A NEW STOCK

Cloths, Cassimeres

VESTINGS,

has just been received at the Lewistown annorium of Fashion, which will be made up order by experienced workmen.

Gentlemen are requested to call.

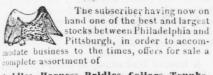
WM. LIND.

Lewistown, April 21, 1859.

Removed to the Stand lately occupied by Kennedy & Junkin. A RARID CHANCE INCIR

BARGAINS! A Year's Credit to Responsible

Men!



saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Whips, Hames, Valises, Carpet Bags,

and other articles in his line, which will be disposed of, 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

mished sets of light Harness equal to any man Let all in want of good articles, made by ex-

Lewistown, April 7, 1859.

New Fall and Winter Goods. R. ELLIS, of the late firm of McCoy & Ellie, has just returned from the city

a choice assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, selected with care and purchased for cash,

which are offered to the public at a small advance on cost. The stock of Dry Goods embraces all descriptions of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with many new patterns. His Grocerics

comprise Choice Sugars, Molasses, Java, Rio and Laguyra Coffee, superior Teas, &c. Also, Boots and Shoes, Queensyare, and all other articles usually found in stores—all which the customers of the late irm and the public the customers of the little examine.

R. F. ELLIS.

Fish, Salt, Plaster and Coal always on little Pinky went away.' Country Produce received as usual and the

full market price allowed therefor. Lewistown, Sept. 22, 1859.

SOUTH SIDE OF MARKET STREET, LEWISTOWN, PA.

HAS just received and opened at his es-tablishment a new supply of

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Sit asig betated marie Fancy Articles, &c.,

which he will dispose of at reasonable prices. He invites all to give him a call and examine his stock, which embraces all articles in his line, and is sufficiently large to enable all to make selections who desire to purchase.

**REPAIRING nearly and expeditiously nded to, and all work warranted.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore remay favor him with their custom.

EDWARD FRYSINGER. WHOLESALE DEALER & MANUFACTURER OF

CIGARS, TOBACCO, SNUFF, &c., &c.,

LIBWISTOWN9 PA. Orders promptly attended to. je16

GEO. W. ELDER.

Attorney at Law, Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mlfflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties.

JNO, R. WEEKES, Justice of the Peace, Strivener & Surveyor, OFFICE West Market street, Lewistown, next door to Irwin's grocery. ap29

REMOVAL. DR. S. S. CUMMINGS Begs leave to announce that he has re-moved his office to Mrs. Mary Marks' Drug and Variety Store, on east Market street, a few doors below the Union House. The Post Office has also been removed to the

Wanted! Wanted! 10.000 PERSONS of both sexes to make money by buying cheap Groceries, Baskets, Tubs, Buckets, Churns, Water Cans, Broome, Brushes, &c. &c. at aug4

HONEY, by the gallon, for sale by decl5 A. FELIX.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1860.

THE MINSTREL,

[For the Gazette.]

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, blest friendship, that's lasting and true, Will shine forth in sorrow as well as in joy; I will illumine our pathway the whole journey through Care not for the loud professed friendship of those

Who flutter around in prosperity's dawn, But whene'er the chill storm of adversity blows As leaves by the winds they are scattered and gon

Yes, such will all leave thee when sorrow and grief Like a shadow hath darken'd thy pathway thro'life And none will step forward to offer relief, To calm the heart throbs or quiet the strife.

There are those in whose hearts true friendships

As waters that gush from the pure crystal stream, Shedding light, joy and happiness ever around The hearts of their friends, like a merry sunbeam. Ever cherish such friendships, oh, ne'er let them fade Or perish as flowers in the chill autumn blast; Let them ne'er by cold chilling neglect be repaid—

Prize them dearly, for they'll remain true to the last Juniata County, February, 1860.

BONNIE BELL.

Like two rose-buds crushed in snow Are the cheeks of Bonnie Bell, Like the violets that grow Among the daisies in the dell

Are her eyes—the stars of night Ne'er a mortal heart did swell With such pure and fond delight As the eyes of Bonnie Bell.

Music trembles on the lip Of the fairy Bonnie Bell, Oh! I'd give such sweets to sip Wealth that Crossus ne'er could tell; I would coin my brain and soul, Could the mintage buy a spell That would waft me to my goal Waft and win me Bonnie Bell

As the sound of silver fine Is the voice of Bonnie Bell; Wit, like bubbles on the wine, Pure as pearls in ocean shell, Sparkles through her golden theme-Joyful as a marriage bell, I could glide adown life's stream

In one boat with Bonnie Bell.

MORAL& RELIGIOUS

LITTLE PINKY;

Or. God Will Show Me the Way.

'Yes, sir,' said the man, running his hand through his shaggy locks, his harsh face showing the marks of unusual intelligence, 'mining in this region be a hard life, but I think we've all been better since

'And who is little Pinky?' asked the pation of a story.

shade of the old oak yonder, it'll mahap man-very hard to poor dead Jesse. be pleasanter for the young miss, for the sun be hot.'

shadow of the oak, and finding a seat for the young lady on a convenient root that ferent, coming of a delicate stock. I don't ed to do the child good! And as the micame squarely up from the ground, the miner began with his customary preface:

'You see, Pinky was the son of Jesse Pinkam, a young man, and a regular good one, as the saying goes. I recon Pinkam was the only man of us as ever said the Lord's Prayer, or any other prayer. He were a nice young fellow, that's a fact! But we're a rude set, sir, we of the mines, and 'specially in this place; we didn't like anything that was what we call 'pious. Sundays, sir, used to be the regular-well. ceived, he respectfully asks a continuance of I might say the devil's day, with us. It the same, and will endeavor to please all who was nothing but drinking and dancing. pitching, and cards, and swearing.

'Well, sir, you see, Jesse he got married to a regular lady like-girl, sir, and it turned out a pious one. They didn't none of em-that is, Pinkam, his wife, and old mother-jine us in our merry-making on a Sabbath, but sometimes the young man and Bessy-that's his wife sir-would walk five miles to hear a parson preach. We was all down upon Jesse, sir-you see the real thing was, he made us ashamed of ourselves by his goodness, and I was worse than the rest, trying my best all the time to pick up a quarrel with him. Well, sir, one Saturday night what did we see but a notice stuck up on this very tree, that there'd be be a parson from Frankstown on the morrow, to preach to us. We didn't like the news, and we could tell pretty well where the move came from, 'cause you see we knew Jesse was pious. So we determined, the greater part of us, that we wouldn't have no psalm-singing-no canting praying-no reading out of the Bible.

Well, the minister came and found a Babel. We all got together, and we raved, and laughed, and pitched quoits, and made such a noise that the parson had to give it up. He tried agin and agin, and came right among us-he was plucky, I tell ye; but we hooted in his ears, and threw mud on his bettermost clothes, and so he was fairly driven off-'cause you see we had liquor enough in us to set us all crazy.

'Poor Jesse!-how we jeered him after that !-but he bore it meek, sir, and I was he 'God made every thing; God is down often ashamed of myself, though I'd died afore I'd confessed it. But I am sorry enough for my part of it; for one day there came a rumbling heavy noise, shaking the earth, and then a crash like rattling thun-

der beneath our feet, and we knew that somebody was buried alive. I was in the ly feeling came over me. working shaft where Jesse was, and there didn't happen to be a soul in the place except him, poor fellow! They'd all gone into another shaft, where he didn't like to follow 'em, 'cause they was such a wicked set; and as they were eating their dinners, and he his, this accident happened.

'We dug him out, sir! He was awful the good things.' crushed-all but his face-that looked smilling and peaceful-like, and we couldn't bear the sight; it made us think how we'd a-treated him. So we carried him home to Now, that's a thing that don't happen but Bessy. She didn't cry and take on, as most the men's wives do when an accident knew I'd have to wait and holler till somehappens, but it were awful to see how still body come-for the pit was full of holes and white she were! Awful, sir; and I never want to see a sight like it agin.

'We all felt bad-for poor Jesse hadn't never said a harsh word to one of us, and he'd borne many an insult.

'We couldn't see through it when he were living, but used to call him 'weak heided,' and a 'tame covey;' but as he lay feeling over me, sir, you may depend upon it. Oh! if I'd a heard then to the lesson that was telling of me, if I'd only listened then to the voice of God, speaking as it go for you, God will show me the way,' were from the lips of that crushed dead and I heard his little feet patting along were from the lips of that crushed dead body, I'd saved myself many a day of suf- them dangerous places. It was awful!ferin'-many an hour of torment. But I | The sweat started out on me thick, and it

'We all walked to the grave, and I tell ye it touched even hard fellows like us, to his little voice, see the widder with her little child in her arms, foller close to the coffin-never crying, only holding her head down as if it were too heavy bowed with her serrow to keep it in the pit, full of sunk shafts and danger-

'Well, we had a talk at the grave by the same parson as we'd treated so badly I don't know what his good words would a-done in after days, if I handen't been a leader in wickedness, a hater of pious people, and everything that had to do with religion,-a wicked swearing worthless sinner! I say it to my shame, I don't boast sir,-God forbid. I wish I could shut out of my thought all the years of my life that I ain't spent piously. But God, I hope, 'll be merciful to me.

'Well, sir-his wife-the poor young thing! took his death sadly to heart. They said the shock had been too sudden, dried up all her tears, like. She never cried one't -only languished and pined, grew thinner and whiter, and died just three months after poor Jesse. That was how the little boy-Jesse's little boy-came to be an or-

'Well, we were all determined to take gentleman, while the dark eyes of the of the little one, so we cast lots every young lady at his side sparkled in antici- month to see which should have the maintainin' of him. It used to come to me ROBERT W. PATTON, well, you see—it be something of a pretty often, but I done it willingly, sir, tell—and if ye'd move farther on to the pretty often, but I done it willingly, sir,

'The boy was pretty, sir, but he didn't grow much. You see he hadn't no moth-The lady and gentleman followed the er-love to thrive on. The women they thought did well by him, but they sort o' do that thing, and before long the parson hustled him, and he wanted something dif- was there, talking and praying. That seem years in the lower House of the Legislagrown and weather beaten man to the cool thought did well by him, but they sort o' spose nothing, sir, can give a child that ners dropped, in, with their black faces, feel, that having somebody to love and call and the little lamps in their hands, he'd mother, does-no, not all the cossettin' in the world by strangers.

'Well, the years passed, and the little fellow began to be handy in the mine. It seemed a pity to see him beginning that sort o' life, but then we're not even able to take care of one more helpless hand, and there was plenty young as he down there. But he were so different from all the rest of the children. He looked for all the world before he got the grim in his face, like a gentleman's child, sir. His skin was like the shells you sometimes see with a leetle red tinge on 'em, and he had his mother's large brown eyes, and his father's curly hair, and then he was so slim-like and girlish. But he had spirit beyond strength, and gloried in work.

'Things was going on about as usual, except that I was harder down on religion than ever. The soft feeling wore off my heart, and I think I hated what was pious worse nor before. Our Sundays was training days-nothing good-everything evil, just as evil as could be.

'Well, sir-one day the little feller was on my beat, and he had done up his work quick and airly, so he stood some time beside me talking-I never heard such strange things as he'd say. So says he, as I was fixing my tools-says he,

'Keen,'-that's my name, sir,-'where'd all this coal come from?"

'Come from the earth,' I said.

'Yes, but what made it?' 'I prided myself on my little larning,' so says I,

'Why, nater made it, Pinky;' we used to call him Pink, and Pinky. 'Well, what made nater Keen?' he still kept askin'.

Why-why! nater made itself!' I said. 'Oh, no!' he cried; and with a solemn look as ever I see on any face-and his voice somehow seemed strange, and deep, like a voice of warnin'-I don't know why, but I never heered anything like it; says

here in the dark ! 'I declare it was nigh as if a man had struck me as could be. Says I, 'Pinky, where'd you get that from?'

'Says he, 'The good man told me.'

'What good man?' I asked, and an ug-What preached at mammy's funeral,"

said he. 'And where'd you see him?' I sort o' growled, like.

'Out in the road yesterday. I seed him on a horse, and he took me up and rided me ever so far and back, and he told me all

'I was silent-I tell ye. I didn't know what to say; but I was mad. Just then. -and so I said.

'Don't be afraid, Pinky, they'll be here soon;' but I was shaky, for we was in a dangerous part of the pit. 'Says he, 'I don't feel afraid, Keene

don't you s'pose God's close to us ? 'I declare I felt my blood trickle cold,

and every wind that came down the shaftthere in his coffin, there came a different | way I thought was His breath—the breath of God!

'Well, the hours passed, and nobody come. Presently says little Pinky, 'I'll seemed like I couldn't breathe. But when I called him back, he shouted with

'God'll show me the way.' It almost makes me tremble when I think on't, sir-the boy went over the worst road they came for me with plenty of light-I -I couldn't believe it, sir, I couldn't; and though they kept telling me that Pinky was safe, I tell you, sir, I thought it was a lie till I see him, and heard him cry out-'I am safe, Keene-God showed me the

'Well, sir, you mayn't think this looks true; but 'tis. Oh! 'tis as true as wonderful, sir; and I tell you, I was a different once-no, I didn't know the way then, sir. I didn't feel like little Pinky; I didn't feel sure that God'd show me, but he did.

'One day, after Pinky had been working ard, he said he was dry and his head ach-Well, we always expected something 'd be ailing him-so that night I carried him home in my arms and laid him on his bed, and he never, sir,'-the miner choked for a moment, drew one rough hand across his eyes, turned away for a brief second, then said-he never got up from it of himself agin. Every night I came home was worse and worse, and I tell ye I felt as if all the light I ever see was going out! 'One morning he asked me in his weak

'Wouldn't I send for the good man that here ended. preached for his mammy?'

smile round at 'em so sweet, sir, it would a done your heart good to a seen it.'

The man paused again, overcome by the round his firm lips quivered, and over his great bronzed face there swept an expression of an almost womanly tenderness. 'Did he die then?'

The question was softly asked, and the

dark eyes of the lady were full of tears. 'Oh, my dear miss-yes, yes, he died then! He grew very bright and lively, though, and we'd all set our hearts on his getting well, when there was another change and the color left his face-and his little hands hadn't no strength in them. The minister came again, and as he stooped down, says he, 'My dear child, are you afraid to go?'

'And what do you think, sir-what do you think, miss-he said? Oh, how it went through me! God'll show me the way!'

'And He showed him the way, sir. I never see anything like that dying sirever. He held my hand-he said,

'Keene, you love God, too!' 'He gave a gasp and then a smile, and then there came a bright glory-light over his white face that made it shine all over-Oh, sir-I-I-can't, tell it."

The man held his head down and sobbed like a child-and his were not the only tears. The next morning was the Sabbath. A near bell was heard; a plain white meeting-house stood in sight. The stranger and his daughter met the miner, who, pointing to the heavenward spire, exclaimed, as a smile broke over his face,

'You see, sir, God shows us all the way!

Reclaiming Presents .- A case is under investigation, says the Detroit Advertiser of the 25th, in the Police Court of that city, involving the right of a fellow to take back the presents he has made to a girl when she was wont to have him, and is getting ready to marry somebody else. A young man who had disposed of about \$75 worth of jewelry in this way, during three years courtship, is on his trial for larceny, in invading the lady's bed-room, and seizing the property, when he had discovered it was to adorn another man's wife.

MISCRILANROUS.

Terrible Tragedy in Henry County, Va. The usually quiet and law-abiding people of the county of Henry have been intensely excited for the past three or four days, in consequence of a terrible tragedy, or

rather tripple tragedy, that was enacted in their midst on Saturday last.

It appears, according to the version given us, that some years since, a grand-daugher of the venerable and talented Vincent Witcher, Esq., of Pittsylvania county, married a gentleman from the adjoining county of Henry, whose name was Clemmens. against Napolcon should be ignorant of the His christian name we are unable to ascer- services which Arndt rendered to his countain. The maiden name of Mr. Witcher's grand-daughter was Smith. The parties and national songs. He stirred the hearts lived hapily together until about eighteen of the people from the Rhine to the Niemonths since, when, upon the most un- men, and did more than almost any other founded suspicions, as we have been informed, Mr. Clemmens desired a separation from his wife, and immediately instituted proceedings for a divorce, at the same time impeaching her honor as the grounds for his course.

Last Saturday was set apart for the taking of depositions, and the parties met at a magisterial precinct in Henry county.

Mr. Witcher appeared to defend the suit and protect the honor of his grand-

daughter. The taking of the depositions progressed, and after the plaintiff had finished with a witness, Mr. Witcher asked a question, which greatly exasperated the husband, Mr. Clemmens. He immediately arose, drawing a pistol at the same time, and fired at Mr. Witcher. Mr. Witcher, it seems, ous places without no lamp! Oh! sir, when also quickly rose, and drew a pistol from his pocket, and as the ball of his antagonist grazed around the abdomen, he fired, strik-

him instantly. A nephew of Mr. Witcher, and a Mr. ing the firing, rushed into the room. A brother of Mr. Clemmens, who had also been attracted by the pistol reports, fired at a nephew of Mr. Witcher, the ball taking man after that. Not that I grew good at effect, and producing, it is feared, a fatal wound. Upon seeing his nephew shot Mr. Vincent Witcher again fired, striking Clem-

ing Clemmens in the forehead, and killing

mens No. 2, and killing him instantly. At this stage of the sanguinary affair, Mr. Smith, a brother of Mrs. Clemmens, drew a bowie kife, but had scarcely unsheathed the blade, when he was fired upon by a second brother of Clemmens, the ball taking effect in the shoulder, and producing a painful wound. Infuriated by his wound, Mr. Smith rushed upon his antagonist, and with one powerful thrust of the knife completely disemboweled Clemmens No. 3, the unfortunate man falling dead on

Three of the parties dead, and the other three all wounded, the horrible tragedy

ture, and subsequently represented his district in the State Senate with signal abili-He is a prominent member of the Whig party, and his name has been repeatedly mentioned in connection with the office of Governor of the Commonwealth recollection of the scene. The muscles He succeeded Whitmell P. Tunstall, upon the death of that gentleman, as President of the Richmond and Danville Railroad After two years service he resigned the Presidency of the road, and has since been engaged in the practice of his professionthat of a lawyer.

Our informant states that throughout this painful suit, which Mr. Witcher believes to have been instituted against an innocent grand-daughter, he has acted with great forbearance, and the part he has been compelled finally to act, will be with none, a source of deeper regret than himself. -Petersburg Express, Feb. 29.

Mnrder of Dr. W. J. Keitt.

ty was thrown into a state of great excitement by the announcement of the death of Dr. W. J. Keitt, our Senator in the State Legislature. He had been living by for some time past. Early in the morning, one of his servants, who had waited on him during his illness, came into town and stated that, as he went into his master's room to build a fire, he found him lying on the floor dead. At first it was supposed that he had died suddenly from an affection of the heart; but, on visiting his house, his body was found bathed in blood, and his throat cut from ear to ear. 'An inquest was soon held, and it was found that he had been most brutally murdered by one or more of his own negroes. The most positive evidence was obtained against one of the negroes, and a disposition was manifested to hang him at once; but, with the view of obtaining proof against others who are supposed to be implicated, he was survive the year, or that some other grave brought to jail, with three others on whom event will threaten the Turkish Empire. suspicion rests. The matter is undergoing further investigation as we go to press, and we are therefore unable to give the result.

Dr. Keitt was a native of South Carolina, and a brother of the Hon. L. M. Keitt, ed moved to this State about six years ago, aug4

and had so identified himself with her interests as to render his death a public calamity. — Ocala (Fla.) Companion.

Death of Arndt.

One of the venerable friends of German freedom has passed away. Ernst Moritz Arndt, poet, scholar, statesman, and patriot, beloved and revered by all his countrymen and by noble hearted men all over the world, died at Bonn on the 29th of last month, at the ripe old age of ninety. This is not the place to give a long sketch of his active and earnest life. But no one who remembers the struggle of Germany try by his pamphlets, newspaper articles, man to arouse those feelings of popular indignation, courage, and patriotism, which finally incited the Germans to hurl back their oppressors, and achieve their inde-

His liberal principles were afterwards so offensive to the Prussian Government that he was obliged to relinquish the chair of the professorship of modern history at Bonn. With many other patriots, he indulged in the hope for a brief period in 1848 that better days for his country were near, and he labored faithfully, and with a youthful zeal, until it was manifest that all efforts were then in vain. But he never lost the noble spirit which breathes through every line of his famous song, 'What is the German's Fatherland?

The writer of these lines has a letter from the venerable patriot, which was written but a few years ago. With a bold and manly hand, the old man writes as his motto a quotation from an ancient poet, 'The bird sings sweetest when it sings, 'Strike for the Fatherland.' For it he lived, and Smith, a brother of Mrs. Clemmens, hear- toiled, and was ready to die .- Providence Journal.

Presentiment in a Dream .- This morning a young lady, daughter of Heman Miler, track master of the Central Railroad, told her parents soon after she arose, that she had dreamed last night that Mr. Keist, who attends the railroad bridge at Allen's creek, was killed, and that Mrs. Keist came to the house to tell Mr. Miller. A short time after relating this dream, and while the family were at breakfast, Mrs. Keist came in to tell that her husband was killed by the cars last night at Brighton. So impressed was the girl with the force of her dream, that she ran to another room when she saw the woman approaching the door, as she felt sure that she had a tale of sorrow to tell. Mr. Keist was a German, who had worked for a number of years on a railroad, under the direction of Mr. Miller, and his wife had often called at his house. When Miss Miller told her dream, Mr 'Wouldn't I send for the good man that reached for his mammy?'

'I didn't say no—'twan't in my heart to in this truly terrible affair, is widely known that throughout Virginia. He saved for many did not know who the unfortunate man While there are thousands of dream that are not premonitory, now and then there is one that is, to say the least, coincidental with actual occurrences, of which the dreamer knew nothing .- Rochester Advertiser, 24th.

> Burnt on Suspicion of Canibalism .-The revolting practice of canibalism among the Indian tribes is now, happily of rare occurrence. And by none is it held in greater detestation than by the natives themselves. Mingled, too, with their horror of the crime is a strange superstitious fear of the criminal, whom they believe to be endowed with a supernatural power against which nothing earthly can prevail. At Dauphin river, at the beginning of the winter, a tradgedy was enacted which makes one shudder. A poor, sickly old man, named Sachetackets, was supposed by Cusic and Katchewa, his two sons-in-law, to show a disposition to become a man eater. Alarmed at the thought of such a calamity, they determined to prevent it by putting away On Sunday morning last, our communithe object of their dread before he became proof against their weapons. One day the unsuspecting old man was lying helpless in his camp, when Cusic and Katchewa fell upon him and barbarously murdered him. himself, on his plantation, about three They cut off his head and then burnt his miles from Ocala, and has been 'n ill health | body to ashes .- Montreal Gazette, Feb. 21:

> > A letter from Constantinople states that the Astrologers of the Sultan have just brought out in that city the Turkish almanac for the new year, which begins in March. The science of astrology still enjoys a certain degree of consideration in the East, and faith is placed in its predictions. On this occasion the Astrologer of the almanac has left the place of a certain Friday in the new year blank, which has caused great uneasiness in the Capitol, as he is an old man of the time of the Sultan Mahmound, whose death, in 1839, he indicated by the same means. The believers in the science, therefore, feel fully persuaded either that the Sultan Abdul-Mejid will not

QUIDIDNOWARID 8

WHITE Stoneware by the set, 40 pieces in a set, at \$4, \$4.50 and \$5, warrantna, and a brother of the Hon. L. M. Keitt, ed good. Also, various other articles, such representative of that State. The deceasar Toilet Sets, Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Ecc.