

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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Whole No. 2554.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1860.

New Series--Vol. XIV, No. 22.

A NEW STOCK
OF
Cloths, Cassimeres
AND
VESTINGS,
Has just been received at the Lewistown
Emporium of Fashion, which will be made up
in 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 BARE CHANCE FOR
BARGAINS!
A Year's Credit to Responsible
Men!

The subscriber having now on
hand one of the best and largest
assortments of Philadelphia and
Pittsburgh, in order to accommo-
date 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
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
finished sets of light Harness equal to any man-
ufactured.
Let all in want of good articles, made by ex-
perienced workmen, give him a call.
JOHN DAVIS.
Lewistown, April 7, 1859.

New Fall and Winter Goods.
P. F. 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,
which are offered to the public at a small ad-
vance on cost. The stock of Dry Goods en-
compasses all descriptions of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
with many new patterns. His
Groceries
comprise Choice Sugars, Molasses, Java, Rio
and Laguna Coffee, superior Teas, &c. Also,
Rice and Shines, Queensware, and all other
articles usually found in stores—all which
are the customers of the late firm and the public
in general are invited to examine.
P. F. ELLIS.
Fish, Salt, Plaster and Coal always on
hand.
Country Produce received as usual and the
full market price allowed therefor.
Lewistown, Sept. 22, 1859.

ROBERT W. PATTON,
NORTH SIDE OF MARKET STREET,
LEWISTOWN, PA.
HAS just received and opened at his es-
tablishment a new supply of
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry,
SILVER PLATED WARE
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 neatly and expeditiously
attended to, and all work warranted.
Thankful for the patronage heretofore re-
ceived, he respectfully asks a continuance of
the same, and will endeavor to please all who
may favor him with their custom. feb2

EDWARD FRYSSINGER,
WHOLESALE DEALER & MANUFACTURER
OF
CIGARS, TOBACCO, SNUFF,
&c., &c.,
LEWISTOWN, PA.
Orders promptly attended to. jcl6

JNO. R. WEEKES,
Justice of the Peace,
Scribner & Subvpor,
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
new place. mh31 '59

Wanted! Wanted!
10,000 PERSONS of both sexes to
make money by buying cheap
Groceries, Baskets, Tubs, Buckets, Charms,
Water Cans, Brooms, Brushes, &c. &c. at
ZERBE'S.
aug4

THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN,
Published daily, 121-weekly and weekly, by Dobbin &
Patterson, 128 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.
Daily \$6 per annum, \$4 for 6 months, \$3 for 3 months,
\$1 for 1 month. Tri-weekly \$4 per annum, \$3 for six
months, \$2 for three months, and \$1 for one month.
The weekly American is published at \$1.50 per annum,
\$1 for six months, \$1 for three months, \$1 for one
month. Single copies 5c, eight copies 10c, fourteen
copies 15c, for 25—all payable in advance.

THE MINSTREL.

FARE THEE WELL, KITTY DEAR.

I saw the smiles of evening die,
In beauty on a southern sky,
And as I marked that fairy scene
So mild, so lovely and serene,
A strange wild sound, yet sweet and clear,
In tones like these I chanced to hear—
Fare thee well, Kitty dear,
Thou art sleeping in thy grave so low,
Never more, Kitty dear,
Wilt thou listen to my old banjo,
Fare thee well Kitty, &c.

Though Afric's son that strain avow,
A language to my soul it spoke,
That seem'd my restless thought to quell,
And held me captive to its spell;
How much of feeling deep and strong
Was blended with that artless song—
Fare thee well, Kitty dear, &c.

Though years since then have rolled away,
The echo of that simple lay,
Comes o'er me when with care oppress'd,
And soothes my troubled heart to rest;
Nor will I till my latest hour
Forget the magic of its power.
Fare thee well Kitty dear, &c.

'BURY ME IN A FREE LAND.'
Make me a grave where'er you will,
In a lowly plain or a lofty hill;
Make it among our country's humblest graves,
But not in a land where men are slaves.

I could not rest, if round my grave
I heard the steps of a trembling slave;
His shadow above my silent tomb
Would make it a place of fearful gloom.

I could not sleep if I heard the tread
Of a cattle gang to the shambles led;
And the mother's shriek of wild despair
Rise, like a curse on the trembling air.

I could not rest, if I saw the lash
Drinking her blood at each fearful gash,
And if I saw her babes torn from her breast,
Like trembling doves from their parent nest.

I'd shudder and start, if I heard the bay
Of a blood hound seizing his human prey;
And I heard the captive plead in vain,
As they bound afresh his galling chain.

If I saw young girls from their mother's arms
Bartered and sold for their youthful charms,
My eye would flash with a mournful flame—
My death-paled cheek grow red with shame.

I would sleep dear friends where bloodied might
Can rob no man of his dearest right;
My rest shall be calm in any grave
Where none can call his brother a slave.

I seek no monument proud and high,
To arrest the gaze of passers by—
All that my yearning spirit craves,
Is bury me not in a Land of Slaves.
A. D. STEVENS.
Charlestown Jail, Va., March 15th, 1850.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

THE BIBLE.—Out of the Bible have
come all pure moralities. From it have
sprung all sweet charities. It has been the
motive power of regeneration and reforma-
tion to millions of men. It has comforted
the humble, consoled the mourning, sus-
tained the suffering, and given trust and
triumph to the dying. The wise old man
has fallen asleep with it folded to his breast.
The simple cottager has used it for his dy-
ing pillow; and even the innocent child
has breathed his last happy sigh with his
fingers between its promise-freighted leaves.

Use of Sorrow and Misfortune.—It is
but rarely, in the present day, that a separa-
tion takes place in the mind between the
things which are of the world, and the
things which are of heaven, except by
means of sorrow and misfortune. Grief
and trouble on account of natural things—
as for the loss of friends, wealth, or a good
reputation—turn the thoughts despairingly
away from earth, and hopefully toward hea-
ven. If, then, divine truths from the Word,
or by instruction from parents, preachers
and teachers, have been stored up in the
memory from childhood, the Lord, by means
of these can lift the suffering soul out of
its natural trouble up into a region of spiri-
tual peace, and thus bring to it a living
consciousness of heavenly joy.

While in the enjoyment of natural good
things, we cannot be made to comprehend
the higher delights attendant on the pos-
session of spiritual riches. We do not rise
into their apprehension. And so, in order
to draw heavenward his beloved children,
the good Father of us all, lays upon us, in
love, the rod of chastening; and in the
pain that follows, comes to us with 'heal-
ing on his wings.'

Look Out.—Young man! A misstep
may destroy you. One sin may ruin your
character. Did you ever reflect on the con-
sequences of a sudden indulgence in vice?
The best men have fallen, through the sug-
gestion of another. How careful you
should be while in the freshness of your
days, lest a blight fall on you forever. If
invited to places of resort, where it is diffi-
cult to decide, take the safe course, stay
away and save your reputation. This is a
jewel of inestimable value too precious to
be put in jeopardy. No man ever regrets
that he kept aloof from temptation, and to
the close of his life he expresses joy that
he was saved from the path of shame, by
giving a decided negative, when the voice
of pleasure beckoned him on. Be decided
and you are safe. Yield and you may be
lost. Watch with diligence and guard every
avenue through which sin may reach
you. In no other way will you be sure to
overcome the evils of the world.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEGEND OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

A short time before the purchase of the
'Iowa country' from the Sacs and Foxes, a
man named Pierre Leclere, of French pa-
rentage, removed down the river from Du-
buque, and settled with his family in the
adjoining country, where the little town of
Sabula, has since risen. Many years before
he had discovered a young Sac warrior ly-
ing wounded, and almost dying in the un-
derbrush. He had met with a serious ac-
cident while hunting, and but for timely
assistance would have died in solitude and
suffering. Leclere took him to his home
and carefully tended him until he could re-
join his tribe, which kindness had been re-
turned with a devoted and lasting friend-
ship; and he had never failed to visit his
preserver with valuable presents of fur and
deer skins every year from that time.

But now a period had arrived when the
Indian (a chief of his tribe) must bid fare-
well forever, and he sought his new home
for that purpose. He was moody and sor-
rowful, and gave utterance to many a bitter
and revengeful expression against the Amer-
icans, unwilling to admit the justice of a
mutual treaty. 'White men think there
are treasures beneath our hunting grounds,'
said he, while a fierce and malignant ex-
pression overspread his features; 'he will dig
up our hunting grounds to find bullets to
shoot down our warriors and our red deer,
and will drive war upon us, and our wig-
wams will be no more spread on these
meadows.' Leclere endeavored to pacify
his Indian friend, who by-and-by became
more calm, and informed him that he was
the possessor of a very important secret,
and that if Leclere would promise never to
divulge it, and submit himself to his guid-
ance, he would confide it to him. The
man had sufficient confidence in the Indian
chief to make the required promise and
yield himself up into his power. He was
told he must be blindfolded and go where-
ever the chief would lead him, immediately
after sunset. Leclere, therefore, permit-
ted bandages to be bound carefully over
his eyes, and was conducted to the river
and into a canoe, which, after many circuit-
ous twists and turns, was rowed steadily on
for several hours and then turned sudden-
ly this way and that before stopping, in or-
der, as Leclere conjectured, to more effectually
disguise the direction they had taken.
He was carefully conducted on shore, and
led along a rough and tangled path, break-
ing through trees and bushes to effect their
progress. After several minutes of this
uncertain course, he had to crawl on his
hands and knees through a narrow passage
which seemed like a low, damp cave, for
some distance, his companion urging him
on, until at last he was bid to stand upright,
and the bandage was removed from his
eyes.

To the astonishment of Leclere, he found
himself in total darkness, shut out from
stars and sky—not a ray of light was dis-
cernible. He spoke, and his voice resound-
ed on all sides, rolling along from echo to
echo, like the rumbling of distant thunder.
A cold chill ran through his frame, and
his faith in his Indian friend was well nigh
failing. Had he inadvertently provoked his
ire? and was he brought there to per-
ish alone? But the brave Sac warrior was
in the meantime producing a light, and
setting fire to a heap of dry rubbish he had
collected on the way, behold! what won-
ders were revealed to Leclere. He found
himself in a vast vault of glittering crys-
tals. High up above his head, around on
all sides as far as the remotest glimmer of
light could reach, glittering crystals of pure
lead packed in every direction. Bright and
smooth, like millions of little mirrors, shone
the metal. 'Behold the treasure that lies
buried beneath our wigwams,' exclaimed
the Indian; 'but the Sac warrior only knows
his cave, and he will never tell the white
man the riches of our hunting ground.'

Leclere was permitted to ramble at will,
and thoroughly convince himself of this
buried wealth, while the chief dragged in
more branches to heap on the fire; but no
information could be elicited, not one hint
as to the locality could be drawn from him.
And when at length the astonishment of
Pierre had abated, and his vision satiated
with the beauty of this subterranean pal-
ace, the bandages were replaced over his
eyes, and he was reconducted, on hands and
knees, along the craggy paths to the canoe;
and after a repetition of the same decep-
tive turnings, and five or six hours of steady
rowing, he was landed, taken to his home
and once more restored to the privileges of
sight.

On his death bed, Pierre Leclere reveal-
ed the secret to his son, who subsequently
spent upwards of two years in exploring
the banks of the Mississippi on each side
within thirty miles of the spot where he
dwelt; but in vain. This treasure is still
a buried secret. That it exists, is a well
known fact in that neighborhood; and who
can foretell the circumstance that may
sooner or later bring it to light?

This cave is supposed to be of galena, or
sulphuret of lead, whose crystals are in
cubes presenting a bright smooth surface.
The existence of lead throughout that re-
gion, extending far beyond the mining dis-
tricts, is frequently detected. Its presence
is also indicated by the 'lead plant' of bot-

anists, amercacanesens, which is found
in great quantities for many miles in the
vicinity of the Mississippi; but whether
this one mysterious cavern will be ever re-
vealed or not, belongs only to the future
annals of time. The leveling for a road,
or the foundation of a building; the agri-
culturist, or naturalist in his researches;
may in a moment discover it; or, on the
contrary, the hardworking farmer may even
now be partaking of his daily meals over
his unsuspected riches—the storms of win-
ter and debris of years having long since
choked up all access to it; or the founda-
tions of a future city may have already cut
off its discovery for ages, and man is pur-
suing his daily toil to amass a fortune for
his family, every hour tramping over and
over the very spot where wealth incalcula-
ble lies buried.

NEW FOOTFALLS FROM ANOTH- ER WORLD.

For several days past there has been a
bit of personal gossip about up-town which,
as in similar instances, has been highly ex-
aggerated. Yet even allowing for these
exaggerations, the facts of the positions
—which ever they be—as related by one
of the principal actors, are of themselves
strange enough to satisfy the most inveterate
admirer of the marvelous; and as the
story has been solemnly asseverated before
a mixed company of some twenty persons,
and afterwards retailed and repeated so
much as to be almost a town talk, we are
committing no impropriety, we trust, in
stating the circumstances, as far as we have
been able to discover them.

The numerous literary persons and oth-
ers who frequent the spacious halls of the
Astor library will be interested, therefore,
in learning that their favorite retreat is
haunted. Of course, on seeing the com-
fortable, well-lighted rooms in the day time,
and when filled by the presence of gaily dress-
ed ladies and other visitors, nothing seems
more preposterous than the idea of ghosts.
But let the reader imagine these wide halls
as they are at night, swathed in darkness,
the gloomy alcoves casting yet deeper and
gloomier shadows—when a foot-fall reverber-
ates through the wide expanse with mys-
terious echoes, and when the lamp borne
by the startled explorer along tortuous pas-
sages and among musty toms send but a
feeble ray, that scarcely serves to make the
darkness visible, and the aspect is very dif-
ferent. At this time the Astor library—
and for that matter, all large libraries at
such a time—is a rather dismal place, and
suggests, unpleasantly enough, to any one
who may be there alone, Hood's lines:

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit haunted,
Which, said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

It was at such a time, in such a place,
and to one lonely explorer, that the
ghost of the Astor library appeared.

To understand the circumstances of this
remarkable apparition the more fully,
the reader should remember that Dr. Cogswell,
the efficient librarian, has been for
some time engaged in the compilation of a
complete catalogue of the library. Al-
though over a year since it was commenc-
ed, the work has only reached to the letter
P. Dr. Cogswell is an unmarried man,
and occupies a sleeping apartment in the
upper part of the library, the janitor resid-
ing in the basement. It is the rule of the
library to dismiss visitors at sunset, and
during the evening and night no individ-
ual besides Dr. Cogswell and the janitor
and his family remain in the building.

Against the advice of his friends, Dr.
Cogswell devotes hours of night that should
be given to repose, to the pursuance of his
work on the catalogue. Naturally anxious
to hasten forward its completion and fired
with all the enthusiasm of a professed bibliophile,
his labors in this tedious and diffi-
cult task are almost incredible. At the
same time the work is of that dry, statisti-
cal character which is by no means sug-
gestive of fanciful apparitions, nor is the
indefatigable compiler a man easily swayed
by the passing delusions of the eye or
brain.

Some two weeks ago Dr. Cogswell was
at work as usual on the catalogue. It was
about eleven o'clock at night, and having
occasion to refer to some books in a distant
part of the library, he left his desk, took
his candle, and, as he had often done be-
fore, pursued his course among the wind-
ing passages toward the desired spot. But
on reaching it, while in an alcove in the
southwestern part of the older portion of
the building, he was startled by seeing a
man, respectfully dressed in citizen's clothes,
surveying a shelf of books. The doctor
supposed it to be a robber who had se-
creted himself for the purpose of abstract-
ing some of the valuable works in the li-
brary; after stepping back behind the par-
tition for a moment, he again moved cau-
tiously forward, to catch a glimpse of the
individual's face, when to his surprise he
recognized in the supposed robber the fea-
tures of a physician, (whose name we for-
bear giving) who had lived in the imme-
diate vicinity of the library, and who had
died some six years ago! It should be
borne in mind that this deceased person
was a mere actual acquaintance of Doctor
Cogswell, not an intimate friend, and since

his death Doctor Cogswell had not thought
of him.

But the apparition was in the presence
of a man not easily scared. The librarian,
so far from fainting or shrieking, as might
reasonably be expected, calmly addressed
the ghost:

'Dr. ———,' said he, 'you seldom if ever
visited this library while living. Why do
you trouble us now when dead?'

'Perhaps the ghost did not like the sound
of a human voice; anyway, it gave no an-
swer, but disappeared.

The next day Mr. Cogswell thought over
the matter, attributed it to some optical de-
lusion, and in the evening proceeded with
his work as usual. Again he wished to re-
fer to some books, and again visited the
southwestern alcove. There again, as large
as life was the ghost, very calmly and
placidly surveying the shelves. Mr. Cogswell
again spoke to it:

'Dr. ———,' said he, 'again I ask you,
why you, who never visited the library
while living, trouble it now when dead?'

Again the ghost vanished, and the un-
daunted librarian pursued his task without
interruption. The next day he examined
the shelves before which the apparition had
been seen standing, and by a singular co-
incidence found that they were filled with
books devoted to demonology, witchcraft,
magic, spiritualism, &c. Some of these
books are rare tomes, centuries old, writ-
ten in Latin, illustrated with quaint dia-
grams, and redolent of mysticism, while on
the next shelves are their younger broth-
ers, the neat, spruce works of modern spiri-
tualists, of Britton, Davis, Edmunds, and
others. The very titles on these mystic
books are suggestive. They are the Prophe-
cies or Prognostications of Michael Nos-
tradamus, a folio published in London in
1672; Albansar de Conjectionibus; Ker-
ner's Majikon; Godwin's Lives of the No-
comancers; Glanvil on Witches and Ap-
paritions; Cornelius Agrippa; Bodin's
Demonomania; Lilly's Astrology and oth-
ers, a perusal of any of which would ef-
fectually murder the sleep of a person of
ordinary nerve for at least half a dozen
nights. It was these volumes that appear-
ed to attract the apparition.

The third night Mr. Cogswell, still de-
termined that the shade, spirit, delusion,
or effect of indigestion—whatever it might
be—should not interfere with his duties,
again visited the various books to which to
refer to, and when occasion demanded did
not fail to approach the mystic alcove.
There again was the apparition, dressed
precisely as before, in a gentleman's usual
costume, as natural as life, and with a hand
raised, as if about to take down a book.
Mr. Cogswell again spoke:

'Dr. ———,' he said boldly, 'this is the
third time I have met you. Tell me if any
of this class of books now disturb you? If
they do, I will have them removed.'

But the ungrateful ghost, without ac-
knowledging this accommodating spirit on
the part of his interrogator, disappeared.
Nor has it been seen since, and the librarian
has continued his nightly researches with-
out interruption.

A few days ago, at a dinner party at the
house of a well known wealthy gentleman,
Mr. Cogswell related the circumstances as
above recorded, as nearly as we can learn.
As some eighteen or twenty persons were
present, the remarkable story of course was
soon spread about. A number of literary men,
including an eminent historian and oth-
ers, heard the recital, and though they at-
tribute Mr. Cogswell's ghost seeing to the
strain and tension of his nerves during his
too protracted labors at the catalogue, they
yet confess that the story has its remark-
able phases. Both Mr. Cogswell and the
deceased physician were persons of a prac-
tical turn of mind, and always treated the
marvelous ghost stories sometimes set afloat,
with deserved contempt. And, as they
were not at all intimate, it will be at least
a curious question for the psychologist to
determine, why the idea of this deceased
gentleman should come to Mr. Cogswell's
brain and resolve itself into an apparition,
when engaged in dry, statistical labors,
which should effectually banish all thoughts
of the marvelous.

Acting on the advice of several friends,
Mr. Cogswell is now absent on a short trip
to Charleston, to recuperate his energies.
His indefatigable industry, his devotion to
the interests of the library, and his great
efficiency as a librarian, render it highly
desirable that he should enjoy recreation
and repose, and not endanger his health by
a too close application to his duties. In
regard to the apparition we will make no
comments, but give the story as related by
Dr. Cogswell, as we are credibly informed,
and as it has already been talked about in
various literary and domestic circles in this
city.

**A new finger growing from the stump of
one amputated.**—The Lockhaven, Pa.,
Watchman records a very remarkable pheno-
menon, just being perfected in Lockha-
ven. Some months ago, Mr. John John-
son, of that place, had the middle finger of
his right hand amputated close to the
lower joint joining the hand. The wound
soon healed over, and almost immediately
a new finger commenced growing from the
stump of the old one, and in six months
from the time the finger was amputated
Mr. Johnson had a new and full grown fin-

ger in its place, with the exception of the
nail, which is just commencing to shoot
out.

Strange But True Love Story.

In 1847, there lived in the town of
Landshut, Bavaria, a young mechanic named
Louis S——, who had just arrived at
the age of twenty-one years. He became
acquainted with a young woman, the
daughter of a wealthy citizen, noted for her
beauty, and many accomplishments. The
two were soon deeply in love with each
other, and were living in the blissful an-
ticipation of soon enjoying a world of hap-
piness in wedded bliss. The matter was
mentioned to the girl's father, who became
very indignant at the presumption of the
young man, who was poor, in asking for
the hand of the daughter of one so wealthy
as he. The young man was driven from his
house, and threatened with personal
violence should he return. With a sor-
rowful heart, and his eyes wet with tears,
Louis bade adieu to Season, for such was
the young girl's name, and set sail for
America on the 13th of April, 1848, in the
ship Calois. The ship was out two weeks,
wildly tossed on many a rolling billow,
when one dark, stormy night, the 27th of
April, 1848, she was struck by an English
vessel, and in less than twenty minutes,
sunk to the fathomless depths of the ocean,
carrying several of the crew and about
forty passengers "to that undiscovered
country from whose bourne no traveler re-
turns." Just as the vessel was going
down, Louis S—— and John Hershberger,
who in the voyage had become intimate
personal friends, plunged into the briny
deep, and fortunately got upon a large
plank and were quickly carried far from
the scene of disaster. The English ship
hovered around for several hours and gath-
ered up a number of the crew, but Louis
and Hershberger had, in their frail bark,
got beyond hailing distance, and the ves-
sel went on her way without them. For
thirty six hours they were on this plank
in the middle of the ocean, enduring all
the horrors of anxiety, hunger and thirst,
when they were picked up by the since ill-
fated ship, City of Glasgow, bound for
Philadelphia, where they arrived on the
6th of May, 1848. Hershberger hired
with a barber in Philadelphia, and Louis
S—— came, on foot, to our neighboring
county of Stark, where he worked two
months, and then came to this county and
commenced work at his trade, as a partner
in an established shop. He was a very
fine workman, sober and industrious, and
soon gained the confidence of his custom-
ers and neighbors. The result was that
he soon had all the money he needed and
some to loan, which he was always careful
to put in safe hands. In the year 1850
he made the acquaintance of a farmer's
daughter, of this county, and on the 29th
of November of that year, he was married
to her. He continued to prosper, and in
1852 purchased a fine farm and went to
farming. In June last his wife died, leav-
ing four children—two boys and two girls
—to battle the storms of life without a
mother.

News had been taken back to Germany
of the loss of the Calois and most of the
passengers, and among them Louis and
young Hershberger. The girl, Louis' first
love, was sorrow stricken with the sad
news of Lewis' supposed death, for she
still hoped that fortune would favor them
so that they might marry at some time.
'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,'
and it was this that strengthened the young
girl to bid farewell to her lover, and pray
to Heaven that he might safely be carried
over the pathless ocean; but when the sad
news of his death reached her ears, she
was for many months almost frantic, the
rosy hue of her cheek gave way for a death-
like palor, and her friends feared that they
would soon have to follow her to the grave.

Time, however, had its effect, and she
finally apparently forgot the cause of her
troubles. Many were the suitors that ap-
plied for her hand, but she refused them
all. In the year 1854, Hershberger, who
was a scholar and a fine writer, wrote a
letter to a friend in Germany, giving an
account of the voyage, loss of the vessel,
and rescue of himself and Louis S——.
This letter was published in a paper in
Germany which fell into the hands of the
faithful girl, by which she learned that
Louis had been saved; but whether he
was yet living, and if living, still true to
her, put her in great suspense. Her father
died in 1856, leaving her a large fortune.
In July, 1859, she was in a store in the
town of Landshut, and while waiting for
the merchant, who was engaged, to sell
her some goods, she picked up a copy of
Der Deutsche in Ohio, a paper published
by Raby, of Canton, formerly of this coun-
ty, and in it noticed the death of the wife
of Louis S——. She concluded this
Louis was her old lover, and immediately
she began to make preparations to sail for
America and seek him out. She arrived
in this country at the house of Louis on
the 21st of December, and on the 10th of
last month they were made happy by be-
ing united in marriage at the house of the
bridegroom.—Holmes county (Ohio) Far-
mer.

A German, supposed to be Charles
Myer from Wurtemberg, was torn to pieces
by a locomotive on Wednesday night.