

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISING.
 Ten lines of minion, or their equivalent, constitute a square. Three insertions \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

GRAND EXHIBITION. CONTINUED.

The elections being over and the excitement attending them, passed away, and it being considered dangerous nowadays to keep on hand bank notes, the proprietor of the People's Store would again invite attention to his magnificent depository for replenishing the outer man and woman on the scientific principle of saving money, which accommodating establishment is in East Market street, and can readily be distinguished from all others by its piles of beautiful goods and wares and "that sign," which, like the Star spangled banner, is fanned by every breeze. The Ladies, gentlemen, merchants, traders, farmers, laborers, and all others are therefore invited to a grand display (admission free) of a most extensive, beautiful, and cheap stock of Staple and Fancy Goods. The exhibition will remain open every morning, afternoon and evening until further notice, and all concerned are requested to call early and procure good seats. The performance commences early in the morning with an exquisite melo-drama entitled

DRY GOODS,

comprising in part Broche Silks, 75 cents; Ginghams from 61 to 25 cents; White Goods, such as Swiss, Victoria, Lawn, Bishop Lawn, India Book Muslins, Brillants, Swiss and Jacquet Eglais and Lingerie, Flouncings, Collars and Sleeves, Chiffons, Bonnets, Mohair Mitts, Silk and Kid Gloves, Hosiery, and hundreds of other articles in daily use.

SEA WIS,

(Crape Shawls from \$6 up) which for beauty, neatness, fineness, finish, cheapness, and all the other adjectives, exceeds anything of the kind before displayed to the ladies. This scene is the admiration of all who have seen it, both from town and country, and alone is worth a visit from the extreme ends of the county.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,

all colors, shades, and prices, of exquisite material, made up, that a young lady of our acquaintance had for several days an idea of setting her cap for a handsome gentleman she had seen across the street, thus dressed up, when she discovered it was her old beau!

GROCERIES,

intended exclusively for family use, comprising every article usually sold in that line, and of course cheap, whether quality or price be considered.

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

well made out of good material, and cut out on scientific principles.

QUEENSWARE AND GLASSWARE,

with side views of Boots and Shoes, Cutlery, Ladies' Gaiters, and sundry other matters pleasing to the eye and purse.

BOUQUETS AND BONNET TRIMMINGS,

which always produces a marked sensation among the ladies, and is frequently ordered.—This is really fine.

FREEBURG ACADEMY,

FREEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.
 The location of this Institution is beautiful and healthy, and free from the temptations and vices common to larger towns situated on public thoroughfares. The course of instruction is thorough and complete, embracing the usual branches of an English, Classical and Mathematical Education, and is calculated to prepare students for College, the study of a Profession, or business pursuits. Frequent Lectures are delivered during the term, and the most unrivaled patience, which is daily exemplified in their taking part either in gold, silver, bank notes, or country produce.

SALT! Salt!—300 sacks Ground Alum

5 sacks Ashton's Fine Salt, 200 " Daily For sale by W. & G. MACKLIN, McVeytown.

MRS. MARY A. DENISON writes

for the Saturday Evening Post. THE GUARDIAN'S PROTEGE. See prospectus in another place.

THE MINSTREL.

For the Lewistown Gazette.
COME TO THE MOUNTAINS, LOVE.
 A SONG—BY L. J. STINE.
 Come to the Mountains, love,
 Come, come with me;
 Where proud waves the forest grove,
 Stately and free;
 Where sings the woodland bird,
 And the wild bee's hum is heard—
 Come to the mountains, love,
 O, come, come with me.
 Come to the mountains, love,
 Come, come with me;
 Plucking sweet wild flowers we'll rave,
 Happy and free;
 And sit at eventide
 By the rippling streamlet's side—
 Come to the mountains, love,
 O, come, come with me.
 Come to the mountains, love,
 Come, come with me;
 Here, love, let me ever prove
 Worthy of thee.
 Here be my happy bride,
 By the rippling streamlet's side—
 Come to the mountains, love,
 O, come, come with me.
 Lewistown, Dec. 17, 1856.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SARAH GOODWIN & HER BOYS.

Sarah Goodwin was the name of a poor seamstress residing in the city of N. York. She was not wholly friendless, but those whom she knew would have aided her in her struggles, were very poor and could not. So she, a widow with four boys, from the ages of four to nine years, struggled through winter's cold and summer's heat, providing her little family with bread and that was all. Meat and luxuries were denied Sarah Goodwin and her boys.—The latter were good children, always in their home after night-fall, and giving their mother every cent of their little earnings as often as they found work to do.

At last the mother fell sick, and through a weary illness she had no other attendance, save the occasional help of her little boys. They were never from her side, and it was touching to behold their sympathy, their gentle administrations; every one prophesied they would be blessed in coming years, for their thoughtful kindness toward their mother.

The widow recovered, but it was now the heart of a bitter winter, and their little stock of fuel was nearly gone. As soon as her strength permitted, she walked through the cold cheerless day to the shop of her employer, and told him her pitiful story. But it was hard times; and her illness had made room for others as destitute as herself; in fine, he had not one stitch of work to give her. With a sinking heart but praying to keep her courage up, the poor woman toiled on from shop to shop until it became late, and what with her tears and the darkness, she could hardly see her way home.

"If Mr. Hart himself had been there," she soliloquized, bending to the strong wind, and drawing her scanty shawl closer about her form, "I know he would have given me work."

As she whispered thus through her chattering teeth, a tall man with a long gray beard, passed by her, and as he did so, something fell on the sidewalk and lay on the crusted snow. Sarah paused, she had heard the noise made by the little packet, and a mysterious impression led her to search for it. O, joy! it was a purse, heavy and filled to the brim; yellow and shining lay the gold within its meshes, as she carried it to a lighted window.

"My poor boys, they shall want food no more," she ejaculated fervently; "this is gold! God put it in my way; he saw I was despairing."

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the thought occurred to Sarah that not one cent of the new found treasure was honestly hers. But a moment she lingered, pressing the money with her numbed fingers, the sorrowful tears coursing down her thin cheeks, then starting forward to find the owner of the purse, she walked hurriedly up the street, fearful that the temptation, should she arrive at her room and see her hungry children, might prove too strong for her integrity.

Opposite the great hotel as she stood hesitating which way to take she saw the stranger enter. She knew him by his long singular beard; and timidly crossing the street, she made her way into the billiard saloon, and there bewildered by the light, knew not what to say till twice asked by a servant what she wanted. Of course she done no more than describe the stranger by his tall stature and strange beard. But he had already gone out again;

FRAUDS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCE.

Every period of the world's history seems marked by its own peculiar vices, pretty much as different diseases seem to rage with increased fury and malignity at different periods. Crime seems to be a mania, coming as epidemically as does the yellow fever or the small pox. In one generation it is murder by knocking out people's brains with swords and clubs; in another generation poison is the favorite mode. At some times the Devil shows his mastery over the minds of his followers by making them set fire to the barns and houses of those who offend them. At one time drunkenness reigns uncontrolled and at another libertinism is largely in the ascendant. So goes the world, and it seems that all the labors of the living preacher and all the thunders of the press result in nothing more than in changing the direction of the torrent of evil.

The ruling vice of the present period seems to be, in one shape or other, FRAUD. When, within the range of the recorded experience of mankind, did rascality and want of faith in money matters so extensively prevail? It would almost appear as if the race of honest men was extinct. Put a man in a position where he becomes the custodian of other people's money, and no matter what his previous character may have been, in a few years it is more than an even chance that he turns out a defaulter, runs off to some distant part of the world, or if caught, a jury, feeling in themselves an innate sympathy with the crime, whitewash the offender and turn him loose again upon the community to run the same career over again, if anybody can be found foolish enough to trust him another time.

And this vice is not confined to one single locality. Nothing, except the cholera, has ever equalled the extent of country over which it prevails. In England everybody seems infected with it. Since the pious Sir Paul Bates and his equally pious associates swindled half the orphans and widows of London out of their incomes, scarcely a steamship that has crossed the Atlantic but has brought us the news that some other graceless scamp, with a fair outside show of character, has been squandering the money of those who trusted him by hundreds of thousands. Redpath is the last prominent instance there. Like all the rest of his class, he was a very liberal man—a munificent and a magnificent fellow. Nobody subscribed larger amounts for missions to convert the heathen than himself, and at building churches he was unrivalled. We don't know whether he ever presented a cathedral with a chime of bells or not, but at any rate he was church warden. Most men of his description are generally great on churches.

Here let us not be misunderstood. We find fault with no man for doing the good deeds above mentioned, when done with their own money and from pure motives. We are only tearing the disguise from those sinners who

—steal the money of Heaven
 To save the Devil's due.

Fraudulent bank cashiers and presidents, rascally stock brokers and bankers, with swindlers of every genteel description, are fully aware of the value of a saintly exterior to impose upon the public. Like Charley Bates, when the "Artful Dodger" introduced Oliver to Fagin, they knew how it "works up the rich females to have a pious face." "Lord Fagin," said Charley, "what a capital hand he'll make for the rich old lady's pockets at church. That boy's mug is a fortune to him."

Over France, Spain and even India the same crime is now equally prevalent.—Staid, solid, old fashioned Germany itself has not escaped the contagion as we see by the papers. How the Indian bankers manage the matter we are not well informed; the French, Spanish and Germans not having the refinement in this species of the polite arts which mark their English and American brethren, just make one big haul and run. Here and in England our operators take it and live on it like gentlemanly aristocrats for a long series of years, and if they manage it particularly well, among us, they are more respected after they are found out than they ever were before. This is the only difference between the English and Americans. There, when they are found out and caught, they are punished as they deserve to be. Here, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they

she must call on the morrow they said and ask for Mr. Ashcraft.

The next morning, having eaten nothing, for she could not touch a farthing of the gold, she was admitted into the room where sat the stranger. He arose as she entered, and gazed with a curious air till she presented the purse. Then he stared with pleased surprise, laid down his paper, took the gold and counted it over.

"It is all safe," he said, "you have not taken—"

"Not one piece, sir," she cried eagerly, trembling as she spoke.

"You seem poor," remarked the stranger, carelessly.

"I am poor," she replied.

"Got a family, I suppose?"

"Four little boys, sir, I am a widow."

"Humph, humph, so I suppose—that's the old story."

"Ask Mr. Hart, the tailor," cried the widow, stepping forward a little, "he knows me well; he knows I am poor but honest."

A bright red spot burned on her cheeks as she spoke, and she forced back the tears.

"Now confess," said the stranger, rising and walking to and fro before the fire, "confess that you expected a large reward for this."

"I did think perhaps," and she turned with quivering lips to the door.

"Stop, stop," cried the stranger; "you would not have returned the purse, had you not expected to be paid for it."

"Sir," said the widow, her tone indignant, her form towering, and, oh, the withering rebuke in her voice and manners.

The stranger paused, holding the purse in his hand; then drawing forth the smallest possible coin that it contained offered it to her.

For a moment she drew back, but then remembering that her boys were hungry at home, and in bed because there was no fire, she burst into tears as she took it, saying, "This will buy bread for my poor children," and hurrying away, she buried the bitterness of that morning in her own heart.

It was four o'clock on the same day.—Sarah Goodwin sat by a scanty fire, busily engaged in sewing patches on the very poor clothes of her four boys.

"Run to the door, Jimmy," she said to the eldest, as a loud knock was heard.

"O mother! the boy cried, returning, "a big bundle for us! What is it? What can it be?"

"Work for me, perhaps," murmured the widow, untying the package, when suddenly there came to light four suits of strong grey clothes, with four neat black shining caps, each set exactly fitting to the dimensions of her boys. Almost paralyzed with astonishment, the widow remained on her knees, her eyes riveted on the words—"a present for the fatherless;—while the boys appropriating their wardrobes, danced about the floor shouting with glee.

"What's in the pocket here? what's in the pocket?" cried Jimmy, thrusting his hand into that receptacle, when lo! out came the very same purse of gold the widow had returned that morning.

A scene of joyful confusion followed, and the voice of prayer ascended from Sarah Goodwin's full heart.

Again and again she counted the glittering treasure. Five hundred dollars! it seemed an almost endless fortune. How her heart ran over with gratitude to God and the stranger.

She could not rest till, throwing on her bonnet, with cheeks glowing now with hope and happiness, she ran back to the hotel to pour forth her thanks.

A carriage stood at the door, laden with trunks behind. The driver mounted the seat as she reached the steps; and turning her head, there within, sat the mysterious stranger with the long beard. She had not time to speak, but he nodded his head as he saw her with clasped hands standing there her face seeming a prayer embodied.

Sarah never saw the eccentric stranger again. She took a little shop and stocked it well, and put her boys to school.

To-day she is the proprietor of a handsome store. Of her boys, two are ministers, one is a doctor, and the other is a thriving merchant.

Nobody knows where the man with the long gray beard has gone, but if he be living and his eye meets this, he will have the consolation of knowing the noble result of his generous deed toward Sarah Goodwin and her four boys.

Several negroes are reported to be in possession of guns, pistols, &c.

There is doubtless considerable dissatisfaction and turbulence among the negroes generally, which, if not promptly repressed, may cause serious trouble to their owners and the community generally. Let the people everywhere be on the alert.

A BLOODY AFFAIR IN ILLINOIS.

[From a private letter to the Rochester American.]
 MONMOUTH, Warren co., Ill., Dec. 12.

A bloody tragedy was performed at the "Baldwin House," in this city, this afternoon. About two o'clock the terrible cry of murder was heard, and we all started out to discover the cause. Distant only a few yards, there—weltering in their blood—lay the victims of the most sanguinary, single-hand conflict it has been my lot to witness. The circumstances are as follows: A Mr. Fleming, an elderly gentleman, and two sons about 25 to 28 years of age, had called upon a Mr. Crozier, at his rooms at the Baldwin House, armed each with a loaded pistol, to coerce the latter gentleman into a concession and retraction of a calumny affecting their daughter and sister, with which they charged Mr. C. Mr. C., after some warm language had passed between the parties, did sign a retraction in the presence of a friend whom Messrs. Fleming had brought with them.

THE NEGRO TROUBLES IN THE SLAVE STATES.

[From the St. Louis Democrat of Dec. 31st.]

The steamer Saffie West, from Nashville, yesterday, brings us the information that things were assuming the usual quiet appearance in the towns bordering the Tennessee, and also in all the districts back from the river.

The slave excitement had almost entirely ceased, peoples' minds having become quite tranquilized, as they are convinced that danger of an insurrection had passed.

A passenger informs us that a white man named Taylor, was hanged at Dover, on Wednesday, on presumptive evidence of having been engaged in exciting the slaves to a revolt, and that a number of citizens had started from Dover, on the night previous, in pursuit of two other white men, on whom suspicion rested.—Six negroes were hung at Dover by the infuriated citizens.

(Correspondence of the Petersburg Express.)

RICHMOND, Dec. 17.—No little interest exists in our city at present, consequent upon rumors of insurrectionary movements, and the women and children are, you might suppose, very much alarmed. There is, in fact, no sort of foundation for such reports. Yet it has been deemed expedient, in consideration of intelligence from other places, to take such precautions for any emergency as will be sufficient to frustrate an attempt of the sort. Twenty men have been added to the night watch, and the various military companies have received secret instructions as to their mode of action in the event of difficulty. Still, no sensible person anticipates it, and, as above intimated, the timid are alarmed at the weak inventions of their own minds.

Some families in the western part of the city were much frightened the other night at a small assemblage of negroes, who were playing the bagjo for their own amusement. An alarm of fire last night, at a late hour, carried terror to the minds of many, yet here we are this pleasant morning, in big Richmond, all O. K., and likely to continue so.

A person who came from New Kent county yesterday, states that they were then in the act of imprisoning several negroes, arrested on suspicion of plotting mischief.

(Correspondence of the Louisville Journal.)

CAMPBELLSVILLE, Taylor county, Ky., Dec. 10.—A negro boy, owned by a gentleman in this vicinity, disclosed to his master a plot on the part of the negroes in the neighborhood to rise in rebellion about the Christmas holidays.

Several arrests of negroes implicated in the affair were made, and an examination was held before Judge Cloyd on the 9th instant. Nothing, however, was elicited, further than the statement of the boy, to the effect that he had overheard them in conversation say that they intended to have war with the whites during Christmas. At another time, the boy was invited to join with them, and the promise made that they would make him rich.—Further arrests will probably be made, with a view to elicit more facts, the proof in the first case not being deemed sufficient to warrant further proceedings.

When the animal seizes the meat, he pulls out the two prongs upon which it is fastened, and in doing so opens them by a powerful spring, thus forcing his jaws wide apart, and holding them firmly by the cruel, barbed points, while at the same instant both barrels are simultaneously fired down his throat. It finishes him completely. Even without the pistol shot, no wolf could get away with those barbed points in his jaws. An experiment tried on a dog succeeded admirably. The inventor goes to Canada with his trap to sell it in that wolf-swarming region.

When I met her at sunset bright, her gingham gown was blue; her eyes that danced with young delight, were of the same dear hue; and always when the sun goes down, I shall think of the girl in the gingham gown.