

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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All papers addressed to persons out of the county will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, unless special request is made to the contrary or payment guaranteed by some responsible person here.

ADVERTISING.
Ten lines of minion, or their equivalent, constitute a square. Three insertions \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

The West Branch Insurance Co.
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INSURES Detached Buildings, Stores, Merchandise, Farm Property, and other Buildings, and their contents, at moderate rates.

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NEW GROCERY, PROVISION AND FISH STORE.
The subscriber has opened a Grocery, Provision and Fish Store opposite Major Eisen's hotel, where he has just received a fine assortment of fresh

Family Groceries,
Among which may be found fine Coffee, Sugar, Tea, 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 sells for cash very cheap.

A CHANCE
For Every Person to Raise their Own GRAPES,
AND MAKE THEIR OWN WINE.
THE undersigned will deliver from the 1st to the 15th April next to any persons residing in Mifflin Co., ISABELLA GRAPE VINES of one year's growth, from cuttings of the "Majestic Vineyard," at the following rates, payable when delivered: 25 Vines for \$3, 50 for \$5.50, 100 do. for \$10.
Good Cuttings will be delivered at half the above rates. Also, Osage Orange Hedge plants to sell, and Hedges grown by contract. Orders must be received before the 1st of April to insure attention. Address
A. HARBURG, JR.
No. 1015, Mifflin Co., Pa.

HARDWARE!
To Buy Cheap for Cash,
Blacksmiths, buy at Hoffman's,
Carpenters, buy at Hoffman's,
Saddlers, buy at Hoffman's,
Shoemakers, buy at Hoffman's,
Cabinetmakers, buy at Hoffman's,
Farmers, buy at Hoffman's,
Builders, buy at Hoffman's,
Housekeepers, buy at Hoffman's.
Don't forget, if you want good Stoves, Pump Chains, Oil Cloths, Nails, Steel, Iron, Cutlery, Vices, Bellows, Chains, Glass, &c., F. J. Hoffman's Mammoth Hardware Store, and you can be accommodated. mh11

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS,
Medicines, Medicines, Medicines,
Paints, Glass, Paints, Glass, Paints,
Oils, Glass, Oils, Glass, Oils,
Trusses, Trusses, Trusses,
At
HOFFMAN'S.

GARDEN SEEDS!—I have now on hand a fine assortment of Fresh Garden Seeds, consisting of some of the finest varieties.
Pole and Bush Beans, early and late,
Dwarf and Bush do do do
Cabbage, do do do
Also, Radish, Beet, Onion, Lettuce, Chinese Sugar Cane, and other seeds.
mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN.

FLOUR!—I have now on hand and shall continue to keep a supply of Extra Superfine Flour from Pittsburgh, which will warrant to give entire satisfaction.
N. B. Those who want a good article can find it at mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

WALL PAPER!—As the Spring opens, housekeepers will be looking around for Wall Paper, where a good supply can be found and cheap. This can be done at mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

CORN CULTIVATORS!—A good article for sale by F. J. Hoffman.

FISH AND SALT
For sale by [mh11] F. J. HOFFMAN.

Sugar Cane and Flower Garden Seeds
At [mh11] F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

White Corn Meal.
An excellent article for sale by mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN.

CORN BROOMS,
A good article for 12 1/2 cents at mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

THE MODEL CHURN.
SPAIN'S PATENT
Atmospheric Barrel Churn
WILL make more Butter, of a better quality, from a given quantity of Cream, than any other in use. It is constructed in such a manner that the whole rest or dasher, can be removed (whole) from the inside of the Churn by simply unscrewing the handle end of the dasher to the square of the hole. The peculiar construction of the dasher agitates the cream in the centre as well as the sides, giving it a rotary motion, and preventing the cream from revolving with the dasher after it becomes thick. They also gather the butter quicker and better. They have Tubes in the lid for the purpose of letting the air escape as fast as it rises, and admitting the fresh air to pass through the churn while in operation. After churning, the dasher can be removed for a perfect cleaning. The Churn is then clear of all impediments in the way of removing the butter. For sale by F. J. FRANCISCUS.

SALONA and Perry County Cradles on hand and for sale by FRANCISCUS.

FARM BELLS!—two sizes—very good, for sale by FRANCISCUS.

ONE Thousand Sweet Potato Plants on hand and for sale by FRANCISCUS.

FLY NETS!—A good assortment for sale by FRANCISCUS.

HAY HOISTERS, Blocks, Ropes, &c. on hand and for sale by FRANCISCUS.

WERE I BUT WITH THESE!
Hours of lonely musing
Sometimes thou must have,
When, of toil a-weary,
Rest thy soul doth crave.
Then, if I were near thee,
Cases would be forgot,
And obtrusive sorrows
Be as they were not.
Thoughts and themes of beauty,
Rising wild and free,
Would our converse gladden,
Were I but with thee!
Thou wouldst bear my spirit
To thy shadow-land,
Where bright shapes of beauty
Spring, a glorious band.
Their harmonious motions,
As the wild waves free,
Would enchain our spirits,
Were I but with thee!
I would bear thee onward
To my realms of life,
Where with joy transcendent
All the scenes are rife.
In that glorious dream-land,
On that magic sea,
I were nearer heaven
Were I but with thee!

A HOME IN THE HEART.
Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliancy cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love once awakened will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.
Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will lighten your pleasure and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our loss,
The check-scaring tear drops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim that sheds a halo for him,
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.
A VISIT TO WEYER'S CAVE IN VIRGINIA.
Half a century ago, Bernard Weyer, a hunter of Virginia, discovered the cave which bears his name. It lies seventeen miles northeast of Staunton, and the road which leads to it is well worth traveling. We rode over the route towards the close of a delightful day. The same peculiarities that attract the stranger's attention while traveling through Virginia—the quaint log houses with chimneys of stone built entirely outside of the main structure, the cabins for the negroes, the dilapidated buildings and fences, the listless appearance of the inhabitants—were observable along the road. The flowers, so marked a feature in the Virginia landscape from spring to autumn, were blooming in great variety. The rhododendron, with its clusters of purple blossoms, the delicious wild honeysuckle, the scarlet wood lily, the sweet brier—almost the only familiar flowers to my Northern eyes—the wild coral bell, and a score of others, whose names I know not, but whose beauty and perfume added a welcome charm to the attractiveness of the scene, were scattered in great profusion along the roadside.

There is a very comfortable inn near the cave, kept by the proprietor of the wonders we seen on the morrow. It stands in a picturesque valley, among a cluster of hills, and near a rushing stream, and its appearance suggests an American copy of a Swiss chalet. So at bed time, I fell asleep listening to the babbling of the water, and trying to fancy myself in the little inn at Armstadt, which nestles among higher mountains, and has a large river to lull the traveler to sleep. But when, at an intolerably early hour the next morning there walked into my bedroom a very black young woman, with a cropped head and the very whitest of teeth, who chuckled out the information that it was time to get up and enter the cave, I realized that I was not under the shadow of St. Gothard, but in the United States of America, and particularly in the Ancient Dominion of Virginia.

The entrance to Weyer's Cave is on the side of a hill which slopes towards the little river, and commands a view of great natural beauty. You toil up the steep ascent, pass through a wooden entrance, take a candle in your hand, bid good bye to the day-light, scramble after your guide through a low, narrow passage, and find yourself in the cave. In the absence of the regular guide, it was our privilege to be escorted by a colored youth of singular sobriety, who had not the remotest idea of his own age, and who yawned frightfully in the most impressive localities during our subterranean journey. He proved to be thoroughly acquainted with the winding ways of the cave, and gave the fanciful names of the different stalactites in the most elaborate and artistic manner. I will not attempt to describe the nu-

merous wonders of this remarkable cavern. Suffice it to say that for a space of two or three hours you may wander through its labyrinthine passages, every moment discerning some new beauty and tracing some fresh resemblance to familiar objects in the delicate forms which nature has slowly wove in stone around you. There are two apartments, however, which will live the longest in my memory. One called the "Shell Room," has a ceiling of stalactites shaped like shells, and of the most exquisite purity and brilliancy. The effect of these as the light falls upon them is remarkably pleasing. Another, a room some fifty feet in length, is of a different character, and although called "Washington's Hall," its prominent feature is about as suggestive of the Father of his Country, as is the Greek Slave of the Laocoon. The sides are lined with stalactites like pillars; the ceiling sparkles and flashes as if covered with diamonds; and at the farther end there stands a figure with half averted face. Seen by the dim light of our candles, it seemed as if Michael Angelo's statue of Night had arisen to its feet and was standing before us. In both there is the same half defined expression struggling through its stony covering, the same majesty, the same repose. But no mortal hand has carved the wonderful likeness to the human form that stands in its solitary grandeur with such fitting surrounding; no sound of chisel has been heard in that almost unearthly solitude. Drop by drop the water has fallen and the figure has arisen and taken upon itself the semblance of man. There it stood for ages in the darkness, and there it still stand until the hour shall come when Nature shall destroy what she has so wonderfully fashioned.

We walked for hours in the cave, groping through winding passages into jeweled treasure houses that sparkled like the palace of Aladdin, till at last a faint gleam of daylight pierced the darkness before us, and we reached the outer world. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky as I stood at the mouth of the cave, and looking on the charming scene that lay before me, contrasted it with the glittering brilliance of the cold, damp prison house we had just left. The sights that met my eye, the sounds that fell upon my ear, were doubly welcome after the silence and gloom of the cavern of wonders. The fresh, sweet air, the distant hills on which the morning mist still lingered, the springing grass in the valley, the rustling trees, the notes of the singing birds in the branches, the voice of the rushing stream, the wild flowers at my feet, the very earth that lay bathed in the blessed light of Heaven, never seemed so delightful to my senses as when, emerging from the darkness, I looked upon the face of Nature, and thanked God that he had made the heavens and the earth.—*Cor. Boston Transcript.*

DISCOVERY OF ILLINOIS.
In 1673, James Marquette, with five Frenchmen as companions, and two Indians for guides, set out from Canada; and after a tedious journey, reached the great "Father of Waters," on which they embarked "with a joy that could not be expressed," and hoisting the sails of their bark canoes floated down the majestic river, "over broad clear sand bars," and glided past islets swelling from its bosom with tufts of massive thickness between the broad plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded with majestic forests and checkered groves. After descending the Mississippi for about sixty leagues, they discovered an Indian trail, and unhesitatingly left their canoes to follow it. After walking for some six miles, they came to an Indian village, whence four men advanced to meet them, offering the pipe of peace, their calumets "brilliant with many colored plumes," and speaking to them in language which Marquette understood: "We are in Illinois; that is 'we are men.'" "How beautiful is the sun, Oh Frenchmen, when thou comest to us! our village awaits thee: thou shalt enter in peace all dwellings." After staying with that hospitable people for a while, Jas. Marquette and his companions further descended the Mississippi river, until they were satisfied of its flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, when they returned, and reaching the 35th degree of north latitude, entered the Illinois river and followed it to its source. The tribe of Illinois Indians, which occupied its banks, invited Marquette to remain and reside among them. But

expressing a desire to continue his travels, he was conducted by one of the chiefs and several warriors to Chicago, in the vicinity of which place he remained to preach the gospel to the Miamis, whilst his companions returned to Quebec to announce the discoveries. Two years afterwards, he entered the river in the State of Michigan, called by his name, and erected on its banks a rude altar, said mass after the rites of the Catholic church; and being left alone at his request, he knelt down by its side, and offering to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplications, fell asleep to wake no more. The light breeze of the lake sighed his requiem, and the Algonquin became his mourners.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.
"Some folks say it is right to drink alcohol because it is a good creature of God. Well, grant that it is so—so is castor oil, and so is vinegar a good creature of God; but that is not a sufficient reason for a person to drink it three or four, or a dozen of times a day! A dog is a good creature of God—but suppose a dog goes mad and bites a man or a woman, would you let him alone, because, as you say, he is a good creature? Would you be satisfied with cutting off his tail, or would you knock him on the head and pitch him in the street? Now alcohol is more than a mad dog; for a bite from a mad dog only destroys life, while a bite from alchy destroys reason, reputation, life and everything else, besides dragging down the family of the bitten man to poverty and want.

"But alchy doesn't bite a mouthful at first. When he first snapped at me he only tickled me a little. I liked it first rate, and was anxious to get another bite. The old rascal of a tyrant kept nibbling at my heels as though he didn't mean to hurt me, while I like a fool, kept coaxing him on, till at last he gave me a snap in earnest and took the elbows out of my coat. Next he took the crown out of my hat, the shoes off my feet, the money out of my pocket, the sense out of my head, till at last I went raging-mad through the streets, perfectly a victim to alchy-phobia—but I signed the pledge and got cured; and if there is any man here who has been bitten as I was, let him take this teetotal medicine and I'll warrant him a speedy cure.

"But allowing alcohol is a good creature of God, are there not other creatures, too, such as beef, pork, puddings, pies, clothes, dollars and fifty others of the 'same sort?' Now, shall a man drink whiskey because it is a good creature, and go without a good, handsome wife, and good well-dressed children? No sir-ee! As for me, give me good beef and pudding, good pork and sausage, good friends, good clothes, and good wife and children, (or rather than miss, I will try and make them good) and king alchy may go to Texas, for all I care.

"Some say that wine is a good creature because our Saviour once turned water into wine. "Very well; but then he didn't turn rum, gin, logwood, cocculus indicus and cockroaches, into wine, as some people do. He turned water into wine. Now, if any wine bibbing apologist will take a gallon or a barrel of pure water, and by praying over it, or in any other way convert it into first-rate wine, I'm the boy as will go in for a swig of it!"

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.
M. M. FAXON'S
Attachment of Vulcanized India Rubber Spring to the Tubes of Grain Drills.
THE undersigned, having perfected an arrangement for the attachment of a Gum Spring to the Tubes and Drag Bars of Grain Drills, is happy to inform Farmers and all others interested in the growing of Wheat and other grains, that he is prepared to furnish GRAIN DRILLS, with the above article attached, at the shortest notice, at his Foundry, in McVeytown, Pa. Seeders have become an almost indispensable article to the Farmer, and he will find that the attachment of the Gum Spring will enhance its value at least one-half. All the detention and trouble caused by the breaking of wooden pins is entirely done away with by this arrangement, and a man, or boy, can perform nearly double the labor that he could under the old plan, with much greater ease, both to himself and horses. There need be no fear of the Spring breaking, for if there is an article that will neither break, or wear out, the Gum Spring is that article, and I hazard nothing in saying that my Grain Drill is the simplest in construction, most economical in performance, and therefore the most durable ever offered to the agricultural public. The fee is so arranged that it will sow 1, 1 1/2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 bushels per acre. Persons desiring one for the coming seeding are requested to send in their orders as early as possible. Direct to McVeytown, Mifflin county, Pa., or F. G. FRANCISCUS, Lewistown; E. L. FAXON, Hollidaysburg, Blair Co., Pa.; BOYER & BRO., Harrisburg, Pa., who are authorized to act as agents, and from whom any further information may be had.

PRICE OF DRILLS, with the attachment, \$75. Farmers who already have drills, can have them altered, and the India Rubber Spring attached, for from \$10 to \$15.
*All branches of the FOUNDRY BUSINESS still carried on, for which orders are respectfully solicited.
McVeytown, June 19, 1858.
F. G. FRANCISCUS, M. M. FAXON.

FISH!—Mackerel, Shad and Herring for sale by mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN.

Fatal Accident—A Man Killed by a Mowing Machine.—On Monday, the 5th inst., Mark Healy, of Falls township, son of the late Christopher Healy, while working a mowing machine on his mother's farm, near Fallington, was so badly injured, by his legs coming in contact with the knives, as to cause his death soon afterwards. It appears that he started out into the field to cut grass with the machine, in company with a young lad. After operating for some time, he had occasion to send the boy on an errand to the barn; when the lad returned he found Healy sitting upon the ground a short distance in the rear of the horses and mower, bleeding profusely from terrible wounds on his legs, and hardly able to speak from the loss of blood. The boy hurried to the house to notify Healy's mother of the sad accident, but by the time she reached the spot he was dead. It is supposed that he fell from his seat, or in some way came in contact with the knives while the mower was in motion, and before he succeeded in arresting the horses received the fatal injury. The machine must have struck him and pushed him aside and passed on, as his body was not otherwise bruised. The main arteries of the legs were all cut, causing his death in a shorter time from the loss of blood. The deceased was thirty-two years of age, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. This is the third fatal accident which has occurred in this county, within the past two years, from mowing machines.—*Bucks Co. Intelligencer.*

Death of a Russian Lady from Glanders.—The awful death of Madame Paleskoff, one of the most charming amongst all that bevy of charming Russian ladies who sometimes gladden the winters of Paris, has created a terrible shock amongst the circles she so lately embellished by her presence. The unhappy lady left Paris but a short time ago on a summer tour to Germany. While stepping from the door of the opera house at Berlin, to gain her carriage, she let fall one of her bracelets close to the pavement. Stooping to pick it up, she noticed at the time, languishingly, that "one of the horses belonging to a carriage standing at hand had dropped his head so close to her face that he had touched her, and left a moist kiss upon her cheek." In a few days the unfortunate lady was taken ill with that most horrible disease glanders, and in a few days more breathed her last, in spite of the attendance of the first physicians of Berlin, and every resource to be obtained by wealth or by the ceaseless vigilance of friends.—*Court Journal.*

A Sad Affair.—Daniel Elliott, a butcher residing in Butler county, Ohio, in a fit of merriment fastened a rope round his neck and then playfully bid his little girl to go tell her mother "somebody was hanging out there, who looked like Dan Elliott." Then showing a boy who was with him exactly how many notches, bid him, still laughing, to draw him up. The boy did so, and drew him off his feet. Once up, he could not, because of the ratchet, get him down, and when, in answer to the little girl's anxiety, Mrs. E. came out, her husband hung dead, his feet touching the floor, and the hook pressing hard against his jugular. From all the circumstances, it is not doubted that the act was done accidentally in a burst of playfulness.

The Veiled Murderess. Mrs. Robison, of Troy, gives the keepers at Sing Sing a deal of trouble. Lately she has become so troublesome that the officers are forced to confine her to her room a great portion of the time. For an hour or two each day, while the other convicts are engaged in the shops, she is left at liberty in the prison yard. Her unusual employment there is to hunt over the grass plot for "four-leaved clover." Four-leaved clover is an ingredient in her imaginary cauldron, over which she mutters incantations scarcely less weird and wild than that of the "three sisters." Mad or not mad, she is a puzzle and torment to those whose misfortune it is to have her in charge.

A long report from the Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Tioga, Crawford, Phoenixville, Shamokin and Octorara Banks, has been presented to the Governor. It exposes the most flagrant deception on the part of the Buffalo and other speculators, on the charters granted by the Legislature. J. Porter Brawley, late democratic Surveyor General, is the only Pennsylvanian who acted directly with these New York swindlers.

A most desperate attempt was made by a man named Geist, a blacksmith, residing at Roseville, Lancaster county, to drown his wife and child. He drove them into the Conacochee creek, and they were rescued with difficulty. He is insane.

SALT AND FISH.
BACON
TAKEN in exchange for Salt and Fish at right prices.
ap15 F. J. HOFFMAN.

STOVES! STOVES!—A large assortment at low prices for sale by F. J. HOFFMAN.