

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.

A NEW STOCK OF
Cloths, Cassimeres
AND
VESTINGS,
Has just been received at the Lewistown Importation of Fashion, which will be made up to order by experienced workmen.
Gentlemen are requested to call.
WM. LIND.
Lewistown, April 21, 1859.

THE subscriber having now on hand one of the best and largest stocks between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, in order to accommodate business, to the times, offers for sale a complete assortment of
Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Whips, Hames, Valises, Carpet Bags, and other articles in his line, which will be sold at, when purchases are made to the amount of \$10 or more, on the above terms for approved paper.
Among his stock will be found some highly improved sets of light Harness equal to any manufactured.
Let all in want of good articles, made by experienced workmen, give him a call.
JOHN DAVIS.
Lewistown, April 7, 1859.

New Fall and Winter Goods.
F. E. ELLIS, of the late firm of McCoy & Ellis, has just returned from the city with a choice assortment of
Dry Goods and Groceries,
selected with care and purchased for cash, and are offered to the public at a small advance on cost. The stock of Dry Goods embraces all descriptions of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, in the latest patterns. His
Groceries
comprise Choice Sugars, Molasses, Java, Rio and Lozoya Coffee, superior Teas, &c. Also, Boots and Shoes, Queensware, and all other articles usually found in stores—all which are customers of the late firm and the public in general are invited to examine.
R. F. ELLIS.
Fish, Salt, Plaster and Coal always on hand.
Country Produce received as usual and the market price allowed therefor.
Lewistown, Sept. 22, 1859.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, and Jewellery.
ROBT. W. PATTON,
(Successor to M. Booy.)
Market street, next door to the old stand, in a room recently occupied by John A. Sterret, has made large additions to his stock of
Clocks, Watches, and Jewellery.
He has gold and silver watches of every kind and price, some of them of the very superior finish, and warranted A No. 1; a splendid variety of
Fine Jewellery,
including breast pins, ear rings, finger rings, brooches, cuff pins, watch guards, pens, penholders, spectacles, and every other saleable article of Jewellery, as well as a lot of
Silver and Plated Ware.
A great variety of FANCY ARTICLES.
Strict attention will be given to REPAIRING clocks, watches, and Jewellery, and all work will be done promptly and warranted.
Thankful for the patronage heretofore rendered, he respectfully asks a continuance of the same, and will endeavor to please all who may favor him with a call.
nov11

JNO. R. WEEKES,
Justice of the Peace,
Stricker & Survivor,
Office West Market street, Lewistown, next door to Irwin's grocery. ap29

REMOVAL.
I have leave to announce that he has removed his office to Mrs. Mary Marks' Variety Store, on east Market street, two doors below the Union House.
The Post Office has also been removed to the old place.
mb31 '59

Wanted! Wanted!
10,000 PERSONS of both sexes to make money by buying cheap Cans, Tubs, Buckets, Churns, Brooms, Brushes, &c. &c. at ZERBE'S.

THE MINSTREL.

[For the Gazette.]
CHANGE.
Two long and changing years have fled since those few binding words were said that bound my heart to thine.
I trusted and believed in you—Yes, thought you were sincere and true as this sad heart of mine.
At last forebodings often came, That you would ne'er return again, Or false as true to me.
And now the truth is all revealed, And naught remains to be concealed, Consider you are free.
Go, and I hope you'll ne'er regret, But strive to speedily forget, All that is past and gone; Yet should it cause a moment's grief, May mine soon bring the sweet relief, And all thy cares be flown.
On earth we never may meet again—Then may our highest hopes attain to heaven's eternal rest; That glorious home beyond the skies, The Christian's heavenly paradise, To be forever blest.
And when the parting word is said, Earth's brightest hopes forever fled, To each and every heart that may Have had that last sad word to say, Farewell—a last farewell.
Go, and in after years forget That you and I have ever met—We've parted, and forever.
May you from every care be free; Heaven's richest blessings rest on thee—Farewell, farewell forever. CAIRIE. Juniata county, January, 1860.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Historical Facts.
The tardiness with which mankind adopt improvements may be, in some degree illustrated, by the following facts hastily thrown together:
Canal Locks were invented in 1581, by engineers of Viterbe, in Italy. They were nearly a hundred years getting fairly into use in France, and about one hundred and fifty in crossing the British Channel.
At this time it was made felony, in several European States, to ride in wheel carriages.
The Steam Engine was invented, or rather, the principle of it discovered, by the Marquis of Worcester, as early as 1660. Few understood and none encouraged it. He died in great mortification. The honor was afterward engrossed by Savary.
In 1765, the Earl of Stanhope applied the steam engine to propelling a vessel. A steamboat was run twenty miles on the Sankey Canal, Liverpool, in 1797, and another on the Forth and Clyde Canal, in 1801. A steamboat trip was made on the Delaware as early as 1791. In 1807, when Robert Fulton was fitting up his first steamboat at New York, respectable, and sensible, and gray-headed men pronounced him 'a fool for his pains.'

Oliver Evans went before committees of Legislatures, first in Pennsylvania, and then in Maryland, with a project of a steam carriage, as early as 1804. He asked a little aid to defray the expense. They could hardly be prevented from reporting in favor, not of steam engines for carriages, but of a straight jacket for himself. Now, almost all nations have had the sagacity and ingenuity to seize and utilize the precious idea.
When Peter the Great, in 1700 or thereabouts, commenced a canal between the Wolga and the Don, the Governors and Boyards of the country opposed it earnestly, thinking it *impoly* to turn rivers out of the channels which Heaven had assigned them.
When some Dutchmen proposed to make the river Manzanares navigable to the Tagus, and that to Lisbon, the Council said if it had been the will of God that the rivers should be navigable, he would have made them so.
When Brinly, the great engineer, told a committee of Parliament, to whom Bridgewater's petition was referred, that canals were better than rivers, and would supersede them for the purpose of navigation, the committee were shocked, and asked him, 'And pray, sir, what were the rivers made for?' 'To feed canals,' was the answer.
Dr. Franklin surveyed the route of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, at his own expense, in 1757.
Baron Napier surveyed the route of the Forth and Clyde Canal, at his own expense, in 1761.

Both of these works were subsequently accomplished, but after great delay.
Dr. Zabdiel Boyayston introduced inoculation for the small pox, into Boston, in 1721, and tried it first on his son Thomas, and other members of his family; but such was the force of prejudice and unbelief, that the other physicians gave a unanimous opinion against it—the municipal government prohibited its practice, and the populace would have torn him to pieces if he had not retired from the city.
Domestic Economy.—The following are a few items worth noting:
One flannel petticoat will wear nearly as long as two, if reversed when the front begins to wear.
A bonnet and trimmings may be worn a much longer time, if the dust be brushed well off after washing.
As far as possible, have bits of bread eaten up before they become hard; spread those that are not eaten and let them dry, to be pounded for puddings.
Preserve the backs of old letters to write up on.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS.

From John Berridge's "Song of Zion."
"I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."—Song ii. 3.
Come hither, weary soul,
And drop thy burden here!
If thou wouldst be made whole,
A blessed tree is near;
Upon the highway-side it grows,
And sweetly healeth human woes.
It only suits the soil,
Where broken hearts abound;
Yet visits every vale,
Where Gospel truth is found.
'Tis planted for the health of man,
And by a heavenly husbandman.
Upon the road it stands,
To catch a pilgrim's eye,
And spreads its leafy hands,
To beckon strangers nigh;
To lead forth a gate of pure delight,
And clear the humble traveler's sight.
Its friendly arms afford
A screen from heat and blast;
Its branches well are stored
With fruits of choicest taste;
And in the leaf kind juices dwell,
Which sore and sickness quickly heal.
But stand not gazing on
The branches of the tree;
Go under and sit down,
Or sure it helps not thee.
There rest thy feet and aching side,
And in this resting-place abide.
No sooner art thou set
Beneath its shadow there,
But all thy wailing ceases,
And all thy fretful care,
And every pain, from thee will drop,
As fruit comes tumbling in thy lap.
This is the tree of life,
Which first in Eden grew,
But Adam, with his wife,
Concealed it from our view;
Then it was fixed on Calvary's top,
And is the pillar of our hope.

RELIGION A REALITY.

'Now girls, I have got news for you!' The speaker was a showy girl, dressed in the height of fashion. She was just entering a room where sat several young ladies, her cousins, pursuing various household employments.
'What is it, Ada?' cried one and another.
'You'll never believe it! Lizzy Ashbrook has professed religion!' was the half serious, half laughing reply.
'Lizzy Ashbrook?' The girls repeated the name more or less in surprise.
'Lizzy Ashbrook?' said the elder cousin Julia, seriously, 'why, she was forever making sport of the subject.'
'And such a fashionable girl; why she would hardly look at a person who was meanly dressed,' remarked another.
'Her father is an infidel, too; what will he say?'

'I heard that he turned her out of the house,' said Ada.
There was a long silence.
'Well—it was abruptly spoken by the youngest of the family, 'we shall see now whether there is the reality about religion that Christians talk about. I don't believe that there is one single person in any branch of her family who is religious.—She will have unusual trials to undergo; I would not like to be in her place.'
'Trials! pshaw! there's no such thing as persecution in these days; it would be a rare thing to see a martyr!' This was lightly spoken by Ada, who had been Lizzy's nearest friend, and who felt an unusual bitterness springing up in her heart towards the young girl, who she knew could no longer enjoy her companionship as of yore.
Martyrs are not rare even in these days; aye, and martyrs to religious persecution, as we shall see.

The cousins made an early call on Lizzy, who received them with her accustomed grace, and with a sweeter smile than usual. Yet she was pale, and though there was a purer expression on her beautiful face, yet she appeared like one wearied a little with some struggle in which she was the sufferer. Although she did not speak directly of the new vows she had taken upon her, the new peace she had found, her visitors could see clearly and distinctly the wondrous change in dress, in manner, and even in countenance.
Lizzy was engaged to be married to a thorough man of the world. George Phillips loved his wine, his parties, the race-course, the theatre, the convivial and free-and-easy club. The sabbath was his day of pleasure, and many a time had Lizzy graced his elegant equipage, radiant in beauty, on the holy day, as they swept along. He bore a dashing exterior, was intellectual—a wit, courted, caressed, admired everywhere.
His brow darkened as he heard the news. What, the girl of his choice, the woman he should place at the head of his brilliant household, becoming a canting Christian! Nonsense; he didn't believe it; he would see for himself. He didn't furnish his parlors for prayer meetings; he wanted no visit-fine ministers, elders or 'sisters' to visit his wife, not he. It was a ridiculous hoax; it must have originated in the club-room. What, the daughter of Henry Ashbrook, the freest of thinkers! Ha, a capital joke—very clever joke—nothing more.

He called upon her not long after the visit above mentioned. His cold eye scanned her from head to foot—but how sweetly, how gently she met him! Surely the voice that was melting music before, was heavenly in its tones now. All the winning grace was there, all the high-bred ease, the merry smile dimpled her cheek; but there was a something—a subtle something, that thrilled him from head to foot with apprehension, because it was unlike her usual self. What could it be?
At length, lightly, laughingly, he referred to the report he had heard. For one moment the frame trembled, the lips refused to speak—but this passed, and something like a flush crossed her beautiful face. It lighted the eyes anew, it touched the cheek with a richer crimson, as she replied:
'George, please don't treat it as a jest, for truly, thank God, I have become a Christian. O, George! her clasped hands were laid upon one of his, 'I have just begun to live. If you knew—'
The proud man sprung to his feet, almost throwing her hands from him in his impatient movement; and not daring to trust his voice, for an oath was uppermost, he walked swiftly back and forward for a moment. Then he came and stood before her. His forehead was purple with the veins that passion swelled, his face was white, and his voice unsteady, as he exclaimed:
'Do you mean to say that you will really cast your lot among these people, that for them you will give up all—*all*?'
'I will give up all for Christ.' The words were very soft and low, and spoken without reflection.
For one moment he locked his lips together till they looked like steel in their rigidity; then he said, in a full passionate voice:
'Lizzy—Miss Ashbrook, if these are your sentiments, these your intentions, we must go different ways.'
This was cruel. It was a terrible test; for that young girl had, as it were, placed her soul in his keeping. Before a higher, and purer love was born in her heart, she had given him her human love—an absolute idolatry—and the thought of losing him even now, caused her cheek to grow ashen and her eye dim.
As he saw this, his manner changed to entreaty. He placed before her the position he would give her; lured her by every argument that might appeal to the womanly heart. And he knew how to win by entreaty, by the most subtle causticity. His was masterly eloquence. He could adapt his voice, his language, his very looks, with the most adroit cunning to the young Christian, who felt as if she must give way—that only help direct from the fountain of life could sustain her with firmness to resist to the end of the interview.
At last it was final. 'All this will I give you if you will fall down and worship me.' It came to this—'Christ or me?' There could be no compromise, it was—'Christ or me.' And standing there, clothed with the mantle of a new and heavenly faith, with its light shining in her heart and playing over her pale features, she said, with a firmness worthy of the martyr of old, 'CHRIST.'

Though his soul was filled with rage, so that he could have gnashed his teeth, the slight figure standing there in its pure white robes—the eye that cast an earnest upward glance—the brow that seemed to have grown white and spirit like—the attitude, so self-possessed, yet so modest—so quiet, yet so eloquent—filled him with a strange admiring awe. But the hostility towards religion was so strong in his heart, that he bore down all his tenderness, almost crushed his love, and he parted from her for the first time coldly, and like a stranger.
The engagement was broken off, but who can tell the struggles it cost?
Her father had ever been very loving towards her. He was proud of her; she was the brightest gem of his splendid home. She was beautiful and gratified his vanity; she was intellectual, and he heard praise lavished upon her mind with a miser's greedy ear, for she was his—a part of himself; she belonged to him.
He called her into his study, and required a minute account of the whole matter. He had heard rumors, he said—had seen a surprising and not agreeable change in her—she had grown morose, quiet—what was the cause? It was a great trial, with that stern, unbelieving face, full of hard lines, opposite to stand and testify for Christ. But he who had promised was with her, and she told the story calmly, resolutely, kindly.
'And you intend to be baptized?'
'Yes, sir—a gleam of hope entered her heart; she did not expect his approval, but she could not think that he would absolutely refuse to sanction this important step.
'You know your aunt Eunice has long wanted you to become an inmate of her home?'
'Yes, sir,' the gentle voice faltered.
'Well, you can go now. Unless you give up this absurd idea and trample it under your feet, I do not wish you to remain with me. Be as you were before, and you shall want no luxury, no affection; follow this miserable notion, and henceforth I am your father only in name.'
And still, though her heart was broken she said, as she said before, 'CHRIST.'

She did forsake all for him; but her step became slow, her form wasted, her cheek hollow, her eye sunken. The struggle had been too much for a frame unable to cope with any overwhelming sorrow. Swiftly she went down into the valley, but it was not dark to her. Too late the man who had so sorely tempted her knelt by the side

of her bed and implored her forgiveness. Too late! No, not too late for his own salvation, for in that hour his eyes were opened to the sinfulness of his life, and by her dying pillow he promised solemnly to give his heart to God. Her father too, proud infidel though he was, looked on his wasted child, triumphing over death, with wonder and with awe. Such a dying scene it is the privilege of but few to witness; she had given up ALL, absolutely ALL for Christ, and in the last hour, like Stephen, she saw Heaven opened. Her face was angelic, her language rapture, her chamber the gate of Heaven. Like one who, but the other day, untied the sandals of life, and moved calmly and trustingly down the one step between earth and Heaven, so she said, with a smile irrepressibly sweet, 'sing!'

And they sang, 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'
At its close they heard one word—the last. It was 'CHRIST.'

POLITICAL.

THE TARIFF AND THE POLITICAL PARTIES.

Morton McMichael, Esq., editor of North American and U. S. Gazette:
Dear Sir:—The enclosed communication, in answer to an article which appeared in the Morning Pennsylvania a few days since, was sent to that journal for publication, and declined. Believing that the views therein expressed are such as are entertained by a large portion of our entire business community, I beg leave to solicit its publication in your journal.
Respectfully,
JAMES MILLIKEN.
Philadelphia, January 5, 1860.

To the editor of the Morning Pennsylvania:
Dear Sir:—In an editorial of yours, entitled "The Deserted Tariff," after stating that, in the call for a republican national convention, "not one word is said about a tariff, or protection, or domestic industry, or specific duties, or modification of the revenue laws, or anything kindred to them," you invite the attention of certain gentlemen by name, and others by such designation as is equivalent to naming them—all of whom are either well-known advocates of protection, or deeply interested in, and, therefore, strongly committed to its support—to look elsewhere than to the republican party for aid and comfort in the matter of tariff legislation. As one of the parties addressed, and, moreover, deeply interested in the question which you have raised, I avail myself of your invitation "to look elsewhere" for help in this our time of need. If, according to your showing, we must despair of aid from the republican party, let me inquire of you, as the expounder of the doctrines and policy of the democratic party, whether you intend to invite our hopes, confidence and support to it, upon any promise, made or to be made, which may warrant such confidence.
You assume that certain iron companies, named, and you imply that others largely interested in coal and iron, cling to the republican party, notwithstanding its desertion of the tariff, which, to my apprehension, is the same thing as saying that they are either unwise or uncandid in their party attachment. If such an unwarranted partisan devotion were true in fact, and any other party existed whose doctrines and practice better answered to their own, they would deserve such a reproach; but the masses of the men who represent these great interests of Pennsylvania have not rendered themselves liable to such reflections in the past, nor are they disposed to do so in the future.
When Mr. Buchanan was presented to them as a candidate for the Presidency, regarding him as pledged by the professions and practice of his past life to the support of national legislation in the interest of protection, thousands of Pennsylvania protectionists gave him their support. It is true that other thousands of devoted friends to our domestic industry, either doubting the man or fearing the political embarrassments which he was known to have brought upon himself for the purpose of securing his election, withheld their suffrages, and cast them for one or the other of his antagonists. Both divisions have had an experience, about equally exposed to the irony which you are now indulging against one of them. Those who trusted your Executive have been disappointed, and deceived besides. Those who were not deceived have been disappointed; and both are now compelled "to look elsewhere" for the relief they seek. You must allow me, sir, as I intend no personal discourtesy, to say that you are not in the position to lecture protectionists who are promised nothing by the party they support, while speaking for a party that performs nothing of all that it promised to them. Those of us who did not support Mr. Buchanan in 1856, had reasons for our action then which three years of trial have only confirmed. There was a "progressive free trade" plank in the Cincinnati Platform which threatened mischief. Mr. Buchanan was the candidate of the men who inserted it, and were then likely to have the rule and ownership of the President elected upon it. Has not the result amply justified every doubt entertained of Mr. Buchanan's promised services, in the matter of protection? It is true, he has annually talked tariff to his party, and to the nation; but he appointed Mr. Cobb to the office of Financial Secretary, and his partisans made Mr. Phelps chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and the legislation of his term has been ruled rigidly and effectively by the policy which oppresses us. The great business catastrophe of 1857, and the prolonged stagnation of our industry, which has been constantly growing daily worse without hope of change, have fallen upon us since he took office. All that should have stimulated him to fulfil his engagements with the people who gave him his whole majority of electoral votes has failed of its deserved effect. The Pennsylvania, uniformly protectionist in profession heretofore, might with propriety

forbid us to hope from a mere anti-slavery party, if it had anything but a mere pro-slavery party to point us to; but to invite us "to look elsewhere" from a party which promises nothing to us in its professions, and, by fair implication, to a party which threatens everything that we fear in its practice, and inflicts all that we suffer in its practice, is in the last degree indefensible. In 1856 we were governed by our apprehensions of the future. These apprehensions are all now fully confirmed, and we have a clear experience to guide and command us in the next campaign; and I am greatly mistaken in the men for whom I am here assuming to speak, if they will allow themselves to be deceived by the false pretences or the silence of any parties that may be in the field when the next day of trial comes.
As a class, those interested in the iron business of Pennsylvania are not politicians. A large majority of them seldom take much interest in party movements, but when the necessity for action is thrust upon them, as it is now, it is to be confidently expected they will arouse themselves, and will make themselves felt in a struggle in which their interests and those of the whole country, which so seriously affect their own, are involved.

The time has fully come for a general understanding; it is time to understand ourselves, and it is time for the political parties which calculate upon our support to understand us. Three years ago, as I have said, we were divided; one party of protectionists, with a foresight which events have fully justified, would not trust James Buchanan. Another division entertained so much hope from him as to support him, or had less fear of the probable occurrence of the mischief which the other predicted.

Both divisions are now very fully convinced, and their minds are made up—they understand themselves. The reasons for a division of opinion at that time were that an undisturbed confidence in all regular commercial credits existed and extended from north to south, from east to west, and by and between every portion of our common country. The marts of trade were filled with men of means, eager to embark in every legitimate enterprise, with an aspiring trust in the future; and the merely speculative apprehensions of a commercial revolution, so often expected, but still postponed by one cause or another—such as the California gold discovery and the Crimean war—did not convincingly seize upon the fears of the great body of business men. But since that time of mingled fear and hope, a general experience has settled the general opinion. "The importations of foreign goods which destructively compete with domestic production, and the exportation of specie in payment of such surplus importations, and of foreign debt and interest previously contracted, have gone on until there remains no longer any doubt of our actual condition, of the tendencies of our commercial system, nor of the causes which have wrought the mischiefs which now oppress, and those which threaten us. The form in which these things are operating now, is a loss of commercial confidence; a general standstill fearfulness of worse things to come; a greatly diminished productiveness of industry; a paralyzing of enterprise, and a stagnation in the movements of capital. The consumer is without the means with which to buy; the manufacturer without the customer to whom to sell, and the laborer without employment; while close in the wake of idleness follow discontent and discord, with threatenings of civil wars.

In February, 1857—a few days before Mr. Buchanan took his seat as President of the United States—the banks of the city of New York held in their vaults but ten millions of specie, as a basis for loans amounting to one hundred and eleven millions. This was then deemed a sufficient reserve, or, if you please, the movements of business invited and induced so large a ratio of accommodation to the men engaged in it. At the same time commercial paper, outside of bank circles, met with an active demand and ready sales, at fair rates.
A little more than two years after, we find the signs of a terrible decline in that confidence which is the spring of enterprise, and the impulse of all our wealth producing agencies. Through the whole month of October last, the specie reserve of the banks of the city of New York averaged twenty millions of dollars, with a range of loans not exceeding one hundred and seventeen millions—double the amount of specie, inactive, and held for caution, against an amount of loans increased less than six per cent.
It is to the financial system of the democratic party that we charge the evils which we suffer, and seek to remove by a change in the national legislation. Excessive importations of foreign fabrics supplant our own products, and throw our own industry out of employment. Excessive exports of our specie undermine all the forms of circulating credit, and alarm the money holders so as to check the movements of the real money of the country among ourselves.
Gold in immense sums is this day lying idle, waiting for investment in anything but business paper, and ready to accept the lowest rates of interest in securities that do nothing for productive labor or for business enterprise. Business, beyond the merest necessities of life, is fast resolving itself into nothing but money jobbing. National stocks and real estate security can command it upon easy terms; but labor, manufacturing operations, and business credit, are held unworthy of reliance. Our own workshops are being closed, that those of Europe may supply our markets; and our Secretary of the Treasury even sees the evidence of an active trade in the fact that the enormous imports of the year just closed have all gone into consumption, never reflecting, as it appears, that for every million's worth of such goods consumed his countrymen are deprived of a quarter of a million in wages which their labor would have earned in the production of them, if the domestic factories were not shut up by the foreign inundation.

I may be allowed to speak for the working-men whom the coal and iron men employ. If I could but repeat their complaints, the charges which we bring against the policy of your party would be abundantly proved by the testimony of those masses of men, women, and children, whose political gospel is democracy.