

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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

Whole No. 2566.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1860.

New Series---Vol. XIV, No. 34.

BLMYER & STANBARGER, PRODUCE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Near Canal Basin,
Lewistown, Pa.,
Will purchase every description of Produce
at current prices.

ALWAYS ON HAND,
PLASTER, SALT, FISH, STONE COAL
of assorted sizes, LIMEBURNERS
& BLACKSMITHS' COAL.
GEO. BLYMYER,
C. C. STANBARGER.

WALL AND WINDOW PAPERS.

A LARGE assortment for sale by
F. J. HOFFMAN.

GROUND ALUM SALT.—A large lot
new full sacks G. A. Salt, just received,
for sale at a reduced price.
F. J. HOFFMAN.

MACKEREL, Herring and Shad, best
quality, at low prices for sale by
F. J. HOFFMAN.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.—A large as-
sortment of Sunday School Library, Class
and Reward Books, for sale at same prices as
sold by S. S. Union in Philadelphia, at
F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

INTRA Rio Coffee, at 13 cents. Also Sugars
and other Groceries, low for cash at
F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

CONFECTIONERY, Crackers, Nuts, &c.,
&c., at low prices to wholesale dealers.
F. J. HOFFMAN.

TOBACCO and Segars—good qualities at
low prices to dealers.
F. J. HOFFMAN.

SHOE FINDINGS.—A full assortment of
Shoe Findings on hand, some articles
much reduced in price.
F. J. HOFFMAN.

SOLE LEATHER.—A good stock just re-
ceived, of the best Red and Oak Sole
Leather. I have also a good assortment of
Morocco, Linings, French Calf Skin, Upper,
Kips &c., all at low prices for cash.
F. J. HOFFMAN.

NAILS.—F. J. HOFFMAN has always
on hand a large stock of best Nails,
and sold at low prices.

DRYERS STORE.—I have on hand
Corn Ploughs, Corn Cultivators, Ready
Corn Shellers, Hay Drags, and other Farming
implements, for sale at prices warranted to
give satisfaction.
F. J. HOFFMAN.

F. G. FRANCISCUS, LEWISTOWN, Pa.



POLISHED Long Handle Steel Shovels at
62 1/2 cts; common long handle Shovels at
57 to 50 cts, for sale by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

COAL oil and Lamps: Merchants supplied
with coal oil and coal oil Lamps, at low
rates than can be bought elsewhere. The
oil is superior in quality and lower in price
than can be bought from eastern markets.
The quality of coal oil always guaranteed free
from smell and smoke, for sale by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

DOZEN coal oil Lamps, varying in
prices from 75 cts to \$5.00 each, all
with superior burners, for sale by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

HARDWARE.—We have on hand the
largest stock of Hardware which we
have ever had, and will sell to merchants at
as low rates as can be bought elsewhere (by
the package).
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

300 KEGS Harrisburg Nails, equal to
the best in the market, for sale by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

1000 BUSHELS best Allegheny
Broad Top Blacksmiths Coal,
at 12 1/2 cts per bushel, for sale by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

100 SETS Thimble Skeins and Pipe
Boxes, assorted sizes, for sale by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

RED Wagon Hames, at 45 cts per pair,
(usual price 62 1/2 cts), with almost every
variety of Wagon, Carriage, Buggy and Dear-
born Hames, at equally low prices.
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

GRASS Scythes—good articles at 62 1/2 cts.
No. 1 strapped straw and hay Forks, at
low rates.
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

UNLOADING Hay Forks, wood head,
steel prongs, patent springs, at \$7 each,
best article in the market, for sale by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

CRIPPIN N. DARLING & Co's broad
grain and grass Scythes—Hay Rakes,
Hay Forks, &c., for sale by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

SINGLE Pullies for unloading hay forks,
at 90 cts each. Ropes of all kinds and
best at reduced prices, for sale by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

From *Author's Home Magazine* for July.
BY MRS. P. P. BONNEY.

Lemon Pie.—One lemon, one spoonful
of flour, three spoonfuls of sugar, a little
butter and salt. Grate off the yellow out-
side peel to flavor your pie; then pare away
the white skin, which is apt to be bitter,
and slice the pulp into a plate lined with
paste. Dissolve the flour, and other in-
gredients, in water enough to fill the paste,
then cover with another. This is an ex-
cellent pie, the lemon being a good substi-
tute for apple.

Another Lemon Pie.—One tablespoon-
ful of melted butter, one egg, a small ta-
blespoonful of flour, a little salt, and sugar
to your taste. Grate off the outside peel,
squeeze out the juice, and add to the beaten
egg and sugar; then pour in, carefully,
boiling water enough to fill your paste.
This pie has no top crust.

Another Lemon Pie.—Grate off the out-
side peel, then pare off the white part and
throw it away. Slice the pulp and lay it
into your plate lined with paste. Make a
custard with one egg; a little salt and su-
gar to your taste—all lemon pies require a
good deal—pour it over the sliced lemon,
then cover with a top crust.

A Lemon Pudding Pie.—To bake in a
deep plate. The grated rind and juice of
one lemon; sugar to your taste; one egg
and a little flour, or grated cracker, a glass
of currant wine, and two large, fair apples,
pared and grated; a halfspoonful of butter
and a pint of milk. Boil the milk and
butter together and let it cool. Beat up
the eggs and sugar, and add them—do not
add the wine and lemon until the moment
before you set your pie in the oven, as it
will curdle the milk.

These pies are all good, and do not taste
in the least alike.

Whips.—Take a pint of rather thin
cream, sweeten it quite sweet; then add a
large glass of wine, and a tablespoonful of
extract of lemon. Good currant wine is
quite as good as any other. Let this stand
in a cool place until you have cut the whites
of three or four eggs to a stiff froth; then
add these to the cream, stirring rapidly as
you do so, and fill your glasses at once.
These whips are delicious, much nicer than
those made of whisked cream alone, and can
be made in ten minutes.

For a Desert.—Line a large dish with
thin pieces of sponge, or any other cake,
spread quite thick with jelly or marmalade
of any kind. Prepare your cream and
eggs—half the quantity will be sufficient,
as for the whips described above—and fill
your dish with it. This is a delicious des-
sert, and can be made so quickly that it is
a convenient resort when you wish to add
to your dinner or tea for an unexpected
guest.

For a Desert.—Line a large dish with
pieces of cake of any kind; then fill it with
nice boiled custard. With the whites of
two or more eggs make an icing and pour
over the top. In making an icing always
beat your eggs while adding the sugar, a
little at a time, and the longer you beat
your icing after the sugar is in it, the nicer
it will be.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

Profane Swearing.—It is not generally
known that the Revised Penal code, passed
last winter, makes all persons who speak
loosely or profanely of God, Christ, the
Holy Spirit, or the Bible, liable to an in-
dictment for blasphemy, the penalty for
which is a fine not exceeding one hundred
dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding
three months, or both, at the discretion of
the court. Persons in the habit of swear-
ing had better be careful, as no officer who
regards his oath of office can avoid return-
ing to Court all persons who are guilty of
the offence as above specified.

Science in Nature.

It is a remarkable and very instructive
fact, that many of the most important op-
erations of nature are carried on in unbro-
ken silence. There is no rushing sound
when the proud tide of sunlight breaks on
a dark world, and floods it with glory, as
one bright wave after another falls from
the fountain, millions of miles away.
There is no creaking of heavy axles or
groaning of cumbersome machinery, as
the solid earth wheels on its way, and every
planet and system performs its revolutions.
The great trees bring forth their boughs
and shadow the earth beneath them—the
plants cover themselves with buds, and the
buds burst into flowers, but the whole
transaction is unheard. The change from
snow and winter winds to the blossoms and
fruit and sunshine of summer, is seen in
slow development, but there is scarcely a
sound to tell of the mighty transformation.
The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises
its unchanged and unceasing voice, the
roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes
of the breeze, the rushing of the moun-

tain river, and the thunder of the black-
browed storm; all this is the music of na-
ture—a great and swelling anthem of
praise, breaking in on the universal calu-
There is a lesson for us here. The might-
est worker in the universe is the most unob-
trusive.

Happy Women.

A happy woman! is not she not the very
sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman
who is happy because she can't help it—
whose smiles even the coldest sprinkling of
misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a
terrible mistake when they marry for beau-
ty, or for talent, or for style; the sweet-
est wives are those who possess the magic
secret of being contented under every cir-
cumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it
makes no difference; the bright little foun-
tain of joy bubbles up just as musically in
the hearts. Do they live in a log cabin? the
firelight that leaps on its humble hearth
becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers
in an Aladdin palace! Do they eat
brown bread and drink cold water from the
well? it affords them more solid satisfac-
tion than the millionaire's *paie de foie gras*
and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes
wrong with them—no trouble is too serious
for them to 'make the best of it.' Was
ever stream of calamity so dark and deep
that the sunlight of a happy face, falling
on its turbid tide, would not wake an
answering gleam? Why, these joyous tem-
pered people don't know half the good they
do. No matter how cross and savage you
feel, Mr. Grumbler—no matter if your
brain is packed full of meditations or 'af-
flicting dispensations,' and your stomach
with medicines, pills, and tonics, just set
one of these cherry little women talking
to you, and we are not afraid to wager any-
thing she can cure you. The long drawn
lines about the mouth will relax—the cloud
settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows
when, and the first thing you know, you'll
be laughing—yes, positively laughing!
Why? That is another thing; we can no
more tell why than we can tell why you
smile voluntarily to listen to the first blue
bird of the season, among the maple blos-
soms, or to meet a knot of yellow-eyed dan-
dellions in the crack of a city paving stone.
We only know that it is so.

Oh, these happy women! how often their
slender shoulders bear the weight of bur-
dens that would smite man to the ground!
how often the little hands guided the pon-
derous machinery of life with an almost
invisible touch! how we looked forward,
through a weary day, to their fire side
smiles! how often their cheerful eyes set
couleur de rose where we only behold thun-
der-charged clouds! No one knows—no
one ever will know, until the day of judg-
ment, how much we owe to these helpful,
uncomplaining women!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LUCKY PREDICTION.

BY CAROLINE R. PRESTON.

John Wyman was over head and ears in
love with Annie Grafton—an attachment
which Annie was not unwilling to receive.
So far, everything seemed prosperous and
plain sailing, but—my dear reader, did you
ever know a more detestable conjunction
than that but? Well the but in this par-
ticular case was that the widow Grafton,
who sustained the maternal relation to An-
nie, had a very decided objection to John as
a son-in-law. Not that she disliked the
young man. She admitted that he was
steady, goodlooking, of an amiable dispo-
sition, and all that—but he was poor. He
learned the trade of a carpenter, and
though he made fair wages, had thus far
been called upon to support two sisters,
both of whom are now married and off his
hands, and consequently he had not been
able to lay up more than two hundred
dollars or so.

Mrs. Grafton, on the contrary, was the
owner of a valuable farm, and some money
in the bank, altogether no less than two
thousand dollars. This, in a country town,
entitled her to one of the foremost places
among the village aristocracy, and as An-
nie was her only daughter, and would in-
herit all the property eventually, she felt
that it would be a decided misalliance for
her to marry any other than a rich man,
or, if not rich, a member of one of the
learned professions.

So when John Wyman ventured to
broach the subject to her, she said, not un-
kindly, but still very firmly, 'No Mr. Wy-
man, I cannot give my consent.'

'Have you heard anything against my
character?' asked John in a tone of great
disappointment.

'Not at all,' said Mrs. Grafton. 'I be-
lieve you to be a very correct and estimable
young man, but Annie is entitled to look
higher.'

That is what Mrs. Grafton said, in sub-
stance, in response to every appeal the
young man made, and he was finally obliged
to retire from the conference in despair.
But when man's wisdom fails, woman's
wit often steps in and avails much.
When Annie heard from her lover the
report of his conference, she leaned her
head on her dimpled hand and said with a
smile: 'We won't give up.'

'What! do you really think you can
bring your mother round?' said John
eagerly.

'I have strong hopes. I know my moth-
er better than you do, John, and I can ar-
range some way or other to manage her.
I don't exactly see how, yet, but I'll set
myself a thinking, and I guess something
or other will turn up.'

'But if there shouldn't, Annie, do you
think it right that that should separate us?
Won't you promise to be mine at any
rate.'

'No, John, I won't promise to do that.
I should not want to leave my mother
alone.'

'Then I'm afraid,' said John, despond-
ingly, 'that there is no hope for us.'

'Fie, John, do you mistrust my power,'
said Annie, shaking her head at him—
'If that's the case, I've a great mind to
say I won't marry you, even if my mother
does consent.'

'Anything but that, Annie, but you
know when your mother once gets her
mind made up about anything, she isn't
apt to give up very easy.'

'I know that my mother has some
strong points of character, and it is on one
of these that I rely for success. I won't
tell you anything about it just yet, but I'll
let you know before it comes off.'

With this agreement the two separated
—John not knowing where to hope or de-
spond, but he felt that if ever Annie be-
came his wife it must be through the re-
sult of her stratagem.

It was, perhaps, a week after the con-
versation detailed above. Annie had tak-
en her mother's decision quite calmly,
much to that lady's satisfaction, for she
loved her daughter, and would have been
pained to see her grieve.

This particular morning Annie was un-
accountably careless. She managed to
break a pane of glass in the sitting-room,
without the slightest apparent necessity of
so doing. As it was a cold day in Novem-
ber, and this was the room where they usu-
ally sat, it was a matter which must be
remedied at once.

'There, we shall have to send for Mr.
Wyman to come and put in a new pane,'
said her mother.

'I have got an errand down in the vil-
lage,' said Annie, demurely—'I will call
and tell him to come up.'

'You had better do so,' said her mother,
'and tell him to make haste. Ugh! we
shall catch our deaths of cold if it isn't
put in at once.'

'Yes, mother,' said Annie.
'I declare, I don't see how you came to
do it,' continued her mother.

'I suppose I must have been very care-
less,' said Annie penitently.
'Well, what's done can't be undone, and
I suppose we must expect such things to
happen once in a while.'

Meanwhile Annie was putting on her
bonnet and shawl, and at once bent her
steps to John Wyman's shop.

He was planning a board when she en-
tered. He looked up with an air of glad
surprise.

Annie explained her errand, and like-
wise added a few words, the purport of
which our readers will learn in due time.
In about twenty minutes Mrs. Grafton saw
John advancing up the gravelled walk that
led to the door.

'Your daughter left word,' said he, 'that
you've got a job in my line this morning?'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Grafton, 'and I'm glad
you've come so promptly. It isn't very
comfortable in this cold weather to have a
broken pane.'

'Whereabouts is it?' said John in a
matter of fact way.

'In the sitting room. Walk right in
there.'

Mrs. Grafton did not fail to observe that
Annie did not come home with her late
lover, as she feared she might, and in her
heart she commended her daughter's pru-
dence.

'I am glad she knows what is good for
her,' thought Mrs. Grafton. 'I hope in
time to secure a lawyer for a son-in-law;
they usually pick out lawyers for political
officers, and I should really like to be the
mother-in-law of a politician.'

The good lady went back to her knitting
work while Wyman, with a business like
air, proceeded to his work. He had nearly
finished the job, which by the way seemed
to take him longer than usual, when a
knock at the door caused Mrs. Grafton to
put down her knitting work and answer
the summons.

She started back in surprise at the ap-
pearance which presented itself.
It was apparently a venerable crone
nearly bent double, attired in an old plaid
cloak, and leaning for support on a rough
stick.

'Good morning,' said the visitor, in a
cracked voice.

'Good morning,' said Mrs. Grafton, men-
tally deciding that she was an applicant for
charity.

'Would you like your fortune told, my
worthy madam?' inquired the crone in a
quivering voice.

'Are you a fortune teller?' asked Mrs.
Grafton, wonderingly.

'Yes, madam, I can read the secret of
the stars, and from their mystic depths
trace out their wondrous secrets. Thou

wouldst know of the past, present or fu-
ture.'

Now Mrs. Grafton had in her nature a
large portion of superstitious credulity, and
she listened with no little awe to those
words of the crone.

'How much is your charge?' she asked.
'Twenty-five cents,' was the reply.
'Can you tell me the past?'

'Yes, madam.'
'Very well: what is my husband's
name?'

'It was Ebenezer. But your husband is
no longer living.'

'You are right,' said Mrs. Grafton quite
impressed with the correctness of the reply.
'Can you tell me how long ago he died?'

'Three years since.'
'On what day?'

'The day before Christmas.'
'This is wonderful,' said Mrs. Grafton
to herself. 'Can you tell me how many
children I have?'

'You have had two, but only one is liv-
ing.'
'Is that male or female?'

'It is a girl.'
'How marvelous,' thought Mrs. Grafton.
'I wish Annie was here: I should like to
hear what she would say about her.'

But Annie did not seem likely to make
her appearance.

At this moment John Wyman came to
the door.

'Will this young man have his fortune
told?' inquired the crone.

'Yes,' said the young man.
'What would you know—the past or the
future?'

'The future by all means, my good la-
dy.'

'Propound your questions.'
'Shall I be rich?'

The old crone took his hand in hers, and
examined it attentively.

'Riches await you,' she said, after a con-
siderable pause.

'Well that's agreeable,' said the young
man. 'Shall I become in any way distin-
guished?'

Again attentive examination, and the
crone started in apparent agitation.

'Young man,' said she, 'you will be-
come President.'
'Is it possible?' exclaimed both Mrs.
Grafton and John, in chorus.

'Rely upon my word,' she said, shaking
her head solemnly.
'Come,' said John gaily, 'she deserves
to be well paid. Here is twice your fee.'

Address of the People's State Central Committee.

To the People of Pennsylvania:
We are about to enter another great na-
tional struggle, the issue of which must tell
decisively for the weal or woe of our coun-
try.

The so-called Democratic party has been
in power for nearly eight years, and the fruits
of its policy are now felt in prostrate indus-
try, a paralyzed commerce, a bankrupt Treas-
ury, and a large and steadily increasing Na-
tional Debt.

The domestic peace and harmony that wit-
nessed the restoration of the party now in
power, have been wantonly exchanged for
sectional discord and fraternal strife, and
even the sacred landmarks of the constitution
have been blotted out, in the systematic ef-
fort of the Government to spread the blight
of Slavery over free territory, in defiance of
the popular will.

Corruption has gained undisputed mastery
in almost every department of power, and
stamped its fearful stain indelibly upon the
Government; and shameless profligacy has
given us national bankruptcy at home and na-
tional dishonor abroad.

The time has come when a thorough re-
form is unmistakably demanded by the Peo-
ple.

In this great work Pennsylvania must, as
ever, be potential. Always loyal in the last
degree to the maintenance of the National
Union and to compromise of the Constitution,
and faithful to the supremacy of the laws,
her people have no warfare to wage upon the
rights of sister States. They will maintain
these rights inviolate with the same fidelity
that they defend their own.

Our Free Labor is the basis of all our
wealth, our prosperity, our greatness. It
has trusted and appealed in vain to the party
in power to protect it. Its confidence has
been ever betrayed, its interests ever sacrific-
ed. Our untold millions of slumbering
wealth and unemployed and unrequited labor
are swift witnesses to the suicidal policy that
has impoverished us.

The studied purpose of the National Ad-
ministration has been to sectionalize the Gov-
ernment, and give boundless dominion to a
system that has dishonored and beggared
Free Industry wherever its desolating steps
have gone.

Against this fatal sectionalism, the friends
of a diversified and prosperous industry have
protested without avail. Nothing but a rad-
ical change of administration can give rea-
sonable promise of respect for the great in-
dustrial interests of our State, and redress
for the endless train of evils flowing from the
faithlessness of the Government.

The Territories of the Great West team
with beauty and richness. There, with free
homes, our sturdy sons would rear new em-
pires to pour forth their boundless wealth
and add to the prosperity and true greatness
of our boasted Republic. They have escap-
ed the withering blight of servile labor thus
far only by defying the whole power of two
Democratic Administrations, and leaving a
history crimsoned with the blood of our breth-
ren.

Failing to subdue, even by force, the strong
arms that are there scattering the rich fruits
of peace and enlightened industry, the Con-
stitution itself has been sectionalized, and its
sacred aim perverted, to sectionalize the nation.
The startling declaration is now made by the
party in power, through its official exponents,
that the Constitution must defend the wisest
beneficent purposes of its authors, and carry
servile labor under its own broad shield, in-
to every Territory of the Union.

To restore the Government to its original
purity; to redeem it from its fatal hostility to
the interests of Free Labor; from the corrup-
tion, the profligacy, and the sectionalism
which have marked the party in power, are
the great purposes of the People's organiza-
tion in Pennsylvania. To this patriotic end,
we invoke the aid and cooperation of all who
desire to join in a common cause, to inaugu-
rate a liberal, just and faithful Government!

Our standard-bearers fitly represent the vi-
tal issues involved in the struggle. They
command the unbounded confidence of friends
and the respect of foes. Even the partisan
Abraham Lincoln, the nominee for President
is spotted in both public and private life,
and that he is as "honest and capable" is
confessed as with one voice by his country-
men. His well earned national fame, the of-
spring of no fortuitous circumstances, points
to him as the "coming man" who will ad-
minister the government honestly, frugally,
and faithfully, and restore the Republic to
domestic tranquility, to prosperity, and true
honor.

True to these great measures of Re-
form is Hannibal Hamlin, our candidate for
Vice President, as is shown by his long and
consistent public career in the councils of the
nation.

Andrew G. Curtin, our nominee for Gov-
ernor, has given a life time of earnest, untir-
ing effort to the interests of Free Labor. He
has advocated in every contest, with all its
matchless power, the true principles of gov-
ernment, as declared by the convention that
has placed him before the people. Measured
by the highest standard, he is faithful and
qualified. He will be in the front of the bat-
tle, bearing our standard left, and defending
our cause. We have but to join him in his
efforts with a zeal worthy of our principals,
and he will lead us to a decisive victory in
October.

Whether our opponents will enter the con-
test united or divided, our duties and dangers
will be the same. In any event, the triumph
of the right will be resisted with the spirit of
desperation. Armed with all the power and
corrupt appliances of the Government, they
will leave no means untried, no effort unem-
ployed, to perpetuate their ascendancy. Al-
though rent asunder with intestine feuds,
antagonized North and South by irrecon-
cilable differences of principle, and bleeding
from wounds inflicted within her own home-
hold, yet there is one common bond of
union that will rally their discordant forces
when all else fails—that is "the cohesive power
of public plunder."

Our cause is worthy of an earnest, united
effort. Our languishing industry, our home-
less laborers, our bankrupt treasury, our na-
tional tranquility and national honor demand

enough to loosen it.—*Troy Times*, June 6.