

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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

Whole No. 2465.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1858.

New Series--Vol. III, No. 33.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WARRIOR MAIDEN.

Sometime just before or about the beginning of the revolutionary war, Sergeant Jasper, of Marion's Brigade, had the good fortune to save the life of a young, beautiful and dark eyed creole girl called Sally St. Clair. Her susceptible nature was overcome with gratitude to her preserver, and this soon ripened into a passion of love, of the most deep and fervent kind. She lavished upon him the whole wealth of her affections and the whole depth of her passion nurtured by a Southern sun. When he was called upon to join the ranks of his country's defenders, the prospect of their separation almost maddened her. Their parting came; and scarcely was she left alone, ere her romantic nature prompted the means of re-union. Once resolved no consideration of danger could dampen her spirit, and though of consequence could move her purpose. She severed her long and jetty ringlets, and provided herself, and set forth to follow the fortunes of her lover.

A smooth faced, beautiful and delicate stripling appeared among the hardy, rough and giant frames who composed the corps to which Jasper belonged. The contrast between the stripling and these men, in their uncouth garbs, their massive faces, embrowned and discolored by the sun and rain, was indeed striking. But none were more eager for the battle, or so indifferent to fatigue as the fair faced boy. It was found that his energy of character, resolution and courage, amply supplied his lack of physique. None even suspected that she was a woman. Not even Jasper himself, although she was often by his side, penetrated her disguise, but treated her with kindness and respect, and often applauded her heroic bravery. The romance of her situation increased the fervor of her passion. It was her delight to reflect that unknown to him, she was by his side to watch over him, in the hour of danger. She had fed her passion by gazing upon him in the hour of slumber; hovering near him when stealing through the swamp and thicket, and always ready to avert danger from his head.

But gradually there stole a melancholy presentment over the poor girl's mind.—She had been tortured with hopes deferred, the war was prolonged, and the prospect of being restored to him grew more and more uncertain. But now she felt that her dream of happiness could never be realized. She became convinced that death was about to snatch her away from his side; but she prayed that she might die, and he never knew to what length the violence of her passion had led her.

It was the eve before a battle. The camp had sunk into repose. The watch fires were burning low, and only the slow tread of sentinels fell upon the profound silence of the night air as they moved through the dark shadows of the forest. Stretched upon the ground, with no other couch than a blanket, reposed the warlike form of Jasper. Climbing vines trailed themselves into a canopy above his head, through which the stars shone down softly. The faint flicker from the expiring embers of fire fell athwart his countenance, and tinged the cheek of one who beat above his couch. It was the smoothed faced stripling. She bent low down, as if to listen to his dreams or to breathe into his soul pleasant visions of love and happiness.—But tears traced themselves down the fair one's cheek, and fell silently but rapidly upon the brow of her lover. A mysterious voice has told that the hour of parting has come; that to-morrow her destiny is consummated. There is one last, long, lingering look, and the unhappy maiden is seen to tear herself away from the spot, to weep out her sorrows in privacy.

Fierce and terrible is the conflict that on the morrow rages on that spot. Foremost in that battle is that intrepid Jasper and ever by his side fights the stripling warrior. Often, during the heat and the smoke gleams suddenly upon the eyes of Jasper the melancholy face of the maiden. In the thickest of the fight, surrounded by enemies, the lovers fight side by side. Suddenly a lance is leveled at the breast of Jasper; but swifter than the lance is Sally St. Clair. There is a wild cry, and at the feet of Jasper sinks the maiden, with the life blood gushing from her white

bosom. He heeds not the din or the danger of the conflict; but down by the side of the dying boy he kneels. Then, for the first time, does he learn that the stripling is his love; that often by the camp fire and in the swamp, she has been by his side; that the dim visions in his slumber, of an angel face hovering above him, had indeed been true. In the midst of the battle, with her lover by her side, and the barb still in her bosom, the heroic maiden dies!

Her name, her sex and her noble devotions soon became known through the corps. There was a tearful group gathered around her grave; there was not of these hardy warriors one who did not bedew her grave with tears. They buried her near the river Santee, "in a green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

There is many a life scene more touching, more worthy of immortality than the deeds of conquerors or the heroes of history. The following from the St. Louis Republican, is one:

We saw last evening an apt illustration of the affection of a woman. A poor inebriated wretch had been taken to the calaboose. His conduct in the street, and after he had been taken to the cell, was of such a violent character that it became necessary to handcuff him. The demon rum had possession of his soul, and he gave vent to his ravings in curses so profane as to shock the sense of his fellow prisoners, one of whom, in the same cell, at his own solicitation, was placed in a separate apartment. A woman appeared, at the grating, and in her hands she had a rude tray, upon which were some slices of bread, fresh from the hearth-stone, and other little delicacies for her erring husband.

She stood at the bar, gazing intently into the thick gloom where her manacled companion wildly raved. Her voice was low and soft, and as she called his name its utterance was as plaintive as the melody of a fond and crushed spirit. The tears streamed from her eyes, and there, in the dark house, the abode of the most wretched and depraved, the tones of her voice found their way into that wicked man's heart, and he knelt in sorrow and in silence before his young injured wife, while his heart found relief in tears such only as man can weep. Though the iron still bound his wrists, he placed his hands, with the heavy insignia of degradation, confidently and affectionately upon the brow of his fair companion, and exclaimed—

'Katy, I will try to be a better man.'
There, upon a rude seat, she had spread the humble meal, which she had prepared with her own hands, and after he had finished she rose to depart, bidding him to be calm and resigned for her sake, with the assurance that she would bring a friend to go as his bond, and that she would return and take him home. And she left him a strong man, with his head drooping on his breast, a very coward, humiliated before the weak and tender being whose presence had stilled the angry passions of his soul.—True to the instincts of her love and promise, she did return with one who went on his bond for his appearance the next morning—with his hand clasped in that of his loving wife, she led him away a penitent, and, we trust, a better man.

There were those who laughed at that pale, meek woman bore off her erring husband; but she heeded them not, and her self-sacrificing heart knew or cared for nothing in its heaven-born instinct, but to preserve him whom she loved with all the devotion of a wife and a woman.

A Devil-worshiper Sentenced.—Prudhomme, the notorious French communist, recently wrote an atrocious book, in which, among other infamous things, he praised and eulogized the Devil—seriously, not in jest. We learn that this French Devil-worshiper has been sentenced to three years imprisonment and to pay a fine of 4000 francs for publishing that work. We do not particularly admire the lion rule of Louis Napoleon over the press, and over the entire literature of France, but in this instance it is pretty certain as regards the penalty imposed upon the "victim," the universal verdict of mankind will be, "serviced him right."

—Pleasures, while they flatter a man, sting him to death.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN.

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?

'Whoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the son of man be ashamed.'

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing christians?

'Every man shall give account of himself to God.'

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ?

'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

6. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not 'hold out'?

'He that hath begun a good work in you, he will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.'

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

'Whoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason?

'Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'

9. Is it because I am trying to save myself by morality, or in any other way of my own?

'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.'

10. Is it because I do not clearly see the way to be saved?

'Repent ye and believe the gospel.'

'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' John 3, 16.—*Am. Messenger.*

WHISKEY-SELLING.

Whilst we loath and despise that traffic in Intoxicating Liquors which sets itself up in conspicuous places and deals out liquid poison by the dram, we often find persons engaged in it for whose course there is some excuse. They are those who from early education and association conscientiously believe it to be legitimate and right; that the moral turpitude is with the intemperate user and not the vender; that it is a subject about which men are alone responsible to themselves and exempt from obligations to society. It is not a matter of surprise to find such men pursuing the traffic, and when we think of the lasting influence of early training—the immutable nature of early impressions, and also that conscience is the creature of faith, every person must be more inclined to pity such than condemn them.

But Kansas has some exemplars of a far different class of venders. There are groggeries now open in Kansas, and for aught we know in Quindaro, under the auspices of men who at their homes in the States, a few hundred miles nearer the rising sun, were only known as active, thorough advocates of the Temperance Reform—men who have declared the making, selling, or drinking of intoxicating liquors to be degrading, ruinous, damning. In coming to Kansas they have put off their professions by the wayside; their eyes have been blinded to the dread horoscope of the drunkard; their convictions have been blurred, and their consciences have been seared by the crisping, deadening passion of avarice; the unsettling of the humanity of husbands and fathers, the undermining of the happiness of wives and mothers, the overwhelming of the hopes of sons and daughters, have to them lost their terror and their magnitude! For such men there is condemnation without a ray of pity. By their course they are treasuring up for themselves a most direful wrath against the day of wrath. In this life they must retrograde with a fearful and dizzy rapidity, inaugurating a career which beyond the disenthraling portals of the grave, will be continued adown the awful and gloomy descents of perdition.—*Quindaro (K. T.) Chindowan.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The fallibility of human testimony is such that it must be acknowledged we cannot believe our own eyes. A case very similar to one which occurred some months since at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in which a girl positively identified the remains of a deceased person as those of her sister, and on the strength of which a young man was arrested for murder, but in which case suspicion was averted by the reappearance of the supposed murdered girl, has occurred at Joliet, Illinois.

A body of a female was found in a ravine near the town of Joliet, Illinois; a farmer testified to the finding of bloody clothes near the spot; four families testified to the hearing of screams from the ravine on the night of the supposed murder, and that the cries were those of a female; a woman named Cook recognized the body as that of her daughter, who was missed on the very night of these screams, and knew it was her daughter because one of her front teeth was gone; she also testified to improper intimacy between her daughter and a Mr. Richardson, and he was arrested for the murder, and some three hundred men were about taking the law into their own hands to lynch Richardson, fearing that justice would not be done by a regular jury.

The girl finally was found in Chicago, and produced in Joliet. The body found was finally proved to be that of an elderly grey-haired lady, who had died a natural death, and whose body had been disinterred for dissection. The girl is only eighteen years of age.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A YOUNG DEVIL.—The Baltimore Republican gives the following as a few of the exploits of the son of a very respectable citizen of that city. The villain is only fifteen years of age:—

Not long ago, a young Newfoundland dog, the favorite of his father, was secretly tied by this young Nero, who saturated the body of the unfortunate animal with camphene or etherial oil, and set fire to the inflammable fluid, which had the effect of roasting poor Towser until life became extinct, after the endurance of the most intense, agonizing suffering which the human mind can conceive.

The young demon being well pleased with the result of this grand experiment in cruelty, next endeavored also to roast alive his little sister, a bright, intelligent child, about six years of age. Having playfully bound her legs and arms with a rope, he placed her upon the stove in the kitchen, heated to an intense degree, in order to prepare dinner for the family. The shrieks and yells of the agonized little victim were fortunately heard by the mother, who rushed down and removed the poor child before she was fatally injured. Tolerant of the young villain's crimes had now ceased to be a virtue, and the father was engaged in preparing to effect his removal to the House of Refuge, when the hopeful youth suddenly disappeared at night from his dwelling, and no tidings have been heard of him since his flight.

A couple of fellows strolled into a colored church at Hartford, a few evenings since to enjoy the fun; but when the colored minister rose up to preach, before announcing his text, he leaned forward on the pulpit, and looked slowly around, on his congregation.

'Brethren,' says he at length, 'May de Lor' have mercy on all the scoffers.'

A long pause.

'May de Lor' hab mercy on all de kaffers,' Solemn pause.

'May de Lor' hab mercy on de two peanut eaters down by the door.'

'The young men did not wait to hear the benediction.'

Mr. James Grant residing ten miles from Hightstown, New Jersey, lately fell headlong down his well while drawing water. No one saw the accident. He reached the bottom without much injury, but the water being twelve feet deep, he sunk three times before he could get a footing against the side walls. Having succeeded in doing this, he commenced his ascent, and after vigorous exertions reached the top. His arms and legs were rather bruised, but otherwise he was not injured. The distance from the top to the water is fifty-eight feet.

An Exciting Trial at New Orleans.

The trial of George W. Harby—an old and respected citizen of New Orleans, and a veteran teacher in the public schools for over a quarter of a century—for the killing of Charles H. C. Stone, (a native of Virginia,) a young man of previously irreproachable character, and a junior member of one of the largest and most respectable mercantile houses of that city, took place on the 18th inst. The killing grew out of the charge that Stone had seduced the daughter of Harby, and then refused to marry her. The trial seems to create intense excitement, and the court room was thronged with an anxious multitude. The defence admitted the killing, but contended that, under the circumstances, it was justifiable.

The case was submitted to the jury without argument, and in a few minutes returned a verdict of "not guilty." The result produced a scene seldom witnessed in such a place. Cheer after cheer resounded through the building, and the indignant remonstrances of the judges, and the vigorous exertions of the deputy sheriffs failed to quiet the enthusiasm. The demonstrations were renewed outside the court room until Mr. Harby succeeded in getting away from his friends and driving off in a carriage with his daughter.

Squaw Slaves in Utah.—One of the New York papers says that an intelligent writer in the train of the Utah Peace Commissioners, writes that the system of buying and selling Indian women is carried on all along the route across the plains among the traders and frontiersmen, as a regular established practice. Almost every white man along this route has an Indian concubine purchased, in the case of young and beautiful squaws at as high a price as three or four horses, though old and ugly ones may be had at a much less cost. Once sold to the white man, her Indian relatives renounce all further interest in her, and not merely her person but her life, is at the disposal of her owner. When a white man gets tired of his slave-wife, he ships her off and gets another. The children of these unions are totally neglected by the fathers, and grow up as they may under the care of the mothers. At all the forts along the route the young officers, settlers, and all who can afford it keep squaws.

Two hundred and Fifty-five Wounds.—The body of Sophia Doyon, murdered by her two insane brothers, near Detroit, has been examined by physicians. The number of external wounds found on the body was two hundred and fifty-five. Of these twenty-eight were in the face, nine were in the neck, fifty-five were in the chest, nine in the right leg, ten in the left leg, thirty-three in the right arm and hand, thirty-one in the left arm and hand, thirty-six upon the back, and one on the right shoulder. These ranged from small wounds to wounds of considerable extent. Some of them in the face were from two to three inches deep each side of the nose. The one on the shoulder was very large, being one or two inches in depth. Seven ribs were broken on the right side, and five on the left. The liver was torn from the fractured ends of the ribs, half in two. Of the wounds in the head, but one entered the skull, though the top and back of it was beaten to a perfect jelly. The breast was also badly bruised.

The Gold Humbug in Iowa.—The Dubuque Herald speaks of the gold excitement in Iowa as not promising any golden results. It says:

A number of mischievously inclined persons have on various occasions procured quantities of brass filings and strewed them in the places where they expected gold hunters would find them among the sand. Among the specimens of gold on exhibition at the office of the Emigrant Association is a sample said to be from Eagle Point, which has been labeled thus: "Brass filings from some place and black sand from some other place. Presented by Mr. —." So sell that time.

A number of supposed specimens of gold have been discovered to be nothing more than straw colored mica, whose shining appearance is calculated to deceive persons of limited observation on such subjects.

—Love thy neighbor as thyself.