

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1866.

Vol. LVI. No. 24.

**Poor House Business.**  
The Directors of the Poor meet at the Poor House on the 24 Tuesday of each month.

**Kishacoquillas Seminary AND NORMAL SCHOOL.**  
THE Summer Session at this institution will begin April 9, 1866, and continue 20 weeks. Cost for Boarders per session, \$75. Day scholars, \$12. Special attention paid to Normal Class this session. The assistance of the County Superintendent is expected. For particulars address  
mar21-3m S. Z. SHARP, Principal.

**GEO. W. ELDER,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties. mv26

**DR. A. J. DAHLEY,**  
U. S. Examining Surgeon,  
WEST Market street, Lewistown, two doors from the diamond, offers his professional services to the public. By authority from Washington he has been appointed an Examining Surgeon. feb7

**DR. S. G. MCLAUGHLIN,**  
DENTIST,  
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity. All in want of good dental 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. ap13-17

**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 latest 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 Eisenb'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. may18-19

**1866. NEW GOODS!**  
AT  
**NATHANIEL KENNEDY'S STORE,**  
In the Odd Fellows' Hall.  
JUST received from Philadelphia, a very choice assortment of  
**CALICOES, MUSLINS,**  
Ginghams, Flannels, Checks, Hickory, Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods of all kinds.  
SUGARS, Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Essence of Coffee, Quinine, Soda, Soda, Hardware and Cedarware, Shoolers, Hams, Mackerel, Herring, SHAD, Boots and Shoes, French Bags, A fine lot of Whisky, BRANDY, Wine and Oil, SALT, &c., &c., which will be sold very low. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.  
N. KENNEDY.  
Lewistown, October 11, 1865.

**Lewistown Mills.**  
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR WHEAT, AND ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,  
or received it on storage, at the option of those having it for the market.  
They hope, by giving due and personal attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
PLASTER, SALT and Limeburners COAL always on hand.  
WM. B. McATEE & SON.  
Lewistown, Jan. 1, 1865.—tf

**WHAT'S ALL THIS?**  
Why, the Grain Business Revived at McCoy's old Stand.  
THE undersigned, having rented the large and commodious Warehouses formerly occupied by Frank McCoy, esq., is now prepared to purchase or receive and forward  
All Kinds of Grain,  
for which he will pay market prices. Also, he will keep for sale, Salt, Plaster, Coal & Fish.  
He returns thanks to all his old customers for their former patronage, and shall feel grateful for a renewal of past business relations. He has also accepted the agency for the celebrated  
PORTAGE NAILS.  
Merchants will find it to their advantage to give him a call.  
m14-ly W. M. WILLIS.

**NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE IN THE WEST WARD.**  
THE undersigned has just opened a new and large stock of **BOOTS AND SHOES** in Major Boy's store room, West Market street, Lewistown a few doors from the diamond and opposite Eisenb's Hotel, where there will be found an entire new stock of Fashionable  
**BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &c.,**  
for Ladies, Gentlemen, Girls, Boys, and Children, selected with much care, and which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash.  
Custom work will also be punctually attended to, this branch being under the superintendence of Wm. T. Wentz, an old and experienced workman.  
REPAIRING also attended to.  
The public, as well as his fellow soldiers, are invited to give him a call and examine his stock.  
Lewistown, Sept. 6, 1865. FRANK H. WENTZ.

## POETRY.

**Consider.**  
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief;  
We are as they;  
Like them we fade away,  
As doth a leaf.  
**Consider.**  
The sparrows of the air, of small account;  
Our God doth view  
Whether they fall or mount;  
He guards us too.  
**Consider.**  
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,  
Yet are most fair;  
What profits all this care  
And all this toil?  
**Consider.**  
The birds that have no barn nor harvest weeks,  
God gives them food,  
Much more our Father seeks  
To do us good.  
—Merrill's Magazine.

**What is Earth?**  
What is Earth, sexton? A place to dig graves.  
What is Earth, graybeard? A place to grow old.  
What is Earth, miser? A place to get gold.  
What is Earth, schoolboy? A place for my play.  
What is Earth, maiden? A place to be gay.  
What is Earth, seamstress? A place where I weep.  
What is Earth, sinner? A place to sleep.  
What is Earth, soldier? A place to win fame.  
What is Earth, herdsman? A place to raise my name.  
What is Earth, monarch? For my realm to give.  
What is Earth, Christian? The gateway to Heaven.

## A GOOD STORY.

### A STORY OF TWO KISSES.

I am an old man; so old am I, that, looking back, life seems very long, and yet so short, that I do not know whether many things did not happen in a dream. I am hale and hearty, and merry, for the matter of that; and when I laugh, my laugh rings out clearly and loud, they say; so much so that it makes the people around, especially my grandchildren, and nephews and nieces, laugh too. And when I laugh, the old times come back when others, who are silent now, laughed with me, and when I am suddenly still, and the laugh dies away; and when I think of it, its echo echoes in my brain just as if it were sleep laughter in a dream.  
When I stop laughing so suddenly—for the increment and enjoyment, and, for the matter of that, the grief and pain of old men, are short and sudden, like those of children—my grandchildren, and nephews, and nieces, have a great difficulty to stop too; and they choke, and nudge each other, and say, "Ah! that is a good story, uncle; almost as good as the story you told us yesterday."

Told yesterday; let me see what it was that I told yesterday. How long ago it seems; it must be longer ago than the time when I was only twenty years old, a stalwart, brawny fellow in yellow breeches, black leggings, a heavy brass-bound leather helmet with a white plume tipped with red, and a clanking sword which I now could not lift with my two hands. I was a royal volunteer then, prepared to resist the French, and I and some of my companions were encamped in white tents on the coast of Kent.  
Yes, people think me very merry. And so, bless Heaven! I am; for I try to stand upright, four square to the world, as a man should; but, being an old man, I have blank places in my heart now, where no love grows; barren spots in my memory, and child and numbered parts in my feelings whereto I cannot look back, and whereon I dare not tread and touch, lest sudden pain should come back, like to the shooting of an old, old wound.  
Been in love? Yes, I should think I have; how else could I have grandchildren, those people who laugh so heartily when I laugh, and make me tell how old I am a score of times, and say how well I am looking.  
Been in love? I think I was talking of that, was I not? Yes, been in love! Well, we just did love when I was a young fellow, and I recollect my Alice, and I recollect her as I loved her when she was very young, and as I love her now. I think that she could do anything but drink and smoke, or tell an untruth, or do a wrong action. Her face was a sweet oval face; her hair a very dark brown, nearly black; and her eyes a deep blue, full of merriment at one moment, ay, at all moments, except when she heard a sad story or was touched with pain for any one else, and then they grew deeper and deeper as they filled with tears. Not for herself. She never cried for herself that I know of, for she never had a day's illness. But she was terribly cut up when her poor brother died, and that you see was how I knew her. Her brother was in my company. Many's the time that he stood shoulder to me, good at drill, good at song—good at anything. He used to

live near the coast; and, indeed, he joined us, and I was one of his tent-fellows, and his chum.

Well, he knew people that I know, and we were soon friends; and he took me home to show me Alice. He was always talking about her, and she about him; and, when he was there, scarce a look did she give me. Her brother—his name Joe, and mine too—could do everything, and was the be-all and end-all of the world, I used to think; and so one day I tried to run with Joe, and Joe beat me, and Alice laughed; and then I shot against Joe, and he beat me too, and she laughed the more; and I wrestled with him and threw him, and she didn't laugh then, but ran to see whether he was hurt, and said it wasn't fair for Joe to tackle a big fellow like me, although he was high an inch taller. In short, I could not please her anyhow.

Well, it was one day that we heard that the flat-bottomed boats of old Bou-ney were not coming over, and that the army of Boulonge had melted bit by bit away like a snow-drift, that we made a night of it. Ay, it was a night, too! and being hot and in the summer, we must needs keep up the sun till the sun came up over the sea-coast, looking red and angry at our folly. Well, Joe and I—the two Joes as they called us—ran down on the beach and washed our hot faces, and plunged in the fresh, salt waves, and were in a few moments as fresh and merry as larks. And after dressing, Joe must needs take a walk with me—who was nothing loth, you must know—along the edge of the cliff. The seas for centuries have been washing that chalky beach coast, and at intervals there stand up pillars of chalk, with seas around them. The people call such a place, "No Man's Land," and no man can own it truly. Well, Joe came to one of these within a few feet—say twelve—from the cliff, and turning to me, said "Joe Junior," said he—I think I see his bright face now—I challenge you to jump on that "No Man's Land," I do."

"Joe," said I, hurriedly, "don't be a fool! It may be it would give away at the top, and if it did not, how could you jump back without a run? You'd be stuck on the top there like a mad sentinal or a pillar saint. I'm not going to jump it."  
"But I am," said he. And before I could stop him, if indeed I had tried, he took a run and jumped.  
It was so sudden that I could only stand aghast when I saw him there—He stood, indeed, but for a moment, and then he took a back step, and would have jumped back, when I heard a rumbling sound, and half the top of "No Man's Land" part, and the chalk and earth, and Joe, too, fell down with a crash on the rocky coast below.

I ran around the little creek to the other side of the small bay, and throwing myself down on the turf, stretched my neck over, looked over and cried, "Joe! Are you hurt, Joe?"  
A faint voice came up, and I could see the poor fellow struggling under a huge piece of chalk which seemed to hold him down in agony. He smiled in a ghastly way with his whitened face, and said, "Run, Joe, run! the tide's coming in!"

Well, I did run, and we got ropes from the tents, and a few strong fellows held these as I swung over the cliff, just reaching poor Joe as the cold water was lap, lap, lapping up to his mouth, taking away his breath, and then running back, crawling over him and leaving bubbles of salt foam, as if in sport. I got him out, but he could not stand. Some bones were broken and he was badly bruised, so that I was forced to tie him to the rope and they hoisted him up, and afterward pulled me up, and we took him home.  
Well, well! to make a long story short, poor Joe died, with my praises on his lips, and Alice bowed her head like a broken lily. It was a long time before she got over it, and summer had grown into winter, and winter to summer, to autumn, and to winter again. The threatened invasion was all over; our swords were getting rusty, our uniforms dirty, and when the holidays came I left the firm in which I had just become a partner, and went to spend a fortnight at my friend's in Kent.  
Alice was there, well and cheerful now, and reconciled to her loss, though we often talked of poor Joe, and as the days wore on we grew close together, and she called me by my name and seemed to have transferred her brother's love to me. She never told me so nor let others see it till one merry Christmas night, when she rejected all her cousins and her other friends, and would only dance with me.

We had the mistletoe, too. At last, one made-up fellow proposed that the ladies should kiss the gentlemen all around when and how they could; and Alice should play, too; and she, in a solemn, quiet way, smiling sadly and

yet sweetly too, took me beneath the Christmas bough and kissed me on the lips.

Ay, it's many years ago, but I feel it now. My heart beat so fast that I hardly dared return it; but I put my arm round her and took her gently to the bay window of the old hall, saying, as I pressed her hand, "Alice, dear Alice did you mean that kiss?"  
Well, I need not tell you what she answered. 'Tis fifty years ago, fifty years ago! and I am surrounded by Alice's dear grandchildren; and there is one, a little thing with light and golden hair that will deepen into brown, who plays around my knees and tells me her little stories, her sorrows, and her joys; so quick, so hurried in their coming and their going that they are like my own, and as we talk, we grow quite friends and companions, as my Alice was to me.

Bless you, she understands it all!—She is a woman in pretty ways; her poutings, pettings, and quarrels. She manages her household of one wax doll and two wooden ones, and tells me for the wax doll is the lady and the two wooden ones are the servants in mob caps and stuff gowns, when they gossip with a wooden policeman, who belongs to her brother, little Joe.  
So we are fast friends, little Alice, and I; and to night, on Christmas night, I noticed that she would not dance nor play with the pink and shiny-faced little boys who were unaturally tidy and clean in their new knicker-bockers, with red stockings, but she came and sat by me and talked softly in the fire-light as Alice did, and made me think of fifty years ago. And only think how old times came back and new times like the old; only just think that when her mother told her she should choose a sweetheart, she got a little bit of mistletoe, and climbing slyly on my knee, and holding me in talk as if to hide her purpose—though I guessed it soon, I'll tell you,—she put her little doll-like arm around my neck, and holding the mistletoe above my head, she kissed me again and again, and again, and said I was her sweet heart.

So this child sweet heart brought the old times back—the old times that are still so distant and so near—and the sweet kiss 'neath the rustling leaves, made me think of my dead Alice in the grave.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### The Currant.

In the selection of small fruits specially adapted to planting in a new country, we should set high value on the currant. Nor is it much less desirable on an old homestead that is well furnished with fruit; but where the insatiable currant worm has established itself this crop is a costly and difficult one to grow. For family use the currant is hardly surpassed by any one of the bush or vine summer fruits. Scarcely is the berry formed from the flower, ere it is plucked and used for food. When fully ripe, its taste is agreeably acid during the hot weather, and it has the peculiar and valuable quality, in so small a fruit, of keeping perfectly for weeks on the bushes, after its color and size announce its maturity. Its value in cookery is well known, and its fermented juice forms a beverage which is superior to any other manufactured from fruit, except that made from the apple and grape.  
The currant is very easily propagated from cuttings taken from the latest growth. They should be long enough to reach to the moist soil, and they ought to be planted early in the spring—before the buds start. There are two methods of training—one to allow the bush to take its natural habit, assisting it by proper thinning and pruning, and the other to force it to grow in the tree form. For general cultivation the first method is preferable, it is more natural, and we think the plant will be longer lived and healthier. At proper intervals the old wood can be cut away and the growth renewed by suckers springing from buds below the ground. The tree form is very handsome, convenient for tillage, and for a few years produces very fine fruit. When this form is desirable it is only necessary to remove all the buds on the cutting below where you wish the branches to form. They should be cut out with a knife. If any suckers spring up from the ground, or branches start too low down, they may be easily removed, and when the plant becomes well established in its growth, no further trouble will arise from this source. Four or five feet apart in the row is a convenient distance to plant.—Rural New Yorker.

**A Wonderful Tree.**—In the birch wood of Collden, Scotland, there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. About thirty years ago, a young giant of the forest was blown down, and fell across a deep gully or ravine, which it completely spanned, and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grew up perpendicularly, all in a row; and there they still flourish, in all their splendor, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. The tree is a birch fir.

Some chap who has evidently had considerable experience in the matter, discourses as follows on the subject of kissing:  
"People will kiss, yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, no more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy, at least for us! First know whom you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, or on the corner of her forehead, on the end of her nose, or knock off her waterfall. The gentleman should be a little the tallest. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, a month full of expression. Don't kiss everybody. Don't sit down to it; stand up. Need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner and catch a kiss; more persons spoil the sport—Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hat go to—any place out of the way, throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the hand fall down upon the right side toward the belt. Don't be in a hurry; draw her gently, lovingly to your heart; her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder—and a handsome shoulder strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry; send a little life down your left arm. Her left hand is in your right, let there be an impression to that, not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, tho' and respect. Don't be in a hurry! Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder! You are nearly heart to heart! Look down into her half closed eyes! Gently, yet manfully, press her to your bosom! Stand firm. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open! Lean lightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storms, troubles and sorrows of life (don't be in a hurry)—heaven opens before you—the world shoots from under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky, (don't be afraid,) the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned. No noise, no fuss, no fluttering and squirming like hook-impaled worms, kissing don't hurt; it don't require a brass band to make it legal. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth as if spearing for frogs! Don't grab and yank the lady as if she was a struggling colt! Don't muss her hair, scratch down her collar, bite her cheek, squeeze her rich ribbons, and leave her mussed and rumpled! Don't flavor your kisses with onions, tobacco, gin-cock-tails, lager beer, brandy, etc., for a mandarin kiss is worse than the itch to a delicate, loving, sensible woman.

## MISCELLANY.

### Kissing.

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"People will kiss, yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, no more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy, at least for us! First know whom you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, or on the corner of her forehead, on the end of her nose, or knock off her waterfall. The gentleman should be a little the tallest. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, a month full of expression. Don't kiss everybody. Don't sit down to it; stand up. Need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner and catch a kiss; more persons spoil the sport—Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hat go to—any place out of the way, throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the hand fall down upon the right side toward the belt. Don't be in a hurry; draw her gently, lovingly to your heart; her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder—and a handsome shoulder strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry; send a little life down your left arm. Her left hand is in your right, let there be an impression to that, not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, tho' and respect. Don't be in a hurry! Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder! You are nearly heart to heart! Look down into her half closed eyes! Gently, yet manfully, press her to your bosom! Stand firm. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open! Lean lightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storms, troubles and sorrows of life (don't be in a hurry)—heaven opens before you—the world shoots from under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky, (don't be afraid,) the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned. No noise, no fuss, no fluttering and squirming like hook-impaled worms, kissing don't hurt; it don't require a brass band to make it legal. Don't jab down on a beautiful mouth as if spearing for frogs! Don't grab and yank the lady as if she was a struggling colt! Don't muss her hair, scratch down her collar, bite her cheek, squeeze her rich ribbons, and leave her mussed and rumpled! Don't flavor your kisses with onions, tobacco, gin-cock-tails, lager beer, brandy, etc., for a mandarin kiss is worse than the itch to a delicate, loving, sensible woman.

For the Little Folks.  
**Miss Elizabeth.** will U Xcuse me I I pen U a % of 2 or 3 lines 2 let U no I've 1st rate luk & have found the gall that fills my I, & U may Dpend she's Xtra, & more & all I've got married & keep house 2. You no I sed I wood tell U all about my wife when I got 1, & now I'm gone 2. Wal, surs, she's 2 pss, some for me, that is, I don't dislve her, but bless my \*\*\* I've got her. She's not I of U r Mtheadel wimher that R 2 often 2 B found, she's not 2 young nor 2 old, she's just XX. She's chok full of fun, but no vanT, full of NRG, but not 2 switt, plenty of grit, without NV. Her ii's R bright but not 2 sharp, & she's moderately plump & not 2 much O B C T. U needn't think this '2 my wife is 2 extra, for I no U can't find her || in this % of the country. It didn't take me long to pop the ?. I didn't edge along by \*\* like some timid thing, but kam rite to the ? in less than a ". Sez I, will U B 2 me a loving wife? She sed, Yes sir E. Then sez she, Will U B 2 me I O B D ent huz? & sez I, Yeth'm, so we Beam 2 in 1. Only 1 thing has happened to disturb us since we were — 2together. There is an ugly old maid keeps house in the same building & she's hateful enough. This is a very Xpensive place 2 live in, wud is high so we burn cole; well we Miss-trusted this old maid would pilfer all she could get her pss on. Wal, my wife, U no I told U, was some grit; wal, 1 day she was in the old maid's part & there it was she seen her fire, & she went rite up 2 her & sez, There's our : your fire. I tell U she looked ?? out of her 2 it's. If you'd been there you'd have tho't

so 2, for it was a gal affair. I never C my wife so spunky Biore, she did cut a — and no mistake. 2 my wife's ?? & !! the old maid looked rather but we agreed if she'd pay \$2 cost, we would bring the matter to a full .

### Dr. Asa Shade's Celebrated Fever Nagur Culinator.

Cures tan bark, bark of dogs, and my bark is on the sea Tom Moore; pimples, plumbago, warts, gunbiles, sweet corns, itch, phontoids, foul secretions (of other people's portable property,) unnatural stoppages of board bills, want of appetite, drinka-tite, or other tightigs; cleampane, or all pains or campaigns, blotches on the body, politic or otherwise. It promptly eradicates ugly chaps or bruises or bruising around, stomach ache or frosted cake; excise taxes or other difficulties, and is bully for the mumps.

This celebrated, and now for the first time offered to the world "cleeks 'ers is absolutely magical for stopping pains and window panes—it was prepared with the greatest pains. For arresting malarious vagabonds it has no equal on earth. It enables creditors in easy failing circumstances, to outwit the sheriff; causes the miserly uncles to relent and come down with the soap; to the afflicted it comes as gratefully as a fifty cent postage to a penniless loafer, whose bronchials yearn for irritating fluids.

Its general effect upon the soul or system is as mild and invigorating as Rhine wine or Congress water after a three weeks drunk. In short, the proprietor longs to put it within the reach of all.  
Put in gallon bottles at the low rate of \$5 a drink, and in Pollock's course of time may be found upon the shelves of every respectable druggist, or, as assets in the hands of his assignee.—Beware of quack imitations by Dr. Drake, and fictitious counterfeits by any other poultry monte bank. Every bottle has Dr. Asa Spade's signature flyblown on the cork.

### A Secession Minister made Bishop.

The Rev. J. P. B. Wilmer, formerly Rector of St. Mark's Episcopal church of Philadelphia, has been chosen as the new Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana. He is a native of Alexandria, Va., and for the last year or so has resided at Elkridge, Md., where he had church. He left St. Mark's Church and returned south, and was subsequently sent to Europe to purchase Bibles and Testaments for the confederate army. It was on his return from England that he was captured on the lower Chesapeake by a Federal cruiser, and sent to the old Capitol prison, from which he was soon released. This statement, published in a southern paper, is not altogether correct. The Rev. gentleman was detained at Fortress Monroe. He had with him a large number of chests filled with printed works and material of every description, some of which were exactly the reverse of bibles and testaments, and made for base purposes. Specimens of the same were brought to Philadelphia and exhibited in the detective's office. He was permitted to go south, but was finally arrested as a spy, and locked up in the old Capitol prison, from which he was released by the clemency of President Lincoln.

### Queen Elizabeth.

Eight portraits of Queen Elizabeth are hanging in the London National Portrait Gallery. They represent her at all periods, from youth to old age, and she is painted as a blonde, slight, with a light shade of red hair, blue eyes, a thin, finely-cut mouth, and a nose somewhat aquiline. One of the portraits depicts her in a black jeweled and quilted gown, open at the throat; another, painted after her death, represents her as an old woman sitting at a table, resting her head upon one hand whilst she holds a book with the other. Her face is sad and thoughtful, allegorical figures surround her, and Death is whispering in her ear.

The South Carolina Conference of the African M. E. church has lately been in session. Its proceedings appear from the reports to have been as dignified and strictly parliamentary as those of white bodies of the same character. A report from the temperance committee deprecating the use of tobacco was passed in an amended form, by which the members pledged themselves to abstain from the weed by the next session of the annual conference.

### Looking Glasses and Picture Frames

THE undersigned, thankful for past favors, would inform the public that he still manufactures Frames of every description, as cheap as they can be made elsewhere. Looking Glasses of every description, wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. All persons who have left pictures to frame or frames to be filled, are requested to call for them.  
my18 JAMES CRITCHLEY.