

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2855

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1866.

Vol. LVI. No. 5.

Poor House Business.

The Directors of the Poor meet at the Poor House on the 2d Tuesday of each month.

GEO. W. ELDER,

Attorney at Law,

Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties.

SCRIVINER & CONVEYANCER

JOSEPH S. WAREAM,

Late Register and Recorder of Mifflin County.

OFFICE, the one lately occupied by

Esq. Hoover, dec'd., opposite Eisenbe's Hotel, Lewistown, Pa.

Deeds, Mortgages, &c drawn neatly and with dispatch.

Lewistown, Nov. 18, 1865, 3m*

DR. S. C. WPLAUGHELIN,

DENTIST.

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity. All in want of good, neat work will do well to give him a call.

He may be found at all times at his office, three doors east of H. M. & R. Pratt's store, Valley street, ap18-1*

DR. S. BELFORD,

DENTIST.

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and county. If you want substantial work, give him a call.

Office next door to the Post Office. ap12-1y*

M. R. THOMPSON, D. D. S.

HAVING permanently located in Lewistown, offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of this place and vicinity.

Being in possession of all the late improvements in the Dental Profession, he flatters himself that he can give entire satisfaction to those who may need his services in all branches of his profession. References—best families.

Office west Market street, near Eisenbe's hotel, where he can be found for professional consultation from the first Monday of each month until the fourth Monday, when he will be absent on professional business one week. may10-1

Large Stock of Furniture on Hand.

FELIX is still manufacturing all kinds of Furniture. Young married persons and others that wish to purchase Furniture will find a good assortment on hand, which will be sold cheap for cash, or country produce taken in exchange for same. Give me a call. Valley street, near Black Bear Hotel. feb 21

OUR STOCK OF

HARDWARE,

SHOE FINDINGS,

LEATHER,

Saddlery-Ware, &c.,

Always full. F. J. HOFFMAN.

DRUGS,

AND

MEDICINES,

This branch of our business receives full attention. F. J. HOFFMAN.

PEPPER.

Pure, our own grinding. F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

STOVES.

A GENERAL assortment at low prices. Niagara Cook of the very best. No. 8, \$33. No. 7, \$30. For sale at HOFFMAN'S.

OIL CLOTHES,

Have some good and cheap at F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

SALT!

LARGE Barrels \$3.25. 300 Sacks 3.00. at F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

FURS! FURS!!

Ladies' and Misses' Fancy Furs

TWENTY per cent. CHEAPER than any other house in town;

Ladies' Fur Trimmed Hoods,

Muffs, \$3.50. Victorines, \$4. and all others cheap in proportion, such as

SABLE, FITCH,

SQUIREL, &c. My arrangements made with a city manufacturer are such that I can enable me to undersell all others. I am manufacturing Furs myself. If you want old Furs altered or repaired, I am prepared to do it. N. J. RUDISILL, Agt.

N. B. I have just returned from the East with a large stock of HATS and CAPS of the latest styles, which I selected with care. Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR FURS. Lewistown, Nov. 22, 1865.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration having been granted to the subscriber on the estate of George Babbs, late of Mifflin township, dec'd., all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. H. W. JUNKIN, Administrator. Allenville.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of Administration having been granted to the subscriber, on the Estate of Mary S. Junkin, late of the Borough of Lewistown, dec'd., all persons indebted to said Estate are notified to make payment immediately, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement. H. W. JUNKIN, Administrator. Lewistown, Dec. 20, 1865.

POETRY.

THE "UNSURPASSED" HYMN.

In the New Englander for August, 1860, Dr. Bacon pronounces the following exquisite hymn "unsurpassed in the English or any other language," and adds that "perhaps it is as near perfection as any uninspired language can be." It is usually ascribed to Hillhouse, the poet, i. e. James A. Hillhouse, but, according to Dr. Bacon, it was written by his younger brother, Augustus L. Hillhouse, who died near Paris in March, 1859:

Trembling before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own,
Justice and mercy for my life,
Content! Oh! smile and heal the strife.

The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beautiful pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or throne in floods of beamy day,
Sympathous in his presence play.

Loud is the song—the heavenly strain
Is slaken with the choral strain—
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choir shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must learn to bear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

OBITUARY.

Death of Rev. Samuel W. Price.

In Williamsport, on Monday evening, the 8th inst., Rev. SAMUEL W. PRICE, in the 32d year of his age.

Death reigns through every portion of the inhabited earth, no mortal is exempt from his fatal shafts.

It is our painful task now to announce the very sudden demise of the Rev. Samuel Wesley Price, pastor of the Pine Street Methodist Church. He was attacked with a severe chill, which developed Typhoid Pneumonia, on Thursday the 4th inst., and yielded up his spirit to God at half past seven o'clock Monday evening, the 8th inst., in the 15th year of his ministry.

Seldom has it fallen to our lot to register the departure of a young Minister so universally popular, so generally useful, and so devotedly faithful. His crowded congregations—often beyond the capacity of the church—the members won to Christ, and the generous esteem and Christian affection of his charge, bear ample testimony.

At the close of a series of meetings extending through some five or six weeks, borne down by incessant labor, he fell a sacrifice to his work. He "counted not his life dear to himself," so that he might win souls to Christ. But he fell bereft with the whole armor of God, with the note of victory over the last enemy, frequently ejaculated, until it trembled in broken accents upon his pallid lips when no longer tilled under the control of his will. He declared that the "G spot" which he had preached to others was now his firm support, that "underneath him were the Everlasting Arms," that Jesus was precious to his soul. And he said at a very early stage of his disease, "If I die, I am ready." And such from his life is the concurrent testimony of those who knew him best.

He read the burial service at the grave of a most estimable Christian lady, on Sabbath, the 31st ult., preached twice and held watch meeting the same night, led his class on Wednesday p. m., and prayer meeting at night, and thus closed the active duties of his ministerial life. Some days previous he calmly gave directions respecting his funeral and the management of his children. On his way to the funeral, just referred to, he remarked to an accompanying Minister, "What an affliction it would be, if I should die and leave my wife and four little children." But left them he has, left them in the care of One who "is a Father to the fatherless and a Judge of the widows" and who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them, and let thy widows trust in me." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—May this example be sanctified to the good of this community. Does it not devolve on each to examine himself candidly amidst the ravages of death, as to whether he can say, and indeed, until he can say, "If I die, I am ready."—*Lycoming Gazette.*

Death of the Oldest Inhabitant.

The oldest inhabitant probably in Pennsylvania, died on Sunday morning, the 24th of December, at Morgantown, Berks county. Her name was Martha Barefoot, or rather Patty Barefoot, as she had been familiarly known for the past three quarters of a century. She was born in Amity twp., Berks county on the 15th of February, 1759, and at the time of her decease was one hundred and six years, ten months and

nine days old. The names of her parents were Samuel and Jane Barefoot, two of the early settlers of Amity township. In the church register of the Morlatton Episcopal Church at Douglassville, we find a record of Patt's baptism, by Rev. Alexander Murray, an English Missionary, and at the time pastor of the congregation there.—This baptism took place on the 13th of September, 1773, when she was in her 20th year.

When quite a young girl, Patty Barefoot removed from Amity township, to Morgantown, and became an inmate of the family of John Morgan, Esq., after whom the village of Morgantown was named, and who held large grants of land in the neighborhood by letters patent from Wm. Penn. Morgan was a soldier of the revolutionary war, and Patty, whose recollection of events of her early life was very clear and vivid, was in the habit of relating many anecdotes, in several of which he figured as the hero.

MISCELLANY.

From the Sunday School Times.

I WON'T.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT BEERY'S RULE."

Children, boys especially, like to say "I won't." Perhaps they may be glad to know that there is a right place to say it. There are times when it is the best word to use.

One of the right places for a boy to say "I won't" right up and down, without any politeness of tone or manner, is when he is tempted by other boys to do what he knows to be wrong.

On such an occasion let a boy come out with "I won't" full and clear, sharp enough to cut through all opposition, and namely enough to fill the tempter with confusion; for a bad boy is easily silenced, if one who knows what is right will stand up to him and face him down resolutely. The Bible tells us that if we resist the devil he will flee from us. Of course, then, a bad boy, who cannot be supposed to have as much cunning and courage as the devil, would give up if manfully met, and resisted.

"I say, Harry Lorton, don't you want to go fishing this afternoon?" "Oh! yes. Where are you going?" "To Willow Brook, and Harry, we are just going off without saying anything about it."

This was said by Ben White, as the two boys were leaving the school premises. "Why mustn't we tell of it, Ben?" "I'll tell you. You know the master said he had been sent for, since he entered the school room, to see a certain friend, so he had suddenly decided to leave no school this afternoon. Now we boys are just going to see off on school as usual, and then start out for Willow Brook."

"But I must ask leave at home." "Yes, you see this is different. We shall be gone only as long as we are away at school, and nobody will know we have been anywhere else. Sam Molton says it will be capital fun."

"Is he going?" "Yes, he knows where he can get a boat."

"I promised my father that I would not go with Sam Molton, because he swears."

"You can be good yourself. So that won't hurt you? You can take care of yourself, can't you?"

"Why, yes, I guess I can. But then I promised."

"Well, you needn't go with him. Go with me, I am not a bit afraid of being hurt."

"If I should deceive my father, he would never trust me again. He said to me the other day never try to deceive me, Harry. If you should, it would be a dagger in my heart! So I must ask him if I may go."

"But we don't want anybody to know it. And nobody will, unless you go and blab, and Harry, there needn't be any fuss about it. You are to go with me and have nothing to do with Sam Molton. It is a capital day for trout, and we shall have a sail, and be at home just at the time we come from school."

"I wish I could go," said Harry, as this tempting picture of pleasure was presented, and it somehow seemed to him a little different from planning out a regular excursion unknown to his parents.

We cannot exactly tell how, or why, it seemed so, but we know boys, when they want to do a thing very much, have a way of pretending that their parents did not forbid exactly this very thing. Harry tried to think that as his father let him go off and stay during school hours, and let him do as he pleased during the recess, and as this afternoon was only a longer recess, he might just play at Willow Brook as well as in the school grounds. What difference was there?

Harry knew well enough what made his playhours at school tight. They were allowed by his father; and what would make this afternoon expedition wrong? It was not allowed by his father. But he wanted so much to go to Willow Brook that he tried not to see the right way clearly, and then his mind became confused, and when Ben said, "Come, Harry, just settle it, and meet us at the corner as long before two o'clock as you can get off. We shall have grand fun and no harm done." He was just ready to say he would go, when he felt himself held back by something hard and strong as a grasp of iron.

It was the chain of habit which held him, the habit of life-long obedience, that chain which every child needs to be bound with for his own safety. It held him painfully tight while the principle of obedience was not yet quite strong enough.

He dared not disobey his father outright by going off without permission, and with Sam Molton, too, with whom he had forbidden him to engage in any plan of amusement.

As Ben was turning off, Harry said, "I guess I can't go, Ben, at least without asking leave."

"Oh! nonsense! That will blow up the whole plan, and Sam would be mad enough. That is too mean to sneak out now."

"I think it would be meaner to go sneaking off as if we were going to steal."

"Come, you are in for it now, and if you try to get off, I'll tell all the boys what a regular baby and sneak you are. You shall go now, I tell you that right up and down."

"Now Ben White, I'll tell you right up and down, once for all, I won't." "Well, you are a pretty fellow, I declare, and polite into the bargain. After you have kept me here half an hour, you up and say you won't go?"

"Yes, and I repeat it, I won't." And Harry Lorton turned and walked away to his pleasant home, whose wholesome laws, though sorely tempted, he had not broken that day.

As Harry was running into the yard he met his father walking on the piazza, and as he was bounding past his father caught his hand and drew him to his side.

"What is the matter, Harry?" for his son's face was very red, and brim full of meaning, and he was quite out of breath. "Come, Harry, sit down by me and tell me the reason of this bluster."

Perhaps Harry had not exactly decided about telling his adventure with Ben White, but a few questions from his father drew out the whole story of the temptation, Harry's yielding at last, and then winding up with "I won't."

"Well done, Harry," exclaimed his father, "you could not have selected a more suitable word. Glad am I that my boy knows how to say 'I won't' in the right place. Never stop for nicety when you are tempted to do wrong, but out with 'I won't,' fair and square."

Mr. Lorton now drew a small parcel from his pocket. "I have long promised you a first-rate knife, Harry. I am glad I bought it to-day."

Harry examined it with delighted eyes. There was on each side of the handle a narrow strip of silver. On one of these was neatly engraved "Harry Lorton."

"Oh, father! why didn't you have something engraved on the other strip of silver?"

"Harry, run in the house and see how much time we have before dinner." Harry soon returned, and reported half an hour.

"We shall have time for a short walk. Put your knife in your pocket." "Why, father, where are we going?" "Come, come, we have no time to lose."

A few minutes brisk walking brought them to a store, into which they walked, and Mr. Lorton addressing a young man, presented the knife, saying he wanted a little more engraving done. He wrote on a bit of paper, and the engraver retired with it. On his return, Mr. Lorton gave the knife to Harry, who read with surprise the inscription "I won't, 1866."

The Spirit of Pro Slavery

Harper's Weekly, speaking of the determined purpose, as manifested in recent legislation of some of the rebel States, and also in the sentence of at least one negro to slavery for a term of years for some criminal offence, shows how easy it is for the ingenuity of the ruling class which hates its former slaves because it has so long wronged and injured them, to avoid the effect of the Constitutional Amendment by perverting the true intent and meaning of its language which abolishes "involuntary servitude except for the punishment of crime." "Nothing is easier," says that paper, "than to erect vagrancy into a crime; then by refusing to employ the negroes, to compel their vagrancy; then to sell them into slavery for a longer or shorter period." This is just the devilish policy which the semi-reconstructed States are pursuing both in their legislation and judicial tribunals, and it is only an illustration of the foul play to which the freedmen will be exposed in the absence of the national protection. "And there is no excuse whatever for leaving them to such a fate. Indeed, when we remember," as the Weekly goes on truly to say, "the unswerving patience of their fidelity to us during the doubtful years of the war—how tranquilly they repelled their masters' falsehoods meant to inflame them against us—how steadily these people, derided as apes and treated like cattle, waited for our company and believed in our friendship—how they guided our escaping soldiers, who counted on their fidelity as surely as they themselves counted in escaping upon the North Star—how they resisted bribes, threats, torture and death rather than betray us, asking no reward, but trusting in us as surely as we trusted in them—when we remember this unprecedented history, and reflect that many among us are now half reluctant not to deliver them into the pitiless hand from which they rescued us, are calculating how little we can do for them and how much for those who despise and hate them, we may well feel lest the lustre of our victory be irretrievably tarnished."

Eloquence of Andrew Johnson.

The following is one of the most truly eloquent passages ever spoken. It is from a speech addressed by Andrew Johnson, in April, 1864, to a mass meeting of the people of Knoxville and vicinity:

"My countrymen! I am here to-day towards you as an old man, and you are gathered around me as if I were a young man. I have seen you in your glory, and I have seen you in your grief, and I have seen you in your tears. I do not speak of these things to draw your tears. It is not time for tears, but for blows. I speak of them that I may fit your arms for unconquerable fight. And I speak of them because the mountains seem to talk to me. My house is among the mountains, and though it is not far away, I cannot go to it. It is the place where I met and loved her who is the mother of my children. Do I not love the mountains? And if liberty is to expire, if freedom is to be destroyed, if my country in all its length and breadth is to tremble beneath the oppressor's tread, let the flag, the dear old flag, be planted on your rocky heights, and upon it let there be this inscription: 'Here is the end of all that is dear to the heart and sacred to the memory of man!'"

Franklin and his Gig.

It is now more than a century since Benjamin Franklin, Postmaster-General of the American Colonies, by appointment of the Crown, set out in his old gig to make an official inspection of the principal routes. It is about ninety years since he held the same office under the authority of Congress and when a small folio (still preserved in the Department at Washington) containing but three quires of paper, lasted as his account book for two years. If a Postmaster-General now were to undertake to pass over all the established routes, it would take six years of incessant railroad travel at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles daily, while if he were to undertake the job in an "old gig," he would require a lifetime for its performance. Instead of a small folio, with its three quires of paper, the postoffice accounts consume every two years three thousand of the largest ledgers, keeping upwards of a hundred clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with more than thirty thousand contractors and other persons.

A negro woman who was baptized recently, at Huntsville, Ala., came forth from the water shouting, "Freed from slavery, freed from sin; bless God and General Grant."

The rebel chiefs are likely to strike like at last—Exile!

In choosing your grocer, let your motto be—"Measures, not men!"

What part of their beady would young ladies surrender last? The be-a-part.

Poker Sharpe says his wife is equal to five "fuls"—beautiful, dutiful, arduous, youthful, and awful!

The present season reminds us of Tom Hood's description of the weather—"First it blew, then it snowed, then it thwed, then it frizz!"

Acrobacy.—An army surgeon in Arkansas tried to hire a young barefooted and careless native as an errand boy. The astonished lad exclaimed: "Work! Why I can't work! I am white!"

Profound Observation.—I have observed at public entertainments, that, when there is anything to be seen, and everybody wants particularly to see it, everybody immediately stands up and effectually prevents anybody from seeing anything.

Extraordinary Lawyer.—A circumstance is mentioned of Robert Doyer, the worthy attorney of Barton, on the last leaf of a book of verses to which his portrait is affixed, no less extraordinary than the occasion of writing the poems, namely, that though he was bred an attorney, he never tried but two causes, having always made up the difference.

The Litigant's Gratification.—A gentleman who had been successively engaged in three professions, that of minister, physician, and lawyer, was asked the comparative advantages of them for acquiring property. He replied: "The man who will give but a fourpence to save his soul, will give twenty-five cents for relief from sickness, and a dollar to have his own will."

On the day of President Lincoln's funeral, a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to step before a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing: "Excuse me, sir, you are right in front of us." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied: "That is nothing remarkable, for I have been in front of you for four years."

To the Point.—Mr. President, I wish the friends in the fore part of the meeting would speak up, so that the friends in the back part of the meeting can hear what is going on in the front part of the meeting. Friends in the back part of the meeting feel as much interested as friends in the fore part of the meeting; it is highly necessary that friends in the fore part of the meeting should speak up, so that friends in the back part of the meeting can hear what is going on in the fore part of the meeting.

Estate of Joseph Hart, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters testamentary on the estate of Joseph Hart, late of Wayne township, Mifflin county, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement. ELIJAH MORRISON, Executor. January 10*

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

IN pursuance of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Mifflin county, will be exposed at public sale, on the premises, on

Thursday, February 1, 1866,

all that certain lot of ground, situate on Brown street, in the Borough of Lewistown, bounded on the south by Mrs. Carney, north by Henry Zerbe, and west by an alley, fronting 27 1/2 feet, and extending back to said alley with a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, in good repair, Stable, and other necessary outbuildings, thereon erected. A desirable location for any one wanting a good home. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known.

H. W. JUNKIN, Administrator.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Mifflin county, the subscriber will offer at public sale, at the Court House, in Lewistown, on

Thursday, February 8, 1866,

All that certain lot of ground late the property of Mrs. Sarah Freeburn, of Lewistown, deceased, situate in the Borough of Lewistown, fronting 36 feet on Market street, and extending back same width 200 feet to a 16 feet alley, bounded on the east by lot formerly owned by Lewis Owens, now by wife of James Thomas, on the west by the western half of said lot, known as lot No. 41 in the general plan of said Borough, with a two-story frame

DWELLING HOUSE,

Frame Stable, and other improvements thereon erected. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m. when terms will be made known by D. D. MUTTERSBOUGH, Adm. Sarah Freeburn, dec'd. jan17ts