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He tenders his thanks for past patronage, and solicits strict attention to business, and endeavoring to please his customers, and selling at small profits, to increase the patronage before given him.

GEO. W. THOMAS.

THE MINSTREL.

TO A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

My husband, 'twas for thee I left
My own, my happy home;
For thee I left my cottage bowers,
With thee in joy to roam;
And where are all the holy vows,
The truth, the love, the trust,
That won my heart—all scattered now,
And trampled in the dust.

I loved thee with a love untold,
And when I stood beside
Thy noble form, I joyed to think
I was thy chosen bride.
They told me ere I was thine own,
How sad my lot would be;
I thought not of the future then—
I only thought of thee.

I left my home, my happy home,
A sunny-hearted thing,
Forgetting that my happiness
A shadowing cloud might bring.
The sunny side of life is gone,
Its shadows only mine,
And thorns are springing in my heart
Where blossoms used to twine.

I do not blame thee for the lot,
I only pray for thee,
That thou may'st from the tempter's power
(O, joyful thought!) be free;
That thou may'st bend above my grave,
With penitence sincere,
And for the broken hearted one
Let fall a sober tear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

The following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "Voice of Jacob."
The site occupied by the Temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers.—One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, in the greatest harmony possible, cultivating the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal stacks of them and left them on the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. My brother, said he to himself, has a wife and children to support; is it just that my portion of the harvest should be as large as his? Upon this he arose and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his offering might not be rejected.

On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone without a companion; he has none to assist him in his labor nor reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; is it right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness? If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased. This object was approved and immediately put in execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers went into the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side; each kept adding to his brother's store, but the stacks always remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentinel to divine the miracle, they met; each bearing the sheaves mutually designed for the other. It was thus that all was elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to Heaven for having so good a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God. Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect the house of the Lord.—Lamartine.

SLANDER.

Yes, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not. You don't believe the one-sided whisper against the character of another, but you will use your influence to bear up the false report and pass it on the current. Strange creatures are mankind. How many reputations have been whistled per. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder. How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint. How many chaste bosoms have been wrung with grief at a single nod. How many graves have been dug by false report. Yet you will keep it above the water by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy the passion for tale-telling, we pray. Lisp not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined

to listen to no story that is repeated to the great injury of another, and, as far as you are concerned, the slander will die. But tell it once, and it may go as on the wing of the wind, increasing with each breath, till it has circulated through the State, and has brought to the grave one who might have been a blessing to the world.

ETERNITY.

Eternity has no grey hairs! The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkle on the brow of eternity!

Eternity! stupendous thought! the ever present unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but as the gilded sepulchre; its possessions, they are toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but as burthening bubbles. Not so is the untried bourn. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbids the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail, they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never want, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease, exhaustless love supplies the song.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Drinkers of whiskey nowadays may be benefited by the following:

A whole family in Bradford, Mass., have been committed to the jail in Lawrence, every member being addicted to the gross habits of intemperance. The family consisted of a mother, aged 55; eldest son, 28; another, 21; the youngest 16 years of age, and a sister of the mother. The eldest son died on Sunday, in prison, of delirium tremens, and the youngest is in a very critical state. The father died some months since in the same manner.

The Marengo (Iowa) Visitor says a young child, but six years of age, died with delirium tremens at "Brush Run." The father, a short time since, was put to jail for selling whiskey, and during his incarceration his wife made whiskey "meat and drink" for herself and child. The wife finally fell down stairs and killed herself, and the child was shortly after attacked with all the symptoms of delirium tremens, with which it died.

SHINGLING A HOUSE.

James H. was a young man who commenced life with every flattering prospect, and a wife and children soon blessed him. Unhappily, by slow degrees he became—to make a long matter short—a drunkard. One evening he left his wife in tears, as was too common, repaired to the house of a man who sold him the deadly poison, and drank so much that he sank down in a kind of stupefaction easily mistaken for sleep. All his companions had deserted him. Near midnight the landlord's wife came into the bar room and said to him:

'I wish that man would go home, if he's got one to go to.'

'Hush! hush!' says the landlord, 'he will call for something else directly.'

'I wish he would make haste about it, then, for it is time every honest person was in bed,' said his wife.

'He's taking the shingles off his house and putting them on ours,' said the landlord.

At this time James began to come to his senses, commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretched himself, as if he had just awoke, saying, 'I believe I'll go.'

'Don't be in a hurry, James,' said the landlord.

'O, yes, I must go,' says James; 'so good night!' and off he started.

After an absence of some time, the landlord one day met and accosted him.

'Halloo, Jim, why haven't you been to see us?'

'Why,' says James, 'I had taken shingles enough off my house, and it began to leak, so I thought it was time to stop the leak, and I've done it.'

The tavern keeper, astonished, went home to tell his wife about it, and James ever since has let run alone and attended to his own business. He is now a happy man, and his wife and children are happier than ever.

A FALSE BABY.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED.
Joke on a Scolding Wife.—As Mrs. Stansbury, residing in a court running from Race, below Sixth street, was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant last night, she found a basket suspended from the knob of the front door. Putting her hand into the basket, she felt something alive and kicking, so wrapped up in rags that no further discovery could be made without unwrapping the object. A piece of paper folded like a letter lay by the side of the animated bundle. Mrs. Stansbury immediately returned into the house, and by the light of the lamp examined the billet. It was directed to her husband. She tremulously broke the seal, and read as follows:

'To Joe Stansbury—I send you the baby, which you will please to take good care of, and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than its daddy. Oh, Joseph! what a sly old rake you are! Who would think that such a sober old spindleshank could be such a tearing down sinner? The child is yours—you may swear to that. Look at it—it's Joe Stansbury all over. You deceived me shamefully, Joe—letting on to be a widower. But do a father's duty by the young one, and I'll forgive you. Your heart-broken NANCY.'

'P. S. Don't let that sharp-nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby.' Mr. Stansbury was in the basement quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door was violently thrown open, and his wife's voice yelled out:

'Stansbury, come up here, you villain! Here's a mess for you.'

The astonished Stansbury hastily obeyed the summons.

'Don't you want to see Nancy—the heart-broken Nancy?' cried Mrs. Stansbury, when her guilty husband hobbled into the room.

'Nancy! what Nancy's that!' said the sly old rogue, in well-feigned astonishment.

'Why, Nancy, the mother of this baby that's hung up at the door, Mr. Stansbury!—Oh! you look mighty innocent; just read that letter and look into the basket! Don't be afraid—it won't bite; it's got no teeth, poor thing! You'll know it, for, as the hussey says, it's just like you all over.—Please goodness, I'll expose you before everybody.'

In less than five minutes Mrs. S. had collected a room full of spectators—half the inhabitants of the court—to witness the process of unwrapping the baby. Anxious expectation sat on every countenance as the jealous lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling, the vigorous movements of which astonished everybody.

'It's full of the devil already,' said Mrs. S., 'that shows it's his. You'll soon see that it's like him in everything.'

At last, all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby and made its escape through the open door. It was a big tom cat!

'ONLY HAB FAITH.'

A friendly correspondent writing from Washington, Pa., says:

Like most other small towns, we have here a 'colored church,' where many amusing things are said, highly exhilarating to the spirits of the few who occasionally visit the 'Hayti' meeting house. 'Hayti' is the name given to that part of our town where 'passions of color' reside. One winter evening, when the colored preacher was in the midst of his sermon, making a most violent, if not most eloquent, appeal to his hearers, one of the legs of the stove which had been loosened in some way fell out, and as a natural consequence the red-hot stove tipped over at an angle alarmingly suggestive of fire. The audience, of course, commenced crowding out of the door like a flock of black sheep. But the preacher was equal to the occasion. Addressing one of his prominent members, he cried out:

'Pick up de stobe, Brudder Bolah!—pick up de stobe!—de Lor' won't let him burn you! Only hab faith!'

Poor Brother Bolah had unfortunately too much faith, and immediately seized it, all glowing as it was. But no sooner had his fingers come in contact with the fervent iron, than he dropped it again, and dancing around on one foot, blowing his skinless

fingers, he exclaimed with all the energy he could throw into his voice:

'De debil he won't! de debil he won't!'

A new water-meter is about being introduced in Boston. It consists of a horizontal cast-iron cylinder, in which are two pistons connected by a shaft, forming an air chamber between them. Under the cylinder is a chest, containing a sliding hollow valve, with ports opening into each end of the cylinder and through the centre into the air chamber. Through the valve the water is forced alternately from each end of the cylinder by the movement of the piston into and through the air chamber from the machine, in a perfectly uniform and steady stream; the valves being kept in contact with the valve seats by the pressure of the water in the chest where the supply is admitted. At right angles with the shaft connecting the pistons is a shaft, supporting a crank with two arms, one of which, being connected with the valve stem projecting through the cylinder into the air chamber, is acted upon by the pistons to move the valve until the ports are nearly closed, when, to reverse the flow of water, the valve is instantly forced to complete its stroke by the action of a differential piston, connected by a cam and anti-friction roller with the other arm of the crank. The registering index, from one to one hundred thousand cubic feet, is placed above the cylinder, under lock and key, and, being connected with and acted upon by the crank—and the pistons being packed perfectly tight—no water can possibly pass through the machine in any quantity, however small, even to drops, without being accurately measured, the length of stroke of the pistons being adjustable to a minute degree of accuracy by collars on the shaft. Another peculiarity is a simple and sure method of draining the machine and pipes connected with it, to prevent freezing, by merely shutting off the supply at the waste-cock in the cellar.

The Shades of an Awful Winter.

The following eloquent extract is taken from a discourse lately delivered by Rev. E. H. Chapin in his congregation in New York:

'It is not the ruined merchant merely—it is not the spectacle of depreciated property and lost credit, and the manifold discomforts of usual bankruptcy that most make us shudder and grow sad. Around the gloomy shadow there is still a darker rim. Away down below the platform of financial transactions there looms a sea of faces—these faces of workmen and workingwomen, looking up among the stopped machinery of the factories, and the silence of shipyards, and all the desolations of suspended labor; looking up to the shadows of an awful Winter overcasting them. Men and brethren, what shall we do for those whose hard earned dollars are not merely honor and credit, but bread and blood, and life itself? What shall we do for the poorest of babes, that must soon hang on the wilted breast of famine, and for the women for whom we must say something more than 'God-help them!—Ah, yes, a financial crisis is a matter for tears and shuddering, as well as for arithmetic and rumor.'

The war debt of Oregon, as passed by the Commissioners, reaches the round sum of \$3,500,000, making, with that of Washington Territory, \$5,000,000. Nor does this include any of the claims which will hereafter be presented to Congress for spoils, being only for actual services rendered and supplies actually furnished. The population of Washington territory is about 10,000, that of Oregon 80,000.—The populations of the territories are small, and the points to be defended must have been few. Five millions of dollars is a pretty round sum for war expenses alone, there probably not being two thousand volunteers engaged in the war. These debts were probably contracted in the same way that debts were made on the canal and Portage Railroad when in their prime; and hence no surprise need be expressed at the amount.

A Rose on an Apple Tree.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer gives us an account of a natural curiosity which he saw in the garden of Mr. Winslow Hall, of letter H Plantation, Aroostook, on the 21st ult. This was a full-blown rose upon an apple tree. The tree blossomed at the usual time, and when seen by the narrator

had many apples upon it. The blossom was nearly two inches across the surface, perfectly white, and resembled in all respects the common white rose, having as many leaves, and being as large and full otherwise.

CRIME IN NEW YORK.

(From the N. Y. Herald, of Nov. 20.)
The increase of crime in our midst is truly alarming, and enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Within the past three days we have been called upon to chronicle the murder of no less than three persons, and the mortal wounding of four others. Where the carnival of blood is going to end we know not. Citizens can no longer resort to the public highways after night-fall without the fear of sudden death beneath the bravo's steel. The killing of young Hamilton in a drinking saloon in Canal street marked the commencement of the bloody epoch. The following night Francis Vincent was murdered in North William street; William Marshall, the negro, was mortally wounded in West Broadway, and a grocery man in seventeenth street, named Fraser, received a fatal stab while ejecting a rowdy from his store.—Scarcely twenty-four had elapsed when we were horrified again by a wholesale butchery at a dance house in Water street. The following table of the names of those who have died, and those who are now dying from the effects of wounds received at the hands of assassins, will give our readers some idea of the extent of crime in the metropolis since Monday morning last:

- 1—Henry F. Hamilton, murdered in Canal street.
- 2—Francis Vincent, murdered in North William street.
- 3—McManus, murdered in Water st.
- 4—Wm. Marshall, (colored,) mortally wounded, corner of West Broadway and Canal street.
- 5—John Fraser, mortally wounded in West Seventeenth street.
- 6—Richard Barrett, mortally wounded in Water street.
- 7—Susan Dempsey, mortally wounded in Water street.

The exploration of Africa, in which so much progress has been made of late years, is still pursued with vigor. In spite of the disastrous loss of life which attended the first attempt to explore the Niger upward from its mouth, that object is still zealously pursued. A new expedition has lately been fitted out for that purpose in the steam propeller Day Spring, composed of fourteen Europeans, twenty-five natives of the countries on the Niger, and fifty Kroocmen. It is intended to try the experiment of establishing trading posts on the banks of the river for the collection of cotton and other native produce. It is thought that the return to their native countries of captured Africans who have acquired the English language and obtained some ideas of European civilization, may help a good deal in opening the way for trade with those countries. While the English are thus engaged on the Niger, the Portuguese have an expedition on foot for exploring the Congo. It is said to be under the command of an accomplished officer who is directed to make a complete survey of the river.

STORE STAND & DWELLING For Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale two lots of ground, situated 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 situated 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 R. M. KINSLOE, oel-3m Reedsville, Mifflin co., Pa.

Foundry and Machine Shop.

THE public are hereby notified that I have rented the Foundry and Machine Shop in the borough of Lewistown, known as the "Junia Iron Works," and the large and general assortment of Patterns, late the property of Zeigler and Willis, now of John Sterrett & Co. and Wm. Willis, and that I am prepared to do all kinds of

CASTING, TURNING, &c., on the shortest notice and in the best and most complete style. JOHN ZEIGLER. Lewistown, April 17, 1856—1f.

SHOT GUNS.—Single and double Shot Guns, very low, at MCKLINTON, McVeytown.