

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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Franklin Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia.  
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Perpetual or Limited Insurances made on every description of property, in Town and Country. Rates as low as are consistent with security. Since their incorporation, a period of twenty-eight years, they have paid over Four Millions of Dollars' losses by fire, thereby affording evidence of the advantages of Insurance, as well as the ability and disposition to meet with promptness all liabilities.  
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**NEW GROCERY, PROVISION AND FISH STORE.**  
The subscriber has opened a Grocery, Provision and Fish Store opposite Major Eisenbe's Hotel, where he has just received a fine assortment of fresh  
**Family Groceries,**  
among which may be found fine Coffee, Sugar, Teas, Molasses, Syrups, Cheese, Crackers, Fish, Ham, Shoulder, Fine Assorted and Dairy Salt, Tobacco, Segars, Soap, &c.  
Also, Brooms, Tubs, Buckets, Baskets, and a large assortment of Willow-ware, which he offers for cash very cheap.  
I will pay Cash for Butter, Lard, Potatoes, Onions, &c.  
Call, see prices, and judge for yourselves.  
JAMES IRWIN.  
CHEAP GOODS AGAIN!  
The undersigned having purchased the stock of goods of Samuel Comfort, consisting of all kinds of DRY GOODS, suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, Groceries, Queensware, Ready-made Clothing, &c., intend selling off the entire stock  
**AT COST!**  
to close out the establishment. Persons wishing to buy CHEAP will do well to give us a call. Country dealers wanting goods to keep up their assortment 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. SOLT,  
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Lewistown, June 10, 1858.  
700 lights best Window Sash, from 8x 10 to 12x16, for sale very low. FRANCIS CUS

## THE MINSTREL.

### LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.  
When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken,  
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,  
I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,  
I feel like one forsaken.  
Since my Italy is no longer with me now,  
Listen to the mocking bird,  
Listen to the mocking bird,  
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave;  
Listen to the mocking bird,  
Listen to the mocking bird,  
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.  
I'm dreaming now of Italy, sweet Italy, sweet Italy,  
I'm dreaming now of Italy,  
For the thought of her is one that never dies—  
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,  
She's sleeping in the valley,  
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.  
Listen to the mocking bird, &c.

Ab, well I yet remember, remember, remember,  
Ab, well I yet remember,  
When we gathered 'in the cotton side by side;  
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,  
'Twas in the mild September,  
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.  
Listen to the mocking bird, &c.

### NELLIE'S DREAM.

I had the sweetest dream, dear mother,  
As I lay on my little bed;  
I thought I saw my angel brother,  
With a crown around his head.  
He wore a robe of purest white,  
And his eyes were full of love,  
And O, he looked as wondrous bright  
As the stars that shine above.  
He said, "I watch you, Nellie dear,  
From my home in yonder skies,  
And I've come your little heart to cheer,  
And wipe your tearful eyes."  
"I see you in your merry play,  
Or when at mother's side  
You kneel at eve and sweetly pray  
That God your steps would guide."  
"Then weep no more at my little grave,  
Where flowers bloom so fair;  
I dwell where sweeter blossoms wave  
In the bright celestial air."  
And then, dear mother, his wings he spread,  
Of shining silvery hue,  
And far away he swiftly sped,  
And soon was lost to view.  
I called him aloud, and then I awoke,  
So real did it seem.  
I know, dear mother, while I spoke,  
Although it was a dream.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### PARLOR DAUGHTERS.

BY A BACHELOR.

Girls, young ladies, and, if you please, mothers, too, just listen a moment, for I have a short story to tell you; and, perhaps at the close of it, we will find a 'moral,' and, perhaps a sermon.  
A few days since, I called upon a young lady. I may as well say that, having been considerably 'impressed' by her beauty and brilliant conversation at several evening social parties, I had resolved to prosecute the acquaintance. I will not affirm that there had not floated vaguely about in my brain, certain pleasing rose colored 'Bachelor's reveries,' in which figured conspicuously the beaming face and elegant figure of Miss B.

Be that as it may, I called; and, being ushered into the parlor, I sat down, and awaited, with some patience, the appearance of the lady.  
My attention was soon arrested by voices in an adjoining apartment, and the door being ajar, I was perforce a listener.

"Oh, Carrie," said a very weak voice, "if you would only have assisted me three hours a day, this attack might have been averted; but now 'tis too late. I know that weeks if not months of illness, are before me. I am all tired out."  
"Why mother," replied a voice almost petulantly—I had admired it the evening previous for its spirited yet amiable tones—why mother, nobody does kitchen work now; at least, nobody that is anybody.—Just think of Mrs. Smythe, or Miss Brown, or Mrs. Soule, associating with your kitchen girl, with her dingy hands. Why, the idea is absurd; and besides, I hate house-work."

"Well," replied the invalid voice, "I don't know what would have been thought of your assisting me about the house a few few hours each day, but I do know, that for the want of this help, I have been obliged to overtask myself."  
Miss F. soon made her appearance, with her winning smile, and gay laugh, and brilliant repartee; but, somehow, the image of her overtaken mother constantly came between her and my previous admiration; so, after a few ill-at-ease attempts at conversation, I took my leave.

As I slowly walked away, musing, 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams.' A daughter who 'hateth housework' to such a degree, as to allow her mother to get 'all tired out,' and ill, from being 'overtasked,' could such a daughter become that most inestimable boon this side of Heaven, a good wife?

What if her husband had wealth, and filled his house with troops of servants, could he have a quiet, neat, well ordered home? Would his children have a true mother? No. A parlor daughter will make a parlor wife. Brilliant, fascinating—a rare and costly ornament—challenging the admiration of the world, it may be, but never the holy source and centre of the comfort and peace of her family.  
And thus rudely my rose colored reveries were changed to sombre hued realities. I queried, was Miss F. an exception to this rule? How many young ladies of my acquaintance here really 'helps to their mothers' in domestic affairs? How many would not blush with shame at being seen making bread—not cake, but bread?—How many could cook and get on the table a good dinner, or superintend or direct such an undertaking? How many to whom the old fashioned 'dish cloth' is not a 'horrid thing'? How many could starch and iron a shirt bosom or collar, so it would look respectable?

Alas! how few could I recall who would not properly be numbered in the long list of those to whom these things were not only mysteries, but absolutely disagreeable and undesirable. I say 'alas,' for it is a sad thing, not only for us young men, the future husbands of these frail 'lilies of the field,' who 'toil not, neither do they spin,' but to the daughters themselves.  
Look at them—look at yourselves, young ladies. Where is the round, plump, solid arm and cheek of your grandmother, at your age? Where is her power of endurance, her exuberant spirit, depressed by no circumstances; her energy and self reliance, equal to her emergency; and where in the future are you to obtain strength to pass unscathed through the perils of maternity, as did she?

Look around you as the young wives and mothers; what pitiable specimens of feminine humanity; what discouraged, disheartened objects of commiseration; what traces of pain and illness are written upon their shrunken visages before the fifth anniversary of the 'honeymoon'!  
Look at the unhappy countenances of half the young husbands you meet! Do they not speak of pleasing anticipations, followed by unpleasant realities? How many a husband, who in his bachelor days fondly dreamed of a blithe, cheerful, neat housewife, whose larklike song should testify each morning that household duties were a well spring of pleasure, has found by sad experience, the wide difference between romance and reality! And how many a young man of marriageable age and fine prospects, seeing the rude dispelling of this or that companion's dream of domestic enjoyment, takes warning, and holds himself sternly aloof from all matrimonial entanglements. I assure you, ladies, I know many a young man, considered by calculating maumas, and amiable daughters, as decidedly a good match, who, in confidential conversation, does not hesitate to say that he does not *dare* to get married.

"Why," said a young man, of wealth and position, to me, but last week, "when I marry, I want a home; and I have been looking for the last five years for a wife calculated, by nature and education, to make a home for me, and a true mother for my children, but in vain, so far. Is not health needed? But how can the frail louver and twaddler, to whom the midnight glare of the chandelier is far more familiar than the morning sun, have health for herself, or to bequeath to her children? Is not a cheerful disposition needed? But how can this be acquired or kept by those whose lives are but one constant round of selfish frivolity? How can one gain habits of care and application, without having even the care of her own room? How can one superintend the details of housekeeping, so as to minister to the comfort of the household, to whom every item of that housekeeping is not only unknown, but positively 'hateful'? No, I tell you, Fred, although I may be able to support an animated parlor ornament, yet my taste does not run that way; and so I choose to remain a bachelor, until I find an intelligent girl, with domestic accomplishments."

Is not this a common sense conclusion, ladies? Whether it is or not, many of the most desirable young men for husbands are thus resolved, and more are coming to think so.  
MORAL.—Young lady, if you wish your

mother's life prolonged help her about the house. If you wish health, and lasting beauty, do housework. If you wish a good husband, and wish to make him happy, don't 'hate housework.'

### INHERITED PECULIARITIES.

In one of the New England States I know a lad, now about twelve or thirteen years of age, whose condition is a most remarkable demonstration of the natural law that in every case the child is a very faithful copy of his parents.

The boy is a natural drunkard. From his birthday to the present moment, he has given all the outward indications of being deeply drunk; and yet, so far as I know or think probable, he has never tasted a drop of ardent liquor in his life. Though in good sound health, he has never been able to walk without staggering. His head is always on his breast; and his speech is of that peculiar character, which marks a person in a very low stage of intoxication. If nevertheless, in the midst of his mutterings and reelings something is said to him in a way to pass through the thick atmosphere of his intellectual being, and penetrate his mind, he at once rouses, like a common triper, and gives proof enough, that he is not wanting in native talents, however his mental faculties are enshrouded. His disposition, also, seems to be extremely amiable. He is kind to every one around him; and I may add, he is not only pitied for his misfortune, but in spite of his lamentable condition, regarded with uncommon interest. He is looked upon as a star of no mean magnitude, obscured and almost blotted out by the mist in which he is doomed to dwell, until he shall have passed from the present state of existence to another.  
Now as I understand the laws of hereditary descent, there is nothing unnatural in this boy's case. Every individual ever born is governed by the same principle which caused him to be what he is. Prior to marriage his father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate, and when the fact became known to the gentle and sweet spirited being who but a few months before had become his wife, the revelation was made suddenly, and in a way the most impressive and appalling. One night, when he was supposed to be the most unimpeachable of husbands, he staggered home, broke through the door of his sleeping apartment and fell down on the floor, in a state of wretched inebriation. For weeks he wallowed in misery. During the next six or seven months, seeing his domestic reputation had been forfeited, he kept up almost a continuous scene of intoxication. When at the end of this period, it was told him that he was the "husband of a mother," he reeled and staggered on without much abatement. Months passed away; but there occurred no change in the habits of the poor inebriate. It was at once discovered, however, that there was something singular in the appearance of that child. When it was three months old, there began to be strange speculations regarding it among the people. At the age of six months, these speculations had settled down into a very general opinion, but not a word was said to the disconsolate woman who had also begun to have her own forebodings. At last, as she was one evening looking upon her child, and wondering what could be the reason of its strange conduct, the terrible idea flashed upon her soul—"My child is a natural drunkard!"—She shrieked aloud; and her husband who happened to be within hearing, came to her. She fell upon his neck, and exclaimed, "Dear husband, our little George is born a—!" She could proceed no further, but swooned away in her husband's arms.

From that hour the father of the boy never tasted a drop of spirits. The sight of his eyes and the heavings of his heart, entirely cured him of his habits. He seldom looks upon his unfortunate little George without shedding a tear over that sin which entailed upon him a life of obscurity and wretchedness. He has lived, I rejoice to add, so as to redeem his character; he is now the father of five children, all of whom are bright, beautiful and lovely, excepting only the one whose destiny was thus blasted.  
This principle of inheriting traits and characteristics, is susceptible of an indefinite number of illustrations. It has become a proverb, and is sustained by all history and observation, the offspring of libidinous

connections are uniformly marked with a strong tendency to improper passions, while the subsequent sons and daughters of the same parentage, where thorough repentance has taken place, are in general virtuous.

### ILLUSTRATION OF LIFE.

Bishop Heber, upon departing for India, said in his farewell sermon:—"Life bears on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first goes down the mighty channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook; and the willows upon its glassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us,—the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider, deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited by our short lived enjoyment. The stream bears us on, and joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed; for, rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the waves beneath our feet and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

**Ancient and Modern Empires.**—Blackwood's Magazine, with all its conservative principles, mingled as they are with doctrines that are now regarded as politically effete, often condenses into brief space many interesting and historical matters that are alike agreeable and instructive to the general reader. Among these interesting papers we find a reference to the Roman empire and its military forces, and a comparison with similar elements in modern kingdoms. According to the estimates before us, Russia surpasses Rome in extent of territory, and contains an army considerably more numerous. France and Austria rank next to Russia in the number of their standing armies, and could bring singly in the field a much larger force than the whole Roman empire. The military force of the Pagan empire is here estimated at about 450,000 men; the Christian monarchs of France and Austria are each of them reputed to maintain an army of 650,000 men, and when we reflect upon the invention of gunpowder, and the enormous force of artillery, it is evident that any one of the first rate Powers of modern Europe could bring into the field a destructive force that would sweep from the face of the earth the thirty legions of Adrian. The very division of Europe into a number of States involves this increase of soldiery. In the old Roman empire the great Mediterranean Sea lay as peaceful as a lake, and the Roman ships had nothing to dread but the winds and the waves; whereas in modern Europe many quite artificial boundaries have to be guarded by an army of soldiers. "Belgium defends her flats with 100,000 men, and the marshes of Holland are secured by 60,000 Dutch." Hitherto everything has tended to develop the military power in Christendom.

**Sugar in Illinois.**—Some of the Illinois farmers agree in saying that the quantity of sugar raised in that State this year from the Sorghum cane, will exceed in amount, including of course the molasses made in the same process, that of any other one product or article of export grown or manufactured in the State. We are inclined, says the Cincinnati Times, to think this an exaggerated statement, but there can be no doubt that the amount is really very considerable, and that sugar may hereafter be regarded as one of the staple productions, not only of Illinois, but of most of the Northwestern States.

**Slave Case in Cincinnati.**—A negro who gave the information upon which the two slaves who took the "Under Ground" some months ago from Kentucky to Canada, and returned to Cincinnati with the intention of running off a gang of chattels from their old home, were arrested last week, was set upon by a white man and two negroes on Monday, in the neighborhood of that city, severely beaten and robbed of the money he had received as a reward from the owners of the returned fugitive.  
**The Black Tongue.**—The Richmond Dispatch says the black tongue is prevailing to an alarming extent, in various parts of the country, and is proving quite fatal to cattle. A gentleman residing in Henrico county states that his milch cows had given such strong evidence of suffering with the disease, that he had forbidden the use of milk in his family.

The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hung up both together—the former by the tongue the latter by the ears.

**A Texan Paradise.**—San Antonio is, in almost every respect, different from any other city in the State, if not in the Union. Its merchants have made princely fortunes—its mechanics are speculators—its citizens are self-reliant and independent, and even its loafers are civil and gentlemanly. Its politics are also peculiar. Many of the Germans, French and Mexicans are Know-Nothings, whilst many of the American citizens are zealous Austin Convention Democrats. The atmosphere of the place seems to engender a spirit of energy and self-reliance, and the people are generally healthy, independent, energetic and happy.—*San Antonio Advocate.*

## WEST'S Patent Galvanic Cement For Roofing.

THE undersigned having purchased the right for this Cement in Mifflin and Centre counties, are now prepared to furnish and put it on roofing wherever desired—the roof being sheeted by the owner. Scientific men under the direction of government, and architects and builders in various parts of the country, for years have been studying and experimenting to discover some composition or article for roofing, which would resist the changes of our climate, and would unite the qualities of *Imperiousness to Water, Incombustibility, Durability and Cheapness.* No article now in use possesses these qualities. Shingles are not fire proof, and cannot be used upon flat roofs. Slate can only be used upon steep roofs. The contraction, expansion and rusting of metallic roofs are so great in this changeable climate that they soon become worthless, or the repairs will cost more than a new roof. The various cements and compositions which have been introduced, can be supplied only to very flat roofs, and they are all so affected by the action of the weather that they will melt and run in summer and crack in winter, and in a short time become crumbly and worthless. The inventor of the Galvanic Cement has labored twenty years to obviate these difficulties, and it is believed by those who have had opportunities to test the matter, that he has entirely succeeded. As now applied,  
First—It is completely impervious to water. Water may continually stand upon the roof without affecting it in the least.  
Second—It is fire-proof. It is so incombustible that it will afford ample and perfect protection against fire, sparks and burning shingles from another building immediately adjoining.  
Third—It is durable. It is not injured by atmospheric changes, having been tested for several years by the Patentee, at Syracuse, New York.  
Fourth—It is cheap. Roofs will be put on for about half the cost of tin, and will last much longer.  
Fifth—Repairs are easily and cheaply made.  
Sixth—It is sufficiently elastic to entirely resist the expansion and contraction by heat and cold, and will remain perfect and solid in the warmest and coldest weather.  
Seventh—It is adapted to all kinds of roofs, either flat or steep.  
Eighth—It is valuable for repairing old roofs. Old shingle roofs may be covered without removing the shingles. Old metallic roofs can be made perfectly tight and secure.  
Ninth—It is especially adapted to all kinds of seaming around battlements, sky-lights and chimneys, and for the lining of eave troughs and gutters. Roofs which have given trouble for years, and which have continued to leak in spite of all efforts, can be made perfectly secure by this cement.  
Tenth—It has been proved to be the best article ever used for covering car tops and steamboat decks.  
Eleventh—This cement applied to new tin roofs preserves them from rusting, by furnishing a coat which is at once impervious to water and an almost perfect non-conductor of heat.  
Twelfth—It is the only roofing material patented which contains India rubber and gutta percha.

For particulars of this cement, owners of property will please address  
E. LOCKE,  
ap15 Locke's Mills, Mifflin co., Pa.

## 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

## E. B. BROWN, SURGEON DENTIST.

PROFESSIONAL business promptly attended to, and charges reasonable.  
OFFICE on North Main street, second door below the town Hall, and nearly opposite the Gazette office. je 21, 1858-4f.

## T. F. MOCOY,

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. my20-1y

## Wood Turning, Sawing, and Plaster Grinding.

THE subscriber having leased the old Stone Mill adjoining the Lewistown Mills, is now prepared to execute to order all kinds of Sawing and Wood Turning at reasonable rates.  
All kinds of Patterns and Jobbing generally done to order.  
JAMES M. COUCH,  
Lewistown, April 1, 1858-3y

## JUST RECEIVED on hand some half

and quarter barrels of Splendid MACK-BREL; for sale cheap for cash at my20 FELLIX'S GROCERY.