

G. & C. R. FRYNSINGER, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2901.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1866.

Vol. LVII. No. 1.

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

E. J. CULBERTSON, Attorney at Law, LEWISTOWN, PA.

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

DR. JOHN J. DAHLEN, Practising Physician, Belleville, Mifflin County, Pa.

DR. DAHLEN has been appointed an Examining Surgeon for Pensioners. Soldiers requiring examination will find him at his office in Belleville, Belleville, August 22, 1865.

DENTISTRY - J. SMITH

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity, (a few doors from the Town Hall, in Main street) that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the line of his profession in the most scientific manner.

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 is attended by no danger or bad effects.

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.

DENTAL CARD. R. M. KEEVER, SURGEON DENTIST.

TEETH extracted WITHOUT PAIN by the use of NITROUS OXIDE or Chloroform. Teeth inserted on all the different styles of bases.

NEW STOCK. The subscriber has just received and will keep on hand a select stock of Men's, Boys' and Youth's Boots, Ladies' Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes of various kinds and styles.

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.

MRS. M. E. STEWART, FANCY STORE, West Market St., Lewistown,

LADIES & GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, Hats, Bonnets, Ladies Fine DRESS GOODS and Trimmings.

Millinery and Dress-Making executed in the most approved style. Lewistown, April 18, 1866.

628. HOOP SKIRTS, 628. Hepkin's "Own Make," NEW FALL STYLES!

Are in every respect first class, and embrace a complete assortment for Ladies, Misses, and Children, of the Newest Styles, every length and Sizes of Waist.

REMOVED. J. A. & W. R. McKEE HAVE removed their Leather Store to Odd Fellows' Hall, where they will constantly keep

500 COARDS BARK wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid in Cash.

Splendid Syrup Molasses. ONE of the best articles at 25 per quart, at Oct. 24.

Sugar at 12 1-2 Cts. OUR article at this price is good. Also, White at 17, at Oct. 24.

Don't Forget TO go to HOFFMAN'S for your PAT-ENT MEDICINES

Blacksmith's! YOU can buy your Bar Iron at 5 1/2. Also on hand Steel Horse-Shoe Calks and Horse Shoes, at

Hubs, Spokes, Fellows, STEEL Runners, &c. A great assortment at

Coal Oil and Lamps, F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

Gas Burners, AND a variety of other heating Stoves for sale low for cash at

Sole Leather, Upper, CALF Skins, Morocco, &c. at

Nimrod Cook! EVERY one who wants a good Cooking Stove, should call and see this at

NEW ARRIVALS. P. F. LOOP is receiving new goods every week, direct from the eastern factory, and is prepared to

THE PATENT BOOTS are now creating a great excitement, and all who wish to have a pair of these pleasant boots can be accom-

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINE

WE wish to call the attention of Tailors, Shoemakers, Saddlers, Coach Trimmers and Families to these machines, as they are

OPERATED WITH THE GREATEST EASE, BEING CALLED

THE NOISELESS MACHINE. Persons selecting a machine can have their choice

OF SHUTTLE STITCH, OR GROVER & BAKER STITCH,

the peculiarity of each stitch being cheerfully shown and explained.

Extracts from New York Papers: "The Grover & Baker noiseless machines are acknowledged to be superior to all others."

"The work executed by the Grover & Baker Machine has received the highest premium at every State Fair in the United States where it has been exhibited."

N. B.—We make no charge for LEARNING PURCHASERS TO SEW.

CHEAPEST FIRST CLASS MACHINE. NEEDLES, SILK TWIST & THREAD.

P. F. LOOP, Agent for the above, Boot and Shoe Maker, in the public square, Lewistown.

PHOTOGRAPHIC. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 501 Broadway, N. Y. In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are headquarters for the following:

Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Of American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes.

Stereoscopic Views of the War. From negatives made in the various campaigns and forming a complete Photographic history of the contest.

Stereoscopic Views on Glass. Adapted for either the Magic Lantern or stereoscope. Our catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

Photographic Albums. We manufacture more largely than any other house, about 200 varieties from 50 cents to \$50 each.

Card Photographs of Generals, Statesmen, Actors, etc., etc. Our catalogue embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c.

There was a serpent in Eden, and a Judas in that three-blessed band who walked and talked with our Redeemer on earth, and who saw his glory mingled with his humanity; why, then, need we wonder that one man, subtle and treacherous, hid himself in the calm verdure of W—, crawling out ready to spring upon them with his poisoned fangs?

WILLIAM LIND, has now open A NEW STOCK OF

Cloths, Cassimeres AND VESTINGS, which will be made up to order in the neatest and most fashionable styles.

POETRY. THEY ARE GOING ONE BY ONE.

BY I. AUGUSTUS JONES. They are going one by one, The friends I fondly love, They are going to their home In a brighter world above. There is sorrow in my heart, And the tear-drops dim my eyes, As I watch them all depart, To their home beyond the skies.

ANGRY WORDS. Angry words! O let them never From the tongue unbridled slip; My heart's best impulse ever Check them, ere they soil the lip.

A GOOD STORY. THE SILENT DEACON'S OPINION.

When the next summer comes, with its heat, and dust, and languor, and the tired spirit, fainting by the way, cries out for the wings of a dove, go up to W—, among the hills made sacred to Nature, where the burry and anxiety of commerce are unknown, and the silent Sundays are never broken by the whizzing of machinery, or defiled by its smoke and steam.

It is the most silent place in the world; and were it not for the farmer turning his furrows, or casting his seed, you might imagine yourself already where 'Sabbaths never end.'

Entering the neat, capacious church, fatherly and motherly faces meet your eye on every hand, and you will soon forget that you are a stranger.

Yonder, in the square pew sits Deacon Lee; you would know he was a deacon if he had not told you. Some men are born deacons—what a pity that some should enter the holy office who are not!

Now what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know? he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and, after a little thought, frankly answered, 'No, I don't.'

'Do you think the church is alive to the work before them?' 'No, I don't.'

'Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?' 'No, I don't.'

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler in Zion, and, taking courage, he asked.

'Do you think Mr. B. a very extraordinary man?' 'No, I don't.'

'Do you think his sermon on 'Their eyes were holden,' anything wonderfully great?' 'No, I don't.'

Making bold, after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked, 'Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and 'hire' another?' The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow, and, in a tone far louder than his wont, shouted, 'No, I don't.'

'Why,' cried the amazed visitor, 'you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?' 'No, I don't.'

'You talk so little, sir,' replied the guest, not a little abashed, 'that no one can find out what you do mean.'

'I talked enough once,' replied the old man, rising to his feet, 'for six praying Christians; but thirty years ago, I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them!'

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked, 'What happened to you thirty years ago?'

'Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it as a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in his right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the pews filled by those who turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a tool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. We thought we were doing God service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work, and said we considered his labor ended in B—, where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticizing, and crushing instead of upholding by our efforts and our prayers, the instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessing. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half-a-dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung on as a dead weight to the wheels; he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer, till, torn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone, when God came among us by His Spirit to show that he had blessed the labors of his dear, rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to his wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of his ought to learn, that he who toucheth one of His servants, toucheth the apple of His eye. I heard my old pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any true woman ought to exhibit towards me who so wronged her husband denied me admittance to his chamber. She said, and her words were as arrows to my soul: 'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish!'

'Had it come to this,' I said to myself, 'that the man whose labors had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, whose hand had buried me in baptism, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, till designing men had alienated us, been to me as a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him. God pity me!' I cried, 'what have I done?'

I confessed my sin to that meek woman, and implored her for Christ's sake to let me kneel before His dying servant, and receive his forgiveness.

What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken this whole family to my home forever as my own flesh and blood, but no such happiness was before me.

'As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was just falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes and said, 'Brother Lee! brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor, my pastor!' Then raising his white hand, he said in a deep, impressive voice, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!'

I spoke tenderly to him, told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his spirit.

I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he had been to me; I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones; but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

I staid by him all night, and at day-break I closed his eyes. I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but like a heroine she said: 'I freely forgive you. But my children, who enter deeply into father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us all with his covenant, God, and He will care for us.'

'Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and from that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before me in my dreams, saying: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

These words followed me till I realized fully the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for his sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, even if they are not perfect. And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and

God's Word that 'one sinner destroyeth much good,' and yet we are often annoyed at the wide results of one man's evil work in the church. One may sow tares which a hundred cannot pluck out; and therefore does it become God's children to stay the enemy in his efforts.

He who aimed at the life of the Gospel Church in W— was 'dead, while he had a name to live.' He scorned many of the humble ones whose crown is waiting them on high. He hated the humbling doctrines of the Cross, and desired to see man glorified and exalted; he rebelled against the 'iron bars' which he chose to call the bond of love which separate God's chosen and obedient ones from the world that lieth in wickedness. He declared that the millenium could never dawn till all Christians were as one—by which he meant that, for the sake of union, right must yield to wrong—as if he were of the number who loved and longed for the appearing of Christ!—He began stealthily to sow his poisonous seeds among the younger and weaker of the flock, and when he saw the first token of their taking root, he grew bold, and began to cast them in on the strong high hills. But here he found resistance; the soil which had borne such rich harvests of grace repelled his seed from its bosom; and he came to the mad resolve to assail the deacon, and try how he would receive it. If he, with his piety, zeal and influence, opened his bosom to it, the end was easily attained. The minister was not worthy consideration in the matter—ministers are so readily put out of the way if they do not yield to ungodliness. If he proved a dead sentinel, he would not molest him; if alive and jealous of his Master's honor, one bullet would settle him for ever.

In pursuance of his 'liberal views' and his deep-laid plan, our valiant reformer rode up and fastened his horse before the unpretending dwelling of Deacon Lee. Ushered into the neat 'keeping room' to await his coming from the harvest field, his restless spirit was almost awed by the silence which reigned there. The tall clock in the corner, with its ever sailing ship, ticked painfully loud; and even the buzzing of the few flies on the panes annoyed him. He suffered much the same oppression as do those who wait long in a silent, darkened room the coming of a minister to a funeral. He wished for, and then dreaded the good man, being not quite sure of a warm reception. He had just decided on a clandestine flight, when the door opened and the deacon entered, as calm and neat as if toil had never ruffled his spirits or soiled his garments. After the usual greetings, and a dead, awful pause, the visitor began—think of the wiles of Satan!—by lamenting the low state of religion, asking the good man why his church had enjoyed no revival for three or four years! What cared he for God's set time to visit Zion? He was far more deeply interested in the opening of a new stage road to the Summit, and in getting up stock in the projected hotel there.

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have supported my pastor, even if he is not an 'extraordinary man.' My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget her cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together.

When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as them who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you.

This decided reply put an end to the newcomer's efforts to get a minister who could make more stir, and left him free to lay out roads and build hotels.

There is often great power in the little word 'no,' but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it as resolutely as did the silent deacon.

List of Causes for Trial, at January T, 1867. No. T. Year

Table with 3 columns: Case Name, Date, and Year. Includes cases like W. J. McCoy for use vs W. Wakefield's adm'r., W. J. McCoy for use vs G. H. Calbraith, Johnston Bros. & Co. vs F. R. Sterrett et al., Bogle's ex's vs J. M. Sellers, Stoneroad's ad. for use vs G. H. Calbraith, Wheeler & West vs J. Winn, Benedict vs M. & C. Co., Emig vs S. E. Haines et al., Sheesley vs Jacob Stine, Reed com. & vs Abner Thompson et al., Bogle's ex's vs M'Coyle et al., Craft vs Burgess & Town Council of Lewistown, W. P. Fleming vs P. R. R., Butler's ad'r vs Benedict, W. H. Weber vs P. R. R., W. Miller vs J. Ross, Blymyer vs J. Ruble, Kelly & Co. Endorsees vs J. Burns, Endorse 109 Aug, Snowden vs J. T. Lane, A. Cunningham's adm's vs Roswell D. Smith, E. E. Locke, Jr. vs R. Gallaher et al., H. M'Kee vs P. R. R., W. H. BRATTON, Prothy's Office, Dec. 12, 1866.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Mifflin county and to me directed, will be exposed to sale, by public vendue or outcry, at the Court House, in the borough of Lewistown, on

SATURDAY, January 5th, 1867.

A lot of ground in Lewistown, on the south side of Kishacoquillas creek, bounded on the south-west by Wayne street and extending along same fifty-four feet, more or less, on the north-west by an alley, running along the creek 72 feet, more or less, on the north-east by lot formerly owned by John A. Sterrett, and on the south-east by lot of Wm. R. Graham and Samuel Morrison, with slaughter-house, &c., thereon erected, as the property of George M. Freeburn.

A lot of ground situate in the Borough of Lewistown, fronting thirty feet on Charles street, more or less, and same width 150 feet to an alley, with a frame dwelling house and other improvements thereon erected, bounded by lot of (late) Richard Coplin on the north east, and of R. C. Hale, esq., on the south west. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Hiram Berlew.

A tract of land in Union township, Mifflin county, Penna., containing two hundred and seven acres, more or less, bounded on the north by land of John Hayes, Sr., on the east by public road, on the south by H. P. and Robert Taylor, and on the west by public road, having thereon a large stone house, barn and other improvements, as the property of Silas Alexander. WM. T. McEWEN, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Dec. 19, 1866.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Mifflin county, to distribute the fund in the hands of James F. Mateer, Executor of James McFarland, late of Menno township, deceased, will attend to the duties of the appointment, at his office, in Lewistown