

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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

No. 2472.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1858.

New Series--Vol. III, No. 40.

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Franklin Fire Insurance Company
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 No. 435 and 437 Chestnut street, near Fifth.
 STATEMENT OF ASSETS, January 1, 1858, published agreeably to an act of Assembly, passed March 22, 1857.
 Mortgages, amply secured, \$1,596,825 19
 Real Estate, (present value) \$100,000 00
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Losses by Fire.
 Paid during the year 1857, \$903,789 4
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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 Cakes, Brooms, Tubs, Buckets, Baskets, and a large assortment of Willow-ware, which he sells for cash very cheap.
 I will pay Cash for Butter, Lard, Potatoes, &c.
 See prices, and judge for yourselves.
JAMES IRWIN.

CHEAP GOODS AGAIN!
 The undersigned having purchased the stock of goods of Samuel Comfort, containing all kinds of DRY GOODS, suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, Groceries, Hosiery, Ready-made Clothing, &c., and selling off the entire stock
AT COST!
 out of the establishment. Persons wishing to buy CHEAP will do well to give us a call. Country dealers wanting goods to keep their assortments will do well to examine our stock, as we will sell at Philadelphia prices.
 N. B. Country Produce, at market prices, will be received in exchange for goods.
G. W. SOULT,
 H. H. COMFORT.
 Lewistown, June 10, 1858.
 Lights best Window Sash, from 8x10 to 12x14, for sale very low. FRANCISCUS

THE MINSTREL.

THE HOPE, THE STAR, THE VOICE.

There is a hope, a blessed hope,
 More precious and more bright,
 Than all the joys of mockery
 The world esteems delight.
 There is a star, a lovely star,
 That lights the darkest gloom,
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
 The prospects of the tomb.
 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
 That lifts the soul above,
 Disperses dissuful, anxious doubt,
 And whispers, God is love.
 That voice is heard from Calvary's height,
 And speaks the soul forgiven;
 That Star is Revelation's light—that
 Hope, the Hope of Heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE GOOD DAY'S WORK.

'I've done a good day's work, if I never do another,' said Mr. Barlow, rubbing his hands together briskly, and with the air of a man who felt very much pleased with himself.
 'And so have I!' Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a much lower tone, and less exultant, yet indicative of a spirit at peace with itself.
 'Let us compare notes,' said Mr. Barlow, in the confident manner of one who knows that victory will be on his side 'and see which has done the best day's work.'
 'You, of course,' returned the gentleman heartily.
 'We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede mine.'
 'No,' said Mrs. Barlow, 'you shall give the first experience.'
 'Very well!' And, full of his subject, Mr. Barlow began: 'You remember the debt of Warfield, about which I spoke a few months ago?'

'Yes.'
 'I considered it desperate—would have sold out my interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning. Now the whole claim is secure. I had to scheme a little. It was sharp practice. But the thing is done. I do not believe that another creditor of Warfield's will get a third of his claim.'
 'The next operation,' continued Mr. Barlow, 'I consider about as good. About a year ago, I took fifty acres of land in Erie county for debt, at a valuation of five dollars an acre. I sold it to-day for ten. I don't think the man knew just what he was buying. He called to see about it, and I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture, when he promptly laid down one hundred dollars to bind the bargain. If I never see him again I am all right. That is transaction number two. Number three is pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods, almost a year out of date, to a young country merchant for cash. He thinks he has a bargain; and perhaps he has, but I would have let them go at any time during the past six months at a loss of thirty per cent., and thought the sale a desirable one. Now there is my day's work, Jenny, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being, upon the whole, a pretty bright sort of man, and bound to go through. Let us have your story, now.' 'Let us hear of the piles of stitching and the piles of good things you made.'

'No, nothing of that,' said Mrs. Barlow, with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant voice. 'I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doings will bear no comparison to yours, I think of declining their rehearsal.'
 'A bargain is a bargain, Jenny,' said Mr. Barlow. 'Word-keeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your story be told.—You have done a good day's work in your estimation, for you said so. Go on, I am all attention.'

Mrs. Barlow hesitated. But after a little more urging, began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued; and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.
 'I resolved last night,' said she, 'after passing some hours of self examination and self upbraiding, that I would, for one day, try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial day. Shall I go on?'

Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half-bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes, for he had turned them partly away.
 'Yes, dear Jenny, go on.'
 The husband's buoyancy of tone was

gone. In its place was something tender and pensive.

'Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse, I thought—cross as we call it. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times; but, remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience, and never let him hear a tone. Dear little fellow! When I went to wash him, after breakfast, I found by one of his ears a small inflamed boil. It has made him cross and worrisome all day. Oh, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my spirit.'

'After you went away to the store, Mary got into one of her perverse humors. She didn't want to go to school, to begin with, then she couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed; but recalled my good resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her willfulness with gentle rebuke, and so I conquered. She kissed me and started to school with a cheerful countenance, her slate in her satchel, and her pinching shoe unheeded.'

'And so I had my reward.'
 'But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed. So I called Ellen, and told her that Mary would require a frock and two pair of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slips, and you some pocket handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quick tongue; indignant words to me. 'Patience! Patience!' whispered a small, still voice; I stifled, with an effort, my feelings, restrained my speech and controlled my countenance. Very calmly as to all exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face until she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion. 'You must have forgotten yourself,' said I with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of irritation. She was humbled at once; confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her, after reproval, and she went back to the kitchen something wiser, I think, than when I summoned her. The work I required has been done, and well done, and the girl has seemed all day, as if she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness and services, for that hasty speech! If I mistake not, we were both inspired by the discipline through which we passed.'

'Other trials I have had through the day. Some of them quite as severe as the few that I have mentioned; but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down; I was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may not seem much in your eyes.'

Mr. Barlow did not look or speak, as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response. Then he bent forward, suddenly kissed her, saying as he did so:
 'Mine was work, yours a battle—mine success, yours conquest—mine easy toil, yours heroism! Jenny, dear, since you have been talking, I have thought thus: My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without stains, and white as angel's robes. Loving monitor! may your lessons of to-night make me a better man. Your good days work gives a twofold blessing?'

A Residence in two States and three Counties at the same time.—At the place called "College Corner," an individual occupies a house that is rather singularly situated. One half of the house is in the State of Indiana and the other half in Ohio. The boundary line between Butler and Preble counties in Ohio, runs directly through the house, so that the occupant lives in two counties, in Ohio, and one in Indiana at the same time. Of course, if he was charged with any offence, it would be right sharp work for an officer to catch him, armed with a process from Preble county. He would only have to pass from one room to the other in his dwelling, to be beyond the jurisdiction of an officer, by going into Butler county. And if officials from both counties should come at him at the same time, he takes to the kitchen, or the parlor, as the case might be, and he is safe beyond their reach in another State, although he might be within arms length of the officers. It would require three warrants to catch a man so peculiarly domiciled, and if wanted in this State, he would not be compelled to cross his own door-sill without a requisition.

Cooling off—The weather and Granville piques.

IN BED WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

We have frequently heard of snakes visiting houses, and of their sometimes having been found in and under beds, but we do not recollect ever having heard as remarkable an escape from a snake as the following, related to us by Mr. T. W. Bliss, who was present when it occurred. About five weeks ago, two children of Mr. Jacob Schell, living about three and a half miles west from Washington—the one aged nine and the other four years—becoming weary from the excessive heat, lay down on the bed shortly after dinner and were soon fast asleep. Some time in the afternoon Mr. Schell and our informant, who had been at work in the field, were compelled to seek the house for shelter from a heavy shower. They had scarcely entered the house when Mrs. Schell went to the bed to re-place some of the covering which had become misplaced, when a horrible sight met her eyes, the head of a large rattlesnake projecting from between the children, and its body in close proximity to theirs. Mrs. S. was of course much frightened, and there is not much doubt that it would have terminated fatally to at least one of the children, had it not been for the providential arrival of the two men, who with more presence of mind, quietly removed them from either side of the bed at the same time, without alarming the snake. This undoubtedly saved their lives. His 'snakeship' was then unceremoniously dispatched. It proved to be a very large one, with six rattles in its tail. How he got there is a mystery.—*Pooria Union 15th.*

U. S. Artillery Defeated in a Skirmish with the Buffaloes.—An officer of the army writing to the New York Herald, from the Camp on the Platte, says, on the 4th of July we first struck the buffalo. The excitement was intense. The recruits in their enthusiasm broke through discipline, and blazed away at a small herd crossing the road in front of them. Three or four bulls ran parallel to a light battery, when the artillerymen commenced peppering them with Colt's revolvers. Stung by these leaden pellets, the animals wheeled in a line and charged the battery with the most warlike intentions. Down they came with glaring eyes, and away went the horses and pieces in the most inglorious manner. One piece ran to the rear, and another struck off a quarter of a mile into the prairie before the frightened horses became manageable. The dragoons and infantry, of course had a hearty laugh at the vanquished artillery; but had they been charged, one half the former would probably have found a seat some where else, and the latter scattered rapidly, without standing at all in the order of their going. Indeed, if there is any military combination, composed of flesh and blood, capable of stolidly withstanding the charge of an infuriated herd of buffaloes I have yet to find it out.

A Rich California Woman.—The California Express says, Mrs. Eliza Todd, who owns a ranch a mile below Weaversville, is a remarkable woman. In 1852 she walked from Shasta to Weaversville, and, without money, began the business of washing for \$6 a dozen. An acquaintance, who lived near her domicile, says that for a long time she was bending over the washtub at daylight in the morning, at noon, and at ten at night. Business prospered, and after awhile she bought two claims, which turned out well. Then she bought chickens, which laid eggs, and which she sold at half a dollar apiece; then she bought a pig for \$125, and sold its progeny for an ounce each, or \$25; then bought cows and sold milk. Business still increased, and she began buying real estate, lending money at ten per cent a month, and speculating in claims; always was fortunate; every touch turned something to gold. Now she is one of the largest property holders in the north.

Homicide and Suicide.—We learn that on Wednesday morning of the present week the wife of Mr. Williams, a wealthy farmer living in Pittsfield, Lorain county, committed suicide by hanging herself by a strip of a sheet to a corner of the house. A deaf and dumb daughter of the deceased, who was some twelve years of age, was also found dead. It is supposed that Mrs. Williams first hung the girl, and then hung herself. No satisfactory reasons are now known. Mrs. Williams had commenced an action for a divorce in the Court of Com-

mon Pleas, of Lorain county, which a few days before the killing of herself and child was amicably settled, and the suit withdrawn.—*Cleveland Review.*

Three Children Picked up in Lake Erie.—The Windsor Herald gives the following particulars of the finding of three children floating in Lake Erie, on Thursday last: 'Mr. Owen was crossing from Sandusky to Kingsville in a small schooner, when about eight miles from one of the islands, he fell in with a small boat containing three children, the eldest about 11 or 12—a girl—the others much smaller.—The boat was full of water, drifting before the wind, and they up to their necks in water. From being so long in the water they had become almost speechless, and and were with difficulty freed from their hold on the boat. From the oldest Mr. Owens learned their names and where they belonged, and kindly took them home.—From the father he learned that they had been in the water from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. They had been in the boat in the morning, shortly after which they were missing. The father started in pursuit, but failing to find them returned to the island.'

Bloody Murder in Cobb, Ga.—The editor of the Augusta Despatch writes from Marietta, Aug. 8: 'A horrible tragedy was perpetrated at Powder Springs on Wednesday last. A Mr. Duncan was killed by Mr. Lingo, his brother-in-law, in a most cold blooded and fiendish manner. Duncan ran away with Lingo's sister, about three months ago, and married her, for which Lingo threatened to kill him; and, on the day the fatal deed was committed, he publicly avowed his purpose, and started in pursuit of him about the village. Duncan avoided him, and asked the bystanders not to let Lingo reach him, as he had threatened to take his life. But Lingo persisted and followed him up with a drawn sword-cane, when Duncan finding that he could not get away from him, fired a pistol at him. A scuffle then ensued, in which Duncan was thrown down, when Lingo stabbed him several times, causing his death in a few seconds. Lingo is in jail, in Marietta, chained and the jail is guarded.'

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.
PROSPECTUS.
 VOLUME FOURTEEN BEGINS SEPT. 11, 1858.
MECHANICS, Inventors, Manufacturers and Farmers.—The Scientific American has now reached its Fourteenth Year, and will enter upon a new volume on the 11th of September. It is the only weekly publication of the kind now issued in this country, and it has a very extensive circulation in all the States of the Union. It is not, as some might suppose from its title, a dry abstruse work on technical science; on the contrary, it so deals with the great events going on in the scientific, mechanical and industrial worlds, as to please and instruct every one. If the Mechanic or Artizan wishes to know the best machine in use, or how to make any substance employed in his business—if the Housewife wishes to get a recipe for making a good color, &c.—if the Inventor wishes to know what is going on in the way of improvements—if the Manufacturer wishes to keep posted with the times, and to employ the best facilities in his business—if the man of leisure and study wishes to keep himself familiar with the progress made in the chemical laboratory, or in the construction of telegraphs, steamships, railroads, reapers, mowers, and a thousand other machines and appliances, both of peace and war—all these desiderata can be found in the Scientific American, and not elsewhere. They are here presented in a reliable and interesting form, adapted to the comprehension of minds unlearned in the higher branches of science and art.

TERMS.—One copy one year, \$2; one copy six months, \$1; five copies six months, \$4; ten copies six months, \$8; ten copies twelve months, \$15; fifteen copies twelve months, \$22; twenty copies twelve months, \$38, in advance.
 Specimen copies sent gratuitously for inspection. Southern and Western money, or postage stamps, taken for subscriptions. Letters should be directed to
MUNN & CO.,
 128 Fulton street, N. Y.
 Messrs. MUNN & Co. are extensively engaged in procuring patents for new inventions, and will advise inventors, without charge, in regard to the novelty of their improvements. aug19

T. F. MccOY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewistown, Mifflin county, Pa., will attend to the collection of accounts and other legal business in Mifflin and adjoining counties.
 Office on West Market street, two doors below the True Democrat Office. my20-ly

DR. HOOVER
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity. Office three doors west of Zollinger's hat store, East Market street. mh25-6m

NOTICE.
Save Costs!
HAVING disposed of my stock of Goods, all persons indebted to me by note or book account, are requested to call and make settlement, as I intend placing the accounts in the hands of an officer for collection in thirty days from the date of this notice.
SAMUEL COMFORT.
 Lewistown, June 10, 1858.

Moral and Religious.

"WHERE IS YOUR HOME?"
 Tell me ye dew-drops that sparkle in the early morning and make the little blades of grass look as though they were cased in glass—'Where is your home?' for as soon as the eastern sky is illuminated with that bright orb of day, you sparkle for a little while, and then disappear. But 'where is your home?' Is it in those bright stars that sparkle in the clear blue vault of Heaven? Yes, I think it must be there, for when they are hid from view by clouds, you come not, and I think that must be your home, and you come to visit us in the early morning to make our earth appear more beautiful.

Tell us, little child, with your golden ringlets and sunny smile, as you trip along so light and gay with your basket of beautiful spring flowers, 'where is your home?' I wonder if it will not answer, that it is in that pretty cottage by the side of the brook whose waters are so bright and sparkling that they seem like drops of chrysal.

Yes, that is a lovely home, for the flowers seem as if they grew more luxuriant there than they do elsewhere; for there it was that it had filled its basket with those beautiful gifts of Heaven—flowers. Well you may trip lightly with your flowers, little one, for the dark shades of sorrow have not yet crossed your pathway, and may those bright gifts, be a shield to protect you there.

Ask that frail, weak form, that we see resting upon a bench beneath the drooping willow, which almost hides her from view—where her home is, and her answer will be, 'I am staying here for a short time, but my home is far beyond the clouds and stars, and I am waiting for the voices of angels to call me there. This beautiful world has been my resting place for a few short years, but now I feel that my home will soon be with the blessed, and with bright seraph forms I hope soon to sing hymns around the Savior's throne.'

THE BIBLE.
 BY WM. H. ALEXANDER.
 Those who merely read the Bible for the sake of conforming to any certain rule, do not derive, of course, the same refreshment and attending desire to improve in its knowledge, as those who peruse it, for the sake of being instructed and comforted by its holy teachings.

The Bible has often been looked upon by some as inconsistent in regard to its truth. But so many attempts have been made to frustrate the well intended theory of its composition that, were it not a book of divine truth, the arguments brought against it would have, ere this, annihilated all respect to its weight or its teachings.

The Bible is an invaluable gift to the poor suppliant for divine mercy, and its pages are filled with that consolation and comfort which no other book has ever yielded. The wisdom of Solomon, and the good advice given to us by him, are manifested in his inestimable 'Proverbs,' and an earnest reader cannot but derive some counsel, which, if but properly used, will prove a blessing to him in all his trials and temptations, and soften at once the hardening tendency of his heart.

The Bible teaches us of the wonderful attributes of God, and of our duty toward Him and our fellow men. It tells us of a blessed Savior, who took upon himself the form of man that he might live with us here below and suffer for us on the Cross of Calvary. It tells us of the character of His blessed Apostles, who went about doing good. It tells us of the great faith of Noah, Abraham, and of Jacob. It tells us of the mercy of our Lord, of His loving kindness, and of the rewards waiting for those who truly love Him and unfeignedly believe His holy word. And it tells us of the dreadful punishment in store for those who still refuse to accept His glorious promises and who are living in trespass and in sin. This is addressed to those who are inclined to be good as those who are careless and unconcerned, and very often no impression is made on our stony hearts, and we go on, continuing in old habits and conforming still more to the world. Such is man, a procrastinating creature, who foolishly prefers the enjoyment of a few years of life here to the enduring bliss of Heaven.

Not right—Stealing corn by the bagful. Such fellows ought to be 'peppered.'