

# THE WESTERN GAZETTE.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### OPEN EYES.

#### A STORY OF PRACTICAL WELL-DOING.

Our minister said in his sermon, last evening, said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous citizen, as she dusted her mantle of porcelain and marble, on Monday, 'that he who wanted to do good must keep a constant lookout for opportunities; that God does not find our work and bring it ready fitted and prepared to the hand, but spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through it as Christ and the Apostles did, with eyes open, looking for the sick and the suffering, the poor and the oppressed.'

'Now I am certain,' continued the lady, as she replaced a marble Diana in the centre of the mantle, 'I should like to do some good every day; one feels so much better when they go to rest at night; and I'll just keep my 'eyes open' to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that under ordinary circumstances I should let slip.'

Half an hour later Mrs. Beach was in the nursery with the washerwoman who had come for the clothes. 'I wish, Mrs. Simms,' said she, as she heaped the soiled linen in the basket, 'that you would get Tommy's apron ready for me by Wednesday; we are going out of town to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply on hand for such a careless little scamp as he is.'

'Well, I'll try, ma'am,' said the washerwoman; 'I've got behindhand a good deal since Sammy had the hooping cough; but now he's better, I must try to make up for lost time.'

'Has he had the hooping cough? Poor little fellow! How old is he?' questioned the lady.

'He was three last April, ma'am.' 'And Tom is four,' mused the lady. 'Look here, Mrs. Simms, won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's outgrown them, you see, since last winter, but they are almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely, without altering, I think.'

'Want them, Mrs. Beach?' answered the washerwoman, with tears starting in her dim eyes; 'I haven't any words to thank you, or tell what a treasure they'll be. Why, they'll keep the little fellow as warm as toast all winter.'

'Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes,' said the lady, smiling to herself as she thought, 'My eyes have been open once to-day.'

Not long afterwards Mrs. Beach was on her way to market—for she was a notable housekeeper—when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family the year before, to do errands, and on the door, &c. He was a bright, good hearted boy, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had always felt interested in him; but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed him with a cordial, but hasty, 'How are you, Joseph, my boy? Do come and see us,' had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not wear its usual happy expression. She paused, as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind, and asked: 'Is there anything the matter with you, Joseph?—You do not look so happy as you used to.'

The boy looked up a moment, with a half-doubting, half-confiding expression, into the lady's face; the latter triumphed. 'Mr. Anderson's moved out of town,' he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair, 'so I've lost my place; then little Mary's sick, and that makes it very bad just now.'

'So it does,' answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted. 'But never mind, Joseph; I remember, only night before last, my brother said he would want a new errand boy in a few days, for his store, and he'd give a good one two dollars a week. Now, I'll see him to-day, and get the situation for you, if you like.'

The boy's whole face brightened up. 'Oh I shall be so glad of it Mrs. Beach.' 'And see here Joseph; I'm going to market, and perhaps we can find something nice for little Mary.' The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a proud woman, and felt this would be a delicate way of presenting her gift.

So she found some delicious pears and

grapes and a nice chicken to make some broth for Mary, who she learned was ill with fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph as he sprang into the chamber where little Mary lay moaning wearily on her bed, while her mother sat stitching busily in one corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying: 'Good news, good news! I've got all these nice things for Mary, and a place at two dollars a week!'

Oh! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears ran down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library absorbed in some new book, when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the morning had been pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the sun had gone down in a low, sullen, penetrating rain.

Now, Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he was not a demonstrative man, and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat bare, every day, matter-of-fact existence. But her heart was warm to-night—warm with the good deeds of the day, and, remembering the resolution of the morning, she threw down her book and ran down stairs.

'Henry, dear,' said the soft voice of the wife, 'has the rain wet you at all? Let me take of your coat for you.'

'Thank you, Mary; I don't think I'm any wise injured, but you may help me, just for the pleasure of it,' and he stood still while she removed the heavy coat, with all that softness of touch and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, and then her husband drew her to his heart with all the old love's tenderness.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart as she went up stairs—music to the words, 'Eyes open! eyes open!'

### A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Earth has some sacred spots, where we feel like loosing the shoes from our feet and treading with reverence—where common words of social converse seem rude, and friendship's hands have lingered in each other—where vows have been pledged, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh, how thoughts hover around such places and travel through unmeasured space to visit them. But of all the spots on this green earth none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those whom we have loved and cherished—our brothers or our children. Hence, in all ages, the better of mankind have chosen and loved the burial places of the dead; and on these spots they have loved to wander at eventide and meditate. But of all places, even among the charnel houses of the dead, none is so sacred as a mother's grave. There sleeps the nurse of our infancy—the guide of our youth—the counsellor of our riper years—our friend when others deserted us; she whose heart was a stranger to everything but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake. With sentiments like these I turned aside from the gaities of life to the narrow habitations of the dead. I wandered among those who commenced life with me in hope. Here distinctions are now forgotten, at least by the slumberers around me. I saw the rich and the great, who scorned the poor and shunned them as if infected with the plague, quietly sleeping by their side.

**Government Patronage.**—The State Department has recently published a list of our Consuls and Ministers abroad, their compensation, the States from which they were appointed, &c. This list affords some curious statistics of the rank held by the several members of the Union in the government patronage. New York of course carried off the lion's share. Pennsylvania is very little behind her, however, the aggregate of the former being \$79,250, and of the latter \$74,825. Virginia comes next with \$55,800; then Indiana \$23,500; Massachusetts \$20,750, and so on down the list. Ohio, the third State in the Union in almost every respect, ranks ninth, with \$15,500. Missouri, Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas and Vermont do not appear in the table at all.

### NORTHERN EUROPEAN HORSES.

Of the Swedish horses, Clark, in his "Scandinavia," says that they are small and beautiful, and remarkable for their speed and spirit. The Finland horse he describes as yet smaller, not more than twelve hands high, beautifully formed, and very fleet. The peasants take them from the forests when they are wanted for travelers. Although apparently wild, they are under perfect control, and they trot along with ease at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The following is told of a Norwegian horse: His master had been dining at a neighboring town, and when it was time to return had indulged so much that he could not keep a firm seat in his saddle. The horse regulated himself as well as he could, according to the unsettled motion of his rider, but happening to make a false step the peasant was thrown and hung with one foot entangled in the stirrup. The horse immediately stopped, and twisting his body in various directions endeavored to extricate his master, but in vain. The man was severely hurt and almost helpless, but the shock had brought him to his senses. The horse had looked at him as he lay upon the ground, and stooping, laid hold of the brim of his hat and raised his head a little, but the hat coming off he fell again. The animal then laid hold of the collar of his coat and raised him by it so far from the ground that he was enabled to draw his foot out of the stirrup. After resting awhile he regained the saddle and reached his home. Grateful to his preserver, the man did what every good feeling bid him—he cherished the animal until it died of old age. Many a man owes a considerable debt of gratitude to this intelligent and faithful servant, who has taken care of him when he was unable to take care of himself, and possibly preserved his life. Let him repay the debt by kinder usage.

### RICHES AND THEIR EVILS.

The vanity of riches is seldom illustrated so strikingly as in the case of the great English millionaire, Morrison, who died worth \$20,000,000. It seems to be one of the conditions of the accumulation of enormous wealth in a single generation that the possessor shall first disqualify himself from enjoying it, and in some cases, even appreciating the fact that he holds it. Mr. Morrison accumulated this almost fabulous amount himself, and in the regular course of his business, without any extraordinary turn of fortune; yet the following extract from a letter in the Boston Post shows how little benefit he permitted himself to receive from all his wealth. What a satire it is upon the exclusive devotion of all the faculties to the mere accumulation of property:

'Mr. Morrison retired from active business several years since, without withdrawing his capital from the mercantile house, and though managing his vast funds himself up to the time of his death with all the sagacity of earlier days, he has for the past three years been possessed with the idea that he should come to want. More than two years ago he commenced doing day labor upon a farm held by one of his tenants, for which he received twelve shillings a week, and this he continued up to the time of his illness. For the last eighteen months he has been a regular applicant for relief to the parish, assembling twice a week with the town paupers at the door of the 'Union,' and receiving with each one of them his two shillings and a quarter loaf. His friends have indulged him in these fancies on the ground that it was the best choice of two evils. The truth was money was his god; and the idea became at last too great for him and broke him down. And yet he is said to have made a most judicious will and his investments up to the last are characterized by great good sense. The probate duty on his will exceeds £100,000.'

**Extreme Sensibility.**—The Cincinnati (Ohio) Gazette says:—"A young lady from Kentucky, who was visiting near Columbus, Ohio, became much attached to a mocking bird in the house of her relatives. The bird sickened and died. The lady bewailed the loss most piteously, and soon after became insane. On being sent home in charge of an attendant, she attempted suicide by stabbing herself with her scissors, but is now recovering."

Think twice before you speak.

### CONFESSION.

*Of Two of the Washington County Murderers.*—Henry Fife and Charlotte Jones, two of the persons convicted of the murder of George Wilson and Elizabeth McMasters, near McKeesport, have confessed that they, and they alone, are guilty of this double murder. Monroe Stewart, their fellow convict, they exonerate entirely from all participation in the crime, and from all guilty knowledge of it, either antecedent or subsequent to its commission. The circumstances under which this confession has been made, and the character of the statements in relation to the conception and details of the crime, and all the circumstances therewith connected, agreeing as they mainly do with the theory adduced by the prosecution and the evidence in the case, would seem to carry with them a powerful conviction of truth. The confession of Fife was a voluntary one, and was made to jailor Philips on Monday morning last. He acknowledged his own guilt, and stated that Charlotte Jones was his sole accomplice. Mr. Philips told him that if this was the truth it was of the utmost importance to Stewart; that it should be corroborated by Charlotte Jones at once, before there would be an opportunity by collusion to concoct a story. Fife acquiesced in the suggestion, and Charlotte was sent for, and shortly entered the cell. Fife remarked to her that all hope was passed—they would have to hang, and that he was resolved to tell the truth. At first she looked at him with some degree of surprise, but when he asked her if she would also tell the truth, she replied that she would. He then asked her who it was that committed the murder, and she replied, "You and I." "Was no one else concerned?" "No one." Fife and Charlotte both deny any knowledge of or complicity in the murder of Samuel H. White, for which William Jones, Charlotte's brother, was a few days ago convicted in Washington county.—Pittsburgh Post.

**Case of Transfusion.**—The delicate and interesting operation of transferring blood from one place to another has again been successfully performed by Mr. S. Wheatcroft, surgeon, of Canock, assisted by Mr. J. Blackford and Mr. Samuel Wheatcroft. The patient was Mrs. Benton, of Canock. When apparently expiring from the loss of blood, about 2 pound of blood was transfused from the veins of her husband into her veins, with the happiest result. In a few minutes after the current of blood began to flow, and the ebbing of life was checked, the circulation being re-established, and deliverance from apparently certain and approaching dissolution secured. The operation was performed on the 20th ultimo. Mr. Wheatcroft suggests the trial of this operation in the last stage of low typhus and the collapse of Asiatic cholera, when all other means have failed.—Wolverhampton (Eng.) Chronicle.

**Singular Hallucination.**—The Cincinnati (Ohio) Enquirer says:—Mr. Francois Ange, a wealthy planter from Louisiana, arrived in this city yesterday, en route for Europe, where his friends are taking him for the purpose, if possible, of dispelling a singular hallucination, or species of insanity, with which he is afflicted. Two years ago he took it into his head that his pedal extremities were paralyzed, and, although assured by eminent medical practitioners that his understandings are as firm and strong as they ever were, he insists upon being carried about like a child, and not even an alarm of fire in his residence could induce him to hazard a perpendicular position. It is said that he is perfectly sane upon all other matters.

**Western Voyage.**—The Hornet, an open boat 22 feet long and six feet beam, sloped rigged, Captain Duncan, Commander, set sail from Erie, Pa., on the 6th of October, bound for St. Paul. She made Detroit, Mackinac, Green Bay, ascended Fox river to Winnebago Lake—thence via Oshkosh, Berlin, Princeton, Puckwa Lake, Buffalo Lake, up the river to Portage, hauling over the canal, thence to the Wisconsin river, thence down to the Mississippi, and arrived at Prairie du Chien on the third of November, from which place she started on the 5th for this city.—The whole distance of the voyage will be about 1500 miles. The crew consists of Capt. Duncan and his wife.—St. Paul Pioneer, 12th.

An old German woman aged about sixty years, by the name of Mira Waterman, was killed, by being run over at the outer-depot of the Pennsylvania railroad at Pittsburgh, on Friday.

**BIGOTRY.**—When the Baptists of Hartford began to hold public services, an over zealous member of Dr. Strong's society called upon him, and asked him if he knew John Bolles had started an opposition meeting?

'No,' said he, 'when—where?'

'Why, at the old court house.'

'Oh, yes, I know it,' the doctor carelessly replied; 'but it is not an opposition meeting. They are Baptists to be sure, but they preach the same doctrine that I do. You had better go and hear him.'

'Go!' said the man, 'I am a Presbyterian.'

'So am I,' rejoined Dr. Strong.

'Ain't you going to do something about it?'

'What?'

'Stop it, can't you?'

'My friend,' said the doctor, seriously, 'John Bolles is a good man and will surely go to Heaven. If you and I get there we shall meet him, and we had better therefore cultivate a pleasant acquaintance with him here.'

A dutch widower out west whose better half departed on the journey to the spirit land some twenty months ago, determined the other day, to consult the 'Rappers,' and endeavor to obtain a spiritual communication, feeling anxious respecting the future state of his wife. These 'rappers,' be it known, were not the genuine 'mediums,' but of a bogus kind—adventurers endeavoring to reap a harvest out of the late mysterious developments. After the usual ceremonies, the spirit of 'Mrs. Hauntz,' manifested by raps its willingness to converse with her disconsolate spouse.

'Ish dat you, Mrs. Hauntz?' inquired the Dutchman.

'Yes, dearest, it is your own wife, who—'

'You lie, you devil of a ghost,' interrupted Hauntz, starting from his seat, 'mine frau speak nothing but Deitch, and she never said 'tearest,' in her life. It was always 'Hauntz you thief!' or 'Hauntz, you tirty shkamp!' and the Dutchman hobbled from the room, well satisfied that the 'rapping spirits,' were all a humbug, and that he was safe from any further communication with his shrewish frau on this earth.

**A CHANCE FOR AN INFERENCE.**—In passing down back street, a few days since, we overheard a colloquy between a couple of darkies, and were just in time to hear the following:—

'Now look'er, Charlie, Jim mout be an honest bigger, then again he moutent, but of I was a chicken, and knowed that he was about de yard, I tell yer wot, I'd roost high, I would.'

We were satisfied on the point of Jim's honesty, and, therefore, pursued our onward course.

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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 R. M. KINSLOE, ocl-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

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Express,	5 14 a. m.	5 51 a. m.
Fast Line,	10 47 p. m.	7 36 p. m.
Mail,	4 08 "	3 32 "
Through Freight,	5 54 "	1 50 a. m.
Emigrant,	5 54 "	10 15 "
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Fare to Harrisburg, \$1 85; to Philadelphia, 5 00; to Altoona, 2 10; to Pittsburgh, 5 60.

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Published agreeably to an act of Assembly, bearing date the 21st of March, 1835.

Real Estate, amply secured, \$1,519,932 73  
Real Estate, (present value, \$109,000) cost, 89,114 18  
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Oct-19

GEO. W. THOMAS.