

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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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,**  
 among which may be found fine Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Molasses, Syrups, Cheeses, 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.  
 sep3

**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, Readymade 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. H. SOULT,  
 H. H. COMFORT.  
 Lewistown, June 10, 1858.

7000 lights best Window Sash, from 8x10 to 12x18, for sale very low. FRANCIS

## THE MINSTREL.

**HYMN.**  
 Great God of nations, now to thee  
 Our hymn of gratitude we raise;  
 With humble heart, and bending knee,  
 We offer thee our song of praise.  
 Thy name we bless, almighty God,  
 For all the kindness thou hast shown  
 To this fair land the pilgrims tread—  
 This land we fondly call our own.  
 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,  
 And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;  
 Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide  
 In safety through their dang'rous way.  
 We praise thee that the gospel's light  
 Through all our land its radiance sheds;  
 Disperses the shades of error's night,  
 And heaven's blessings round us spreads.  
 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;  
 In danger still our guardian be;  
 O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here:  
 Let all the people worship thee.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Be Polite to All.**  
 'Halloo, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up or we shall leave you behind!'

The cars were waiting at a station on one of our Western railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing; the baggage master was busy with baggage and checks; the men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive puffed, and snorted, and blowed.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, he called out:  
 'Halloo, Limpy, better get aboard or the cars will leave you behind!'

'Time enough, I reckon,' replied the individual so roughly addressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car. 'All aboard!' cried the conductor. 'Get on, Limpy,' said he as he passed the carelessly dressed lame man. The lame man made no reply. Just as the train was slowly moving away, he stepped on the platform of the last car, and walking in, quietly took a seat. The train moved on a few miles, when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.  
 'Hand out your money here!'

'I don't pay,' replied the lame man very quietly.

'Don't pay?'

'No, sir.'

'We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station,' and he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

'Better not be so rough, young man,' returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet bag for a moment, and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned, looked up at the conductor and asked him:  
 'Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?'

'No, sir.'

'That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road.'

'Are you sure of that?' replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

'I know him.'

The color rose a little to the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat. None of those who were near him could unravel the expression of his countenance, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come perhaps through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it? And yet, why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions

to the position he now held. When, a little orange pedlar, he stood by the street-crossing, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt? Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back.—With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his books from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

'I resign my place, sir,' he said.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning to the vacant seat at his side, said:  
 'Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with you.'

As the young man sat down, the President turned to him with a face in which was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone:  
 'My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to get another. But in future, remember to be polite to all whom you meet. You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears, and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir, I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing which has happened shall injure you. Your situation is still continued. Good morning, sir!'

The train of cars swept on, as many a train had done before; but within it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus—DON'T JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.

**The Swearer's Prayer, or His Oath Explained.**

What! a swearer pray? Yes, whether thou thinkest so or not, each of thine oaths is a prayer—an appeal to the holy and almighty God, whose name thou dardest so impiously to take into thy lips.

And what is it, thinkest thou, swearer, that thou dost call for, when the awful imprecations damn and damnation, roll so frequently from thy profane tongue? Tremble swearer, while I tell thee—thy prayers contain two parts: thou prayest first, that thou mayest be deprived of eternal happiness; secondly that thou mayest be plunged into eternal misery.

When, therefore, thou callest for damnation dost thou not, in fact, say as follows: 'Oh, God! thou hast power to punish me in hell forever, therefore let not my sins be forgiven! Let every oath that I have sworn, every lie that I have told, every Sabbath that I have broken, and all the sins that I have committed, either in thought, word or deed, rise up in judgement against me, and eternally condemn me! Let me never partake of thy salvation! May my soul and body be deprived of all happiness both in this world and the world to come. Let me never enjoy thy favor and thy friendship, and let me never enter into thy kingdom of heaven.'

This is the first of thy prayer. Let us hear the second.

'Oh God, let me not only be shut out of heaven, but also shut me up in hell—May all the members of my body be tortured with inconceivable agony, and all the powers of my soul tormented with horror and despair, inexpressible and eternal! Let my dwelling be in blackness, and my companions accursed devils! Pour down thy hottest anger; execute all thy wrath and curse upon me; arm and send forth all thy terrors against me; in fine, let all thy fearful indignation rest upon me! Be mine eternal enemy and plague; punish and torment me in hell for ever and ever, and ever!'

Swearer, this is thy prayer! Oh, dreadful imprecation! Oh, horrible! horrible! most horrible! Blaspheming man! dost thou like thy petition? Art thou desirous of eternal torment? If so, swear on, swear hard. The more oaths the more misery, and, perhaps, the sooner thou mayest be in hell. Art thou shocked at this language? Dost it harrow up thy soul? Does the very blood run cold in thy veins? Art thou convinced of the evil of profane swearing? How many times hast thou blasphemed the

God of heaven? How many times hast thou asked God to damn thee in the course of a year, a month, a day; nay, how many times in a single hour hast thou called for damnation? Art thou not yet in hell? Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, at the goodness and suffering of that God, whose great name swearing persons so often and so awfully profane! Swearer, be thankful that God has not answered thy prayer, thy tremendous prayer, and that his mercy and patience have withheld the request of thy polluted lips! Never let him hear another oath from thy unhallowed tongue, lest it should be thy last expiation upon earth, and thy swearing prayer should be answered in hell. Oh, let thine oaths be turned into supplications! Repent and turn to Jesus, who died for swearers as well as for his murderers. And then, oh! then, (though thou mayest have sworn as many oaths as there are "stars in the heavens, and sands upon the sea-shore innumerable,") then thou shalt find, to thy eternal joy, that there is love enough in his heart, and merit sufficient in his blood, to pardon thy sins, and save thy soul forever.

Swearer! canst thou ever again blaspheme such a God and Saviour as this? Does not thy conscience cry, God forbid! Even so, amen.—British Messenger.

**The Atlantic Cable.**

The report of Mr. Varley, the "Electrician of the Electric and International Telegraph Company," says the Baltimore American, pretty effectually dissipates what little hope might have remained that the Atlantic telegraph would recover from its present state of speechless inaction. "He finds a fault of great magnitude, at a distance of between 245 and 300 statute miles from Valentia," and possibly in water of about 410 fathoms in depth. The cable, he is of opinion, yet remains unbroken, but the electrolytic decomposition, caused by the use of two powerful currents, will shortly eat away the gutta percha insulation surrounding the faulty place, and deprive it entirely of conducting power. He is satisfied also that there is another "fault" more distant than this, the approximate locality of which he could not properly estimate without communication with Newfoundland. From authentic data shown him at Valentia, he is also of opinion that there was a fault in the cable on board the Agamemnon before it was submerged, offering a resistance equal to 1,000 or 1,200 miles of cable, situated at a distance of about 560 miles from one end of the 1,200 mile coil, and supposed to be the fault which caused so much alarm when the ships were 500 miles from Ireland. If Mr. Varley is correct in these conclusions, we may be prepared to hear at any moment that signals have entirely ceased, and the cable becomes practically dumb, as it is already uselessly silent.

**Windfall to a Loafer.**—A lazy fellow who had loafed about Columbia, California, for a long time, and had never done a day's work in the mines, was recently driven, by want of means to live, to obtain a pick and shovel and sally forth to try his fortune at gold digging. He worked with but little success for two days, but on the third he dug up a lump of gold, nearly pure, which weighed seventy two pounds. The lucky fellow took his piece to Wells, Fargo & Co., in Columbia, by whom it was valued at *fourteen thousand dollars!* The place were this monstrous nugget was dug is within a mile or two of Columbia.

**Clergyman Murdered in Mississippi.**—We learn that the Rev. P. E. Green, Methodist preacher in charge of the Warren county circuit, was shot at Montalbon on yesterday morning, by a man named Fisher. The wound is supposed to be mortal.—Fisher has fled. All we could hear of the cause of the shooting was that Fisher's wife had joined the church lately; and Fisher, meeting Mr. Green, abused him, terribly, and finally pulled out his pistol and shot him. We hope the miscreant will be apprehended and meet his just deserts.—Vicksburg Whig, 6th.

**Suicide of a U. S. Soldier.**—A United States soldier named Bickler, belonging to the permanent party at the Carlisle Barracks, last week committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a carbine. The unhappy man had of late been drinking rather freely, and had in some manner lost a sum of money. On this account he became despondent, and it is thought this loss was the motive which induced him to commit self-destruction. Bickler was a German, had served about seven years in the army, and was accounted a good soldier.

Take care of the spare moments.

## Army Life in Utah.

SALT LAKE CITY,  
 Utah Territory, August 31.

Dear Sir: Will you have a little news from this famous place; a little Army gossip, and a little gossip about the saints? Col. Waite, who has been in command of the fifth regiment, has just been relieved by the arrival of another officer, and has gone to New York State. Dr. Baily went with him. The Tenth regiment and the Fifth are encamped near each other. They are having rather a dull time, drilling their men, and wishing the Mormons were—well no matter where. Living is very high and very poor with our Utah army at present. Butter 75 cents a pound, milk 30 cents a quart, potatoes 40 cents a bushel, onions and beets 6 cents apiece. So the military are not to be envied. They are acting policemen just now. They were sent out to punish traitors, but they are receiving all the punishment themselves.

On the 25th of August the two Judges appointed by Mr. Buchanan left the Army camp to go to the town of Fillmore.—They called on Gen. Johnston for an escort; he gave them two companies of dragoons.

The Army camp is about to be moved a few miles, to a point where preparations are being made for winter. Huts are being built there of clay, in the shape of large bricks, and dried in the sun (adobe.) Each officer is to have a room 15 feet square, with walls 7 feet high; the earth for a floor, and perhaps Heaven for a ceiling, in part, at least, for though a sort of roof will be made, it will be a holy one. The Mormons are at work making the adobes; at least one hundred Mormons are now at work, and they have contracted to make one million and a half of them. After they are completed the troops will move and it will take the soldiers a month to make their preparations for winter.

This war is a capital thing for the Mormons; they sell their vegetables, &c., at their own price, pretty generally, (though every day an officer is detailed to attend to the prices of things brought to camp to sell,) then they require Mormons' prices for their labor, in short, it is a fine thing for the Mormons to have the troops out here to eat all they want to sell.

As to Brigham, he fares sumptuously every day. His house is very fine; it is said to have cost sixty thousand dollars. On the cupola is a bee hive, beautifully carved in wood. In this house he attends to business, receives visitors, and here resides Mrs. Brigham No. 1. In the house next to this all the other Mrs. Brigham live—say fifty or sixty, and over the portico of this house is a large lion, carved from stone. The lion is finely done, and is in a recumbent position. Around these two houses is an immense wall, built of stone enclosing the entire square, (about as large as one of your Washington squares.) The gates are heavy and strong, like the sally-port of a fort. Within this wall are always forty or fifty armed men. Brigham is quite a domestic man; perhaps he is a little afraid to go at large, and then he has, no doubt, a fine society at home. He must be, literally, a lion at one of his wives' soires.

Salt Lake city is beautifully laid out and the approach to it is very fine. It is laid out in large squares, and the streets are very wide; and every house has an acre of ground about it, which is well cultivated. The houses are all built of adobe. Every street has water running through it, cool spring water brought from the mountains.

One of the officers met in Salt Lake city an old acquaintance, turned Mormon. The Mormon received the officer kindly, invited him to his house, was anxious to renew the old acquaintance, and even bore kindly the officer's laugh at that pile of stones, as the officer called the celebrated Echo canon defence of the Mormons, raised to prevent the approach of our troops to the city. These defences could have been easily taken without the loss of a man.

The view of Lake Utah from the Army camp is very fine; but there is a miserable country, worthless without immigration. In short, it is only fit for Mormons. In passing Brigham's establishment, to-day, from every window of the house, with the lion on it, a female face looked out. I longed to step in ask those ladies what they thought of Utah; but the armed Danites restrained my curiosity. Yours, PERRIGIN.

M. Von Humboldt has celebrated his ninetieth birthday. An English correspondent, writing from Berlin, says that "never did a conqueror receive congratulations from so many persons and such great distances, as the post-boy had to carry on Tuesday morning to the well known house in the Oranienburger strasse. Those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy a peep at the fifth volume of *Cosmos*, which is still under his hands, assert that neither in style nor contents does it, in the least, yield to the four volumes which preceded it. Humboldt himself, is said to be of opinion that he will die next spring, just after having completed the last of his task he has undertaken. But his friends who observe him, speak differently, and are bold enough to predict that this time he will prove to be altogether in error, and that a very different celebration from that which he anticipates will next year take place in his house."

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650 Silver Hunting Watches, warranted,	15
500 Patent Timepieces,	10
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500 Ladies' Gold Bracelets,	5 to 12
500 Gents' Vest and Fob Chains,	10
1000 Gold Lockets, large size double case,	10
2000 Gold Lockets, small size,	5
1000 Gold Pencil Cases, with Gold Pens,	5
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2500 Ladies' Gold Pencils,	2 50
2500 Gold Pens, with Silver Pencils,	2 50
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6500 Ladies' Gold Rings,	1 50
2000 Gents' Gold Rings,	2 50
2500 Ladies' Gold Breastpins,	2 50
3000 Misses' Gold Breastpins,	1 50
3000 Pocket Knives,	1 50
2000 Sets Gents' Gold Button Studs,	1 50
2000 do do Sleeve Buttons,	2 50
2000 Pairs of Ladies' Ear Drops,	2 50
5000 Ladies' Pearl Card Cases,	5
15000 Ladies' Cameo, Jet or Mossic Pins,	2 50
2500 Ladies' Shawl and Ribbon Pins,	1 50
5000 Articles of Gold Jewelry, Gift Books, &c., not enumerated in the above, worth from 25 cents to \$25.	

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THE RESTORATIVE of Prof. O. J. Wood for restoring the hair perfectly and permanently, has never yet had a rival. Volume after volume might be given from all parts of the world and from the most intelligent to prove that it is a perfect Restorative; but read the circular and you cannot doubt; read also the following:

"This Hair—People have for centuries been afflicted with bald heads, and the only remedy heretofore known has been those abominable wires. By a recent discovery of Professor Wood these articles are being fast dispensed with, but a great many persons still patronize them because they have been so often imposed upon by Hair Tonics of different kinds. To all such persons we earnestly make the request that they will try once again, for in Wood's Restorative there is no such thing as a fall. We know of a lady who was bald, who used the article a short time, and her head is now covered completely with the finest and most beautiful curls imaginable. We know of numerous cases where hair was rapidly falling out, which it grew in greater perfection than it ever had before. It is also without doubt one of the best articles for keeping the hair in good condition, making it soft and glossy, removing dandruff, and has proved itself the greatest enemy to all the ills that hair is heir to. It is the duty of every one to improve their personal appearance, though, however one may differ in regard to the way of doing it, but every one will admit that a beautiful head of hair, either in man or woman, is an object much to be desired, and there are no means that should be left untried to obtain such a consideration.—Women's Advocate, Philadelphia.

Cohasset, Ohio, Nov. 17, 1856.  
 O. J. Wood & Co.—Gents: As I have been engaged in selling your Hair Restorative the last season for one of your local agents, (R. M. Henskinson,) and having experienced the beneficial effects of it myself, I would like to obtain an agency for the State of Ohio or some State in the West, should you wish to make such an arrangement, as I am convinced there is nothing equal to it in the United States for restoring the hair. I have been engaged in the Drug business for several years, and have sold various preparations for the hair, but have found nothing that restores the astringent organs or invigorates the scalp as well as your. Being fully convinced that your restorative is what you represent it to be, I would like to engage in the sale of it, for I am satisfied it must sell.  
 Yours truly,  
 S. T. STOCKMAN.

Wayland, Mass., Feb. 5, 1857.  
 Prof. O. J. Wood & Co.—Gents: Having realized the good effects of your Hair Restorative, I wish to state, that finding my hair growing thin as well as gray, I was induced from what I read and heard to try the article prepared by you to promote its growth and change its color as it was in youth, both of which it has effected completely. In the operation I have used nearly three bottles.  
 Yours, &c.,  
 JAS. FRANCIS.

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