

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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

No. 2434.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1857.

New Series--Vol. III, No. 2.

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THE MINSTREL.

TWO PICTURES.
 Somebody's heart is gay,
 And somebody's heart is sad;
 For light shines out across the way,
 And a door with crape is clad—
 Sadness and gladness alike
 Are dwelling side by side;
 Perhaps the death of an early one,
 And the crowning of a bride.
 Bright eyes are filled with mirth,
 Pale faces bent in prayer;
 And hearts beside the household hearth,
 Are crushed by cold despair;
 Ah! sorrow and hope and joy
 Are parted by thinnest walls—
 And on the hearts of the thoughtless ones,
 No shadow of sorrow falls!
 No thoughts of the funeral train
 Come to the festive throng;
 No hope that the past will come again
 To the anguish'd hearts belong.
 The future's a sunny sea
 To the lovers of joy and mirth—
 But the past alone to those who weep
 For the parted ties of earth.
 Somebody's heart is gay,
 And somebody's heart is sad;
 For light shines bright across the way,
 And a door with crape is clad.
 Sadness and gladness alike
 Enclose us on every hand—
 A wealth of smiles and a flood of tears
 With hope and sorrow stand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing from the Allegheny Mountains in Georgia, describes an old hunter whom he found in a log cabin, in the centre of a small valley completely hemmed on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic nooks imaginable. He has lived there for thirty years, is about sixty years old, and wears a long white beard—professed to have killed in his life-time about four thousand deer, and amused the correspondent of the Intelligencer with long stories of his adventures with the wild beasts of the forests, some of which the writer has condensed as follows:
 On one occasion he came up to a large grey wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. Vandever waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game, he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave.—On reaching the bottom he found the wolf alive, when a "clinch fight" ensued; and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.
 At one time when he was out of ammunition, his dogs fell upon a large bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former into his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his large hunting knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in his first plunge with his knife he completely cut off two of his fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect frenzy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded in his satisfaction, and gained the victory. The bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.
 On another occasion he had fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallulah river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die. He approached the animal for the purpose of cutting his throat, when he raised to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in his effort, though not until Vandever had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twain performed a somersault in the pool below. The buck made its escape, and Vandever was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.
 But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever experienced happened in this wise. He was encamped upon one of the lofty mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock,

(weighing, perhaps, fifty tons,) which stood on the brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swimming sensation and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and as the rock started from its tottlish foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it reached the bottom he found himself on the very spot which had been vacated by the boulder. Vandever said that this was the only time in his life that he had really been frightened; and he also added, that for a day after his escape he did not care a fiver's snap for the finest game in the wilderness.

Daguerreotypes by Lightning.

A countrywoman has recently arrived in Paris from the department of Seine-et-Marne, who should be presented to the Academy of Sciences. This woman was a short time since watching a cow in an open field, when a violent storm arose. She took refuge under a tree, which, at the instant, was struck by lightning; the cow was killed, and she was felled to the earth senseless, where she was soon after found, the storm having ceased with the flash that felled her. Upon removing her clothing, the exact image of the cow killed by her side was found distinctly impressed upon her bosom.

This curious phenomenon is not without precedent. Dr. Franklin mentions the case of a man who was standing in the door of a house in a thunder-storm, and who was looking at a tree directly before him, when it was struck by lightning. On the man's breast was left a perfect daguerreotype of the tree.

In 1841, a magistrate and a miller's boy were struck by lightning near a poplar tree, in one of the provinces of France; and upon the breast of each were found spots exactly resembling the leaves of the poplar.

At a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, January 25th, 1847, it was stated that a woman of Lugano, seated at a window during a storm, was suddenly shaken by some invisible power. She experienced no inconvenience from this, but afterwards discovered that a blossom, apparently torn from a tree by a lightning stroke, was completely imaged upon one of her limbs, and it remained there till her death.

In September, 1825, the brigantine *Il Buen-Sureo* was anchored in the Aruibe Bay at the entrance of the Adriatic Sea, where she was struck by lightning. In obedience to a superstition, the Ionian sailors had attached a horse-shoe to the mizzen mast, as a charm against evil. When the vessel was struck, a sailor who was seated by this mast was instantly killed. There were no marks or bruises upon his person, but the horse shoe was perfectly pictured upon his back.

A Spanish brigantine was once struck in the Rade de Zante. Five sailors were at the prow—three of them awake and two of them sleeping. One of the latter was killed, and upon undressing him, the figures 44, plain and well formed, were found under his left breast. His comrades declared that they were not there before his death, but their original was found in the rigging of the vessel. But the most singular facts connected with this affair are set forth in the report of the physician, Diapulo, who says—"After undressing the young sailor, we found a band of linen tied about his body, in which were gold pieces and two parcels done up in paper. The one on the right side contained a letter from Spain, three guineas and two half-guineas; the other a letter, four guineas, a half-guinea and two smaller pieces. Neither the pieces, the paper nor the linen presented the least appearance of fire, but upon his right shoulder were six distinct circles, which preserved the natural color, and appeared as though traced upon the black skin. These circles, which all touched at one point, were of three different sizes, and exactly corresponded with the gold pieces in the right side of his belt."

Why should physicians have a greater horror of the sea than any body else? Because they are more liable to see sickness.

JUDGE GOULD ON NATURALIZATION.

[From the N. Y. Courier.]
 The Hon. Geo. Gould, of Troy, while holding a circuit of the Supreme Court in the Third District, was applied to by a stout Hibernian for "his papers," in the manner following:

The Clerk informed the Judge that the man wished to be naturalized and he (the Clerk) proposed to conduct the matter, as usual, without interrupting the business of the Court. The Judge replied that he knew no business more important than giving a man the full rights of an American citizen, and that he would himself conduct the proceedings in open Court.

The applicant thereupon produced his certificate of intention, and his witnesses as to residence, good character, &c., after which the following colloquy ensued:

Judge. You say you prefer living in this country to returning to Ireland; will you tell why?

Pat. This is a land of liberty, yer honor.

Judge. You show that you are attached to our institutions; what are they?

No answer.

Judge. Who governs our country?

Pat. The President, sure.

Judge. Who makes the laws?

Pat. Sich as your honor.

Judge. No; I only administer the laws. Who governs this State?

No answer.

Judge. Mr. Clerk, hand me that blank form of the Naturalization Oath. [This being handed to him, he addressed the applicant again.] There is in this oath a clause by which you are to swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States.

Pat. Oh, yes, yer honor! I'm ready to swear to that.

Judge. Did you ever read that Constitution?

Pat. No, yer honor.

Judge. Or a word of it?

Pat. No, yer honor.

Judge. Did you ever hear a word of it read?

Pat. No, yer honor.

Judge. Can you read and write?

Pat. Yes, sir.

Judge. Do you know one word that is in the Constitution of the United States?

Pat. Indeed and I do not, yer honor.

Judge. You have lived in this country nearly six years; you can read and write, and you have been all this time intending to become a citizen here, yet you have never taken the trouble to learn or know one word of the instrument you are now ready to take a solemn oath to support. An American born here, and living here until he is twenty-one years of age, learns more or less of the Constitution under which he lives, as well as the rights and duties of citizenship. At any rate, whether he does this or not, he is presumed to have done it, and therefore the laws of the land give him the right to vote without the formality of an oath; it is his birth-right. To those not born on the soil the law applies a different rule, and requires from them the oath now under consideration in your case. I hold that the due, even the decent administration of that oath depends in part on the condition that the applicant should at least understand it, and I will never allow such an abuse of the law as would be committed by your taking that oath in your present circumstances. You cannot be naturalized by this Court.

USE OF THE DICTIONARY.

The reader may discover by the following extract, that it would be possible to write a technically grammatical sentence which would be almost unintelligible. The words below can all be found in the dictionary, and are all grammatically used; and yet the thing is as hopelessly dark as if written in Cherokee. It is an amusing illustration of the fact that one may write English, or speak it, and still use an unknown tongue. The letter purports to be a note from an author to a critic:

"Sir.—You have behaved like an impetiginous acroyle! Like those inquisite, crass sciolists who, envious of my moral celestitude, carry their nugeicity to the height of creating symposially the faund words which my polymathic genius uses with uberty to abilligate the tongues of the weel-less! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tangrams. I will not coacervate reproaches—I would abduce a veil over atramental in-

gratitude which has chamfered even my undiscieptible heart. I am silent on the foscillation which my coadjuvancy must have given you when I offered to become your fatur and adminicle.

"I will not speak of the lippitude, the ablespy, you have shown in exacerbatng me—one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalation. So I tell you sir, synepheically, and without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoseible your conduct to me. I warn you that I would velliciate your nose, if I tho't that any moral diathrosis could be therefore performed—if I thought that I should not impogorate my reputation by such a digtadiation.

"Go! Tachygraphic scroyle! band with your crass, inquninate tautors—draw oblectations from the thought, if you can, of having synachronically lost the existimation of the greatest poet since Milton, and drawn upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it.

"Knowledge is power, and power is mercy—so I wish you no worse than may prove an eternal hypnotic."
 For an entire solution of the above highly interesting missive, the anxious reader is invited to amuse himself an hour or two with Walker or Webster's unabridged.

SCENE IN TEXAS.

We find the following in the Galveston (Texas) Civilian of the 26th ult.: A correspondent of the Austin Intelligencer says that at the late camp meeting on the Blanco, about 9 o'clock one evening, while the services were still proceeding at the stand, the Sheriff of Comal county, with two sons of Woodson Blassengame, rushed suddenly up to the tent or camp occupied by the families of Day and Pharr, for the purpose of arresting Pharr, against whom the grand jury of Comal county had found a bill of indictment, charging him with being concerned with the mob that killed Woodson Blassengame eighteen months ago. Pharr was seized, but extricated himself and ran off between the line of tents and the preaching stand, pursued by one of the Blassengames with a double barrel shot gun, who was in the act of shooting him, when somebody shot Blassengame with a six shooter. He fell instantly, but his wound is not considered fatal. The other Blassengame ran around the tents and shot at Pharr with a double barrel shot gun, but missed him. The line of tents was about thirty steps from the preaching arbor where the service was going on, and the whole affair occurred in the midst of men, women and children, to the imminent danger of innocent persons being killed. The entry of the Sheriff was sudden and unexpected, and in the dim light of the camps produced a great confusion and excitement, and the meeting was broken up next day, as families were unwilling longer to remain there.

THE JENNENS PROPERTY.—A Liverpool paper states that the immense estate of the Jennens family has been formally taken possession of by Joseph Martin, heir-at-law. As a portion of the property was purchased from the Daniels' family by Robert Jennens, the father of William "the rich," and, as the latter died intestate, it descends to Mr. Joseph Martin, as an heirloom. The other portions of the estate are strictly entailed, and pass to Mr. Martin under wills which have been duly proved.

Religion was designed to regulate the every day life of those who profess to be its subjects. But in how many instances does the 'fruit' of Christianity, as exemplified in the ordinary duties of men, utterly fail to commend the gospel to those who have never felt its power? 'Is Mr. — good?' asked a bank officer of a Director the other day, in the hearing of a friend of ours. 'That depends on whether you mean God-ward or man-ward,' was the answer. 'God-ward,' continued the Director, 'Mr. — is good.' No man in our church is sounder in faith, or prays oftener in our meetings, or is more benevolent, according to his means. But man-ward, I am sorry to say that Mr. — is rather tricky.'

A FEMALE IRISH BULL.—An Irish woman who had been convicted of illegally selling spirits, on receiving sentence, fervently clasped her hands and prayed that "his Honor might never live to see his wife a poor widow, and obliged to sell rum to support the childer."

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

A Brother's Love—A Sister's Shame.
 A friend relates to us an affecting incident which occurred at Xenia on Wednesday. Amongst the passengers in the train from Cleveland, was a young man of perhaps twenty, and a lady some few years his senior. The gentleman was plainly clad, but the girl was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and roused beyond even brazen wantonness. It was frequently observed by the passengers that the young man appeared to be earnestly remonstrating with the girl, and seemed to be deeply affected.

At Xenia, both left the cars, and it was apparent that the course of each lay in different directions—the man to this city, and the girl to the West. As the cars were about starting, the young man kissed her a hasty good bye, and both burst into tears. The conductor seeing that there was some deep grief at heart, invited the gentleman to a seat in the baggage car, as more secluded from the gaze of the crowd. "Anywhere," said he, "only come with me. I must speak to some one, or my heart will break." After becoming a little calmed, he said—"That lady and myself were raised together; with moss for carpets, acorns for cups and saucers, and pebbles for walks, we played in childhood. She was a few years older than myself, but we were inseparable. She grew up to womanhood, was married, then separated from her husband, and sought the city, and became a wanton, heartless, disgraced courtizan. Steeped in sin as she is, shameless as she may be, I could not but kiss her good-bye, for she is my sister! She has already hurried a loving mother to the grave, and brought a disgrace upon her brothers and sisters. But while she acknowledges it all, and sheds tears of apparent contrition and regret, no remonstrance can change her course. She has just been home to make us a visit, but has left again for her residence in the city, to drown in the wanton's life the remembrance of what she was and what she might have been. Do you blame me, then," turning to the sympathizing conductor, "for weeping as I do over one so loved and fallen?"

It was no tale of fiction. It was painful truth. Fallen, disgraced, and shameless, she still shared a brother's love, who would win her back to virtue's path at any sacrifice. A brief career of pleasure, and we shall find the erring sister amongst the daily habitués of the police court and prison.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A Teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front, toward the north.
 "Now, what's before you, John?"
 "The north, sir."
 "And what behind you, Tommy?"
 "My coat tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse at it.

STORE STAND & DWELLING For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale two lots of ground, situate in Reedsville, Mifflin co., on the turnpike leading from Lewistown to Bellefonte, on which are erected a large two story Dwelling, with Carriage House, Stable, and all other necessary out-houses, and a STORE STAND with a secure run of custom varying from \$15,000 to \$20,000 per annum. The store stand is situate at the confluence of several roads, and all the trade from the Great Valley as well as Stone Valley in Huntingdon county, and Centre county, passes the door. It is therefore a most desirable stand for gathering marketing of all descriptions, any quantity of which can be obtained.
 For further information, inquire of or address
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Noble, Globe, Girard, Flat Top, New World, Crystal, Fanny Forester, and Sunrise Cook Stoves, and for all kinds of Room and Parlor Stoves, can be had at the Stone Warehouse of
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