund, which, with their Capital and Profits, are safely invested, affording ample protection to the assured.

The assets of the Company, on January 1st, 1856, as published agreeably to an Act of Assembly, were as follows, viz:

Mortgages, \$1,047,428 41  
Real Estate, 94,724 82  
Temporary Loans, 96,601 85  
Stocks, 51,523 25  
Cash, &c., 28,591 27  
\$1,328,874 71

Since their incorporation, a period of eighteen years, they have paid upwards of One Million Four 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. BANCROFT, President. CHARLES B. BANCROFT, Secretary. AGENT for Mifflin county, R. C. HAI E, Esq., Lewistown.

## Poetry. THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land;  
Thou call'st it children a happy band!  
Mother, O where is that radiant shore?  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?"

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies glance thro' the myrtle boughs?  
"Not there, my child!—not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!  
Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair!  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb:  
It is there, it is there, my child!"

## Miscellaneous. THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

Some years ago, I travelled through a portion of Michigan. I went on foot, or rode as best suited my purpose. I carried rich silks and jewelry, to sell, to those disposed to buy. My only companion during my journeying, was a large dog of the Newfoundland breed. Lion was fit to be king of all his species. He was good natured and quiet, and there was something almost human in his eyes. He attended to his own business, and never quarrelled like 'curs of low degree.' He would bear an insult from worthless puppies, with a philosophy worthy of emulation. And I never knew him, save on a few occasions, resent the undue liberties of puppies of large growth. When his bile, however, was thoroughly aroused, he made such offenders a terrible warning to 'evil doers.'

When I travelled, he trotted along by my side, and when I stopped to trade, he seated himself near me, and watched all my movements with a very grave and business like expression. It annoyed him a little, sometimes, to see my customers drag the goods from my pack, and handle them with so much freedom, which feeling he expressed by a low growl, while he followed every piece with his eyes to see that they were not appropriated without proper compensation, and with my full consent.

He really took a strong dislike to those who were disposed to find fault with everything, and my prices in particular. I believe he knew every article I carried, and the value I attached to them. Be this as it may, he seemed satisfied when I was, and wagged his tail when I made a good trade. He was an excellent watch dog, and there was no danger of anything confided to his care, being taken away. I found him very useful and companionable in my travels.

Conveyances were so scarce and uncertain, that I was often obliged to go on foot from one settlement to another. Sometimes these journeys were anything but pleasant, as the country was new and the state of society anything but good.

Robberies were frequently perpetrated upon these lonely roads, and there were many, no doubt, to whom the rich stuffs I carried, would be a sufficient temptation to commit a murder. This idea frequently occurred to me in travelling through the wild woods of the West. But old Lion was by my side ready to die in my defence, and proud to share my wanderings. I always went armed. An excellent brace of pistols, steel barrelled, and loaded with ball—were never from my pocket, save long enough to see that they were in order, and at night when laid beneath my pillow. I felt quite safe with these and Lion, who was the companion of my nights as well as days. He always laid himself down between my bed and the door, with his face towards the latter. No one could enter without attracting the attention of Lion.

One day, in the summer of 1840, I found myself in a small German settlement on the border of a small lake, anxious to get forward to the next, which was about eight miles distant. No conveyance could be obtained without waiting till the next day, which I was not inclined to do, so I set out on foot. It was near night, and I walked forward briskly. I was not long in discovering that my expedition would be by no means an agreeable one.

The road, if road it could be called, was very bad, and passed through the most gloomy forest in that portion of the country. The night, too, crept on apace, and promised to be darker than common. But Lion trotted along by my side; I was a smart walker, and was confident I was getting over the ground fast; so I didn't mind it much.

The darkness was upon me before I was aware of it. It seemed to me that I had already walked eight miles, but could see no signs of a settlement. This surprised me a little, for I was used to travel-

ling, and knew well my ability to calculate distances. But I kept a good heart, and went on, until I was quite certain I had mistaken my way, or been misinformed in regard to the distance. I concluded it would be best to keep the road that I was in until I reached some habitation.

In a short time I was glad I had made this resolution, for I saw a light glimmering from a cabin. I approached it as soon as possible. It was rather above the medium size. I thought I might be accommodated there very well. I knocked for admission. The door was opened by a man.

Now I am not a person to believe in presentiments, misgivings, and all that sort of thing, but I certainly saw something in that man's countenance that I did not like, the moment I set my eyes upon him. In a gruff voice he asked me my business. I told him I believed I had lost my way, and was under the necessity of asking accommodation. After hesitating a moment, he asked me to enter. A tall female was seated in the corner, near a large rock fire place. She seemed busied in watching a piece of meat that was hissing over the fire. It struck me that I had never seen a more pathetic looking countenance than hers. She hardly noticed my entry. She might have been fifty years old. Her face was remarkably long, and wrinkled to a degree to excite curiosity. Her nose was sharp and skinny, as was indeed her whole face. The head gear was wholly indescribable, and from beneath it grey hairs were visible. Her entire dress was quaint, and unlike anything I had ever seen. I could hardly keep my eyes off her. She, as well as the man, glanced eagerly at my pack as I laid it down. The latter was a coarse looking person, whose countenance appeared more indicative of opacity than villainy.

To my questions he replied very civilly after I entered and he had got a full view of my person. I learned from him what I had expected for the last half hour—that I had taken the wrong road.

A kind of telegraphing took place between the two, after which I was informed that I could 'stay.' This I did not appear to me a very great favor, since I had a chance to observe my host and hostess.

The meat upon the coals was set upon the table, at length. I was invited to partake of it, which I did with my host, who had been absent, and had returned a few minutes before my arrival. During my repast, Lion took his station by my side, receiving a portion as he always did.

When I had finished I drew away from the board, and taking a paper from my pocket, pretended to be busy reading.

I glanced occasionally from under my brows and was startled to see the apathy of the woman, as well as the man, wearing off rapidly. Her eyes grew animated, and, in unison with his, sought my pack oftener and oftener. They glanced at my dog with evident signs of dissatisfaction.

Presently I nodded over my paper, like a sleepy person. Instantly the manner of the two persons grew more alarming. They whispered to each other, and made signs, some of which I could not understand. Finally the tall hag lifted my pack, and weighed it with her hand, as well as she was able. Her eyes flashed like a serpent's, for it contained a large quantity of specie, besides valuable jewelry and silks. I always made a practice of putting my silver money in a bag, and depositing it in a corner of said pack; but my bills were placed in a belt which I wore next my skin. After she had done this, she motioned for him to come and lift it, which he did, with apparently as much satisfaction as his other half had experienced.

He then opened the door softly, and motioned the dog to go out. Though I have no doubt but Lion understood pantomime as well as any body, he did not offer to stir, but lay at my feet as quietly as ever. At last the old hag grew impatient, and shook the poker at him. Lion showed two rows of white teeth, and uttered a low growl. The pantomime ceased in an instant. The door was closed, and the poker returned to its place. I stirred a little. They were quick to observe me.

"A fine dog," said the man, thinking it probable I might hear the remark. "I reckon he wants to get out—he growled as though he did."

A pause followed this remark. He thought I might order him out, but I did no such thing.

"Nice dog," the woman added, after a moment, "nice dog," and then she offered him a piece of meat, and attempted to fondle him. Contrary to her expectations, Lion refused the meat, and put an end to all familiarities by showing his teeth again in a very testy manner.

This was something strange for him. I never knew him to refuse meat before, when it was offered to him. Had Lion shared my suspicions? Had his instincts taught him that the hand outstretched was not a friendly one?

By this last act of hostility on the part of my dog, the hag appeared not a little disconcerted. She retreated almost behind my chair, and shook her skinny fist at him; but he did not condescend to express any uneasiness at that rather energetic expression of her feelings.

I now thought it time to wake up, which I did with a preliminary yawn or two. The hag apathetically came back and sat upon them uns of my entertainers. I made There was and that I wished to retire. cabin, and they two compartments in the to make some arrangement the one I was in for my accommodations in the other sent some time, and I They were abheard them moving the bed to quite sure I of the room. They came out at part and I was told that my bed was ready.

They watched my movements with considerable interest when I rose to retire. I started at first without my pack on purpose. The faces of the worthy pair lighted up; I returned and took it; and they fell in a moment. This was not all; I passed in first, and the woman attempted to shut the door upon Lion; but the latter, putting forth his strength, sprang after me in an instant, almost upsetting the hag in the operation.

"I thought the creature would like to stay by the fire," she said, by way of apology. "Call the varmint out—'tain't likely the gentleman wants to sleep in the room with the beast," added mine host, in a way that expressed a great deal of Christian anxiety for my welfare.

"I prefer to have him with me," I replied.

"He won't eat the quarter of meat in there, will he?"

"Oh, no," I answered. "You are quite right—he won't eat it. He never takes anything that's not his."

Saying this, I wished them a good night and closed the door.

They had provided me with a dim tallow candle, and the first thing I did was to examine everything in the room. It was pretty well lumbered up. Various kinds of vegetables occupied different corners, among which were pumpkins, potatoes, melons, &c., &c., together with a quarter of venison, some jerked beef, and skins of animals. I examined the bed next. It was a poor concern, the frame being made of round poles, in the same state they were taken from the woods; and the clothing upon it was coarse enough for a hermit. But what struck me as being a little singular was, that the head of said bed was turned toward the partition separating the two rooms, and right opposite the pillow was a wide crack, which had the appearance of having been left there by design.

I began to feel queer (and that is not the word just to express what I mean.) I had large sums of money about me, enough to tempt the cupidity of my entertainers, at any rate, as their actions had already convinced me. How easy it would be for them to shoot me through the crevice. The idea got possession of me fully, and I would have fastened the door, but there was nothing to fasten it with, and I was impressed with the idea that the danger would not come in that direction. If it should, Lion was there to apprise me of it. I threw off my coat, and bustled about as though undressing. I put my pistols under my pillow, and laid down; but such an unaccountable and terrible sense of evil pressed upon me that I could not think of sleeping. Lion, too, appeared uneasy—came and put his fore paws upon the bed every few minutes, then went back to his post by the door, and laid down with a kind of feverish anxiety.

At last I feigned sleep, and snored most musically, but I did not feign to look through the crevice to see what my host and hostess were doing. They laid down upon the bed which stood in the room, without taking off their clothes, and were quiet until I began to snore, when I heard them whisper. What were my sensations, when I saw them arise softly, and the man take the gun from behind the bed? I saw him, assisted by the hag, draw out a charge of shot which was in the gun, and reload it with a handful of slugs. I turned over heavily, and pretended to awake. My plan of action was arranged in a moment.

I had worn a wig for several years, on account of losing my hair by a fever. I now determined to make it of more use to me than it had ever been before. I lifted myself quietly from the bed, and felt about in the dark, until I had found one of the pumpkins I had seen. Over this I drew my wig, and it happened to be an excellent fit. Having dressed this useful vegetable in this uncommon manner, I crept back to my bed, and placed it upon the pillow in the exact position my head had occupied. When it was thus adjusted, it was in juxtaposition with the long crevice, through which I now took another look. Heavens! the fiends were loading a brace of horse pistols with the same infernal slugs.

I can't say but I felt a little dry about the throat then. I looked toward old Lion. I could just discern his great eyes through the darkness. He was still upon the alert. The perspiration began to roll down my face in great drops, not that I felt absolutely afraid—for I flatter myself I am not a coward—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident I could defend myself, yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

Taking down my pistols in my hands, I

bent over my bed, and commenced snoring again, at the same time watching the movements of the man and his amiable spouse. Every explosion from my nose seemed to give them the greatest satisfaction. They looked at each other—nodded and smiled grimly. He took the gun, and in his stocking feet approached the crevice opposite my bed, followed by the hag with the pistols and a carving knife. Stooping he peered into my room, and brought his ferocious looking eyes to bear upon my wig. I knew it would be dangerous to see

any more. I raised my head enough to get out of harm's way, and emitted now and then a snore. I heard him distinctly fix the muzzle of the gun against the fissure opposite the wig, and then with a tremor of indignation, and a kind of creeping sensation all over me, I drew back and awaited the result. It was a moment of awful suspense to me. What if he should discover the cheat, and elevate his piece?

A thousand such thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant. The cold sweat ran down my face in streams. Thank Heaven! I was not kept long in suspense.

A terrible explosion followed the fearful pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed, perforating the wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction.

"He won't tell no stories," I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breach of the gun heavily to the floor. "Now for the dog!"

During these operations, Lion had placed himself by my side, with his forefeet upon the bed, while to keep him still, I put my hand over his mouth. He knew well what I meant, for I had done so before. At the moment of the discharge he gave a low growl. I pointed towards the door. He understood my meaning well. His eyes flashed like balls of fire, while he waited the moment to wreak his vengeance on the cowardly assassins.

"I will open the door a little; and when the creature sticks his head out, shoot him," said the she-wolf.

"The door was opened, but the creature didn't stick his head out," Lion knew better than that, and waited his chance.

Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened. Now was the time. With a terrific howl, Lion leaped over the head of the woman, and seizing the ruffian by the throat, dragged him in an instant to the floor, where a great struggle took place. In another moment the hag was writhing in my nervous grasp. Her surprise was so great, that she made but little resistance; and I quickly bound her hand and foot with a cord which she had provided for another purpose—perhaps to drag my body away into the woods.

The next thing was to attend to the man and Lion. The struggle between them was still going on, but the former had the worst of it. Lion had set his sharp teeth into the throat of the wretch, and rendered all his efforts abortive, although he was a man of powerful frame. He was already reeking in blood, and I hastened to save what little life was left in him. The dog was loth to quit his hold, and when he did, he left one victim to punish another; for, before I could prevent it, he set his teeth quite through the hag's arm, who shrieked like a lunatic.

The fellow looked ghastly enough when I released him. His neck was frightfully torn, but he got no sympathy from me. I was resolved that he should not escape. I bound him as I had done his companion in iniquity, while he maintained a moody silence, and she heaped curses upon the dog. I bound her apron about his neck, which was all the surgical aid he got from me. Lion now seemed very well satisfied with the arrangements, and laid down in the corner, and watched them with much calm philosophy.

We remained with them until morning. I cannot say but I enjoyed our triumph as well as Lion did, as they were certainly old offenders, as it was proved afterwards in a court of justice. As good fortune would have it, a man passed by the next morning, by whom I sent word to the nearest settlement, of what had occurred.

Before ten o'clock the offenders were in the hands of the law. They were conveyed to the nearest jail, where they awaited their trial, which took place about two months after. They were sentenced to ten years imprisonment, which, all the circumstances considered, was not too much. I believe if ever they live to get out, they will kill old Lion, should he survive their punishment; and he no doubt will, for he is as strong and healthy a dog as you can find anywhere. No money would tempt me to part with him. He is now looking quietly in my face as I write this—for I have been trying to make him understand what it is about. I have hinted to him the propriety of having his likeness published with this sketch, but he shakes his head gravely, as much as to say—

"I don't care about it, master—every worthless puppy has his likeness published now-a-days."

Grateful for past services, I suffer him to have his own way in this, as in a great many other matters. Let no one despise the dog, as he is the only animal who, forsaking his own species, cultivates the friendship of man.