

THE LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

G. & C. R. FRYSENER, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2893.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1866.

Vol. LVI, No. 43.

Poor House Business.

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

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Trains leave Lewistown Station as follows:

Philadelphia Express,	Westward,	Eastward,
Baltimore	(1) 6 35 a. m.	12 17 a. m.
New York Express,	(2) 9 15 a. m.	11 06 a. m.
Day Express,	(3) 1 00 p. m.	(4) 6 16 a. m.
Fast Line,	(5) 4 00 p. m.	(6) 9 34 a. m.
Way Passenger,	(7) 6 16 p. m.	(8) 2 02 p. m.
Local Accommodation,	(9) 8 05 p. m.	(10) 4 22 p. m.
Mail,	(11) 10 27 a. m.	(12) 6 22 p. m.
Omniat Express,	(13) 10 27 a. m.	(14) 6 22 p. m.
Emigrant,	(15) 10 27 a. m.	(16) 6 22 p. m.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

N. Y. Stock Freight,	3 45 a. m.
Through Freight,	10 30 p. m.
Fast	9 15 a. m.
Express	12 20 p. m.
Local	7 30 a. m.
Coal Train,	12 35 p. m.
Union Line,	9 05 p. m.

1 daily; 2 daily except Sunday; 3 daily except Monday; 5 does not stop at Lewistown; Philadelphia Express Eastward, daily except Monday.

Fare to Harrisburg \$2.10; to Philadelphia \$5.50; to Altoona \$5.70; to Pittsburgh \$6.00; to Baltimore \$5.20; to York \$3.20.

The ticket office will be open 20 minutes before the arrival of each passenger train.

D. E. ROBERTSON, Agent.

Gallbraith & Conner's omnibuses connect with all the passenger trains, and take up and set down passengers at all points within the borough. Orders are requested to be left at the National House.

GEO. W. ELDER,

Attorney at Law,

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

H. J. CULBERTSON,

Attorney at Law,

LEWISTOWN, PA.

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Mifflin county. Office with D. W. Woods, esq., Main street, below National Hotel.

DR. JOHN J. DAHLEN,

Practicing Physician,

Bellefonte, Mifflin County, Pa.

DR. DAHLEN has been appointed an Examining Surgeon for Pensions. Soldiers requiring examination will find him at his office in Bellefonte, Bellefonte, August 22, 1866.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain!

By M. R. Thompson, D. D. S.,

By a NEW PROCESS, without the use of Chloroform, Ether, or Nitrous Oxide, and attended by no danger or bad effects.

Office West Market Street, near Eisenbach's hotel.

LEWISTOWN,

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.

DR. S. G. MCLAUGHLIN,

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, opposite

NEW STOCK.

The subscriber has just received and will keep on hand a select stock of Men's, Boys' and Young Men's Boots, Ladies' Boots and Children's Boots and Shoes of various kinds and styles, to which he would invite the attention of his friends, and the public generally.

NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD

by any dealer in the county, those in need of winter boots or shoes are invited to call and examine the above stock, which will be sold at very small profits, but for cash only, at the sign of the Big Shoe, next door to F. J. Hoffman's store.

JOHN CLARKE, PROP.

To Purchasers of Furniture,

R. H. McCLINTIC,

AT HIS

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES,

West Market St., Lewistown,

HAS complete CHAMBER SUITS of Walnut, Var-nished and in Oil. Also,

COTTAGE & PARLOR SUITS,

together with a large assortment of Fashionable and Plain Furniture,

CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, &c.

Call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere. N. B. Metallic and Wood Burial Cases constantly on hand. Coffins also made to order, and Funerals attended with a fine Hearse, at short notice.

Lewistown, June 27, 1866-dm

Caution.

HAVING bought the right and license to use and sell Seth S. Drew's improved mode of cutting boots, which patent consists of cutting with one seam, and without crimping, we therefore caution all against using the name of Seth S. Drew in the county of Mifflin. J. V. S. Smith and S. D. Bryan, Agents for Pennsylvania and assignors to P. F. Loop, Shop and Township Rights will be sold by P. F. Loop. All wishing to avail themselves of this new and desirable tool, which is at least twenty-five per cent. of an advantage to the wearer over the old, can do so by writing to P. F. Loop. Call and see. June 13, 1866.

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, OR "SIGNS OF CHARACTER,"

as manifested through Temperament and External Form, and especially in the "human face divine."—One elegant volume, with nearly 800 pages, and 1,000 illustrations. By S. R. Wells. Author Physiognomical Journal. Price, post paid, \$5. Address Fowler & Wells, No. 399 Broadway, New York.

Physiognomy practical, fully illustrated, and well suited to the wants of all. In the study of "the face" the reader soon learns to read each and every feature. Cases are classified as the Roman, Greek, Jewish, Sinit, and Celestial. The eyes speak all languages, whether black, blue, brown or hazel. In like manner, cheeks, nose, ears, hands, feet, walk, voice, laugh, etc., all show to be "signs of character."

In no other work is so much light thrown upon the character and destiny of mankind as in this, or the distinctive traits of nations and tribes so clearly pointed out. Portraits of distinguished persons of ancient and modern times, with biographical sketches and delineation of character, are given. *Dives, Orators, Statesmen, Warriors, Artists, Poets, Philosophers, Inventors, Surgeons, Discoverers, Actors, Musicians, etc.*, are included. It is an "Encyclopedia" of biography, acquainting the reader with the career and character of many great men and women of the past 1,000 years, and of the present—such, for instance, as Aristotle, Julius Caesar, Shakespeare, Washington, Napoleon, Franklin, Bancroft, Bryant, Longfellow, Irving, Rosa Bonheur, Thaddeus Burr, Goldin, Bright, Lawrence, Bolivar, Whitney, Thackeray, Dow, Knox, Richelieu, Hopper, Buckle, Dickens, Victoria, Wesley, Carlyle, Mosley, Milnes, Thompson, Garrison, Alexander, and hundreds of others. *Author's Name, Book sent by return post or express, on receipt of Price.* sep-2m

POETRY.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Is there a man a whit the better
For his riches and his gains?
For his acres and his palace—
If his inmost heart is callous,
Is a man a whit the better?
And is a man a whit the better
For his coffers and his mines,
For his purple and fine linen,
Why do thousands bend the knee,
And arid in mean servility,
If a man's no whit the better?
Is a man the whit the worse
For a lowly dress of rags?
Though he owns no lordly rental,
If his heart is kind and gentle,
Is a man a bit the worse?
If a man's no bit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand,
For an empty, even pocket,
And a brawny, working hand,
Why do thousands pass him by
With a cold and scornful eye,
If a man's no whit the worse?

MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF CRIME.

About twenty years ago, the health of Mr. Edward L., an English clergyman, being in a precarious condition, a moral and physical nature—that grave English malady which comes we know not how or why—he decided to cross the channel, and seek under a milder sky the pure air and sunshine which he needed.

One fine day he embarked for France. He stopped some days at Rouen—Every morning he made a little trip in the suburbs, carrying under his arm a volume of Dante. One afternoon he climbed Mount Saint Catharine, and seating himself on the grass, began to run over some pages of the Divine Comedia. At this moment, a stranger, who had also climbed the hill, approached him, and asked him in English, with the greatest courtesy, permission to converse with him a moment.

"I wish to perfect myself in your language," said he smilingly, "and I seize the opportunity to talk every time I meet an Englishman."

They talked a little about everything—the weather, Dante, religion and politics. The Frenchman was well informed and very amiable. He informed Mr. L. that he was one of the Physicians of Rouen. Learning this, the young minister related his case to him and asked his advice.

The doctor examined him carefully and wrote him a prescription. They descended together to Rouen, where they separated, one to go and pay his visits to his patients, the other to enter an apothecary shop.

Next day Mr. Edward found himself better; the doctor's prescription had done him much good. He had gained more strength in one hour than during a month of previous treatment.

He wished to thank the doctor, and reproached himself besides with having offered him nothing in return for his consultation. He went again instinctively to Mount Saint Catharine. A moment after he was rejoined by the Frenchman. They both burst out in joyous laughter, and pressed each other's hands as though they were old acquaintances.

"You have saved my life, doctor," said Mr. Edward warmly.

Then he touched timidly the question of money. The doctor closed his mouth at the first word; declaring himself amply remunerated by the success of his prescription and the joy of his patient.

"Doctor," said Mr. Edward, "I am an Englishman, and consequently I do not like the weight of an obligation; can I not be of use to you in some way? I start to-morrow at 1 o'clock in the morning, and I am at your service."

After a moment's reflection, the doctor said:

"No—it would be an abuse of your good nature."

The Englishman pressed him so perseveringly that the doctor finally said:

"I have many patients under treatment in my house. Among them is a very rich demoiselle, whose ideas are a little deranged. I think I shall succeed in saving her. Unfortunately, since about a month she has it in her head to return to Paris. I have employed all means to dissuade her, but without success. I see that there will be neither truce nor repose until her caprice is satisfied. I have put off the journey with her from day to day, because I have many patients in the city which it is difficult, impossible even for me to leave, were it even for a single day."

Edward L. saw that he had been a little too fast. But how could he draw back now?

"Diable," said he, "a demoiselle, and crazy in the bargain!"

"Never mind that," said the doctor, smiling; "this demoiselle is in her forty-sixth spring, and furthermore your word crazy is perhaps a little exaggerated. In any case, her madness, if madness it is, is of the mildest form—I give you my word of honor that in this respect she will give you no trouble."

"Well, so be it! So at one o'clock in the morning?"

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no; the hour is a little material. I am sure that the demoiselle will be ready."

While they were talking thus they reached the gates of the city. Before separating, the doctor handed his card to Edward L.

"And now au revoir till to-morrow morning, or perhaps adieu; it is quite possible that we shall not see each other again." Mr. L. watched the departing doctor with an embarrassed air. The idea of taking a mad woman to Paris was not a very smiling one. He glanced at the card and read: Doctor de La Belle, rue Antoine, No. 12.

Arrived at the hotel, he asked the waiter if he knew M. de La Belle.

"He is one of the best physicians in Rouen."

At one o'clock in the morning Mr. L. was promenading anxiously in the waiting room of the depot. M. de La Belle did not appear. The English minister was rubbing his hands with a great sigh of satisfaction, when he felt himself touched on the shoulder. It was the doctor. A lady dressed in black was seated on the bench.

"Here," said the doctor, "is Mademoiselle's purse—perhaps she may need something; here is her ticket also, which you will have the goodness to show to the employee. I telegraphed last evening, to her relatives, begging them to send a carriage to the train when it arrived. I have told you that she is gentle as a dove—if she should have a moment of weakness, you have only to give her a lump of sugar moistened with two drops of this syrup."

During this time he had lifted the demoiselle somewhat roughly into the car. Finally the bell rang, the minister entered the coupe, coming out again as soon, exclaiming—

"What a strong odor there is in there!"

"It is a bottle of Cologne which I broke in helping Mademoiselle to enter the car."

The train started; Mr. L. tried to open conversation, but seeing that she did not reply, he arranged himself for a nap. He awoke several times; the demoiselle always with her veil over her face, remained motionless. At last they reached Paris.

"Mademoiselle," said the clergyman, "be good enough to wait a moment; I will go and call the coachman who is waiting for you."

He looked a long while, but in vain. He could find no one who had come for demoiselle from Rouen. He returned, much vexed to the demoiselle, when to his great stupefaction, he saw an anxious crowd surrounding his car. He advanced.

"Is it you who came in this coup?" demanded a policeman.

"Yes."

"Do you know that the lady is dead? It is more than four hours since she ceased to live. You have poisoned her with prussic acid!"

The clergyman was horror struck. He sought to disculpate himself with all the energy of an honest man, but his story sounded like a tale, it was so improbable. They searched him, and found upon him the lady's purse, and the phial which contained prussic acid!

Mr. Edward L., crushed down half mad, allowed himself to be led to prison without offering the slightest resistance.

"Take me to Rouen," said the prisoner. "I will unmask the wretch. He will not dare to deny it before me."

Two policemen in citizens dress and some other employees of the department took a car with him, and went to Rouen. Mr. L. was sure that the assassin would tremble at the sight of him alone.

When they entered Dr. La Belle's house he was out, but would soon return. An hour after he entered the room where they were waiting for him.

M. L. trembled from head to foot. It was not the man he had met on Mt. Saint Catharine.

"It was not Dr. La Belle!" cried he, seeing an abyss open before him, the depths of which he could not sound.—"It was a lie! the man was not Dr. La Belle!"

Alas they must give in to the evidence. The clergyman had been the victim of the most diabolical trap to imagine.

They returned to Paris.

Some weeks passed. The agent of the police who had particular charge of him soon satisfied himself that he was innocent. Mr. L. was then removed to a house—he never knew what one or where—but where he could read and write.

The day after his new incarceration a man entered his chamber, made him put on a suit of black, and begged him to follow him. At the door was an open caleche, and they took the direction of the Champs Elyses.

"Look at everybody," said his mysterious companion.

Mr. L. looked with all his eyes, but he saw nothing but promenaders on foot and in carriages. The next day, when he entered the caleche, he was surprised to see a large white dog crouching on the mat at the driver's feet. He did not understand the mystery at first, but it was explained to him afterwards. At the time he was committed, between Rouen and Paris, a white dog, without an owner had been found in the former city. The police sent him to Paris at once. On the day of which we are speaking two lost dogs were advertised on the fourth page of the journals, one at Vangirad, the other at Passy. It was to those places that Mr. L. went with officers.

But it was in vain. Days passed away thus; nothing was discovered.

One evening the agent of the police told him to accompany him to a ball and gave him a costume of an officer of Spahes (Turkish horse soldier). The clergyman made some objections, but was obliged to yield. The carriage deposited them at the foot of a staircase of a very fine hotel, where they were received by footmen. There was a grand ball that night, and the saloon was filled with persons who appeared to Mr. L. to belong to the best society of Paris; for that matter he might be convinced on hearing the names of the guests as announced by the valets.

He was presented to the mistress of the house, Madame la Comtesse de F. who received him very graciously. He conversed a great part of the evening with her son, and retired at an advanced hour without having seen anything.

Another week passed.

The following Saturday he went to the ball again at the same house. M. de F., the son of the mistress of the house came at once to converse with him, and drew him behind the large curtains of a window of the saloon.

Mr. L. soon heard the voice of the agent of police—who was in citizens' dress—in conversation with another person. They talked of the chase. After some minutes' conversation, during which Count F., kept his eye fixed on Mr. L., who remained impassive, the couple went away. A moment after he heard the sound of the agent's voice anew.

"Ah! here you are at last, M. de Bo—!" said he, "it's a long time since we have seen you!"

The person addressed had no sooner pronounced the first word of his phrase than Mr. L. bounded in his place behind the curtain.

"It is him! it is him! it is the unknown of Rouen!"

"Be still!" said M. de F., "or your imprudence will spoil all!"

An instant afterwards they were joined by the agent of police.

"Well?" said he.

Mr. L. trembled in all his members. "I have heard him," said he, shivering—"it is him—I recognized his voice!"

"It may be a mistake; you will remain here without stirring until all the guests enter the dining saloon. You see that door by the side of those curtains; through that door each one will come with a lady on his arm. Scrutinize each countenance attentively, and above all make no movement."

One o'clock in the morning struck at last. Mr. L. parted the curtains a little, and his eye of fire was fixed upon the door of the dining saloon. His whole body trembled as if traversed by an electric shock. All at once his crisped hand directed itself involuntarily toward a man who was conversing with a young lady; it was indeed the stranger of Rouen. The agent of police was obliged to seize L.—around the body. He wished to unmask the assassin.

The next day the agent came early to find him.

"You must call on Mr. B.—"

"Let us go on the instant."

"I will conduct you to the door, and you will go up alone. It is necessary for you to speak to him tete-a-tete."

M. de Bo lived in the rue Saint Honore. When the clergyman, pale as death, rang at the door, M. de Bo—who was putting on his gloves and preparing to go out, came to open it himself.

He turned pale in spite of himself on seeing the English minister. But he recovered himself at once.

"Pardon, Monsieur, what is the object of your visit?"

"You ask me that, wretch!" cried Mr. L., furiously.

"You are mad!" said M. de Bo, shrugging his shoulders, and drawing his interlocutor into his study.

"Now, what do you want?" said he, looking at him fixedly.

Mr. L. then allowed his indignation to speak; he assured him that he should attach himself to his person

until the police would recognize his crime.

"I shall succeed in unmasking you," said he, at the end.

"You are deceived my brave man," said M. de Bo, taking a pistol from the table, and placed the muzzle against the forehead of the clergyman. He fired, and the minister fell backward.

But he was only stunned. When he opened his eyes again he saw M. de Bo—between two policemen. The police had bribed the servants of M. de Bo—to take the balls from his pistols, and were concealed in the apartment when Mr. L. presented himself. M. de Bo—who whom they could not pursue as the assassin of the demoiselle, was now guilty of an attempt at assassination. He was condemned to twenty years hard labor.

One should hear this extraordinary story by Mr. Edward L. himself. I remember to have shivered often at the recollection of it, and the image of the dead woman in the car pursued me a long time like a horrible nightmare.

It is this very year that M. de Bo—finishes his twenty years of hard labor.

A Section of the Harlem Railroad Sunk in a Marsh.

The residents of Dutchess county living along the line of the Harlem Railroad, says the Poughkeepsie Eagle, have had a subject of unusual interest to discuss for a few days past, which was nothing more nor less than the sudden sinking, to the depth of twenty feet, of about forty rods of the Harlem Railroad track, crossing a swamp near the ice-houses between South Denver and Rawling. The singular event occurred on Friday last, and, as may be supposed, it created the greatest wonderment among the population for miles around. This marsh is soft and yielding to a great depth, and the greatest difficulty was experienced in laying the track across it. It has sunk once before, shortly after the road was built.

All efforts to make a firm foundation for the track at this place have heretofore failed. Piles have been driven to a great depth, but without reaching solid ground, and the only way a foundation could be made, was by filling it with trees and brush. A freight train passed over this spot but a few hours previous, and it was noticed at that time that the track bent beneath the pressure, to the depth of nearly two feet. Several large cattle trains were obliged to put back to Albany in consequence of this break. Passenger trains transfer their passengers and baggage to trains in waiting on the opposite side, the passengers reaching the cars by a walk of a quarter of a mile across the swamp on planks. On Saturday night last, while the freight of a passenger train was being transferred, a plank belonging to a lady passenger, containing \$1000, was stolen, and no trace of it has since been found.

EDUCATIONAL.

J. K. HARTLAND, Bellefonte, Mifflin County, Editor.

Correspondents should not write on both sides of the paper. Articles for this column are desired.

The Metric System.

The system of weights and measures in use in the United States is in a high degree perplexing and inconvenient. The decimal system is the simplest and most beautiful ever devised; our currency system is conformed to it; why, then, may not our weights and measures be based upon the same principle? France adopted a system of weights and measures founded upon the decimal system of rotation, as long ago as 1795. This system has since been adopted by Italy, Spain, Portugal, many parts of Spanish America, Belgium, Holland, and portions of Germany and Austria. In 1864, an act was passed by the Parliament of England, permitting its use throughout the United Kingdom wherever parties should agree to use it. Scientific men in this country have long advocated the introduction of the metric system; accordingly Congress, on the 27th of last July, passed an act which, though it does not make the system compulsory, establishes it as legal.

The system is so simple that a school boy can easily master it in a few days, while months—often whole terms—are required to master the perplexities, incongruities, and inconsistencies of the existing system of weights and measures. The perplexities of the common

rules of reduction and addition, subtraction, multiplication and division of compound numbers will be done away by the metric system.

A writer in the New York Tribune to whom we are indebted for many of the facts contained in this article, remarks: "The present system has but one advantage—it is established. To the metric system there is but one objection—it is not in use. But it is not an experiment. In France it is popular, and in the markets and stores meat and cloth are sold by the metre and kilogram. Once understood, it will be everywhere used."

The unit of length in the metric system is the ten-millionth part of the distance from the equator to the poles, or 39.37 inches in length. A rod 39.38 inches long is very nearly a metre. Teachers would do well to introduce specimens of the metre into their schools. Let them have a few lessons in the metric system in their institutes and then teach it to their pupils. It will not soon be universally used, yet the day will surely come when it will entirely displace our present system.

In the October number of the School Journal, there are two articles on this subject, one from the pen of Professor Brooks, of Millersville, the other copied from the N. Y. Tribune, in which teachers will find an exposition of the metric system. We are indebted to said articles for the facts contained above and for a further statement of the terms and tables of the metric system which we propose to make next week.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me, and remain filed on record in this office for inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Mifflin county, to be held in the Court House, at Lewistown, on Monday, the 5th day of November, 1866, for allowance and confirmation, nisi, and unless exceptions are filed within 4 days thereafter, will be confirmed absolutely:

1. The Final Account of Ephraim Hazlett, admr. of the estate of Sarah W. McDowell, late of Menno township, dec'd.
2. The account of Benjamin Zook and Joseph Harshberger, admrs. of the estate of Christian Altyer, late of Bratton township, dec'd.
3. Final account of David Weiler, administrator of the estate of Margaret McCollough, late of Union township, dec'd.
4. The guardianship account of Joseph M. Fleming, guardian of Mary R. Fleming, minor child of Wm. Fleming, late of Brown township, dec'd.
5. The final account of Joseph M. Fleming, admr. de bonis non cum testamento annexo, of the estate of James Fleming, late of Brown township, dec'd.
6. The final account of Nicholas Hartzler, exr. of the estate of Samuel Lowry, late of Menno township, dec'd.
7. The final account of Wm. Macklin, and James H. Ross, exrs. of the estate of John Magill, late of Oliver township, deceased.
8. Final account of James F. Mateer, Executor of the Estate of James McFarland, late of Menno township, deceased.

APPRAISEMENTS TO WIDOWS OF DECEDENTS.

1. The appraisement to Catharine Moyer, widow of Enoch Moyer, late of Granville township, dec'd.
2. The appraisement to Jane Moore, widow of John H. Moore, late of Menno township, dec'd.

MICHAEL HINEY, Register.
Lewistown, October 10, 1866.

MIFFLIN COUNTY, ss.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to
Mary E. Jenkins, Greeting:

[L. S.] Whereas, David Jenkins did on the 2d day of April, A. D., 1866, prefer his petition to the Hon. Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, of Mifflin county, praying that for the causes therein set forth, that he might be divorced from the Bonds of Matrimony entered into with you, Mary E. Jenkins, we do therefore command you, the said Mary E. Jenkins, as we have heretofore commanded, that setting aside all other business, you be and appear in your proper person, before our Judges at Lewistown, at a Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the 5th day of November next, to answer the petition or libel of the said David Jenkins, your husband, why he should not be divorced from the bond of matrimony, agreeable to the act of Assembly in such case made and provided, and hereof fail not.

Witness Hon. Samuel S. Woods, President Judge of our said Court at Lewistown, September 13, 1866.

W. H. BRATTON, Prothy.

TO THE LADIES

THE CIRAGE FRANCAIS, OR FRENCH DRESSING, for Ladies and Children's Boots and Shoes that have become red, or rusty and rough by wearing. They are restored to a perfect and permanent black, with as much lustre as when new, leaving the leather soft and pliable, and what is of great importance and soil the skirts. Traveling bags, kid gloves, trunks, carriage tops, and fine harness are made to look as good as new. Ladies and Children can dress their own boots and shoes without soiling their hands. Try one bottle, and you will never be without a supply in the house.

For sale by,
J. A. & W. R. McKEE,
in Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. Market and DuRoss sts., Lewistown. oct17f