

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE FRYSLINGER, LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.

No. 2419.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1857.

New Series--Vol. 11, No. 39.

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ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,
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West Branch Insurance Co.
OF LOCK HAVEN, PA.,
INSURES Detached Buildings, Stores, Merchandise, Farm Property, and other Buildings, and their contents, at moderate rates.

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Continental Insurance Company.
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No. 61 Walnut St. above Second, Philadelphia.
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feb19-ly

INDEMNITY AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.
Franklin Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia.
Office 163 1/2 Chestnut street, near Fifth.
Amount of Assets, \$1,827,155 80
January 1st, 1857.
Insured agreeably to act of Assembly, bearing date the 1st of April, 1835.
Mortgages, amply secured, \$1,519,932 73
Estate, (present value, \$109,000) 89,114 15
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Capital or Limited Insurances made on every description of property, in Town and Country, as low as are consistent with security. Their incorporation, a period of twenty years, they have paid over Three Millions of dollars' losses by fire, thereby affording evidence of the advantages of Insurance, as well as ability and disposition to meet with success all liabilities.

Losses by Fire.
Paid during the year 1856, \$301,638 84
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mar19

HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS
For the People,
AND THE PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.
RUDISILL.
187 Market street, Lewistown, opposite the Post Office, has just returned from the city a large and elegant stock of Fashionable HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS,
suitable for spring and summer wear, notwithstanding the advance of almost everything else, he will dispose of at low prices. His store has been fitted up with large quantities of glass fronts, so that the stock can be examined at a glance.
He will manufacture to order any description of hats, (having the best of workmen in his employ and an abundant supply of material,) and his extensive stock full to furnish a suitable article. Parents are especially invited to send and examine his variety of Children's Hats and Caps, comprising a first rate stock, from which they can make choice to please themselves.
Omnish friends will find they are not forgotten, and they may rest assured of finding an article to their taste, or can have one made at notice.
Thankful for the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to him, he solicits his friends to show indebted to square up and begin—and any number of visitors from this or neighboring counties, to take a look at him on evening.
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TO BUILDERS AND CARPENTERS.
LUMBER!
Wm. B. Hoffman & Co.
At their Lumber Yard on East Third street, Lewistown, near the Presbyterian Church, have received, and are now receiving, in addition to their large stock of well-seasoned Lumber—
20,000 ft panel Boards & Plank, from 1 to 2 in.
10,000 ft first common Boards
50,000 ft second common Boards
20,000 ft 1 1/2 inch Boards
15,000 ft Siding
2,000 lights of Sash, various sizes,
70,000 Plastering Lath, all sizes,
Plain Siding and ready worked Flooring,
Scantling, 3x4, 4x5, 4x6, 6x6.
Lap and Joint Shingles and Shingle Lath always on hand.
Doors, Shutters, Blinds, and Sash made to order.
All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to.
DANIEL BEARLEY & SONS.
Lewistown, March 26, 1857-y

LOGAN FOUNDRY.
THE public are hereby respectfully informed that we have leased the above well known Foundry, situate on Main street, in the borough of Lewistown, a few doors south of the stone bridge, where we will keep constantly on hand a full assortment of all kinds of STOVES, viz: Hathaway Cooking Stoves, different sizes, Egg Stoves, Nine Plate Stoves, &c. and also
Iron Fence, Hollow Ware, Water Pipes, &c. and will make to order all kinds of CASTINGS. All orders sent to us will be filled with care and despatch, and on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in the State. We hope, friends, you will call and examine our stock before buying anywhere else. You will undoubtedly save money by doing so.
DANIEL BEARLEY & SONS.
Lewistown, March 26, 1857-y

Selling Off at Cost!
As times are hard and money scarce the subscribers wish to reduce their stock, and will sell their present assortment of eastern work, consisting of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Gents, Ladies, Boys and Youth's Gaiters, Children's Shoes, &c.
AT COST,
for cash only. All kinds of goods in their line made to order of the best material and warranted.
Also, a large assortment of Home-made Work now on hand, which will be sold at the lowest prices. The attention of the public is invited to the above, as the eastern work will be offered at such prices as to defy competition. All persons indebted to us will please call and make payment immediately, or the next notice to many will be sent through the hands of the constable.
JOHNSON & CLARKE.
je18

W. & G. MACKLIN,
McVeytown, Pa.,
keep constantly on hand a large assortment of
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,
STRAW GOODS,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, CEDARWARE,
GROCERIES,
Wall and Window Papers,
STATIONERY,
CARPETS, DRUGGETS, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS,
LINES,
OIL, LEAD, PUTTY, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM,
Salt, Fish, Plaster, Guano,
Cement, Stone Coal and Grind Stones.
We are paying the highest market price for all kinds of GRAIN; or where parties desire it we will ship their Grain by canal and pay them net proceeds, after deducting freight.
McVeytown, February 5, 1857.

Pennsylvania Railroad.
ON and after Monday, June 23d, 1857, trains leave Lewistown Station as follows:

	Eastward.	Westward.
Express,	5 14 a. m.	5 43 a. m.
Fast Line,	10 47 p. m.	7 32 p. m.
Mail,	4 04 "	3 04 "
Through Freight,	5 00 "	1 50 a. m.
Emigrant,	5 00 "	3 25 "
Express Freight,	5 00 "	10 15 "
Local,	7 25 "	12 40 "

Fare to Harrisburg, \$1 50; to Philadelphia, 40c; to Altoona, 1 75; to Pittsburgh, 4 70
The Ticket Office will be open 20 minutes before the arrival of each Passenger Train.
D. E. ROBESON, Agent.

FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES,
AIR-TIGHT AND INDESTRUCTIBLE,
For protecting and preserving the Dead for ordinary interment, for vaults, for transportation, or for any other desirable purpose.
For sale at the new Furniture rooms, under the Odd Fellows' Hall, by
ANTHONY FELIX.
New Arrangements.
AFTER returning our sincere thanks to our numerous friends and customers for their continued patronage, I would inform them that I am still to be found at
The Old Stand
With a desire to bring my business nearly to cash, after the first of April our credit terms will be Thirty Days and accounts not to exceed Fifty Dollars. We hope still to conduct our business so that we shall enjoy the good will of our numerous customers, and that the number may be greatly increased.
mar12 F. J. HOFFMAN.

GROCERIES.
Buy Cheese at Hoffman's
Buy Sugar at Hoffman's
Buy Molasses at Hoffman's
Buy Tea, &c., at Hoffman's

THE WINSTREL.
For the Lewistown Gazette.
TO A COQUETTE.
Les coquets sont des paons en societé.—FRENCH PROVERB.
Your brow is polished marble fair,
And, O, how glossy is your hair!
Your eyes are sparkling diamonds bright,
Smiling in the darkness light—
But then they're daggers, giving pain
To many a tender-hearted swain.
Your cheeks are roses, and your blush
Was given by a tender youth;
But then, don't cry—for if you do,
The tears will wash away their hue.
Your lips are rubies—precious pearls—
And sweet as any other girl's—
How poisonous is their nectar sweet?
But, O, what precious little feet!
Your hands—how delicate! how white!
Their owner is a lady quite.
Your tongue—of it I need not tell
When I reflect that you're a wile.
Your pretty little upturned nose—
Bless me! where are you in those clothes?
With hoops and crinoline—don't pout—
Don't stick that lip quite so far out.
I'm sure I meant no harm, no—
You are a beauty, I am sure,
And other charms than yours are fewer,
Your voice—how low! how soft! how clear!
Yourself, O, what a little dear!
How soon your charms could win my love,
And bid my heart no longer rove,
Did not I know your heart is steel,
And never was it made to feel.

July 30th, 1857. RUSTICUS.
MAGGIE BY MY SIDE.
The land of my home is sitting,
Flitting from my view,
A gale in the sails is sitting,
Tossing the merry crew.
Here let my home be,
O'er the water wide,
I roam with a proud heart,
Maggie's by my side.
My own love, Maggie dear,
Sitting by my side,
Maggie dear, my own love,
Sitting by my side.
The wind howling o'er the billow,
From the distant sea,
The storm raging round my pillow,
Brings no care to me.
Roll on, ye dark waves,
O'er the troubled tide,
I heed not your anger,
Maggie's by my side.
My own love, Maggie dear, &c.
Storms can appal me never,
While her bow is clear;
Fair weather brings ever
Where her smiles appear.
When sorrow's breaker's
Round my heart shall bubble,
Still may I find her
Sitting by my side.
My own love, Maggie dear, &c.

MARRYING WELL.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.
"And so dear," said Mrs. Waring, to her beautiful niece Fanny Lovering, "you are about to become a bride." The aunt spoke tenderly, and with a manner that instantly broke down all barriers of reserve. "And a happy bride I trust," returned the girl, blushing, as she laid her hand upon her confidingly.
"Pray heaven it may be so, Fanny," Mrs. Waring's manners were slightly serious. "Marrying is a very important step; and in taking it, the smallest error may become the fruitful source of unhappiness."
"I shall make no error, aunt Mary," cried the girl. "Edward Allen is one of the best young men; and he loves me as tenderly and purely as any maiden could wish to be loved. Oh, I want you to see him so much."
"I will have that pleasure soon no doubt," "Yes, very soon. He is here almost every evening."
"Your father, I understand, thinks very highly of him."
"Oh, yes, he is quite a pet of father's," replied Fanny.
"He's in business then, I suppose?"
"Yes, he keeps a fancy dry-goods store, and is doing exceedingly well—so he says."
Mrs. Waring sat silent for some time, lost in a train of reflections, when she suddenly started.
"You look serious, aunt. What are you thinking about?" said Fanny, a slight shadow flitting over her countenance.
Mrs. Waring smiled as she answered.
"People at my age are easily led into serious thoughts. Indeed I can never contemplate the marriage of young girls like yourself, without the intrusions of such thoughts into my mind. I have seen many bright skies bending smilingly over young hearts on the morning of their married life, that long before noon were draped in clouds."
"Don't talk so, dear aunt," said the fair young girl. "I know that life, to all, comes in shadows as well as in sunshine. But, while the sky is clear why dim its brightness by thoughts of the time when it will be overcast. Is that true philosophy, aunt Mary?"
"If such forethought will prevent the cloud, or provide a shelter ere the storm breaks, it may be called true philosophy. But forgive me, dear, for throwing a shadow where no shadow had ought to rest.—I will believe your choice a wise one, and that a happy future awaits you."
"You cannot help believing this when you see Edward. He will be here to-night; then you will estimate him truly."
As Fanny had said, the young man came in after tea, when Mrs. Waring was introduced. Allen responded to the introduction somewhat coldly. In fact, he was too much interested in Fanny herself to think much, or care much, for the stranger, even though named as a relative. But though he noticed but casually, and passed only a few words with Mrs. Waring, that lady was

observing him close, and noticing every phase of character that was presented for observation; and ere he left her presence, had read him far deeper than he imagined.
"And, now, aunt Mary, tell me what you think of Edward," said Fanny, as soon as the young man had departed, and she was alone with Mrs. Waring.
"I must see him two or three times more, ere I can make up my mind in regard to him," said Mrs. Waring with something evasive in her manner. "First impressions are not to be relied upon," she added smilingly.
"And I understand you"—Fanny spoke with a sudden gaiety of manner—you only wish to tease me a little. Now, confess at once dear aunt Mary that you are charmed with Edward."
"I am not much given to quick prepossessions," answered Mrs. Waring. "It may be a defect in my character; but so it is. Mr. Allen no doubt is a most excellent young man. You are sure that you love him, Fanny?"
"Oh, aunt Mary, how can you ask such a question? Are we not soon to be married?"
"True. And this being so, you certainly should love him."
"Why aunt?"
"My question seems, no doubt a strange one, Fanny. Yet, strange as it may appear to you, it is far from being lightly made. Calm your mind into reflection, and ask yourself firmly and seriously why you love Edward Allen. True love ever has an appreciating regard for excellence—and knowledge must precede appreciation. What do you know of the moral wisdom of this young man, into whose hands you are placing the destinies of your being for time—it may be for eternity? Again let me ask the question—why do you love Edward Allen?"

Fanny looked bewildered. No searching interrogations like those had ever been addressed to her by her parents, and their effect was to throw her whole mind into painful confusion.
"I love him for his excellent qualities, and because he loves me," she at length said, yet with a kind of uncertain manner, as if the reply did not spring from a clear mental perception.
"What do you mean by excellent qualities?" further inquired Mrs. Waring.
"Tears came into Fanny's sweet blue eyes as she answered:
"A young girl like me, dear aunt Mary, cannot penetrate deeply into a man's character. We have neither the opportunity nor the experience upon which coldly to base an accurate judgment. The heart is our guide. In my own case, its instincts, I am sure, have not betrayed into false estimate of my lover. I know him to be good and noble; and I am sure his tender regard for the maiden he has asked to become his bride will ever lead him to seek her happiness, as she will seek his. Do not doubt him, aunt."
Yet, Mrs. Waring could not help doubting him. The young man had not impressed her favorably. No words had fallen from his lips during the evening unmarked by her; nor had a single act escaped her observation. In vain had she looked, in his declaration of sentiments, for high moral purposes—for something elevated and manly in tone. In their place she found only exceeding wildness, or the flippancy of commonplaceness.
"No basis there, I fear, on which to build," said Mrs. Waring, thoughtfully, after parting with her niece for the night. "Dear, loving, confiding child! The heart of a maiden is not always her best guide; like the conscience, it needs be intrusted—must be furnished with tests of quality."
On the following day Mrs. Waring went out alone. Without seeming to have any purpose in her mind, she asked the number of Mr. Allen's store, whether she went for the purpose of making a few purchases.—As she hoped it would be, the young man did not recognize her as the aunt of his betrothed. Among the articles she wanted to obtain, was a silk dress. Several pieces of goods were shown to her, one of which suited exactly, both as to color and quality.
"What is the price of this?"
The answer was not prompt. First the ticket mark was consulted; then the young store-keeper said:
"I cannot afford to sell this piece of goods for less than a dollar thirty."
"A dollar thirty, did you say?" asked Mrs. Waring examining the silk more closely.
"Ye—yes, ma'am," quickly replied Allen—a dollar thirty. And it's bargain that, I do assure you."
Mrs. Waring raised her eyes, and looked for a moment or two in the young man's face.
"A dollar and thirty cents," she replied.
"Yes, ma'am, a dollar thirty," was now the assured answer. "How many yards shall I measure off for you?"
"I want about twelve."
"There isn't a cheaper piece of goods in market," said the young man, as he put his scissors into the silk—"not a cheaper piece, I do assure you. I had a large stock of these silks at the opening of the season, and sold two-thirds of them at a dollar and a half; but as they are nearly closed out, I am selling the remainder at a trifle above cost. Can I show you anything else ma'am?"

"Not to-day I believe," replied Mrs. Waring, as she took out her purse. "How much does it come to?"
"Twelve yards at a dollar thirty cents—just fifteen dollars and sixty cents," said Allen.
Mrs. Waring counted out the money, and as she handed it to the young man, fixed her eyes again searchingly upon him.
"Shall I send it home for you?" he asked.
"No; I will take it myself," said Mrs. Waring, coldly.
"What have you been buying, aunt?" inquired Fanny, when Mrs. Waring returned home with her purchase.
"A silk dress. And I want to know what you think of my bargain?"
The silk was opened, and Fanny and her mother examined and admired it.
"What did you pay for it, sister?" asked Mrs. Lovering, the mother of Fanny.
"A dollar and thirty cents."
"Not a dollar thirty?" Marked surprise was indicated.
"Yes; don't you think it cheap?"
"Cheap!" said Fanny. "It isn't worth over a dollar at the outside. Mr. Allen has been selling the same goods at ninety and ninety-five."
"You must certainly be in error," replied Mrs. Waring.
"Not at all" was the positive assertion. "Where did you get the silk?"
A somewhat indifferent answer was given, to which Fanny returned:
"I only wish we had known your intentions. Mother would have went with you to Edwards' store. It is too bad that you should have been so cheated. The person who sold you the silk is no better than a downright swindler."
"If it is as you say," replied Mrs. Waring, "he is not an honest man. He saw that I was a stranger, ignorant of current prices, and he took advantage of the fact to do me wrong. I am more grieved for his sake than my own. To me the loss is only five dollars! to him—alas! by what rule can we make the estimate?"

Much more was said, not needful here to repeat. In the evening Edward Allen called to see Fanny, who spoke of the purchase made by Mrs. Waring. Her aunt was present. The silk was produced in evidence of the fact that she had been most shamefully wronged by some shop-keeper.
"For what can you sell goods of similar quality?" was the direct question of Fanny.
"The moment Allen saw the silk, he recognized it as the same he had sold that morning. Turning to that part of the room where Mrs. Waring sat, partly in the shadow, he became conscious of the fact that she was the purchaser. The eyes of Fanny followed those of her lover, and then came back to his face. She saw the over-mantling bush; the sudden loss of self-possession, the quailing of his look beneath the fixed look of Mrs. Waring. At once the whole truth flashed upon her mind, and starting up, she said in a blended voice of grief and indignation:
"Surely, surely, Edward you are not the man!"
Before Allen could reply, Mrs. Waring said firmly:
"Yes it is true—he is the man."
At this, Fanny grew deadly pale, staggered towards her mother, and sunk, sobbing wildly, upon her bosom.
Too much excited and confused for coherent explanation, and too clearly conscious of his mean dishonesty toward a stranger, Allen attempted to vindicate no excuse, lest matters should assume even a worse aspect. A moment or two more he stood irresolute, and then left the house. As he did so, Mr. Lovering entered the room where this little scene had just transpired and was startled at the aspect of affairs.
"What's this? What has happened?" Fanny, child, what in the name of wonder is the matter? Where's Edward?"
Mr. Lovering spoke hurriedly. As soon as practicable the whole affair was related.
"And is that all?" exclaimed Mr. Lovering, in surprise. "Pooh! pooh! I'm really astonished, I thought some dreadful thing had happened."
"Don't you regard this a serious matter?" inquired Mrs. Waring.
"Serious? No! It's a thing of every day occurrence. If you are not a judge of the goods you attempt to purchase, you must pay for your ignorance. Shopkeepers have to make up their ratio of profits in the aggregate sales of the day. Sometimes they have to sell to a sharp customer at cost, rather than lose the sale; and this must be made up on some one like you."
"Not a serious matter," replied Fanny's aunt, "to discover that the betrothed of your daughter is a dishonest man?"
"Nonsense! nonsense! you don't know what you are talking about," said Mr. Lovering fretfully. "He's shrewd and sharp, as every business man who expects to get along should be. As to the trade operations, Fanny has nothing to do with them. He'll make her a kind husband and provide for her handsomely. What more can she ask?"
"What more?"
"A husband in whose high moral virtues and unselfish regard for rights she can unerringly confide. One who will never in his eager desire to secure for himself some personal end or gratification, forget what

is due to the tender, confiding wife who has placed all that is dear to her in his guardianship. Brother, depend upon it, the man who deliberately wrongs another to gain an advantage to himself, will never, in marriage, make a truly virtuous woman happy. This I speak solemnly and I pray you take it to your heart ere conviction of what I assert comes too late. But I may have said too much. Forgive me for my plain speaking. From the fullness of the heart is this utterance."
And so saying, Mrs. Waring passed from the room, and left the parents of Fanny alone with their weeping child. Few words were spoken by either Mr. or Mrs. Lovering. Something in the last words of Mrs. Waring had started their minds into new convictions. As for the daughter she soon retired into her own apartments, and did not join the family again until the next morning. Then her sad eyes and colored face too plainly evinced a night of sleeplessness and suffering.

By a kind of tacit consent on the part of each member of the family, no allusion whatever was made to the occurrence of the day previous. Evening came, but not as usual came Edward Allen. The next day and the next went by, without his accustomed visits. For a whole week his visits were omitted.
Grievous was the change which in that time had become visible in Fanny Lovering. The very light of her life seemed suddenly to have gone out, and for a while she had groped about in darkness. A few feeble rays were again becoming visible; but from a quarter of the heavens where she had not expected light. Wisely, gently and unobtrusively had Mrs. Waring, during the period of gloom and distress, cast high truths into the mind of her suffering niece—and from these, as stars in the firmament of thought, came the rays by which she was able to see a path opening before her.

When at the end of the tenth day of uncertainty, came a note from Allen, in these brief words:—"If it is Miss Lovering's wish to be free from her engagement, a word will annul the contract; she replied within ten minutes: 'Let the contract be annulled; you are free.'"
Two weeks later, and Mr. Lovering brought home intelligence that Allen was to be married in a few days to a certain Miss Jerrold a daughter of a man reputed to be wealthy.
"To Miss Jerrold? It cannot be!" said Mrs. Lovering in surprise.
"I cannot believe it father," Fanny spoke with a quivering lip and a choking voice.
"Who is this Miss Jerrold?" inquired Mrs. Waring.
"A coarse, vulgar minded girl, of whom many light things have been said," replied Mrs. Lovering, indignantly. "But her father is rich, and she is an only child."
"He never loved you, dear," said Mrs. Waring to Fanny, about a week later, as the pet, suffering girl laid her tearful face on her bosom. The news had just arrived that Miss Jerrold was the bride of Allen. The frame of the girl thrilled for a moment or two, then all was calm as she replied:
"Not as I wished to be loved. Oh, Aunt, what an escape I have made. I look down the fearful gulf, on the brink of which my feet were arrested, and shudder to the heart's core. If he could take her, he could never have appreciated me. Something more than maiden purity and virtue attracted him. How could my instinct be so at fault?"

"Dear child," said Mrs. Waring earnestly, "there can be no love, as I have before said to you, without an appreciation of quality. A fine person, agreeable manners, socially position—in a word, all external advantages and attractions are nothing unless virtue be in the heart. It is a man's virtues that a woman must love, if she loves truly. If she assumes the possession of moral wisdom, without undoubting evidence, she is false to herself. To marry under such circumstances, is to take a fearful risk. Alas! how many have repented through a long life of wretchedness! Can a true woman love a man who lacks principle—who will debase himself for gain—whose gross sensuality suffocates all high spiritual love? No; it is impossible. And she who unites herself to such a man must either shrink grovelling down to his mean level, or be inconceivably wretched."
Two years later, and results amply justified the timely interposition of Mrs. Waring, and demonstrated the truth of her position. Her niece has become the bride of a man possessing all the external advantages sought to be obtained by Mr. and Mrs. Lovering in the proposed marriage with Allen, and what is more and better, of one whose love of truth and justice is genuine, and whose appreciation of his wife rests on her womanly virtues. As years, pass and their knowledge of each other become more intimate, their union will become closer and closer, until affection and thought become so blended that they will act in all their mutual life relations as one.

How differently it is already with Edward Allen and the woman he led to the altar, where each made false vows, the one to the other. There were no qualities to be loved—and to each person and principle soon grew repellant. Allen, through sharp

Go to Hoffman's for Tubs
Go to Hoffman's for Churns
Go to Hoffman's for Buckets
Go to Hoffman's for Brooms
Go to Hoffman's for Baskets
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