

Lewistown Gazette.

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FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 4, 1850.

New Series—Vol. 4—No. 50.

Rates of Advertising.
One square, 18 lines, 12 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 mar-
" 3 mos. 3.50 riages, &c. \$12.
Communications recommending persons for office, must be paid in advance at the rate of 25 cents per square.

Geo. W. Elder,
Attorney at Law,
Office in Market street, opposite the Post Office, will attend to any business in the Courts of Mifflin, Centre or Huntingdon counties. [Lewistown, Sept. 13, 1850-ly]

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 28, 1850-ly.

J. W. Parker,
Attorney at Law,
LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN CO., PA.
Office on Market street, two doors east of the Bank. [April 12, 1850-ly]

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-ly.

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-ly.

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-ly.

SOMETHING NEW.
In the Diamond, Lewistown.
A DRUG & VARIETY STORE.
A. BANKS has just opened a general assortment of
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dye-stuffs,
with SPICES of all kinds, fresh and genuine. Also, a great variety of
Confectionaries, Nuts, Crackers and Raisins.

ALSO,
Poolsap and Letter Paper, Quills, Steel Pens, Slates, Pencils, Envelopes,
Copy Books, Blank Books,
English Bibles and Testaments, with several kinds of school books.
Tobacco, Snuff and Segars,
of the best quality, Segar Cases, Snuff Boxes, Pen Knives, Razor Strops, Shaving Cream, Hair Oil, Perfumery of different kinds, Tooth Powder, Mottos, Waters, Gold and Dutch Leaf, &c.
All of the above articles will be sold at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES,
at the ARCADE, East side of the Diamond. Lewistown, April 5, 1850-ly.

GREAT EXCITEMENT
ABOUT
Benjamin Hinkley's Patent
Elastic Spring Bottom
BEDSTEAD,
MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY
A. FELIX,
At the Lewistown Cheap Cabinet Ware Rooms,
WHERE the article can be seen at any time among his large stock of other FURNITURE of all descriptions. The following testimonials from those who purchased and have now in use, or had the bottom put into their old beds, will speak for themselves:

CERTIFICATES:
'This is to certify that I purchased twenty pair of new beds with Hinkley's patent elastic spring bottom in, am well pleased with them, consider them a good article, and would buy no others. I would recommend them to all persons, as they are easily screwed together, and can be kept cleaner than any hitherto made.'
JAMES ALLISON.
I concur with the above and consider it a good article for tavern keepers and others.
THOMAS MAYES.
We certify that we got A. Felix to put B. Hinkley's patent bottom into our old beds, and that they answer the purpose exceedingly well. We consider it a bedstead that can be kept cleaner from insects, screwed up firmer than any others, and recommend them to the public.
JOHN CLARK,
DAVID BLOOM,
LEWISTOWN, April 26, 1850-ly

D. H. ROACH,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.
MARKET STREET, Lewistown, next door to Judge Ritz's. may 24th

75 sett English and American Wagon Boxes
25 sett English Tire Iron, 1 1/2 to 4 in. broad
Articles of this kind always on hand by
Jy 26th F. G. FRANCISCUS.

LEAD PIPES, 1 1/2 to 2 inches, for sale by Jy 26th F. G. FRANCISCUS.

100 kegs NAILS, at \$4 25 per keg, for Jy 19 sale by Wm. REWALT.

HEYLE'S EMBROCATION for horses, for sale at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

QUININE, rendered tasteless without destroying any of its medical properties, for sale at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

PRUNES—a very superior article just received and for sale by E. W. HALE, at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES for sale by E. W. HALE, at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

GINGER ROOT PRESERVES—a choice and delicate article just received and for sale by E. W. HALE, at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

BLEY'S MAGNESIA—an elegant article, mixing freely with water, forming a cream which is readily taken. For sale at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

ATTENTION BALD HEADS!—Storck's Chemical Hair Invigorator, to restore the hair when it has fallen off or become thin, for sale at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

SARSAPARILLA—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA, which speaks for itself when tried, for sale at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

MEDICAL MINERAL WATER—a cooling aperient, pleasant to the taste, and answering the same purpose as Epsom Salts, Magnesia, or Seidlitz Powder. For sale at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

LEMON SYRUP, made from the pure juice of the lemon—a convenient and elegant article for making lemonade. For sale by E. W. HALE, at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

PERFUMERY—Roussel's celebrated Patchouli, Jenny Lind, Violet, Rose Geranium, Cologne, Bay Rum, Shaving Cream, Tooth Paste, &c., &c., for sale at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

FORWARD DROPS—an excellent remedy for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and all affections of the bowels—for sale by E. W. HALE, at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

Harrison's Columbian Inks, OF ALL COLORS—a supply just received and for sale at the Bee Hive Drug store. These Inks are highly esteemed by all who have used them, and decidedly superior to any now in use. sept 6th E. W. HALE.

Louden's Family Medicines.
LOUDEN'S EXPECTORANT
" Alterative
" Compound Carminative Balsam
" " Tonic Vermifuge
" Sanative Pills
" Female Elixir
" Pile Liniment
" Oriental Hair Tonic
" Hair Dye
All the above articles for sale by E. W. HALE, at the Bee Hive Drug store. sept 6th

WATERVILLE Manufacturing Co's superior **PEN AND PENCIL CUTLERY**—manufactured by the Waterville Manufacturing Company, Waterville, Conn. An invoice of the above splendid American Cutlery just received. Premiums were given for these goods at the New York and Philadelphia Institutes—rivaling in quality and finish Westernholm and Rogers' best cutlery. Each knife warranted. For sale wholesale and retail by Jy 26th F. G. FRANCISCUS.

New Shoe Finding Store.
107 pair Ball's celebrated Lasts, assorted 12 sett Boot Trees
10 Clamps
6 sett Schive's Patterns
8 pair Crimping Boards
For sale at lowest prices for cash by F. G. FRANCISCUS, July 26th Dealer in Shoe Findings.

73 MOROCCO SKINS, Tampico, Madras, Cape, &c.
4 dozen Binding Skins
4 do Binding do
12 sides Upper Leather
1 dozen French Calf Skins
1 do Strait Morocco
4 do Kid Skins
3 do Red, Blue & Green Morocco Skins
1 do Bronzed do do
2 do Fancy Colored do do
With an assortment of Kit, Files, Rasps, Pegs, Tools of all kinds, Shoe Thread, &c., at Jy 26th F. G. FRANCISCUS.

FOR SALE.
300 bbls. No. 1, 2 and 3 MACKEREL
50 half-bbls. No. 1 do.
50 do. No. 2 do.
500 sacks SALT
200 Dairy do.
10 blds. city cured HAMS
5 do. Shoulders and SIDES
5 do. Sugar House MOLASSES
10 blbs. N. O. do.
5 blbs. of SUGAR
10 blbs. Porto Rico & crushed SUGAR
50 Bags of COFFEE
100 Kegs NAILS
20 Boxes GLASS
100 tons Plaster
500 tons Wilkesbarre Coal
200 tons Pine Grove do.
500 tons Lykens Valley do.
10,000 bushels Bituminous do. for Black-smiths
400,000 feet LUMBER—Boards, Plank &c
100,000 SHINGLES
1,000 bushels OATS
100 bbls. FLOUR
50 bbls. Monongahela WHISKEY
By WM. REWALT.
Lewistown, July 19, 1850.

Poetry.

HEALTH.

Who shall tell the worth of health?
Who can prize the valued blessing?
Better than the untold wealth,
All the miser's soul possessing.
Wealth will bring its weight and care,
Doubts and dangers as its share,
On the weary spirit pressing.

Oh! how priceless is the boon!
Nothing its delight can measure;
Let it be denied—how soon
Man will tire of scenes of pleasure!
Health alone can give us zest,
All who feel its power are blest,
'Tis itself the heart's one treasure.

Look at him who toils for Fame!
Ere its time his head was hoary,
That, through future years, his name
Bright may gild his country's story;
Yet, when all his toils are o'er,
Health and Peace he knows no more,
Such, alas, is Human Glory.

When the light of health has fled,
And no more his hues are glowing—
When around Life's slender thread
Dark Disease its spell is throwing—
Then it is, and then alone,
That its value can be known,
Choicest gift of Heaven's bestowing!

When in sickness we have pined,
Still to health our hopes were clinging;
Oh! how often to the mind
We its scenes and joys were bringing!
All but us enjoy the day,
All around seem bright and gay,
And we hear glad voices ringing.

When the slow and lingering chime
O'er the spirit sends a chilliness—
As we mark the sands of time
Falling in the hours of illness—
Oh! how sweet upon our ears
Come the sound of happier years,
Breaking on the midnight stillness.

Miscellaneous.

THE THANKLESS OFFICE.

BY THE EDITOR.

'An object of real charity, said Andrew Lyon to his wife, as a poor woman withdrew from the room in which they were seated.

'If ever there was a worthy object, she is one,' returned Mrs. Lyon. 'A widow, with health so feeble that even ordinary exertion is too much for her; yet obliged to support, with the labor of her own hands, not only herself, but three young children. I do not wonder that she is behind with her rent.'

'Nor I,' said Mr. Lyon, in a voice of sympathy. 'How much did she say was due to her landlord?'

'Ten dollars.' 'She will not be able to pay it,' I give her all my extra sewing, and have obtained work for her from several ladies; but, with her best efforts she can barely obtain food and decent clothing for herself and babes.'

'Does it not seem hard,' remarked Mr. Lyon, 'that one like Mrs. Arnold, who is earnest in her efforts to take care of herself and family, should not receive a helping hand from some one of the many who could help her without feeling the effort. If I didn't find it so hard to make both ends meet, I would pay off her arrears of rent for her, and feel happy in so doing.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the kind-hearted wife, 'how much I wish that we were able to do this. But, we are not.'

'I'll tell you what we can do,' said Mr. Lyon, in a cheerful voice—or rather what I can do. It will be a very light matter for, say ten persons, to give a dollar a piece, in order to relieve Mrs. Arnold from her present trouble. There are plenty who would cheerfully contribute for this good purpose; all that is wanted is some one to take upon himself the business of making the collections. That task shall be mine.'

'How glad, James, to hear you say so,' smilingly replied Mrs. Lyon. 'Oh! what a relief it will be to poor Mrs. Arnold. It will make her heart as light as a feather. That rent has troubled her sadly. Old Links, her landlord, has been worrying her about it a good deal, and only a week ago, threatened to put her things in the street if she didn't pay up.'

'I should have thought of this before,' remarked Andrew Lyon. 'There are hundreds of people who are willing enough to give if they were only certain in regard to the object. Here is one worthy enough in every way. Be it my business to present her claims to benevolent consideration. Let me see. To whom shall I go? There are Jones, and Green, and Tompkins. I can get a dollar from each of them. That will be three dollars—and one from myself, will make four. Who else is there? Oh! Malcolm! I'm sure of a dollar from him; and, also, from Smith, Todd, and Perry.'

Confident in the success of his benevolent scheme, Mr. Lyon started forth, early on the very next day, for the purpose of obtaining, by subscription, the poor widow's rent. The first person he called on was Malcolm.

'Ah, friend Lyon,' said Malcolm, smiling blandly. 'Good morning! What can I do for you to-day?'

'Nothing for me, but something for a poor widow, who is behind with her rent,' replied Andrew Lyon. 'I want just one dollar from you, and as much more from

some eight or nine as benevolent as yourself.'

At the word poor widow, the countenance of Malcolm fell, and when his visitor ceased, he replied in a changed and husky voice, clearing his throat two or three times as he spoke.

'Are you sure she is deserving, Mr. Lyon?'

'The man's manner had become exceedingly grave. 'None more so,' was the prompt answer. 'She is in poor health, and has three children to support with the product of her needle. If any one needs assistance it is Mrs. Arnold.'

'Oh! ah! The widow of Jacob Arnold?'

'The same,' replied Andrew Lyon. 'Malcolm's face did not brighten with a feeling of heart-warm benevolence. But he turned slowly away, and opening his money drawer, very slowly toyed with his fingers amid its contents. At length he took therefrom a dollar bill, and said, as he presented it to Lyon—sighing, involuntarily, as he did so—

'I suppose I must do my part. But we are called upon so often.'

The ardor of Andrew Lyon's benevolent feelings suddenly cooled at this unexpected reception. He had entered upon his work under the glow of a pure enthusiasm; anticipating a hearty response the moment his errand was made known.

'I thank you in the widow's name,' said he, as he took the dollar. When he turned from Mr. Malcolm's store, it was with a pressure on his feelings, as if he had asked the coldly given favor for himself.

It was not without an effort that Lyon compelled himself to call upon Mr. Green, considered the 'next best man' on his list. But he entered his place of business with far less confidence than he had felt when calling upon Malcolm. His story told, Green, without a word or smile, drew two half dollars from his pocket, and presented them.

'Thank you,' said Lyon.

'Welcome,' returned Green.

Oppressed with a feeling of embarrassment, Lyon stood for a few moments. Then bowing, he said—

'Good morning.'

'Good morning,' was coldly and formally responded.

And thus the alms-seeker and alms-giver parted.

'Better be at his shop, attending to his work,' muttered Green to himself, as his visitor retired. 'Men ain't very apt to get along too well in the world who spend their time in begging for every object of charity that happens to turn up. And there are plenty of such, dear knows. He's got a dollar out of me; may it do him, or the poor woman he talked so glibly about, much good.'

Cold water had been poured upon the feelings of Andrew Lyon. He had raised two dollars for the poor widow, but at what a sacrifice for one so sensitive as himself. Instead of keeping on in his work of benevolence, he went to his shop, and entered upon the day's employment.

How disappointed he felt—and this disappointment was mingled with a certain sense of humiliation, as if he had been asking alms for himself.

'Catch me at this work again!' he said, half aloud, as his thoughts dwelt upon what had so recently occurred. 'But this is not right,' he added, quickly. 'It is a weakness in me to feel so. Poor Mrs. Arnold must be relieved; and it is my duty to see that she gets relief. I had no thought of a reception like this. People can talk of benevolence; but putting the hand in the pocket is another affair altogether. I never dreamed that such men as Malcolm and Green could be insensible to an appeal like the one I made.'

'I've got two dollars towards paying Mrs. Arnold's rent,' he said to himself, in a more cheerful tone, sometime afterwards; 'and it will go hard if I don't raise the whole amount for her. All are not like Green and Malcolm. Jones is a kind-hearted man, and will instantly respond to the call of humanity. I'll go and see him.'

So, off Andrew Lyon started to see this individual.

'I've come begging, Mr. Jones,' said he, on meeting him. And he spoke in a frank, pleasant manner.

'Then you've come to the wrong shop; that's all I have to say,' was the blunt answer.

'Don't say that, Mr. Jones. Hear my story first.'

'I do say it, and I'm in earnest,' returned Jones. 'I feel as poor as Job's turkey to-day.'

'I only want a dollar to help a poor widow pay her rent,' said Lyon.

'Oh, hang all the poor widows! If that's your game, you'll get nothing here. I've got my hands full to pay my own rent. A nice time I'd have in handing out a dollar to every poor widow in town to help pay her rent! No, no, my friend, you can't get anything here.'

'Just as you feel about it,' said Andrew Lyon. 'There's no compulsion in the matter.'

'No, I presume not,' was rather coldly replied.

Lyon returned to his shop, still more disheartened than before. He had undertaken a thankless office.

Nearly two hours elapsed before his resolution to persevere in the good work he had begun came back with sufficient force to prompt to another effort. Then he dropped in upon his neighbor Tompkins, to whom he made known his errand.

'Why yes, I suppose I must do something in a case like this,' said Tompkins, with the tone and air of a man who was cornered.

'But, there are so many calls for charity, that we are naturally enough led to hold on pretty tightly to our purse strings. Poor woman! I feel sorry for her. How much do you want?'

'I am trying to get ten persons, including myself, to give a dollar each.'

'Well, here's my dollar.' And Tompkins forced a smile to his face as he handed over his contribution—but the smile did not conceal an expression which said very plainly—

'I hope you will not trouble me again in this way.'

'You may be sure I will not,' muttered Lyon, as he went away. He fully understood the meaning of the expression.

Only one more application did the kind-hearted man make. It was successful; but, there was something in the manner of the individual who gave this dollar, that Lyon felt as a rebuke.

'And so poor Mrs. Arnold did not get the whole of her arrears of rent paid off,' says some one who has felt an interest in her favor.

Oh, yes she did. Mr. Lyon begged five dollars, and added five more from his own slender purse. But, he cannot be induced again to undertake the thankless office of seeking relief from the benevolent for a fellow creature in need. He has learned that a great many who refuse alms on the plea that the object presented is not worthy, are but little more inclined to charitable deeds, when on this point there is no question.

How many who read this can sympathize with Andrew Lyon. Few men who have hearts to feel for others but have been impelled, at some time in their lives, to seek aid for a fellow creature in need. That their office was a thankless one, they have too soon become aware. Even those who responded to their call most liberally, in too many instances gave in a way that left an unpleasant impression behind. How quickly has the first glow of generous feeling, that sought to extend itself to others, that they might share the pleasure of humanity, been chilled; and, instead of finding the task an easy one, it has proved to be hard, and, too often humiliating!—Alas, that this should be! That men should shut their hearts so instinctively at the voice of charity.

We have not written this to discourage active efforts in the benevolent; but to hold up a mirror in which another class may see themselves. At best, the office of him who seeks of his fellow men aid for the suffering and indigent, is an unpleasant one. It is all sacrifice on his part, and the least that can be done is to honor his disinterested regard for others in distress, and treat him with delicacy and consideration.

HOW JENKS JOINED THE ODD FELLOWS.

'Very well, Mr. Jenks, you know my opinion of secret societies.'

'Perfectly, my dear, perfectly,' said our friend, thrusting his hands into his pockets, with all the energy he could sustain.

'And you will join?'

'Don't you think it best?'

'No, sir, once for all, I do not.'

'Consider, my dear, if you should be left a widow, with nothing to support—'

'Now, what a ridiculous argument. Do you suppose, Mr. Jenks—'

'My dear.'

'Mr. Jenks.'

'Will you listen for a moment?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, then, much as I respect your wishes, and you know I love you dearly, it will be impossible for me to oblige you in this instance. I have sent in my document, and to-night am to be initiated.'

Mrs. Jenks opened her handsome eyes in amazement, and for a moment was lost in wonder.

'And so you are actually going to be initiated?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'Well, will you tell me all about it when you come home?'

'Perhaps so.'

Comforted with this assurance, the lady offered no further opposition, and our hero took his departure. About the hour of eleven he returned, a wiser if not a better man.

'Well, my dear,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, 'what did they do to you—what is it like—were you much frightened, come, tell me all about it?'

'Don't ask me,' gravely replied our friend, 'I beg you won't ask me.'

'Why, not? I'm your wife, you know, and wife and husband are one. Why not?'

'Hark!' said Jenks, 'did you hear anything?'

'No, nothing.'

'Silence, my dear. Remember what Shakespeare says about sermons in stones, books in the running brooks. If I should divulge he might hear it.'

'Who, my dear?'

'The patriarch of the lost tribes. Even now he may be at our window.'

'Mercy on us,' ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, 'how you terrify a body. I—I—I—shiver—shiver all over.'

'If you don't wish to be killed outright ask no more questions.'

'Surely you can tell me something about it—an idea or two—that wouldn't be divulging you know.'

'What if you should in an unguarded moment, let the secret out?'

'Oh, trust me, it will be safe in my keeping.'

'You will never tell?'

'Never.'

'Not even to your mother? You know how gossipy some old ladies are.'

'I'll never open my lips to her on the subject.'

'Hark!' exclaimed Jenks, with a theatrical start, 'heard you nothing?'

'Nothing,' repeated, his wife, with unfeigned alarm.

'Tis only the wind,' mused our friend.

'I thought it might be the patriarch or his grand bashaw, armed with his circumventor, covered with curious devices of the order. Now listen, and if you love me—for the sacrifice I am about to make is great—and you must seal your lips forever on this subject.'

'Well, my dear,' said the lady with a long drawn sigh.

'You have often heard of the cat being let out of the bag?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I saw that cat to-night.'

'A real, live cat?'

'Yes, and an immense cat at that—a monstrous cat. But you shall hear. You shall know all. Let me begin at the beginning.'

'That's right,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, breathless with interest.

'On my arrival at the Hall, I was immediately seized by about four dozen smart fellows and taken upon the roof of the building. Here I was tongue-tied and compelled to answer about a hundred questions, all having a direct bearing on the science of astronomy.'

'What a queer proceeding,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks.

'How I answered the questions, must ever remain, I suppose, a mystery to myself—certain it is, however, I did answer every one—although I did not know it till to-night, there's a great bear, and a dipper, and a chair, and a four horse team, and I don't know what else, in the sky. Is it not a pity that this beautiful science is so sadly neglected?'

'Well, what then?'

'Why the next question is too absurd to be repeated.'

'What was it?'

'They wanted to know whether I took a newspaper, and if so, how much I owed the printer. Fortunately I had just then paid my subscription, otherwise I must have been rejected, as no man can become an Odd Fellow, who owes a cent to the printer.'

'Well, I never!' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, 'what an influence those newspapers do exert, to be sure.'

'Exactly. But scarcely had I answered these queries satisfactorily, when an immense flame shot up, and we as quickly shot down.'

'What—through the roof?'

'Oh, no, I suppose we took the stairs, but I was so securely bound and tongue-tied, I hardly know how we got down.—The apartment into which I was ushered was pitch dark, and a strong odor of brimstone pervaded the room.'

'Brimstone, my dear?'

'Yes, it must have been brimstone, for nothing else could have produced such a stifling sensation.'

'Well, of all things.'

'Then began the roar of artillery, with an occasional volley of small arms. In the midst of the tumult, I heard a low, sweet voice, chanting a hymn of peace. 'Man shall love his fellow,' sang this angel. 'Cruel war shall be waged no more—peace shall reign—slavery shall perish—industry meet its reward—charity fill the hearts of men.' When this happy singer had ceased, a loud cry for cheap postage