

THE WESTOWN GAZETTE.

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New Series--Vol. XIV, No. 41.

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 & BLACKSMITHS' COAL.
GEO. BLYMYER, C. C. STANBARGER.

DR. J. LOCKE, DENTIST.

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

DR. A. J. ABRINSON,
HAVING permanently located in Lewistown, offers his professional services to the citizens of town and country. Office formerly occupied by Dr. Marks. Residence one door east of George Blymyer.
Lewistown, July 12, 1860--if

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.
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EDWARD FRYSSINGER,
WHOLESALE DEALER & MANUFACTURER OF
CIGARS, TOBACCO, SNUFF,
&c., &c.,
LEWISTOWN, PA.
Orders promptly attended to. je16

GEO. W. ELDER,
Attorney at Law,
Office Market Square, Lewistown, Mill, Centre and Huntingdon counties. 19/26

NOLTE'S BREWERY,
Seigrist's Old Stand,
Near the Canal Bridge, Lewistown, Pa.
Strong Beer, Lager Beer, Lindenberger and Switzer Cheese—all of the best quality constantly on hand, for sale wholesale or retail.
Yeast to be had daily during summer.
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JUST RECEIVED
A SELECT STOCK OF
Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c.
for men, women, boys, and children, which are offered for sale remarkably low.
J. CLARK,
my10 Opposite the Union House.

MALISTERVILLE ACADEMY
Juniata County, Pa.
GEO. F. McFARLAND, Principal & Proprietor. JACOB MILLER, Prof. of Mathematics, &c. MISS ANNIE S. CRIST, Teacher of Music, &c.
The next session of this institution commences 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.

SEWING MACHINES.
SLOATS' ELIPTIC LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

The subscriber after considerable search has found a Sewing Machine for his own use, which is now in operation, which are noted for their simplicity and strength. They Stitch, Hem, Bind, Fell and Gather without 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 recommending 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, 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.

CROCKERY WARE—Fine assortment of Stone Crockery Ware and Baskets at A. FELIX'S.

The best green and buff Window Curtain stuff, 24, 36, 40, 44 inches wide, just received and for sale low by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

THE DYING INFIDEL.

Reprinted from the Cincinnati Gazette of September, 1826.
What shall I see? Where shall I go?
I'd give a thousand worlds to know,
Shall I exist? or shall I not?
Ceasing to be—I dread the thought—
Does death, in thought destroy the whole,
And with the body kill the soul?
I'll hear thy voice, and more beside:
Come, now, decide the doubtful strife.
'Tis vain, 'tis endless sleep and endless life,
Were you who thy sole mansion own.
As Nature's brightest eldest son,
Say thou hast taught the soul will live,
And her account to God must give.
Others deny that this will be,
I feel, I know that I do sin,
And conscience rages here within;
If there's a God—I fear His truth;
Does he his creatures' conduct view?
And if the soul immovably true,
Can sinner ever taste His love?
Will they have nothing, then, to fear,
Because he goes, and more beside?
If he is good, will he destroy
And banish every human joy?
Because he goes, and more beside?
Merely to give successors room?
If he regards our action here,
Why not retrace the injured's tear,
And crush the cruel and unjust,
Their pride and malice in the dust?
That this is not our final state,
The Bible doctrine may be right—
If so, I sink to endless night.
But should I never see His face,
His holiness is too severe,
I hate His law, which says I must
Be like Him, or be accursed.
Once I could laugh at what some tell,
And scorn the thought of heaven and hell,
But reason shines as clear as day,
Although my outward man decays,
Yet it may shine and never stop,
And inwardly fill my triumph cup.
Draw near, my friend of freedom indeed,
You will assist me now in need:
With you I spent the joyful day,
And cast the thought of death away;
I gave the rein to sin and lust,
Which hastened my return to dust.
O, how you groan, how vainly you complain
Against the power of my arm!
Ah! wretches, stop—decide no more,
I'll hear all you can say before,
I scorned the christian and his God,
And trampled on the Saviour's blood;
Why then I now no part can claim,
For still I hate the very name.
Yet he must be more safe than I,
Better prepared to live or die!

The Great Revival in Sweden.

A late number of the London Quarterly Review contains an historical sketch of the remarkable revival in Sweden, brief notices of which have been given from time to time, and from which we compile the following:
Scarcely any means have been employed besides the circulation of tracts and the reading of the Scriptures. Owing to the peculiar regulation of the Lutheran Church, the Swedish people were only acquainted with a small portion of the Bible, and thus it had the freshness of a new book. Small meetings for prayer and reading, almost entirely by laymen, were everywhere largely attended. The lowest estimate places the number of converts, or as they are termed in Sweden 'readers,' at 250,000 out of a population of 3,500,000. The morality of these people is remarkable. Drinking has so decreased, that two thirds of the distilleries have been closed since 1836.

In the parishes bordering on Russia, where nearly every man is guilty of smuggling, hundreds of persons refunded the duties of which they had defrauded the government. Many sold their property to obtain the money, and others who could not raise the sum at once discharged the debt by instalments. The perplexed officers of customs laid the matter before the king, who decided that the proceeds should be distributed among the poor. The average number of lawsuits has decreased from 5,800 to three, four, and six. In villages once remarkable for their profanity, not an oath is heard, and the Bible and sermons have replaced low literature to such an extent that the book sellers only keep religious works. The awakening has pervaded all classes, and is extending among the nobility and the wealthy.

Instances of 'sudden conversions' are not frequent, and the 'divine impulse' had been so irresistibly felt in the midst of secular arrangements or in the streets, as to lead the people to fall on their knees and cry for mercy. In other instances, persons have been compelled to retire from parties overcome with emotion and penitential tears, which contrasted strangely with their splendid dresses and jewels. No such revival has ever before been known in Sweden. It may be said that there is scarcely a church or congregation there which has not felt its power—scarcely a community in which some have not contributed to swell the number of those who are hoping in Christ. An awakening so wonderful as this may well cause Christians here to rejoice, to take courage, and to continue with increased faith in their labors for the perishing.

Our Own Faults.

Let us not be over curious about the failures of others, but take account of our own. Let us bear in mind the excellencies of other men, while we are aware of our own faults, for then shall we be well pleasing to God. For he who looks at the faults of others, and at his own excellencies, is injured in two ways: by the latter he is carried up to arrogance, through his listlessness. For when he perceives that such an one hath sinned, very easily he will sin himself; when he perceives he hath sinned, very easily he becometh arrogant. He who conspires to oblivion his excellencies, and looks at his failings only, whilst he is a curious engineer of the excellencies, not the sins of others, is profitable in many ways. And how? I will tell you. When he sees that such an one hath done excellently he is raised to emulate the same; when he

sees that he himself hath sinned, he is rendered humble and modest. If we act thus—if we thus regulate ourselves—we shall be able to obtain the good things which we are promised, through the grace and loving kindness of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE HEART.

In the complex mechanism of the human mind, God has made the affections the living, governing principles, the motive power. Even the understanding is a subordinate power, and is carried by the affections whithersoever they will. This great living, moving, governing power is in the Scriptures denominated the heart. 'With the heart man believes,' with the heart he obeys, and to the heart the Holy Spirit directs his appeals.
No true religious knowledge can ever reach the understanding except through the heart. Love and obedience, a willing subjection of the heart to Christ, is the first step in Christian life; and then and not before, true light will break into the understanding—warm, living, life-giving light, light that will cause the subject of it to grow in grace and to obey the truth. Then, and only then, will the Saviour's words be realized in him, 'If a man will do my works, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.' This is a precious promise, and, like the words of Him who uttered it. As a declaration, it shows us the true source and medium of light; as a promise, it relieves the mind from that anxiety with which it is so apt to be filled, arising from a thousand questions of doubtful dispute. And how sweetly it accords with the promise uttered by the Psalmist: 'To the upright light shall arise in darkness.'
Mary's heart was right when she sat at the feet of Jesus, and she loved and enjoyed the light which he shed around him. The understandings of the Pharisees were not at fault, while their hearts hated and fled from the same light. With minds full of religious knowledge, they 'sat in darkness.' Are there no such people now?
We often hear addresses from the pulpit, learned, logical, and sound, but so cold and lifeless that the heart is perfectly unaffected. Such preaching is an attempt to invert the order of the Christian warfare. With the heart man contends with his Maker. The heart is the great rebel, not the head. The heart is supreme; the understanding is subordinate and is dragged whithersoever the heart dictates. Let that rebel, and all that is in rebellion; let that be captured, and all is brought into captivity; let that be darkness, and all is dark; let that be enlightened, and all is light. The heart is the King of Israel.

A Grave Without a Monument.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other grave yards, in all lands, show some symbols of distinction between the great and small, the rich and the poor: but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the same requiem, by the minstrelsy of the ocean, is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unadorned, will sleep on, until awaked by the same trump, the sea will give up its dead.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Remains of American and British Soldiers.

Some remains of American and British soldiers, near the Old Fort, at Toronto, Canada, were recently discovered. The Daily Globe of that city, of the 13th, has the following:
On the afternoon of Friday, while the workmen employed at the excavation for the bridge, at the Old Fort, were digging near the surface, opposite Dillon's tavern, they brought to light the remains of several human beings. It was at once suspected that the bones were those of the Americans and British who fell in the conflict which took place in front of the Fort, in the year 1813. A. Barlow, of the One Hundredth, Mr. Dillon, and others went to work along with the laborers, and in a short space of time they succeeded in exhuming fifteen bodies. From the position in which they were found, it appeared evident that they had been buried in a trench near the place where they fell. Several buttons, a bayonet, pieces of officers' epaulettes, and portions of clothing were found in the trench.

Horrible Murder.

A Son and Daughter Killed.—George Aldrich, a convict, who had just served out a term of five years in the Virginia Penitentiary, for killing a man in Logan, left Richmond, a few days since, and on arriving in Logan county, found that his family had moved across the river to Warfield, Lawrence county, Va. The Kanawha Republican says:
He followed them. He murdered his sister in the most shocking manner, literally cutting her to pieces, and then throwing the body into Sandy river. The body of his son, a lad of about thirteen years old, was found in a by-place nearly eaten up by the dogs—but was readily identified by a remarkable scar, on one foot, which had been preserved by the shoe and stocking. The son was by a wife who had obtained a divorce. After the perpetration of these horrid deeds, the fiend, with his gun in hand, fled to the woods, saying that he intended to kill his father and mother and two other persons—and then the people might take him, burn him at the stake or do what they pleased with him. The excited people are now after him.

A Funeral Train Struck by Lightning.

A most exciting occurrence transpired near Baltimore on Wednesday afternoon, during a heavy fall of rain. A funeral train started with the body of an infant, for the purpose of interment at a private burial ground in the country. The carriage had gone but a short distance, when vivid flashes of lightning played near them with fearful effect. The last hack, in which several ladies were seated, was struck and considerably shattered, whilst the occupants were also greatly affected. The driver, strange to state, desired to proceed, but the undertaker, who was in charge, insisted upon the ladies being removed to other carriages, which was done. Several drivers of the train were more or less affected by the electric fluid, and all present were terrified.

Taking Liberties with Her.

A young lady was struck by lightning while skimming milk in a cellar in Cortland county, New York, a few weeks ago. The fluid struck her on one side, tearing her apron into shreds, passing through her dress and underclothes—melting one of her hoops—under her hip, thence down her leg, tearing her stockings on one side down in places from one-half to an inch apart until it reached the heel, when it entirely destroyed that portion of her hose, and rent her shoe into numberless pieces. Strange to say she escaped with comparatively little injury.

A gentleman coming into the room of the late Dr. Barton, told him that Mr. Vowel was dead. 'What,' said he, 'Vowel dead? Thank God! it is neither a nor r.'

Romantic Story.

The New Orleans Bulletin, of the 19th inst., says that Mr. Fleury, one of the survivors of the steamer Arctic, which vessel was sunk by a collision at sea, several years ago, was expected in that city on Thursday last. Mr. Fleury was well known as having kept the grocery store at the corner of Orleans and Robertson streets, New Orleans, where his wife now resides. She married Mr. Fleury's chief clerk, Mr. Weber, and has had three children by him. Her two children by Mr. F.—a daughter of 17 and a son of 15—are now living with her. Last Saturday she received the first intimation of the startling news of her husband's return, after an absence of five and a half years, in a letter from him, dated at New York. A lady friend, to whom she showed the letter, reports the substance of it to be that Fleury, and five other survivors of the Arctic, were picked up from fragments of the wreck by a whaler, which kept on her long voyage. This ship was sunk, and fifteen of those on board saved themselves upon an island, from which they were taken by another whaler, which was just commencing her cruise, and which only returned to New York a week or two ago.

Fatal Case of Hydrophobia.

The Boston Traveler, of the 13th inst., says that Mr. Thomas Dascomb, residing in Zeigler street, Roxbury, died Sunday noon of hydrophobia. He kept a number of dogs, and about a week ago two of them, a female and one of her puppies, were playing rather roughly together, and he attempted to separate them. The mother of the puppy bit his wrist slightly, but he took no notice of it until Friday night last, when he woke up with a burning thirst, and endeavored to drink some water, when he was seized with a violent spasm. He spoke to his wife in relation to the dog biting him, and said he was sure he had been poisoned in some way, and thought he had the hydrophobia. He continued to grow worse, and barked like a dog, turned summersaults in his bed with a strength which two men were unable to restrain, and after much suffering died. The dog that bit him died a few days after giving the bite.
It is stated that Mr. Dascomb did not have the wound cauterized until a day had elapsed. The symptoms before death were very severe, and left no doubt upon the mind of every one that it was a case of hydrophobia.

The Lake--Atlantic Fleet.

The Detroit Tribune in a late issue presents a full list of the vessels from the Great Lakes, which are now engaged in the European and coasting trade. The list comprises fifty-seven vessels of an average capacity of three hundred and seventeen tons. We know of nothing which more plainly marks the enterprise of our countrymen than the rapid increase of the tonnage on the Lakes, and the total disregard of distance and danger evinced by such men as the captain of the little schooner lately announced as having arrived at Constantinople from Chicago.

The aggregate capacity of these vessels is 18,085 tons. The Tribune says that inquiries for vessels to load for Liverpool, Cadiz, Charleston, &c., are now quite common, and it adds, 'if this had been predicted six years ago, there is not an old laker but would have smiled incredulously.'

One of the steam-tugs belonging to the fleet is carrying cattle from Brazos to Cuba. She is a nice little steamship, and has had her engine changed to low pressure, and an ingenious self-condensing invention connected with it, for producing fresh water from salt.

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A Westmorelander Sentenced to be Shot.

Some months since a statement was published to the effect that a man who gave his name as William Williams murdered a captain Otis, of San Francisco, by stabbing him with a bowie knife, in the ears, while crossing the Isthmus on the Panama Railroad. He was seized on the spot, and after a trial before the local authorities, was pronounced guilty of murder, and sentenced to the chain gang for twelve years. Not being satisfied with his sentence, he applied to the Supreme Court of Bogota for a new hearing, on the ground that he being a foreigner, had a right to trial before a national or federal court. The court admitted his right, and referred his case to the federal judges of Panama, who not only found him guilty, but sentenced him to be shot. The real name of Williams is Barret Vanhorn. He went to California in 1846, in Company F, Third Artillery, and deserted when gold was discovered. He resided for some time afterwards in Toulame county, in the Chinese camp, and followed gambling for a livelihood. He was born in this county, where he is well known.—Greenbury Argus.

A Little Girl Carried Through a Culvert and Into the Bushkill.

During a very heavy rain a girl, aged about 11 years, daughter of Jacob Fulmer, through some means got into a stream of water that swept through Locust Alley, and its force being so great that she was unable to help herself, the child was carried off with the current about fifty feet and then plunged into a culvert, through which she passed at a distance of one hundred and eighty feet, and from that out into the Bushkill, bringing up finally on a rock in that stream. The culvert is three to four feet in size, and those who saw the child carried into the water thought that she would meet her death by being dashed against its sides or be drowned, but their surprise may be imagined when we state that only a few bruises on one of her legs and about her head could be discovered when she was taken, very much frightened from the rock in the Bushkill. The escape of the little girl is one of the most remarkable that we have heard of for some time.—Easton Express, Aug. 14.

A Domestic Romance.

The papers relate the following story:—One morning last week, a scene occurred on the train from New York south, which for a time created quite an excitement among the passengers. Among those on the train, was a lady about thirty years of age. She was good looking and attracted much attention from her air of melancholy. At Princeton, a sun-burnt but very handsome gentleman entered the car in which the lady in question was seated. No sooner had the parties glanced at each other than the lady swooned. On recovering herself, it appeared that the gentleman was her husband, whom she had not seen for ten years. He had started for California when the gold fever first broke out. The parties at that time resided in Princeton, New Jersey. The husband was taken sick and did not recover for some time. Prior to his convalescence the lady had gone South, in the capacity of a governess, and wrote that fact to her husband, who, unfortunately, did not receive her letter. No answer to his letter reaching him, he thought his wife was careless of his welfare. A feeling of home came over him, and he returned to the States a few weeks ago. Meantime the lady had fallen heir to a large Southern estate, left her by a member of the family in which she had been teaching. These explanations being made, the once more united couple started on a Southern trip together. There was certainly two happy persons on that train.

Suicide of a Susitice Youth.

At Blairtown (N. J.) a young man named Hulme killed himself because the principal of a boarding-school found a love letter addressed by him to one of the female pupils and read it aloud. The letter says: 'The young man, it seems, had taken a fancy to, and had been corresponding occasionally with a young lady in or near Blairtown. The principal of the school Mr. Johnson, having found this out, forbade the correspondence, and even wrote himself to the young lady forbidding her to send the young man any more letters.—She, however, continued to write, and it happened, a day or two before the fatal occurrence, that the young man chanced to drop one of her letters, which letter was found and carried to Johnson. Instead of returning the letter to the young man, with such kind admonitions as his own judgement ought have suggested, this fool or knave, or both, had the letter publicly read before the school, which so wrought upon the young man's mind that he at once determined to put an end to his own existence. The shame, he thought it, of such public exposure, was more than he was able to bear.'

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FRUIT AND TOMATO JARS.

J. HOFFMAN, Lewistown, Pa., has on hand a fine assortment of Glass and Yellow Ware Jars of the most approved patterns, and at very low prices. These are warranted to be a superior article in that they preserve the natural flavor of the fruit.

Fruit Cans! Fruit Cans!

MORRET'S Patent self sealing and self testing airtight Can. This can was extensively used last year, and I have made diligent inquiry as to its worth, and found it to be a favorite, because easily closed, perfectly airtight, and easily opened. It is impossible to close this can if not perfectly airtight, and when once closed you have a positive proof that it is airtight. I will insure all fruit sealed in this way in cans that are sound. Be sure you call at the sign 'BIG COFFEE POT'.
J. I. WALLIS.
P. S. We made a great mistake last year, by altering old cans, because there were many air holes we could not discover, that when taken home they could not be closed, and therefore the can condemned.
Lewistown, June 12.

NEW YORK CHEESE.

WE have now on hand a splendid article of New York Cream Cheese, a good article for family use, at only 12 1/2 cts per lb. aug2
JOHN KENNEDY & CO.