

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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BLMYER & STANBARGER,
PRODUCE & COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
Near Canal Basin,
Lewistown, Pa.,
Will purchase every description of Produce at current prices.

ALWAYS ON HAND,
PLASTER, SALT, FISH, STONE COAL
of assorted sizes, **LIMEBURNERS'**
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GEO. BLYMYER,
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DR. J. LOCKE,
DENTIST.

OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown,
adjoining F. G. Francis' Hardware
Store. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office
the first Monday of each month to spend the
week. my31

Dr. Samuel L. Alexander,
Has permanently located at Milroy,
and is prepared to practice all the branches
of his Profession. Office at Swinehart's Hotel.
my3-1y

DR. S. A. MARTIN
HAS through the solicitation of many
friends, located in Newton Hamilton in
the room of L. Atkinson, who goes to
Lewistown. He hopes by a strict attention to
business to receive the support and merit the
approbation of a generous community. He
has the experience of twelve years' regular
practice, in which time he has had an opportunity
of treating diseases of almost every
species. Office in dwelling directly opposite the
Presbyterian church. ap19-3m

EDWARD FRYISINGER,
WHOLESALE DEALER & MANUFACTURER
OF
CIGARS, TOBACCO, SNUFF,
&c., &c.,
LEWISTOWN, PA.
Orders promptly attended to. je15

GEO. W. ELDER,
Attorney at Law,
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will at-
tend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Hunting-
don counties. my26

NOLTE'S BREWERY,
Seigrist's Old Stand,
Near the Canal Bridge, Lewistown, Pa.
Strong Beer, Lager Beer, Lindenberg
and Switzer Cheese--all of the best quality
constantly on hand, for sale wholesale or re-
tail.
Yeast to be had daily during summer.
my24-y

JUST RECEIVED

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c.
for men, women, boys, and children, which
are offered for sale remarkably low.
J. CLARK,
my10 Opposite the Union House.

McalISTERVILLE ACADEMY
Juniata County, Pa.
GEO. F. McFALLAND, Principal & Proprietor.
LEON MILLER, Prof. of Mathematics, &c.
MISS ANNIE S. CRIST, Teacher of Music, &c.
The next session of this Institution com-
mences on the 26th of July, to continue 22
weeks. Students admitted at any time.

A Normal Department
will be formed which will afford Teachers the
best opportunity of preparing for fall examinations.
A NEW APPARATUS has been purchased,
Lecturers engaged, &c.
Terms--Boarding, Room and Tuition, per
session, \$55 to \$60. Tuition alone at usual rates.
Circulars sent free on application.

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SLOAT'S
ELLIPTIC LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES.

THE subscriber after considerable search
for a Sewing Machine for his own use,
has one of the above now in operation, which
is noted for their simplicity and strength.
They Stitch, Hem, Bind, Fell and Gather with-
out basting, making the stitch alike on both
sides of the work. They sew equally well the
lightest and heaviest fabric with any spool
thread or silk. We feel warranted in recom-
mending them as the very best now in the
market for every useful purpose in a family,
for a Dressmaker, Tailor, or Shirt Maker--
As an evidence of its simplicity Mrs. M.,
without instruction or explanation from any
one, commenced work on it, and in less than
one week made 10 dresses, 4 pair of pants,
and 3 shirts, and has not experienced the least
difficulty in its operation. We simply ask all
to look at this machine before purchasing,
and remember these facts. We warrant every
machine, and keep every one in repair,
free of expense, for one year. Price FIFTY
DOLLARS. Address
JAS. M. MARTIN, Lewistown P. O.,
my24-tf Agent for Mifflin County.

STOCKERY WARE--Fine assortment of
Stone Crockery Ware and Baskets at
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MORAL & RELIGIOUS

HASTE, TRAVELER, HASTE!
Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.
Haste, traveler, haste,
O, far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the life, and Christ the way.
And Christ the light. You setting Sun
Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun.
Haste, traveler, haste.

The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path--no refuge near.
Haste, traveler, haste.
O yes, a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain--
A hiding place, a rest, a home--
A refuge from the wrath to come.
Haste, traveler, haste.

Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay;
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.
Haste, traveler, haste.
Poor, lost, benighted soul, art thou
Willing to find salvation now?
There is yet hope, hear Christ's call--
Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all.
Haste, traveler, haste.

Little Trials.
"I can bear the great trials, but it is the
little ones that chafe and torment me."
How often we hear this remark, and every-
body's own experience in life will bear
witness to its truth.
These little every day, vexing, chafing,
wearing cares, are what tries the soul, and
eats like a slow rust and silent mildew
among the roots and tender boughs of our
lives. But these too, the little trials of
one's temper, and tenderness, and faith,
are all appointed of God, for our growth
and blossoming, as the small showers are
sent to the roots of plants, as well as the
long rains.

And as the loving mother counts nothing
mean or small, which has any relation to
the well being of her child, so God takes
notice of the burdens we bear every day,
which are like a cloud of small stinging
insects, poisoning our souls, and dark-
ening the air about us!

And as these trials are appointed in
greater or less measure for all, it becomes
us to make our spirits strong, and serene
and brave to meet them, and to receive
them as the traveler does the delays, and
vexations, and ten thousand annoyances
of his journey, knowing they are all 'on
the way, and will end when he gets home.'
So our souls must constantly turn to the
widow's looking to the westward, for over
the mountains which bound their horizon
are the green pastures and the sweet flow-
ing waters; and there are no heartaches,
no stings, no throbs of pain, no quick
burnings of temper, no slow wearing of
patience, such as make up what we call
in this life 'little trials.'

The Toll-Gate of Life.
We are all on our journey. The world
through which we are passing is in some
respects like a turnpike--all along where
vice and folly have created toll-gates for
the accommodation of those who choose to
call as they go--and there are very few of
all the hosts of travellers who do not occa-
sionally stop a little at some one or other
of them, and pay more or less to the toll-
gatherers. Pay more or less, we say, be-
cause there is a great variety as well in
the amount as in the kind of toll extracted
at these different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of
the purse--many a man has become a beg-
gar by paying at their gates--the ordinary
rates they charge are heavy, and the road
that way is none of the best.
Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful
road in the outset; she tempts the travel-
ler with many fair promises, and wins
thousands--but she takes without mercy;
like an artful robber, she allures till she
gets her victim in her power, and then
strips him of wealth and money, and turns
him off a miserable object, into the worst of
our most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy
villain. He is the very worst toll-gatherer
on the road, for he not only gets from his
customers their money and their health,
but he robs them of their very brains.
The men you meet on the road, rugged and
ruined in frame and fortune are his vis-
itors.
And so we might go on enumerating
many others that gather toll of the unwar-
ry. Accidents sometimes happen, it is
true, along the road, but those who do not
get through at least tolerably well, you
may be sure have been stopping by the
way at some of these places. The plain,
common sense men, who travel straight-
forward, get through the journey without
much difficulty.
This being the state of things, it be-
comes every one, in the outset, if he in-
tends to make a comfortable journey, to
take care what kind of company he keeps
in with. We are all apt to do as compan-
ions do--stop where they stop, and pay
toll where they pay. The chances are ten
to one but our choice in this particular de-
cides our fate.
Having paid due respect to a choice of
companions, the next important thing is to

observe how others manage; to mark the
good or evil that is produced by every
course of life--see how those do who
manage well; by these means you learn.
Be careful of your habits; these make
the man. And they require long and care-
ful culture, ere they grow up to a second
nature. Good habits we speak of. Bad
habits are more easily acquired--they are
spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly
and rankly, without care or culture.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

I shall never forget the commencement
of the temperance reformation. I was a
child at the time, of some ten years of age.
Our home had every comfort, and my kind
parents idolized me, their only child.
Wine was often on the table, and both my
father and mother gave it to me in the
bottom of the morning glass.
On Sunday at church a startling an-
nouncement was made to our people. I
knew nothing of its purport, but there was
much whispering among the men. The
pastor said that on the next evening there
would be a meeting, and an address upon
the evils of intemperance in the use of al-
coholic liquors. He expressed himself ig-
norant of the object of the meeting, and
could not say what course it would be best
to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at
our table after the service, and I question-
ed my father about it with all the curious
eagerness of a child. The whispers and
words which had been dropped in my hear-
ing, clothed the whole affair with great
mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to
learn the strange thing. My father mere-
ly said it was a scheme to unite the Church
and state.

The night came, and groups of people
gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard
the jest and laugh, and saw drunken men
come reeling out of the bar-room.
I urged my father to let me go, but he
at first refused. Finally, thinking it would
be an innocent gratification of my curios-
ity, he put on his hat, and we passed across
the green, to the church. I well remem-
ber how the people appeared as they came
in, seeming to wonder what kind of an ex-
hibition was coming off.

In the corner was the tavern keeper, and
around him a number of his friends. For
an hour the people of the place continued
to come in, till there was a fair house full.
All were curiously watching the door, and
apparently wondering what would appear
next. The parson stole in and took his
seat behind the pillar under the gallery, as
if doubtful of the propriety of being in
church at all.

Two men finally came in and went for-
ward to the altar and took their seats. All
eyes were fixed upon them, and a general
stillness prevailed throughout the house.
The men were unlike in appearance, one
being short, thick set in his build, and the
other tall and well formed. The younger
had the manner and dress of a clergyman,
a full, round face, and a quiet, good nat-
ured look as he leisurely looked around over
the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the
old man. His broad, deep chest and un-
usual height looked giant-like as he strode
slowly up the aisle. His hair was white,
his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and
around his handsome mouth, lines of calm
and touching sadness. His eye was black
and restless, and kindled as the tavern
keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips
were compressed and a crimson flush went
and came over his pale cheek. One arm
was off above the elbow, and there was a
wide scar over his right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the
object of the meeting, and asked if there
was a clergyman present to open it with a
prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the
speaker himself made a short address; at
the conclusion calling upon any one to
make remarks. The pastor arose under
the gallery, and attacked the position of
the speaker, used the arguments which I
have often heard since, and concluded by
denouncing those engaged in the movement,
as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to
break up the time honored usages of good
society, and injure the business of respect-
able men. At the conclusion of his re-
marks, the tavern keeper and his friends
got up a cheer, and the current feeling was
evidently against the strangers and their
plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old
man had leaned forward and fixed his dark
eyes upon him, as if to catch every word.
As the pastor took his seat, the old man
arose, his tall form towering to its sym-
metry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled
the breath through his thin dilated nostrils.
To me, at that time, there was something
awe inspiring and grand in the appearance
of the old man as he stood, his full eye
upon the audience, his teeth shut hard and
a silence like that of death throughout the
church.
He bent his gaze upon the tavern keeper
and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled
for half a moment. The scar grew red
upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy
brows his eyes glittered and glowed like a

serpent's; the tavern keeper quailed before
that searching glance, and I felt a relief
when the old man withdrew his gaze. For
a moment more he seemed lost in thought,
and then in a low and tremulous tone he
commenced. There was a depth in that
voice, a thrilling sweetness and pathos,
which riveted every heart in the church
before the first period had been finished.
My father's attention had become fixed
upon the eye of the speaker with an inter-
est I had never before seen him exhibit.
I can but briefly remember the substance
of what the old man said, though the scene
is as vivid before me, as any I ever witness-
ed.

"My friends! I am a stranger in your
village, and I trust may call you friends.
A new star has arisen, and there is hope in
the dark night that hangs like a pall of
gloom over our country."
With a thrilling depth of voice, the
speaker continued; "Oh God, thou who
looketh with compassion upon the most er-
ring of earth's frail children, I thank thee
that a brazen serpent has been lifted upon
which the drunkard can look and be heal-
ed. That a beacon has burst upon the
darkness that surrounds him, which shall
guide back to honor and heaven, the bruised
and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some
voices. The speaker's voice was low and
measured, but a tear trembled in every
tone, and, before I knew why, a tear drop-
ped on my hand, followed by others like rain
drops. The old man brushed one from his
eyes and continued:
"Men and christians, you have just heard
that I was a vagrant and fanatic. I am
not. As God knows my own and heart, I
came here just to do good. Hear me and
be just."

"I am an old man, standing alone at
the end of life's journey. There is a deep
sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes.
I have journeyed over a dark, beaconless
ocean, and all life's brightest hopes have
been wrecked. I am without friends, home
or kindred, on earth, and look with long-
ing to the rest of the night of death.
Without friends, kindred or home! It was
not once so!"
No one could withstand the touching pa-
thos of the old man. I noticed a tear
trembling on the lid of my father's eye,
and I no longer felt ashamed of my own.
"No, my friends, it was not so once--
Away over the dark waves which have
wrecked my hopes there is a blessed light
of happiness and home. I reach again
convulsively for the shrines of household
idols that once were mine; now mine are no
more!"

The old man seemed looking away
through vacancy upon some bright vision,
his lips apart and his finger extended. I
involuntarily turned in the direction where
it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow
idols that once were mine; now mine are no
more!"
The old man bowed his head and
wept, and all that were in the house wept
with him. In tones of low and heart-bro-
ken pathos the old man concluded.
"I was arrested, and for long months I
raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced
to prison for ten years, but no tortures
could equal those endured within my own
bosom. Oh, God! no! I am not a fanatic;
I wish to injure no one. But while I
live, let me strive to warn others not to
enter the path which has been so dark
and fearful a one to me. I would see my
wife and children beyond this vale of
tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell
of deep and strange as that wrought by some
wizard's breath rested upon the audience.
Hearts could have been heard in their beat-
ings, and tears to fall. The old man then
asked the people to sign the pledge. My
father leaped from his seat and snatched at
it eagerly. I had followed him, as he hesi-
tated a moment with the pen in the ink;
a tear fell from the old man's eyes upon his
paper.

"Sign it, young man, sign it. Angels
would sign it. I would write my name ten
thousand times in blood, if it would bring
back my loved ones."
My father wrote "MORTIMER HUDSON."
The old man looked, wiped his tearful
eyes and looked again, his countenance al-
ternately flushed with red and a death-like
paleness.
"It is--no, it cannot be, yet how strange,"
muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir,
but that is the name of my own brave
boy."

My father trembled and held up his left
arm, from which the hand had been severed.
They looked for a moment in each other's
eyes, both reeled and gasped--
"My own injured boy!"

At this moment the child in its cradle
awoke and set up a wailing cry, startling
the despairing mother like a serpent's
sting.
"We have no food, James--have had
none for two days. I have nothing for the
babes. My once kind husband, must we
starve?"
"That sad, pleading face, and those
streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the
child maddened me, and I--yes, I--struck
her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell
forward upon the hearth. The furies of
hell boiled in my bosom, and with deep in-
tensity, as I felt that I had committed a
wrong. I had never struck Mary before,
but now some terrible impulse bore me on
and I stooped down as well as I could in
my drunken state, and clinched both hands
in her hair."

"God of mercy," exclaimed my wife, as
she looked up in my fiendish countenance;
"you will not kill us, you will not harm Wil-
lie," as she sprung to the cradle and grasp-
ing him in her embrace. I caught her
again by the hair, and dragged her to the
door, and as I lifted the latch the wind
burst in with a cloud of snow. With a
yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and
hauled her out into the darkness and the
storm. With wild ha, ha, I closed the
door and turned the button, her pleading
moans mingling with the wail of the blast
and the sharp cry of her babe. But my
work was not complete. I turned to the
little bed where lay my older son, and
snatched him from his slumbers, and
against his half-awakened struggles, open-
ed the door and threw him out. In agony
of fear he called me by a name I was no
longer fit to bear, and locked his little fin-
gers in my side pocket. I could not
wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with
the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the
door upon his arm, and with my knife sever-
ed the wrist!"

The speaker ceased a moment, and bur-
ied his face in his hands, as if to shut out
some fearful dream, and his deep chest
heaved like a storm swept sea. My father
had arisen from his seat and was leaning
forward, his countenance bloodless, and the
large drops standing out upon his brow--
"Chills crept back to my heart, and I wish-
ed I was at home. The old man looked up,
and I have never since beheld such mortal
agony pictured upon a human face as there
was on his."

"It was morning when I awoke, and the
storm had ceased, but the cold was intense.
I first secured a drink of water, and then I
looked in the accustomed place for Mary.
As I missed her, for the first time, a shad-
ow sense of some horrible nightmare be-
gan to dawn upon my wandering mind. I
thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but
involuntarily opened the outside door with
shuddering dread.
As the door opened the snow burst in,
followed by a fall of something across the
threshold, scattering the cold snow, and
striking the floor with a hard sharp sound.
My blood shot like red-hot arrows through
my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out
the sight. It was--it--God, how terrible!
it was my own injured Mary and her babe,
frozen to ice! The ever true mother had
bowed herself over the child to shield it,
and had wrapped all her own clothing
around it, leaving her own person stark and
bare to the storm. She had placed her hair
over the face of the child, and the sleet
had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost
was white in its half open eyes, and upon
its tiny fingers. I know not what became
of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and
wept, and all that were in the house wept
with him. In tones of low and heart-bro-
ken pathos the old man concluded.
"I was arrested, and for long months I
raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced
to prison for ten years, but no tortures
could equal those endured within my own
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I wish to injure no one. But while I
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ternately flushed with red and a death-like
paleness.
"It is--no, it cannot be, yet how strange,"
muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir,
but that is the name of my own brave
boy."

"My father!"
They fell upon each other till it seemed
their souls would grow and mingle into one.
There was weeping in that church, and I
turned bewildered upon the streaming faces
around me.
"Let me thank God for this great bless-
ing, which has gladdened my guilt bur-
thened soul," exclaimed the old man,
and kneeling down, poured out his heart in
one of the most melting prayers I ever heard.
The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed
the pledge, slowly going to their homes,
as if loth to leave the spot. The old
man is dead, but the lesson he taught his
grandchild on the knee, as his evening
sun went down without a cloud, will never
be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost
none of its fire in my manhood's heart."

Tragedy in Iowa--Heartless Butchery
of a Whole Family.
The following account of a horrible af-
fair which has already been noticed by tele-
graph, is furnished by a correspondent of
the Chicago Journal:

BURLINGTON, Iowa, July 8.
We have just learned of the butchery of
a woman and her two children a short dis-
tance northwest of Batavia Station, on the
Burlington and Missouri R. R., in Jeffer-
son county. Their dead and mutilated
bodies were discovered on Saturday by a
fishing party, in Cedar Creek, into which
they had been thrown by the murderer.
The murder probably was perpetrated four
or five days previous to the finding of the
bodies. The woman was about thirty years
of age, and had two terrible gashes on her
forehead, evidently cut by an axe, and her
skull was broken. One of the children is
a little boy about five years of age; his
head is also terribly cut and the skull
broken. The other is a little girl about
three years of age; her head was also badly
mutilated.

Hon. Wm. K. Alexander, Judge of Jef-
ferson county, immediately offered a re-
ward of \$200 for the arrest of the murder-
er, who is suspected to be her real or re-
puted husband, named Kephart, his victims
being from Muscatine, and known by the
name of Willis. They were going west-
ward as emigrants, in ox teams, and it is
supposed that the fiend becoming tired of
the woman and her children, murdered
them to get rid of them. It has been as-
certained that the bloody deed was com-
mitted at Eddyville, thirty miles distant
from the place where the bodies were
found, the murderer having conveyed the
corpses that distance to dispose of them.
It is not known as yet whether he had any
associates in the crime, but it is believed
that he had at least one assistant.

Parties immediately went in pursuit
of Kephart, and on Sunday night they over-
took and captured him in Missouri, and
brought him to Fairfield, the county seat
of Jefferson, where he is now in jail. The
excitement against him is intense.
P. S.--It turns out that Kephart had no
accomplices. James Harvey Willis, a boy,
and a son of the murdered woman, was
found in the wagon with the murderer
when arrested. This boy relates the whole
story. He says Kephart poisoned his
father, William Willis, to death with
strychnine, last fall, and that he has been
living with his (the boy's) mother, Mrs.
Willis, ever since. They were now on
their way to Kansas. At Eddyville, the
boy says, his mother and little brother and
sister went to sleep in the wagon on last
Thursday evening, and in the morning he
woke up and found her dead, and gashes
cut in her skull. When the children got
out of the wagon the heartless wretch
caught the two youngest and murdered
them with an axe. He then placed the
bodies in the wagon and drove thirty miles,
to Cedar Creek, where he threw them in
the water, and tried to keep them under
by throwing a heavy log upon them--
"Murder will out," however. This Kep-
hart is a man about 60 years old.

In looking over the proceedings of
the Ohio Sunday School Convention, we
find the following resolution, offered by
Mr. Smith, a pious and promising young
lawyer:
Resolved, that a committee of ladies and
gentlemen be appointed to raise children
for the Sabbath School.
Major Elbow thinks that rather an equi-
vocal resolution.

Lyon's Pure Ohio
CATAWBA BRANDY.
THE want of really pure Brandy has
long been felt in this country, and the opportu-
nity to procure an article of such quality as to super-
cede the sale and use of the many vile compounds so
often sold under the name of Brandy, can be regard-
ed only as a great public good. The Catawba Brandy
possesses all the choice qualities of the best imported
liquor, and is positively known to be of perfect pur-
ity and of superior flavor. As a beverage the pure ar-
ticle is a remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Cramp,
Cholera, Langour, Low Spirits, General Debility, &c. &c.
Physicians who have used it in their practice and who
have been practicing twenty-six years speak of it in
the most flattering terms, as will be seen by reference
to numerous letters and certificates.
Sole Agent for its sale in Mifflin county,
CHARLES FITZ,
Lewistown, Pa.
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CONFECTIONERIES, Crackers, Cheese,
Nuts, Fancy Baskets, Umbrellas, and
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