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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OUTPOST.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by the vast bodies of the Huron and Iroquois Indians, had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in northern Virginia, Ohio and the north-west portion of New York State—the French by their encroachment on the frontier, and the Indians by their forays and savage barbarity to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

To put a stop to those aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both 'regulars' and colonial militia, were dispatched to the several points assailed; and among the rest, a Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among whom were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles of the north fork of the Allegheny river.

Having arrived safely at their quarters, the little company set about righting up the old post, to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and this being done, and order once more restored, sentries were placed at all the advance points of the station, while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and by night.

Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall, manly, fine looking young fellow, who from his fatal and unerring skill as a marksman, had received the somewhat awe-inspiring *nom de plume* of—Death. But with whatever justice this name had been applied to him for his skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such terror spreading epithet. On the contrary, he was the life of the company.

His rich fund of mother-wit, large social propensities, and constant good nature, rendered him a general favorite with the men; while the never-failing stock of game which his skill enabled him to supply the mess table of the officers with, not only recommended him to their good graces, but caused many a little 'short coming' of his to be winked at and passed over in silence, which, otherwise perhaps, he might not have got over so easily.

The company had not been stationed at the fort more than a week, ere Death, in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small farm house, some three miles or so distant from the fort, there lived a certain Miss Hester Stanhope, whose equal in beauty and amiable qualities he had never seen before. And to render him still more certain of the fact, he called the day following, under cover of the pretence of having left his powder-flask.

Death was invited to come again, by farmer Stanhope, who happened to be from the same parish as the father of our hero; and we need scarcely say that the invitation was both eagerly and joyfully accepted, and as often as circumstances would permit, complied with.

The second week after this occurrence took place, was marked by two events, which, though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the fort, were of widely different degrees in importance.

The first was that Death had either suddenly lost all his skill as a marksman, or that the game had removed to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers' larder had been found wanting in the items of woodcocks, blackcocks, ptarmigan, &c., for the week past—and the second and most important of the two events, was, that in regular succession, four sentries had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightest trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance. This last circumstance struck such dread into the minds of the rest of the company, that no one could be found willing to volunteer to take the post—well knowing that it would only be their death warrant to do so; and Col. Innes, not wishing wilfully to sacrifice the lives of the men by compelling them to go, enjoined double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal post unoccupied for a night or two.

Two or three reconnoitering parties had been dispatched off round the neighborhood in the hope of finding some clue to the mystery or of obtaining some intelligence of the enemy, but they had each of them returned as wise as they started, with

no reward for their trouble save weary bones.

It was on the third night of the desertion of the post, that our hero, Death, was returning to the fort, after paying a visit to Stanhope Farm. The moon was up, but her light was nearly all obscured by the dense masses of clouds which at every few minutes were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face; while the huge trees, now in full leaf, creaked and groaned, and bent their tall forms to and fro, as the heavy gusts rushed whistling in among their branches.

Our young hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest that skirted the small open space in which the fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and crouching down on his hands and knees, crept cautiously forward a few paces. Having remained in this position several minutes, he again stealthily retreated in the manner he had advanced: and plunging into the forest again emerged at a point considerably lower than where he had intended to leave it before.

Col. Innes sat reading alone in his private apartment, when an orderly entered, and informed him that one of the men wanted to speak to him.

'Send him in,' said the colonel; and at the next minute, our friend, Death, had entered, and made his best bow to his commanding officer.

'Well, what scrape have you been getting into now?' said the colonel, when he saw who his visitor was.

'None, colonel,' replied Death; 'but I come to ask a favor.'

'Let us hear it,' said the colonel, 'and we will see what we can do.'

'Well, colonel, it is simply this—if you will put the 'rifles' under my orders tonight, and let me occupy the deserted post, I will not only clear up the mystery of the sentries, but make the post tenable for the future.'

'But how?' said the colonel, in intense surprise.

'I guess, colonel,' answered Death, 'you had better let me have the men, and order us out, and I'll tell you the whole affair after. I promise you that not one of the men will receive a scratch, that is, if they follow my directions implicitly.'

'You are a strange man,' said the colonel, 'but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to start?'

'In about an hour's time,' answered the elated Death.

'Very well, I will give the necessary orders, so that you can start when you think proper. And what is more, if you perform all that you have promised, and don't cause me to repent having humored you, you shall have poor Campbell's place?'

Hector Campbell was a brave but very headstrong young Scotchman, who had occupied the post of Lieutenant at the fort. In a sudden freak of daring he had volunteered to stand sentry at the fatal spot from which three sentinels had already disappeared, and he paid for his rashness with his life.

'Now, my lads,' said Death, as in about an hour after his conversation with Col. Innes, he approached the deserted post at the head of the dozen riflemen who had been temporarily placed under his orders. 'I will tell you what we are going to do. The long and short of the affair is simply this—it's a gang of them cussed, thiev' Iroquois that have crevment and carried off our four men—shooting them with their arrows, and then decamping with their bodies.'

'To-night, as I was returning to the fort I suddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices, and creeping towards the spot, got nigh enough to see and hear that about a dozen Iroquois were there and then arranging their plans to surprise the fort to-night—intend to steal in upon it by the point which their cussed devilry had rendered so easy of access. I only stopped long enough to learn this, when I hurried off to the colonel, and asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had learnt, being determined that if possible the 'rifles' should have all the honor of exterminating the varlets. And now I ask you, are you willing and ready to follow my orders?'

and sanguine hopes the little company again moved forward.

The post consisted of a long narrow space, bound on each side by a rocky, shelving bank; while its extreme end was closed in by the dark and impenetrable looking forest. The bank on each side the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood, and among these Death now carefully concealed his men; taking care to arrange them so that their fire would cross each other, and bidding them not fire until he had given the signal; and after they had fired, not to stop to reload, but clubbing their rifles, to jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.

With steady alacrity each man took up the post assigned him; and in another minute the spot presented the same lone, still and solemn appearance it had worn previous to their arrival.

The little company had begun to grow very impatient, and Death, himself, began to fear that the Indians had either rued of making the attempt or else had changed their plan of attack, when suddenly his quick eye detected the form of one of his crafty foes issue in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw up the pass.

'Three—six—nine—twelve—thirteen,' counted Death, as one after another emerged in single file from the wood, and with cat like stealthiness of movement, advanced up the pass, their rifles in trail, and their faces and bodies rendered still more hideous and ferocious-looking by the grotesque markings of their war paint. On they came, swiftly and silently, and unconscious of the fate that was in store for them.

The foremost of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf-teeth collar, and eagle tuft, at once proclaimed him as chief, had advanced until he was opposite the bush in which Death was hid, when the latter with startling distinctness imitated the cry of a night owl, and discharged his rifle.

Eight of the Indians fell by the volley which the remaining riflemen now poured in upon them, but strange to say, one of the five who did not fall was the chief who Death aimed at. This unusual event was owing to the following cause: the branch of the bush on which he steadied his arm in the firing, had suddenly yielded at the moment he discharged his piece, thus rendering harmless his otherwise unerring aim.

Uttering an imprecation at his ill luck, Death sprang down the bank with the rest of his companions, and with one bound reached the side of the Iroquois chief.—They grappled and both fell heavily to the ground, clasped in a fearful embrace, and darting glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted and scowling brows.

'Keep off,' shouted Death as he saw one or two of his companions in the act of stooping down to assist him, 'keep off! and if he masters me let him go.'

Over and over they rolled, writhing and straining but seemingly neither obtaining any advantage over the other. At last the head of the Iroquois suddenly came in contact with the point of a rock that protruded from the bank, stunning him so that he relaxed his vice like grip of Death's throat; and the latter thus released, springing to his feet finished his career by bringing the heavy breech of his rifle with sledge hammer force down upon his head.

The remaining four Indians had been likewise dispatched; and the victorious riflemen (none of whom had received any wound worth mentioning) now set up such a shout of triumph for their victory, that the echoes of the old wood rang with it for minutes after.

As Col. Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of Lieutenant; and now dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and the uncompromising veteran Gen. Morgan, of revolutionary notoriety, were one and the same individual.

At about a fortnight after this eventful night Stanhope Farm became the scene of as much mirth, good eating, and dancing, as could be possibly disposed of during the twenty-four hours; and though we think it will be almost superfluous to do so, we will add, that the cause of this 'merry making,' was the marriage of the beautiful Hester Stanhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.

A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

"Charity and Temperance in all things."

For the Lewistown Gazette.
To the Class taught by Miss M. J. Mabbet, bearing this motto, I respectfully dedicate this Essay.
Delivered before the Lutheran Sabbath School Teachers Association, and published at their request.
BY A. T. HAMILTON, M. D.

As the object of our associating together here is for the advancement of the Sabbath School, I will beg leave to set forth a few thoughts on the great subject of temperance, and its bearings on our social, moral and religious relations.

We, as a Sunday School, are intimately connected with all the great movements that affect us as a moral or religious community; and most particularly is the Sunday School cause related to the redemption of man from the sin of drunkenness.

We are called a nation of drunkards, and how lamentably true it is! As with Ephraim of old, "they are joined to their idols, let them alone." But shall we permit the rising generation to take the place the inebriate now occupies? Not as long as the Sunday School remains an institution of God. Not as long as it is the nursery of the church and the stronghold of the nation. In it our hopes are centered. To it we flee for refuge from this dread monster. Then is not this a fit subject for our consideration this evening?

Let us inquire into the nature of this intoxicating principle; and in so doing I will quote the opinions of the best authors on Chemistry, Physiology and Therapeutics, who have given attention to the subject.

Alcohol is a product of fermentation, which is a destructive process. Professor Youmans' Chemistry (p. 197) says: "We thus understand that alcohol is not one of the principles formed by nature and stored up in plants, but is always a product of rotting and putrefaction—the result of a process in its nature destructive." When we term alcohol an unnatural product, we simply place it in the same category with carrion, malformation, &c., which are not produced in the regular and healthy course of nature, but evidence her defeat and disappointment. For the benefit of the curious, as well as for the cause of truth, I will give you a list of some of the poisons with which wine is adulterated:—White lead, red lead, copperas, sugar of lead, logwood, alum, opium, henbane, aloes, tobacco, nux vomica, oil of vitriol, grains of paradise, and even arsenic. In short, but few of the wines even smell of grape.

God intended that men should use the fruits of the earth for food, but they have sought out many inventions, and one of these is, to convert these gifts of God into a poison, most insidious in its nature, and destructive both to soul and body. It is the testimony of all writers on *materia medica* that alcohol is a caustic, irritant poison. Professor Youmans says, (p. 325-27 Chemistry) "The action of alcohol within the system is in no respect analogous to that of water; it is a disturber of the healthy functions, a disorganizer of the structure, and must, therefore, be ranked among medicines and poisons. It cannot be transformed into animal tissue, and there is no evidence that it is capable of serving for animal nutrition. The presence of alcohol in the blood is therefore an obstacle to nutrition, or to that vital process by which the solid substances of the fabric are organized or elaborated from the blood. Accordingly, we have the testimony of physicians and surgeons that the nutritive and reparative powers of those who drink largely of spirituous liquors, in case of wounds and ulcers, are low."

Hear what Dr. Carpenter, the great English Physiologist, says: (p. 389) "The ingestion of alcoholic liquors cannot supply anything which is essential to the due nutrition of the system; there is no reason to believe that alcohol, in any of its forms, can become directly subservient to the nutrition of the tissues. The operation of alcohol upon the living body is essentially that of a stimulus—increasing for a time, like other stimuli, the vital activity of the body, so that a greater effect may often be produced in a given time under its use than can be obtained without it, but being followed by a corresponding depression of power, which is the more prolonged and severe in proportion as the previous excitement has been greater. Nothing therefore is gained, in the end, by their use; the exceptional cases in which any real benefit can be derived from their use, being extremely few."

"To persons in health," says Dr. Pereira, "the dietetical use of wine is either useless or pernicious." Now, in the face of all this testimony from the best authors, some men will make use of that substance which causes disease and death, for the purpose of curing disease and prevention of death, thus sanctioning the greatest curse that ever afflicted our country. Dr. Sewall, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Columbian College, Washington City, says: "Appeal to the medical profession of the country, and ask them to correct the false idea which so extensively—I may say, almost universally—prevails, viz: that ardent spirit is sometimes necessary in the treatment of disease. This opinion has slain its thousands and its tens of thousands, and multitudes of dram drinkers daily shelter themselves under its delusive mask. Appeal then to the medical profession, and they will tell you—every independent, honest, sober, intelligent member of it will tell you—that there is no case in which ardent spirit must be used, and for which there is not an adequate substitute. But I entreat my professional brethren not to be content with giving a mere assent to this truth. You hold a station in society which gives you a commanding influence on this subject; and if you will but raise your voice and speak out boldly, you may exert an agency in this matter which will bring down the blessings of unborn millions upon your memory. Carry the subject into our Sunday Schools. Let the rising generation be protected but for a few years, and the present race of drunkards will have disappeared from among us."

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the voice of an honorable Professor of Medicine, and I would to God they were all like him in this respect.

The Bible requires us to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, unto God; to purify ourselves even as he is pure; to give no offence; to abstain from the least appearance of evil—whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God. Any indulgence, therefore, not consistent with these rules, is rebellion against the Great Lawgiver, and must disqualify us for standing in the judgment. The use of such liquor, instead of enabling us to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, actually degrades, and prematurely destroys both soul and body. It is incompatible with that eminent holiness to which you are commanded to aspire. It is utterly inconsistent with anything like high spiritual enjoyment, clear spiritual views, or true devotion. On this principle of abstinence we may account, in part, for that holy ecstasy, that amazing clearness of spiritual vision sometimes enjoyed on the deathbed. "Administer nothing," said the eloquent dying Sumnerfield, "that will create a stupor, not even so much as a little porter and water, that I may have an unclouded view." For the same reason the great Dr. Rush, who so well knew the effect of strong drink, peremptorily ordered it not to be given him in his last hours. And it is recorded that the dying SAVIOR, when offered "wine mingled with myrrh," "received it not." I echo their sentiments, and pray God that my spirit, in the hour of death, may go to its God soberly—that the guilt of sending me into eternity in a stimulated, intoxicated state, may not rest upon the skirts of the medical profession, as is, alas, too often the case! The truly wise will not barter visions of glory for mere animal excitement and mental stupefaction.

The use of any alcoholic preparation is inconsistent with the sacred honor and discipline of the Church; it is inconsistent with the hope of reforming and saving the intemperate, and thus shows a want of love to souls. The Christian knows that drunkards cannot inherit eternal life. All agree that total abstinence is the only hope; and by total abstinence I mean the fullest acceptance of the term, viz: never let it enter the door of your mouth for any consideration, nor under any circumstance. But it is not preposterous to expect him to abstain if he sees the minister taking it home in broad daylight for himself and little ones, and when the elder, the deacon, and other respectable men indulge in their cups. If, then, the drunkard be worth saving, if he has a soul capable of shining with seraphim, and if you have any "bowels of mercy," then give him the benefit of