

THE LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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All papers addressed to persons out of the county will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, unless special request is made to the contrary or payment guaranteed by some responsible person here.
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 depositary 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 45 to 25 cents; White Goods, such as Stripes, Victoria, Lawn, Bishop Lawn, India Book Muslins, Brilliants, Swiss and Jaconet Edgings and Insertings, Flouncings, Collars and Sleeves, Challies, Bareges, Mohair Mitts, Silk and Kid Gloves, Hosiery, and hundreds of other articles in daily use.
Scene second will open with a grand display of Stella, Crape, Cashmere, Delaine, Tibet, and numberless other

SHAWLS,
(Crape Shawls from \$6 up) which for beauty, neatness, fineness, finish, cheapness, and all the other attributes, 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.
Scene third will be an unrivalled exhibition of

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
all colors, shades, and prices, of exquisite material, and so beautiful when 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!
Scene fourth will be a display of a choice selection of

GROCERIES,
intended exclusively for family use, comprising every article usually sold in that line, and of course cheap, whether quality or price be considered.
An intermission of some time will here be allowed in order to give the audience an opportunity of examining an extensive stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,
well made out of good material, and cut out on scientific principles.
The fifth scene will present a rich and varied stock of

Queensware and Glassware,
with side views of Boots and Shoes, Cutlery, Ladies' Gaiters, and sundry other matters pleasing to the eye and purse.
The sixth scene is a rare spectacle of

BOUQUETS AND BONNET TRIMMINGS,
which always produces a marked sensation among the ladies, and is frequently encored.— This is really fine, and is frequently encored.— This is the general routine of the exhibition, but the scenes are often varied by the introduction of other articles, useful, ornamental and pleasing.
The performers in this exhibition, from the manager down, are all unrivalled and celebrated far and wide for their politeness and attention to their numerous customers, and blessed with the most unvarying patience, which is daily exemplified in their taking pay either in gold, silver, bank notes, or country produce.
JOS. F. YEAGER, Manager.
Lewistown, Nov. 27, 1856.

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 practical illustrations accompany each recitation. Students have access to a good Library.
The Academic year is divided into two sessions of 22 weeks each. The first commences on the 1st Monday of July; the second on the 1st Monday of January. Public Examinations at the close of each term, when certificates of Scholarship and Standing are given to each student.
TERMS.—For Tuition, per quarter of eleven weeks, \$2.50 to \$8.00. Board, Room, &c., \$1.50 to \$2.00 per week.
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GEO. F. McFARLAND, Principal.
Freeburg, June 26, 1856.

SALT! Salt!—300 sacks Ground Alum Salt,
5 sacks Ashton's Fine Salt,
200 " Dairy
For sale by W. & G. MACKLIN, McVeightown.

1500 FEET of 1, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, in. Patent, dry white Stuff, not received by mail
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

THE MINSTREL.

The Boy Begging Alms for his Blind Father.

Translated from the German of Krummacker, BY J. J. STINE.

"Ein blinder Mann, ein armer Mann!"
A blind old man! a poor man blind!
Behold my father, people kind!
See how he trembling stands and bowed,
His gray head bent beneath the load
Of years. His harp breathes no soft ode.
O, have pity!

The light of day cheers not his eye,
Nor lustre of the evening sky.
The bitter tears that for him flow,
The hand that sweetens all his woe,
The look of love—he can not know.
O, have pity!

Have pity on my father, all!
He soon will hear the gentle call
From Heaven, "Come up"—and then his eyes
Will open 'neath those brighter skies.
Forsake him not in anywise—
O, have pity!
Lewistown, January 12, 1857.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

"O, but I will though."
"No, no, Laura; you must not speak in that manner."

"And why not? Why, mother, to hear you talk, one would suppose that I were about to enter a nunnery instead of being married. No, I tell you no husband rules me. I shall be my own mistress."

Laura Burke was a young, happy creature, just on the eve of matrimony, and like thousands of others, she looked only upon the pleasures of the future, and laid her plans only for the greatest amount of enjoyment that she might secure to herself independent of all other circumstances.— Her mother, Mrs. Amantha Burke, had not yet passed life's autumnal equinox, for not over eight and thirty years had as yet been hers. She was a woman of strange beauty, and though the flood of life was yet warm and vigorous, she was still moved by a spirit of deep melancholy that had moulded her features to its own cast.— Upon her pale brow there were lines of sorrow, in her deep blue eyes there was a light that seemed to turn all vision inward upon the soul, and over her whole countenance was shed the unmistakable shadows of thought and feelings that could only spring from a heart that had become the home of powerful experience.

"Ah, Laura," said Mrs. Burke, "I fear that you are looking into the future with blind eyes. You are picturing to yourself only that which may flee from you ere you can grasp it. You forget that the life you are about to enter is one of important duties."

"O, mother," cried Laura, with a light ringing laugh, "don't talk to me about duty. Goodness knows, I've always had enough of that. No, no, my halcyon days are coming. If William marries me it must be for what I am, and not for what I'm going to be. A truce to your soberness, mother."

"Laura, Laura, be serious now, and listen to me, for I can see the rock upon which your bark of happiness may be wrecked." Mrs. Burke spoke with a serious air, and the shade that passed over her countenance showed that she felt deeply what she said. "You must know that your happiness for the future will depend upon your own exertions," she continued, "and just as far as you use your earnest endeavors for the peace and happiness of your husband, will your own be gained. Laura, you are too wilful and I fear that even to your husband you will betray that unhappy trait in your disposition."

"But tell me, mother, would you have me the slave of a husband? Am I going to be married just for the sake of having a man to rule me? By no means, I know my rights better. He may be assured that I shall maintain all the privileges that belong to me. But in sober earnest, my mother dear, I cannot see what there is that should frighten you. Let me tell you that William Withington is not the man to look for a mere drudge in his wife."

"My child, you misunderstand me.— You misconstrued my meaning. You know that your husband becomes responsible for your support."
"That's his own choice, though, is it not?"

"Certainly, and he does it because he hopes he shall be happy in your society. A good husband looks for all that is kind and gentle in his wife. His home is his refuge from the cares and business of life, and there he looks for the sweet peace and content which no other spot on earth can afford, and if he find it not there, where shall he look? O, Laura, I tremble because I greatly fear you will forget all this!"
"Now, mother," uttered the half thoughtless girl, "you will really provoke me.— What is the use of making such a mountain out of nothing?"
"Hush, Laura. Only look for yourself upon what occurred on last Sabbath evening. Then you betrayed a temper that made William very unhappy."
"Well, and didn't he provoke me to it?"
"No; by no means. He only wished you to wear a more suitable dress to the lecture."
"And I should like to know what business it is to him what dress I choose to wear?"
"A great deal, Laura. He only requested that you would wear something more around your neck and shoulders—something that would protect you against the cold; and surely a husband has a right to do that."

"Then let him wait till he is my husband, and even then I'll teach him that he shan't rule me!"
Mrs. Burke gazed a moment into the handsome features of her daughter, and then a tear came into her eye. She knew that her daughter loved William Withington with her whole soul; but she saw, too, that that love would fail to make her what a good wife ought to be.
"Mother, dear mother," exclaimed Laura, springing to the side of her kind parent, and throwing her arms about her neck, "what makes you weep? Forgive me for what I have said, if I can affect you thus."

"Laura, sit down by my side, and I will tell you something that I have hitherto kept from you. I will open to you a page in my life book that I meant to have kept forever close within my own heart."
The fair girl sat down by her mother's side and looked wonderingly up.
"It is of your father that I would speak."
"He died before I can remember."
"The tears gathered more thickly in the mother's eyes, and it was some time ere she could speak, but at length she commanded her feelings, and laying her hand gently upon her daughter's brow, she commenced:

"Laura, listen to me now, for I can hold up a mirror within which you may see what may be your own future."
"I was scarcely eighteen when I gave my hand to James Burke. He was a man of kind feelings and a warm heart, and I knew that he loved me truly and faithfully; yet his feelings were impulsive, his sense of right and wrong was keen and unmistakable, and in every emotion he was sensitive in the extreme. He held his honor sacred, and to small things he stooped not. Let me tell you that William Withington is his counterpart."

"When I married my husband I knew his disposition and feelings; I loved him, and yet I had resolved upon no plans to meet his wishes and make his home happy. I forgot that love has its imperative duties—that the mere marriage relation may be made the most miserable on earth instead of being the most happy. I forgot that my own happiness depended upon the happiness of my husband, and that he could not be happy unless I too was happy. A very small amount of cool reflection would have shown me all this, but I gave it little heed. I did not remember that the wife's dominion was the home of her husband, and that that home should be her earthly heaven."

"I only looked upon the surface of the marriage relation, and when I entered upon its duties I only then felt that I had nothing to do but to grasp at the transient pleasures as they flew past."
"Of course, the first few months of our married life were happy, but there were clouds across our way that should never have gathered there. At length I came to allow myself to forget some of my duties. In the presence of my husband I was sometimes morose and gloomy. He gently chided me, but I was governed by a false, willful pride, and would not own that I was wrong, and I often accused him of being unfeeling toward me. He was

harsh, never unkind, and though I have seen the big veins in his temples swell with internal emotion, yet he never forgot himself so far as to use words he would wish to recall. O, God! how my heart sinks within me as I think how blindly I trifled with a man's feelings. He did everything in his power to make my home comfortable—my every wish was answered so far as it could be justly done, and he was as careful of my health and peace as he could have been of his own."
"At length you were born. I call God to witness that I loved you most dearly but yet your innocent cries and your tax upon my time and care, I allowed to sometimes flurry me, and when my husband would beg of me to remember the precious charge of my infant, and only smile upon his care, I met him with sullen looks and bitter words. Not long after you were born my husband took a stand in the political field, and his talents soon placed him firmly in the respect and good will of the people. He was chosen a member of the State Assembly, and he began to devote much of his time to the duties which his fellow-citizens placed upon him. Instead of taking a pride in the talents of my husband, and lending him aid, I only found fault that he was away from home so much. He told me the duty he owed to his country, and spoke of the trust his fellow-citizens had confided to him, and that while we owed our freedom and social happiness to the just laws of the land, it behooved all citizens to do what they consistently could to maintain those laws and provide for their execution. But I understood nothing of the matter, and I did not sympathize with my husband in his patriotic sentiments. This was the unkindest cut of all."

"Once, when we were in company, a gentleman spoke to me of the high position my husband had gained, and then I treated the idea of my husband's neglecting his business for such things with a sneer. He heard me. I knew that James had never neglected his business, and yet I said it. When we returned home he reproved me for what I had done; I was only angry. He begged of me to remember his feelings. He told me I was making him miserable. I didn't care. Then he assured me that he would not live with me if I continued to behave as I had done. I allowed this to make me more angry than ever, and I determined that I would not give up that I had done wrong, and bade him leave me as soon as he pleased."

"Laura, I cannot tell you all that followed; how I taunted that noble hearted man, how I trifled with his feelings, and how I blindly, recklessly unriveted the strong links that bound his heart to me. I saw that a change had come over his countenance; it was deeply pale; and that his lips quivered. He went to the cradle where you were lying, and took you up in his arms. He pressed you to his bosom and kissed you. I saw a tear fall from his eye, and I saw his lips move as if in prayer. Then he laid you back in the cradle and left the room. He came not back to me that night. The next day I received a letter from him, in which he informed me he had placed ten thousand dollars in the hands of a trustworthy person, and that I could draw the interest semi-annually for my support. I was almost frantic with grief; my heart was almost broken; my head whirled in agony, but I could gain no intelligence further.— From that moment, Laura, I—I—I never saw—my husband again!"

As Mrs. Burke ceased speaking, her head sank upon the bosom of her daughter, and she wept aloud.
"And you saw him not when he died," murmured Laura, winding her arms around her mother's neck, and sobbing with grief.
"I know not that he is dead, my child," returned Mrs. Burke, and as she spoke she sank upon her knees and prayed that her daughter might be saved."

With her whole soul in the word, Laura uttered, "Amen!"

Laura Burke stood by the side of William Withington, and her right hand rested within that of the young man. It was evening, and she stood there to be married. There was deep happiness, calm and serene. Thought reigned over her countenance, and even the bridegroom gazed half wonderingly upon her as she

appeared so deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.
The clergyman who had come to perform the ceremony, was a stranger in the place, he having come from a distant part of the country, and at the present time had assumed the duties of the pulpit for one Sabbath, while the regular clergyman was absent from town.
The magic words that made William and Laura man and wife were spoken, the couple awaited the parting advice and counsel of the minister. He spoke of the important duties they had taken upon themselves—of the responsibility they had voluntarily assumed. Then he fixed his eyes upon the fair bride, and while his lips trembled and his eyes gathered moisture, he said:

"To you, my fair child, I would fain give a word of more counsel. You must remember that the HOME-ALTAR is under your ministrations; and Oh! fail not to see that the purest of your affections are kept burning there, so they shall ever light with a joyous brilliancy the life you have chosen. Oh! could you but know what earthly bliss hangs upon your course, you would never—never—"

The clergyman stopped. His eyes had filled with tears, and his utterance choked. At that moment a low cry broke from the lips of Mrs. Burke. The minister turned and caught her eye. All present wondered at the strange scene, but when in a moment more, the mother tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of the clergyman, they were lost in astonishment.
"Amantha!" whispered the man, as he bowed his head, "Amantha!"
"My husband! Oh, my husband! Have you come to forgive me!"
"Yes, yes, my wife. Is there not happiness for us yet on earth?"
The mother would have spoken, but she could only cling more frantically to her husband, and bless him that he had come back to her. None were there but who wept at the scene; and Laura left the side of her new made husband to seek the embrace of her father.

At length the mystery was explained to those who had witnessed the novel scene. But to his wife and child alone did James Burke tell of all he had suffered—how he had wandered from place to place, and how he at length became a preacher of the gospel. He told how his heart had yearned to see his wife, and how he had forgiven her all she had done, and also that he had determined to see her once more, and for that purpose he had come back.

Years passed away since that evening, and James Burke and his wife still live, but their old age is happy—happier far than their days of youth. And Laura, she is indeed a noble, true-hearted wife. Her "Mother's Lesson" was her salvation. It sank deep into her heart, burying forever all of evil that lurked there, and sending forth into active life all those charms and graces of the female character that do most adorn the true and virtuous wife.

RASCALITY ABOUNDING.

The Gospel is preached to the people regularly, all over our country—religious papers and magazines are circulated in families, and many valuable persons set good examples before the world—but notwithstanding all this, and more, observation teaches us, that rascality abounds in all classes of society. Petty thefts are daily committed—such as robbing money drawers, stealing clothes, and dry goods, chickens, ducks, corn, and other eatables. Strolling vagabonds, dealing in counterfeit money, and diseased horses, are all over the country. Gamblers, travelling and local, and resident rogues, are all on the alert. Pious villains, with faces as sanctified as the moral law, are keeping false accounts and swearing to them, for the sake of gain. Whiskey shops are selling by the small, in violation of the law.— Drug Stores are training up drunkards in high life, and affording facilities for Sabbath drinking, which can be had no where else. The rich are oppressing the poor, and the poor are content to live in rags and idleness. Country dealers in produce, come to town and exact two prices for all they have to sell, and the owners of real estate in towns, are asking double rents, to the injury of business, and the growth of towns. Banks and Corporations, intended for the public good, have their favorites, and are partial in the distribution of favors. Families persecute and envy each other.—

Individuals slander their betters. Persons of low origin put on airs, and falsely pretend to be more than they are. Cheating and misrepresentation, are the order of the day, generally. In politics, there is very little patriotism or love of country, while demagogues seek to mislead, and build up their own fortunes at the hazard of ruining the country. In religion, there is more hypocrisy than grace, and the biggest scoundrels living crowd into the Church, with a view to cloak their rascally designs, and more effectually to serve the Devil!

In a word, rascality abounds, among all classes, and in all countries. The Devil is stalking abroad in open day-light, without the precaution to dress himself! And if the present generation of men, could see themselves in the Gospel Glass, they are as black as Hell!—Parson Brownlow.

INTERESTING RELIACS.

The will of J. Sampson Simpson, a rich and prominent Jew, of New York, was filed last week. Mr. Simpson was seventy-seven years old when he died. He retired from the practice of the law some thirty or forty years since, and purchased a farm in Yonkers, the value whereof has since risen greatly. His property is probably worth \$400,000 to \$500,000.

We present a copy of those clauses of his will which are of interest to the public. By the first clause, John H. Riker and Ansel Leo are appointed executors.

By the third clause, bequests are made to Ansel Leo "of my old Hebrew manuscript Bible, now in my possession, originally belonging to Mr. Joseph Simpson, my grandfather; also, the original correspondence between Dr. Cooper, President of Kings (now Columbia) College, Dr. Kennicott, of Oxford, and my grandfather; also, the original Hebrew letter from the Jews in China to my father, with his answer in Hebrew; also, a letter in English from a Jew in China to my father; also, a manuscript in unknown characters, entitled 'Ex dono sapientissimi comitis St. Germain quæ orbem terrarum percurrit.' I also give to him my cabinet of minerals and fossils. And I enjoin upon him to make such disposition of my manuscripts and letters, by gift or will, that after his decease they shall not go out of his family."

After directing the investment of \$50,000 for the support, &c., of his nephew, Moses A. Isaacs, the will goes on to direct the payment of the principal, after his death, to a responsible corporation in New York city, existing at the death of Mr. Isaacs, "whose permanent fund is established by its charter for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the Jews in Jerusalem, Palestine—whose duty it shall be to transmit the interest thereof to Jerusalem, to ameliorate the condition of the Jews living there, by promoting among them education, arts and sciences, and by learning the mechanical and agricultural vocations."

If no such corporation exists, and the above intention can be accomplished through the instrumentality of the Jews' Hospital in Jerusalem, or any other corporation consenting to receive the principal and apply the interest as directed, it is to be paid them.

By the ninth clause, \$3,000 is bequeathed to the Trustees of the Congregation Shearith Israel in New York city.

The residue of his estate is distributed among the decedent's relatives.

The will is dated "the 6th day of Tebeth, 5617," corresponding with the 2d of January, 1857.

A Surplus of Doctors.—According to a correspondent of the Medical World, physicians have multiplied so rapidly in this country that newly fledged M. D.'s are puzzled to find a community which require their services. They are exceedingly numerous in the Eastern cities, while the West is actually overrun with the sons of Esculapius. The writer says he has recently made an extensive exploration to and over the far off West, and finds the condition of things as stated. In all the thriving towns and settlements in Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska, there are more medical men than patients. One or two invariably monopolize all the business worth having, but even the most celebrated are poorly compensated, while the prospect is not bettering. The writer very wisely counsels his young brethren to become farmers.