

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE FRYSENGER, LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.

Whole No. 2581.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1860.

New Series--Vol. XIV, No. 49.

**DR. J. LOCKE,**  
DENTIST.  
OFFICE on East Market Street, Lewistown,  
opposite 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. A. J. ATKINSON,**  
HAVING permanently located in Lewistown,  
offers his professional services  
to the citizens of town and country. Office  
West Market St., opposite Eisenbise's Hotel.  
Residence one door east of George Blymer.  
Lewistown, July 12, 1860--tf

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

**EDWARD FRYSENGER,**  
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, 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, Lindenberger  
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-yr

**McALISTERVILLE 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 examina-  
tions.  
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.

**SILVER PLATED WARE,**  
BY HARVEY FILLEY,  
No. 1222 Market Street, Philadelphia,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Fine Nickel Silver, and Silver Plated of Forks,  
Spoons, Ladles, Butter Knives, Castors,  
Tea Sets, Urns, Kettles, Waiters, But-  
ter Dishes, Ice Pitchers, Cake  
Baskets, Communion Ware,  
Cups, Mugs, Goblets, &c.  
With a general assortment, comprising some of the  
best quality, made of the best materials and heavily plated  
constituting them a serviceable and durable article  
for Hotels, Steamboats and Private Families.  
Old Ware replated in the best manner. fe23-1y

**WILLIAM LIND,**  
has now open  
**A NEW STOCK**  
OF  
**Cloths, Cassimeres**  
AND  
**VESTINGS,**  
which will be made up to order in the neat-  
est and most fashionable styles. ap19

**LEWISTOWN ACADEMY.**

THE Fall Session will commence on MON-  
DAY, SEPTEMBER 3d. We are happy to  
announce to those desiring instruction in  
Music, that we have secured the services of  
Miss S. E. Vanduzer for another year. We  
have also employed Miss Nettie Stray as Pre-  
ceptress, a successful teacher, who comes to us  
with the best recommendations.

We shall aim to make this institution equal  
in all respects to any in this section of the  
State.

Thankful for past patronage, we respect-  
fully solicit a continuance of the same.  
Rates of Tuition, \$3.00, \$4.50, \$6.00 per  
quarter. Incidentals 25c per quarter.  
Primary Department.—A Primary Depart-  
ment will be opened in this Academy on the  
10th of October, for all grades of small schol-  
ars. Number of scholars limited to twenty.

**Drawing and Painting.**—An excellent  
teacher of Drawing and Painting has been en-  
gaged, who will commence giving lessons in  
those branches October 15th. Specimens can  
be seen at the Academy.

For further particulars inquire of  
**M. J. SMITH,**  
Principal. sep27

**COAL Oil Lamps** of various kinds, for  
churches, public rooms, studies, offices,  
parlors, kitchens, &c., for sale at 50 per cent  
lower than former prices. The best Coal Oil  
always on hand at \$1.00 per gallon. Dis-  
count to dealers. sep13

**F. G. FRANCISCUS.**  
**Great Reduction in Sugars!**  
9, and 10 cents for Brown, and White  
Sugars at 11 cents, at **ZERBE'S.**

## MORAL & RELIGIOUS

### What Sustains the Liquor Traffic.

The following extract is from a discourse delivered by Rev. G. L. Foster, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Ypsilanti, Michigan, occasioned by the murder of a wife by her husband, while under the maddening influence of strong drink. After a vivid presentation of the enormous burdens entailed upon society by this fruitful cause of immorality, poverty and crime, he very properly inquires: 'Who is responsible for the existence of the traffic in any community?'

'I have reached the inevitable conviction that what sustains the liquor traffic here, and what hinders the successful enforcement of law for its suppression, more than anything else, is the general understanding that the traffic has the support, the countenance—at least the leave to be, of a comparatively few of our most respectable and influential citizens, among whom are included, to their shame, or glory, too many of the members of the legal profession. Those to whom I allude are not distinguished generally for their intellectuality, nor yet for their moral power, else they would not be willing to stand so near the tide of non-committalism in respect to a moral evil; nevertheless they have great influence. Some of them have considerable social and momentary influence. Some of them come here for the sole purpose of making money, and they have cared intensely for nothing else, not seeing how intimately connected moral worth is to all other worths.—Some of them have a commendable spirit of enterprise in some directions. They are generally, of a quiet, mind-their-own-business stamp—so much so that they seem to be perpetually saying: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Some of them have become so related to this traffic in securing official positions, that they can in no manner oppose what has been one of their chief supporters.

Now, such as these, are the cause of the existence of this traffic here, and hence the cause of its evils. Their course encourages those engaged in the traffic, and discourages those desiring and seeking its overthrow. This audience knows very well that if it were proper, I could name at a score of men who, coming cordially and decidedly to the help of others, could quickly drive this enemy of all good from among us. Whether they shall continue to occupy their present position remains to be seen. But if they do, I will most deliberately and publicly charge upon them the chief responsibility of sustaining among us a business that brings forth poverty, pauperism, sorrow, adultery, and murder, as its legitimate fruits. If any shall be offended at this plainness, they shall be responsible for that. Am I become their enemy because I tell them the truth? Nay, in deed—and if any of you are in doubt whether you stand among these condemned ones—you may be sure that you are included—for to stand where you are in doubt is to stand where you are condemnable. Oh, if the day will ever come when some of these quiet, mind-their-own-business men shall wake up to the fact that their own souls have been ruined by that about which they have sought to be so non-committal, they will greatly wonder how they could have dreamed along so careless of influences that have blasted their brightest hopes and disappointed their most confident expectations. If the day shall come when some of these shall learn that their daughters are affianced to young men whose habits have been formed under the influence of saloons and billiard rooms; and if they shall be compelled to go on to learn that life-long alliances have been formed with such as are passing through the progressive stages of inebriation, how can they ever forgive themselves that they were so careless as they now are, of the moral influences surrounding their homes!

Oh, they will mourn at the last, when mourning will be a poor atonement for past indifference, and a poor pledge that it shall not be increased to a dreadful anguish. Say, what father would welcome the place of that father, who was recently summoned from his quiet home, to look upon the murdered form of son or daughter? What mother would be in her place who thus looked upon the child she had borne?'

### Business Men.

The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through the pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary it is a rough path, with "wait a bit" thorns, and full of pit falls, which can only be avoided by the exercise of watchful care and circumspection. After each day's journey over this worse than corduroy turnpike, the wayfarer needs something more than this. He requires solace and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and has thirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that social spirit and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes. The welcome shouts of children, the thousand little arrangements for our comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful

and expectant love; the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old easy seat before we are aware of it. These and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry, which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men. Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own fireside.

*Forever with the Lord?*—A few more trials—a few more tears—a few more days of darkness—a few more days of trouble, and we shall be forever with the Lord! Thus wrote one about two weeks before he entered into rest. His life was such that there can be no doubt but that he desired to be forever with the Lord, and that his desire is being gratified. Reader, do you desire to be forever with the Lord? Could you enjoy his society? Could you bear to have his eye upon you? Why then are you so far away from him now? You do not needlessly keep away from the friend whose society you desire. If you are content to live so far from God here, will you then, I ask you, delight to be forever with him hereafter?

*Let us be Joyful.*—A little mirth mixes well and profitably with both business and philanthropy. How stupid life would be, both in labor and in leisure, without that gaiety within us which responds to the cheerfulness and beauty around us. Nay, its main currents run all the deeper, as well as fresher and purer, for the light rills of joyousness that laughing and flashing, flow into them. The rivers would stagnate into pools if the rivulets ceased to play. Philosophers and men of business save their souls alive, and keep their intellects fresh and healthy, by mingling their mirthfulness of youth with the soberness of age; and even fun and philanthropy are often found in the same character.

## MISCELLANY.

### Loss of the Connaught.

Mr. H. Whittell, of New York, a passenger in the Connaught, furnishes the following statement as to the loss of that fine steamship:

Passing the circumstances of the voyage from Galway, which port we left at 5 P. M. of the 25th ult. until about 8 P. M. of Saturday, the 6th inst., he says. While heading westwardly, the wind blowing a northerly gale, the ship began to roll to the larboard with a singular motion, going far down and keeping that way a long time, which caused some alarm. Meantime the captain was heard giving orders about steering, manning the pumps, &c. Firemen under the lead of the paddle box were observed whispering, and there were other manifestations that something was not right. Considerable water was observed through the grating. The engine was soon after stopped for a while. After strenuous exertions by Captain Leitch and crew, the ship righted and the wheels commenced turning, when the passengers became more composed. The sea was rough, the wind blowing what sailors call an ordinary full gale. Most of the passengers turned in, but passed a restless night.

Sunday 8 A. M.—The ship began to roll with staggery motion similar to the evening previous. The captain and crew could neither tack or wear the ship. Soon after the engine stopped, and steam could not be raised in the boilers. The ship rolled frightfully to the larboard, and the pumps were manned, and gangs of men commenced bailing with buckets. At 10 o'clock it was reported that the water was not gaining, but, on the contrary, that the pumps and boilers were gaining on the leak, and if the wind would stiffen would reach Boston that night. But these hopes were changed to extreme terror, when the word was passed round in low tones that, 'The ship was on fire!' accompanied by the smell of burning wood.

The fire appeared between the decks. Gangs were immediately formed, with pumps and buckets, to extinguish the flames, taking the water from the sea and passing it in buckets. As the fire gained the sailors began to slacken work, all eyes staring around the horizon in hopes to see some means of safety. Several false reports of a vessel in sight were made, but at last we discovered a sail to the northward, and soon after another to the westward, both very low down; but it became plain at one o'clock that both were nearing us, and the vessel steering port had three masts, and the one west only two.

We soon found out that the latter was passing, while the other still neared with out showing any sign that she noticed us, which kept us in extreme anxiety and doubt until she bore directly for us, evidently showing that she observed the steamer's flag of distress, which had been hoisted since midday. When we commenced to steer away and launch boats, which was a very difficult job, the ship lying almost on her side in a trough of the sea. By this time the fire had cut off all communication with the saloons. The first quarter boat lowered was struck by the counter and lost, which caused hesitation about launching

the others. But the worst of our fears was that supposing the boats should ride the sea, which then showed signs of moderating, whether we could safely launch and fill them with passengers.

There was no chance of remaining on board but a short time, the fire making such progress. The flames were momentarily expected to burst out and sweep the decks, the fire gangs having given up all hopes of extinguishing them, but continuing to apply wet blankets, etc. The side of the ship was then so hot, that when she rolled it would hiss and make steam of the sea water. The gallant little Yankee brig sailed alongside and hove to, seeing our deplorable situation, and showing every sign of anxiety for us; but we began to think it would be impossible to stow all our number on board, she looked so small. We have since ascertained that she was only one hundred and eighty tons burthen. Captain Leitch made all haste to get us into the boats, which was extremely difficult, being lowered one by one with ropes. Captain Leitch stood by all the time, commencing with the women and children, but with all the exertions that could be made, when the sun went down only about 200 had been got on board the brig.

Capt. Wilson, of the brig, said, 'This is a horrible affair, to see the sun going down and so many people yet on board, the wreck settling down and burning up. I will do all in my power to save them.' Several of the boats' crew on reaching the brig refused to return, when Captain Wilson said, 'I will go almost alongside, and take a bawser on board, and then you will be in little or no danger, I must get every one from the wreck.' This he did, which had the effect of giving confidence; and by great exertion, all were got on board the brig by 11 o'clock P. M.

Capt. Leitch and his first officer remained on board until almost surrounded with flame, and until every person was saved. Capt. Wilson then stood alongside to beg him to come away. The flames were shooting up the masts, throwing a strong and melancholy light over the sea. Captain Leitch reached the brig just at midnight. Scarcely a parcel of baggage was saved, the trunks and even money of the cabin passengers being left below during the confusion and alarm which called them on deck in the morning; after which communication was cut off by the water and flames.

Mr. Whippell speaks in the highest terms, as do all the passengers, of the energy and kindness of Capt. John Wilson, of the brig Minnie Schiffer. He was from Malaga for Boston, with a cargo of fruit.

The steamship Connaught was built by Messrs. Palmer Bros & Co., of Newcastle upon Tyne, and was launched on the 21st of April, 1860. She is an iron vessel, 378 feet in length; breadth of beam, 40 feet; depth of hold, 32 feet; 800 horse power engines. She is 2,060 tons builder's measurement, or about 4,500 tons burthen, and is schooner rigged. She carried eight boats of the best English make, and they were capable of sustaining from 200 to 300 passengers in moderate weather. The Connaught also had the number of life-preservers ordered by the act of Parliament. She was on her second voyage. On her first voyage she made the passage in ten days. She was, in every respect, a first-class vessel, and her passengers have invariably spoken in the highest terms of her sea qualities. She was commanded by Capt. Leitch, who is a brother of Capt. Leitch, of the Cunard line. This line consists of the Leinster, Ulster, Parana, Pacific, Prince Albert, Munster (now building). They ply between Boston and Galway, Ireland.

### A Citizen of Illinois Whipped to Death in Texas.

The Chicago Press and Tribune has a letter from Mr. Frederick Amthar, who was recently driven out of Texas on some frivolous pretences. He gives the following account of the horrible whipping of a young man at Henderson, in that State, which resulted in death. He says:

'A young man from Illinois, by the name of Evans, came to Henderson, and while there was incautious enough to say that he thought free States were preferable to slave States, and that he thought slavery was wrong. These statements, as far as I heard them, he made in the mildest manner, and that only when pressed into the subject by the young men about town. I am satisfied that he never said or thought of saying anything, except when conversation on the subject was forced upon him. I had but a slight acquaintance with the young man, but I told him that he ought not to allow himself to be dragged into talking on the topic. But he was not careful. In December last, this young man was taken out by a mob, without a trial of any kind and whipped to death. The Henderson *New Era*, a paper published in Henderson, justified the infamous murder, on the ground that Evans was a common thief, an Abolitionist, &c. I was shown the whip which I was informed had been the instrument of his death. It was covered with blood. I also saw what I was informed was the dead body of Evans, about three-quarters of a mile from town. It was so decayed and swollen that I did not recognize it. The hogs and buzzards were eating it. It had never been buried.'

### The Vehme Gericht in Kansas.

A letter to the St. Louis Republican, from Leavenworth, K. T., under date of October 3, gives the following account of a terrible work of a secret Vigilance Committee:

The death of A. C. Ford, a lawyer of Denver City, at the hands of the Secret Vigilance Committee, is generally known, but the manner and circumstances have not before been made public, owing to the secrecy in which his executioners saw fit to veil their doings. The following is from reliable authority, and is, no doubt, true: Ford, at the time of his death, was a passenger in the Express coach, on his way to this place, either to assist in defending young Gordon or to appear as a witness for the defence. When about six miles from Denver, the coach was stopped by a number of men in disguise, and Ford was ordered to get out. He complied, and the coach went on. After it was out of sight, his captors told him their purpose, and started with him away from the road, towards the bank of the river.

Ford resisted them, and showed fight, when the leader ordered his men to present arms, and in a moment several guns were bearing point blank upon his body, when he concluded to submit and proceed. They carried him a few miles to the bank of the river, when he was told to prepare to be shot. Ford, seeing they were in earnest, requested one of them to attend to some directions concerning the disposition of his property; and also to take his watch and leave it in the hands of a certain person in Denver. The reply to these requests was that they would attend to no business for him. That they would leave his body with everything upon it, but they would pin a paper to his clothing containing any directions he might wish to leave. In a few moments after this conversation, he was shot, and the party mounting their horses disappeared in the direction of Denver. When Ford was found, his watch was untouched, and upon his coat was pinned a slip of paper with the words 'Executed by the Vigilance Committee.' His body was perforated by six buckshot and one large bullet. The Vigilance Committee had indubitable evidence that he was connected with the large band of horse thieves and murderers, who infested the country. He hailed from Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he had considerable property. In that place he bore a very fair character. He is buried on the left bank of the Platte, about six and a half miles below Denver. His grave is known to but few, and the grass of another season will obliterate all traces of recognition which that few may possess, the sod being carefully cut and replaced over his last resting place.

### The Dungeons of Naples.

Naples, Sept. 11.—One of our greatest objects of interest is now the castle of St. Elmo. The whole population of Naples, male and female, seem bent on performing a pilgrimage to that shrine of their patriot martyrs, and yesterday I went myself with a party of friends. We first walked through St. Martin's marble church and monastery, where our Garibaldian red shirts, I dare say, boded little good to the white-cowled monks who gazed at us as we passed, tall, stately, and motionless; so that we at first mistook them for statues,—good Carthusian monks doing penance in a marble paradise, bound by vow to a perpetual silence, and affecting an easy unconcerned air, though in their heart of hearts probably trembling not a little for the visible and invisible treasures of which their sanctuary has been time out of mind the repository.

From the marble cells of the monks to the iron dungeons of the victims of Castle St. Elmo the transition is but short, but the contrast is appalling. The stone steps wind down six floors, and at every floor, room was made for about half a score of victims. Some of the miserable cells had windows; but, as the view from the hill over the loveliest panorama of land and sea would have been too great a solace to the lonely captive, the window was latticed over by thick wooden bars, not intended to prevent escape—for from that height only a bird could attempt escape—but simply to rob the poor recluse of the distant view of his familiar scenes. In the lowest floor there is no window to the dungeons—only a little wicket in the door opening outwardly for the gaoler to communicate with the prisoner if he has a mind. That wicket would be opened one moment in the morning to let in a little bread and water; then the wicket would fall to, and for twenty four hours all would be darkness inside.

I do not like to witness horrors, much less to dwell upon them, else I could tell you of the loop-holes we were shown, through which the sentries could shoot the prisoners in their cells and their beds. I could repeat the instances of wholesale executions of Swiss and Sicilian mutineers of which St. Elmo has been the theatre, and of which the world never knew anything. The catiffs who were but yesterday in the King's pay are eager to promulgate abroad the infamy of his doings, and I have no doubt St. Elmo will soon become the subject of books or pamphlets yielding but little in interest to the stories of La Bastille, of which it will soon share the fate. Yes, the good people of Naples are bent

upon demolishing St. Elmo, and are only awaiting the Dictator's bidding to lay hand to the work.

### Mr. Lincoln's Conservatism.

While our foes are charging upon Mr. Lincoln all sorts of ridicule and hostility to the Southern people, it may be well to repeat an extract from one of his speeches. He was addressing a meeting at Cincinnati, and speaking particularly to a number of the citizens of his native State of Kentucky who were present, he said:

'I will tell you, so far as I am authorized to speak for the Opposition, what we mean to do with you. We mean to treat you, as near as we possibly can, as Washington, Jefferson and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way interfere with your institution; to abide by every compromise of the Constitution; and in a word coming back to the original proposition, to treat you, as far as degenerated men, (if we have degenerated) may according to the examples of those noble fathers, Washington, Jefferson and Madison. We mean to remember that you are as good as we are; that there is no difference between us other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize and bear in mind always that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people or as we claim to have, and to treat you accordingly.'

### A Sister of Charity Leading an Army.

A Palermo correspondent of an English paper gives the following anecdote of a Sister of Charity: 'A young patriot named Francesco Riso, was killed on April 4th, during a popular demonstration which took place before Garibaldi's arrival. On April 20, his father, Giovanni Riso, sixty years old, was shot by the Bourbon soldiers with out so much as the form of a trial. On the very day that Garibaldi entered Palermo, a young and beautiful nun, Ignacia Riso, the sister and daughter of the two Risos above named, left the convent, and amidst a shower of balls and grapeshot, a cross in one hand and a pious dagger in the other, placed herself at the head of Garibaldi's columns, crying, 'Down with the Bourbons! Death to the tyrant! Venueance!' She kept her place as long as the fight lasted, and her courageous attitude electrified the volunteers. Ever since that day the name of Ignacia Riso has been held sacred. When she passes in the streets the soldiers bow low and bless her with the most profound respect. Garibaldi himself pays her great attention, and loves her as if she were his own daughter.'

### Struck Asleep.

Ireland furnishes the following remarkable item, contained in a late private letter from Limerick: 'A most extraordinary transaction has recently occurred within six or seven miles of this place. A farmer, when going over his crops, accompanied by some of his neighbors, was so grieved at witnessing the injuries inflicted by the rain, &c., that he prayed to God that he might be struck asleep until fine weather would come. He had only uttered the prayer when he fell to the ground at full length, fast asleep, and so firm in the earth that he could not be removed. A shed has been built over him, and hundreds are daily going to see him; he breathes as naturally as if he was lying asleep on his bed.'

### Changing Seeds.

A writer in the New England Farmer says his potato crop has increased from fifty to one hundred per cent, by procuring seed potatoes which grew on an entirely different soil, fifteen or twenty miles apart from his. This plan of changing seed every year is a good one, either for potatoes or any other seed, such as grain and garden seeds; and even if the change is made only between cultivators in the same vicinity, it is still beneficial.

'A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of the transmigration of the souls of men and animals. 'Now,' said the judge, 'suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?' 'The ass, to be sure,' said the lawyer. 'Why,' rejoined the judge, 'because,' was the reply, 'I have heard of an ass being a judge, but of a horse—never.'

'A quaker who was examined before a court, offended the presiding judge by his familiar 'thee,' and 'thou,' and 'frind.' At last he attempted to rebuke him by sternly asking, 'Mr. Thomas, do you know who we are and what we sit here for?' 'I do,' said the Quaker; 'three of you for about two dollars a day each, and the one in the centre for two thousand dollars a year, for which payment thy duty ought to be well done.'

'A wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife, and pay for his paper.—Syracuse Journal.  
To pay for one's newspaper is wise, no doubt. And also to speak well of one's neighbor; but whether it is wise or even safe to love his neighbor's wife is a question.—Louisville Journal.

'We have heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone; but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a lady's hand and receives her father's foot!'