

THE WESTON GAZETTE.

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THE MINSTREL.

AS WE GATHERED IN THE HAY.
Oh fair was the day, and I never can forget
How dear to my heart, as the moments rolled away,
For still do I dream of the morning that we met,
And the joys that were mine, as we gather'd in the hay.
The song of the bird was as cheerful as could be,
But I heard not the tone of its merry morning lay,
For thy voice, like a charm, with its music came to me,
When I totted by thy side, as we gather'd in the hay.
Thou' few be the years that have faded since the morn,
How great is the change as their shadows all depart!
The days come and go, but their moments have not worn,
The smile from thine eye, nor the love within thy heart.
Oh then is it not like a pleasure to recall
(As we turn to the morn with its sunny scenes so gay)
How we rested 'neath the shade of the trees so green
and tall,
When the sun was on high as we gather'd in the hay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GROWING BEAUTIFUL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'You remember Kate Maxwell?' said a lady friend, an old acquaintance. We had met at an evening party, and were talking of auld lang syne.

'Very well,' I answered; 'it would be difficult to forget her homely face.'

'How long is it since you saw her?' inquired my friend.

'It must be several years. I think it was in 18— that her family removed from the city.'

'Yes, it was in that year.'

'It is unfortunate to be so homely,' said I.

'A beautiful spirit is more to be desired than a beautiful person,' remarked the lady.

'True,' I replied; 'the eye's brightness and the skin's pearly lustre are but transient, while the soul's beauty is imperishable. Kate was a good girl, for all her singularly unattractive exterior.'

'She had many true friends,' said the lady, 'and they were all of the better class—better, I mean, in its right sense.'

I was about changing the subject of conversation, when my companion directed my attention to a young lady, the centre of a group of three or four ladies and gentlemen. She was talking with some animation, and there was a glow of feeling and a play of thought in her face, which, though not possessing a feature that might be called handsome, had something in it that was singularly attractive.

'Who is it?' I inquired.

'Don't you know her?' said my friend, smiling.

'The face is quite familiar. I ought to know her; but I am in doubt as to her identity.'

'Let me mention her name.'

'Do so, if you please.'

'Kate Maxwell.'

'Impossible! It may be a cousin or a sister; but not homely Kate Maxwell.' I was incredulous.

'It is Kate herself. Hasn't she improved?'

'Wonderfully! Why she is really growing handsome! Has she discovered the fountain of beauty?'

'She has been drinking of its waters for years,' replied my earnest friend.

'I must renew our acquaintance,' said I. And we walked together across the room. A nearer view was not the breaking of an illusion. The smile of true pleasure that lit up her countenance, as she recognized me, showed every plain feature like a veil of transparent light. How remarkably she had changed!

Later in the evening I had a quiet talk with her—first about old times, and then upon a variety of themes suggested by the occasion, or coming into thought spontaneously. What an exquisite perception of things true and beautiful she had! Her thought was lucid as crystal. But most apparent was her interest in all things pure and good in our common humanity. In speaking of others she seemed to take a peculiar delight in magnifying their excellencies.

Present, in that company, was another maiden whom I had known for years. She and Kate had been intimate before the latter removed to another city. They were much together, and people of a certain class used to say that Nancy Lee was incapable of a sincere friendship with any one, and only associated intimately with Kate Maxwell in order that she might have a foil to her beauty. This was stating the case a little too strongly, and which is very nearly allied to ill-nature. Nancy Lee had regular features and a face narrowed to fine oval. Her lips were moderately full, and of faultless outline; her chin slightly prominent; her neck queenly; her eyes dark, large and

lustrous, with long fringing lids that lay like shadowy lines upon her cheeks. Every one pronounced her beautiful at a glance; and those who met her for the first time turned to gaze at her again. And yet the oftener you looked into her face the less satisfied were you with its beauty. Something was lacking. It was not that you felt, as when looking at a statue, that the soul was wanting; for taking up the sculptor's ideal, thought creates a soul even more beautiful in its diviner attributes than the chiseled marble; but it was the glimpses of the soul, less beautiful than its investiture, caught now and then through revealing expressions, that was forever disappointing the half-entranced beholder.

The beauty of Nancy Lee did not grow upon you. The more intimately you became acquainted with her, the more indifferent did you become to her personal attractions. As she stood beside Kate Maxwell again, after the lapse of four years, the beauty of one, and the exceeding plainness of the other, did not strike you as remarkable. That conscious beauty, which is so really unbecoming, was eclipsed by the unconscious soul beauty in the face of the lovelier maiden.

Almost involuntarily I made the two countenances a study. In all the physical elements of beauty, taking feature by feature, and comparing one with the other, the contrast was ludicrously against the homelier one. A single instance will show this—as in the long dark lashes of the one, and the thin white lashes of the other, that did not even hide the coral-tinted lids. But looking away from single features, and from mere physical elements, and the beauty of the former lost much of its power, while the lack of beauty in the other ceased to appear a defect. In the conversation of Nancy Lee I found nothing of interest. Her mind seemed to be asleep to all but the little outside world of fashion and pleasure. But every word that fell from the lips of Kate Maxwell stirred some thought in my mind, or sent some newly awakened ripple, glittering in sunshine, over the waters of feeling.

Not in my eyes alone was the change in our gentle friend made apparent. All of her old acquaintances were struck with it, and from more than one I heard the remark: 'Really, Kate Maxwell is growing beautiful!'

And so she was, with a beauty imperishable as eternity.

'How is it,' said a young man who had known Kate during her former residence in the city, but had not been over attentive to her—he was not old enough or wise enough to see below the mere surface, and distinguish between the real and the apparent. 'How is it, that Kate Maxwell compares so much more favorably now with her "foil," as we used to call her, than she did a few years ago? I do not see that the color of her hair or eye-brows is at all improved, nor that her nose has gained a single classic outline, nor that her complexion is better. And yet she is no longer a foil to Nancy Lee, but holds her own in the comparison. I think Nancy has changed some. There is an expression in her face that repels rather than attracts—a homeliness of feeling, so to speak, that is to me repulsive. On the contrary, I have looked into Kate's face more than once this evening, when it seemed radiant with beauty. What does it mean?'

My lady friend, of whom I spoke in the beginning, was present, and as I perceived her face brightening, I thought it best to let her answer the query.

'You saw,' she replied, 'with a fine enthusiasm of her character, "the soul shining through the body's transparent veil"—a veil that, strive as we may to render it opaque, grows thinner and thinner as our true life gains strength, until it no longer hides the spirit's true quality, but suffers it to reveal itself in beauty or deformity. Some people grow plainer as they grow older, and some more lovely in exterior. Need I state the reason?'

'No,' said the young man, into whose mind a flood of light seemed breaking. 'The reason is apparent enough. Only the good are really beautiful!'

'Truly spoken,' was answered. 'The fabled fountain of eternal youth and beauty is the fountain of celestial love, drinking at which we grow more and more into the likeness of those radiant ones, whose highest joy is found in doing good. The origin of beauty is not in nature—There we

see only its perishing form, and we are ever marring it by evil passion and selfish desire. But, why need I illustrate what is so self-evident? Your own words carry with them an undoubting conviction. Only the good are really beautiful!'

After this brief conversation, I noticed that the young man, who had hardly been civil to Kate a few years before, kept close to her side during the remainder of the evening. It was plain, that in his eyes, she was growing more and more beautiful every moment.

I did not meet this gentle friend again for three years, though I could not fail to hold her in pleasant remembrance, and then it was the pride of the young man just referred to, who had a soul capable of appreciating that true beauty which fades not in the corroding atmosphere of time.

In this new relation to life, Kate had returned to her native town, and I met her at a large party given on the wedding occasion by the friends of her husband. She was standing in a group of ladies as I entered the crowded rooms, and so changed in three years that I was in doubt as to her identity. At the last meeting I had not perceived any change in the physical lines of beauty, but only a shining through the plain face of her beautiful spirit. But her soul had a freer, outward development, as well as a more interior life. The deep joy of loving and being beloved had awakened new delights that nerved her whole being, and recorded themselves in every feature and expression. Love had become her very life, and its transforming power was seen in the gradual softening of harsher outlines, and in touches of beauty here and there, scarcely recognized each by itself, but pleasing the sight in their combined harmonies. I said that she was standing in a group of ladies as I entered the room. One of these was Nancy Lee, also a bride, in all her bridal attractions. She had loaded herself with ornaments, and was dressed in a showy costume, all intended to heighten her personal charms. She stood in the eyes of all a conscious beauty, and her young husband felt proud at being the possessor of so much loveliness. But few I think envied him who were capable of appreciating the soul beauty of Kate, so strongly contrasted with the mere flesh and blood beauty of his bride, as she stood, unconscious of a single personal attraction, by the side of her old friend and companion. The effect of the two faces, as transformed by living affections was remarkable.

From that time I met the two young brides often, and could always see new evidences of the changing power of their interior lives. To the one I was attracted, from the other repelled. The one appeared to grow less selfish, and more lovely all the while; the other more worldly-minded, more heartless, and more unpleasing to the eye. Contentment enthroned itself on the brow of one; discontent on that of the other.

It is now ten years since their bridal, and ever since, this change has been progressing—Kate growing lovelier all the while, and her old friend fading into a coarse, showy, sensual beauty; a seker of that admiration which is deceived by cosmetic arts. At home, in the eyes of her husband, the latter scarcely exhibits a single personal charm, so completely has her spirit transfixed itself into her face; while in the home of Kate, everything seems to have taken a portion of beauty from her beautiful soul, to reflect it back upon her as from a mirror. Daily, hourly, momentarily, she is growing more beautiful; and this will progress until she attains the transcendent loveliness of an angel. Only strangers, at a first meeting, see her face as a plain one. To her friends it is always full of attractions, for every feature is an index and a remembrance of spiritual graces that adorn her life and render her a true friend, loving companion, and teacher by example of those sweet virtues that are born of a diviner influence.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his "Life Thoughts," says: "The Bible Society is sending its Bibles all over the world—to Greenland, and the Morea, to Arabia and Egypt; but dares not send them to our own people. The colporteur who should leave a Bible in a slave's cabin, would go to Heaven from the lowest limb of the first tree."

Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

NEW ARMY UNIFORM.

The United States troops were lately supplied with a new uniform, which has called forth considerable comment. At Norfolk a writer is poking fun at it in the following strain:

Editors Southern Argus:

Having received from Washington, through the kindness of my friend, Mr. Psalmsinger, a copy of the recent order establishing a new uniform for the U. S. Army, I beg leave to present you a copy for the wonder and edification of your numerous military readers. The good taste displayed in its selection, is eminently characteristic of the inventor, and it is to be hoped that new companies forming in this section of Virginia, will show their appreciation of the uniform by adopting it *nem con.*, and with the utmost promptitude.

1. *Hat*.—To be made of soft felt, butternut colored, 3 feet 9 inches high, and tapering to a point. The front to be ornamented with a gilt wooden spread eagle, 10 inches in diameter, holding in his beak a scroll containing the name of the soldier, his age, and a small and concise history of his parentage and relations. The rim to extend in front in a horizontal position 4 feet 6 inches, supported by two pieces of 2x3 scantling firmly braced against the shoulders. The rim in the rear forms a sack hanging against the back, which is to contain a gridiron, bottle, frying pan, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

2. *Pompons*.—It being well to unite utility with ornaments, the pompons will be as follows: For cavalry and dragoons, *ripe oranges*; for artillery, *apples*; and for infantry, *fish balls*. The Generals and staff will wear *pickled mangoes*. The weary soldier will thus be able to find a little grateful refreshment on the march by sucking or nibbling at his pompon. Pompons will be supplied every morning in a fresh condition by the Commissioners of Subsistence.

3. *Shoulder Straps*.—To be hair and clothes brushes as per pattern. When not on duty the soldier can employ his ornament to great advantage on his person or the clothing of his officers.

4. *Jackets*.—To be made of three-ply carpeting, of a light and pleasing pattern, the bodies to be red for artillery, blue for infantry, and deep green for recruits and brevet 2d lieutenants. To be fastened up the back with hooks and eyes, which arrangement is calculated to exercise the soldier's patience and make him a better and worthier man.

5. *Buttons*.—To be tin plates and cups, four of each, ornamented with a bust of General Washington holding a handkerchief to his eyes. These buttons are to be attached to a hook, so as readily to be removed for the soldier's repast.

6. *Pantaloons*.—Of duck or drilling with a flannel stripe down the side, going clear around the leg. The stripe to be red for artillery, bird gray for the infantry, and sky blue pink for the dragoons.

On the seat is to be firmly affixed a brazen star, with a strong brass hook protruding from its centre, on which may be hung the camp-kettle and lighter articles of the soldier's baggage.

The advantage that this hook possesses in doing away with the objectionable practice of "bucking" must be evident to all. By hitching it to a strong staple in a wall the soldier is effectually secured without doing that violence to his feelings that the passage of a stick between his legs is calculated to occasion. The dragoons can have their hooks attached to a staple in the cantle of the saddle which will give them a secure seat, and make them the most fearless horsemen in the world.

Three ostrich plumes, red, white and blue, will surmount the star, thus securing to the soldier a brilliant end, under any and every circumstance.

7. *Shoes*.—Of the ankle or Jefferson kind, with a likeness of Jefferson worked in worsted on each foot, and red heels.

This includes the main portions of the uniform, which I believe to be entirely correct; but should there be found some difference between this and the original order, I doubt not this would prove the more sensible and acceptable of the two.

With great respect, your ob't serv't.
DENNIS O. POELEDLOC.
Late Surg. Old Point Light Mule Battery.

Says Longfellow, "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

THE TONGUE.—What a strange thing is the tongue! A little member; yet what a noise it will make? Every child has in its mouth a thing to talk with called the tongue. This is made to tell the truth with. When the tongue tells a lie, it does that which is wrong. The tongue is made to say kind and pleasant things to our friends. When it says a saucy thing to anybody it is a naughty thing.

When the tongue says a disobedient word to a father or mother, it is a wicked tongue. When it says unkind words to a brother or sister, it is a very bad tongue indeed. When a tongue swears or speaks dirty words, it is a vile and wicked tongue. Now, my young friends, let me ask you a few questions. What sort of a tongue have you? Does it always speak the truth? Does your tongue ever say any disobedient words to your parents? Does it ever say any unkind words to a brother or sister? Does it ever swear? Does it ever utter any bad words?

O, my little friend, if your tongue ever does anything wrong, what shall be done? Can you tell me how to correct an evil tongue? I can tell you. Let every child take good care of his tongue, and see that it never behaves ill.—Myrtle.

A Bullet Forty Years in a Man's Lung.

At the recent scientific convention at Baltimore, Dr. Wurtz read an interesting paper giving the results of some chemical examination connected with a bullet imbedded for more than forty years in a man's lung. The individual whose experience had exhibited the effect of metallic lead imbedded in a human frame was an Irishman named Wm. Kelly, who had received a bullet wound at the siege of Badajoz, in the Peninsular Wars, retired upon a pension from the British Government, and died recently in the hospital at Kingston, Canada. Upon dissection, the bullet was found enclosed in a cyst or bag within the lung, and closely adhering to its walls in several places. The ball had lost one hundred grains of its original weight (three hundred and seventy grains) by corrosion. A portion of the amount of lead thus lost was recovered from the lungs and diaphragm.

TO INVALIDS!

DR. HARDMAN,
PHYSICIAN for diseases of the Lungs, Throat and Heart—formerly Physician to Cincinnati Marine Hospital and Invalids' Retreat—Corresponding Member of the London Medical Society of Observation—Author of "Letters to Invalids," &c.,

IS COMING.
JULY APPOINTMENTS.
Dr. Hardman,
Physician for Diseases of the Lungs,
Formerly Physician to the Cincinnati Marine Hospital,
MAY BE CONSULTED AT
Lewistown, National Hotel, Thursday, July 1.

DR. HARDMAN treats Consumption, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat by MEDICATED INHALATION. The great point in the treatment of all human maladies is to get at the disease in a direct manner. All medicines are estimated by their action upon the organ requiring relief. This is the important fact upon which Inhalation is based. If the stomach is diseased, we take medicine directly into the stomach. If the lungs are diseased, breathe or inhale medicated vapors directly into them. The reason why Consumption and diseases of the Lungs have heretofore resisted all treatment, has been because they were not approached in a direct manner by medicine. They were intended to be local, and yet they were so administered that they could only act constitutionally, expending their immediate action upon the stomach, whilst the foul ulcers within the Lungs were unmolessted. Inhalation brings the medicine into direct contact with the disease, without the disadvantage of any violent action. Its application is so simple that it may be employed by the youngest infant or feeblest invalid. It does not derange the stomach, or interfere in the least with the strength, comfort or business of the patient.

25—No charge for consultation.
OTHER DISEASES TREATED.
In relation to the following diseases, either when complicated with Lung Affections, or existing alone, I also invite consultation—usually finding them PROMPTLY CURABLE:

PROLAPSUS and all forms of FEMALE COMPLAINTS, Irregularities and Weakness.
PALPITATION and other forms of HEART DISEASE, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and all other Diseases of Stomach and Bowels, Piles, &c. &c.
25—All diseases of the Eye and Ear; Neuralgia, Epilepsy, and all forms of Nervous Disease.
25—No charge for consultation.
J.S.H. S. D. HARDMAN, M.

NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned announce to the public that they have formed a copartnership under the name, style and title of
John Kennedy, Sen., & Co.
for the purpose of conducting a general business in
Produce, Groceries, Dry Goods, Bacon, Fish, &c.

at the old stand of John Kennedy, in East Market street, Lewistown, where they will be pleased to wait upon the old customers of the establishment and any number of new ones.
JOHN KENNEDY, Sen.,
JOSEPH S. KENNEDY,
JOHN KENNEDY, Jr.

The books of John Kennedy remain at the establishment where these indented are requested to call and make settlement.
Lewistown, June 3, 1858.—4t [o & r]

West Branch Insurance Co.

OF LOCK HAVEN, PA.
Insures Attached Buildings, Stores, Merchandise, Farm Property, and other Buildings, at their contents, at moderate rates.

DIRECTORS.
Hon. G. C. Harvey,
T. T. Abrams,
D. K. Jackman,
W. White,
Thos. Kitchen.
Hon. G. C. HARVEY, Pres.
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Agents for Mifflin county, G. W. STEWART, Esq.

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

Authorized by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, with a Perpetual Charter.
Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000.

No. 61 Walnut St. above Second, Phila.
Insures on Buildings, Furniture, Merchandise, &c., generally. Marine Insurance, and Freight to all parts of the world. Inland Insurance on Goods, &c., by Rivers, Canals, and Land Carriages, to all parts of the Union, on the most favorable terms consistent with security.

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Agents for Mifflin county, Wm. P. ELLIOTT, Esq.

INDemnITY AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.

Franklin Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia.
No. 435 and 437 Chestnut street, near Fifth.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS, January 1, 1858, published agreeably to an act of Assembly, 1857, (present value \$100,000.)

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) 74,280 93

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) 101,088 17

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) 71,547 97

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) 4,307 00

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) 40,855 48

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) \$1,888,904 74

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) 101,088 17

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) 71,547 97

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) 4,307 00

Real Estate, (present value \$100,000.) 40,855 48

NEW GROCERY, PROVISION AND FISH STORE.

The subscriber has opened a Grocery, Provision and Fish Store opposite Major Eisenstein's hotel, where he has just received a fine assortment of fresh

Family Groceries.

Which may be found fine Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Syrups, Cheese, Crackers, Ham, Shoulders, Fine Ashton and Dairy Tobacco, Segars, Soap, &c.

Also, Brooms, Tubs, Buckets, Baskets, and a large assortment of Willow-ware, which he will sell for cash very cheap.

Will pay Cash for Butter, Lard, Potatoes, &c., &c.
See prices, and judge for yourselves.
JAMES IRWIN.

A CHANCE

For Every Person to Raise their Own GRAPES, AND MAKE THEIR OWN WINE.

THE undersigned will deliver from the 1st of the 15th April next, to any persons residing in Mifflin co., ISABELLA GRAPE VINES of one year's growth, from cuttings of "Pamata Vineyard," at the following rates, payable when delivered: 25 Vines for \$3, 50 for \$5.50, 100 do. for \$10.

Large Cuttings will be delivered at half the price for Vines. Also, Osage Orange Hedge cuttings to sell, and Hedges grown by contract. Orders must be received before the 1st of August to insure attention. Address
A. HARSHBARGER,
McVeytown, Mifflin Co., Pa.

1000 lights best Window Sash, from 8x10 to 16x20, for sale very low. FRANCIS CUS