THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1861.

New Series --- Vol. XV, No. 29.

DR. J. LOBIE, DESTER WE

OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown. adjoining F. G. Franciscus' Hardware e. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office the first Monday of each month to spend the

DR. A. J. ATHINSON,

AVING permanently located in Lewistown, offers his professional services to the citizens of town and country. Office West Market St., opposite Eisenbise's Hotel. Residence one door east of George Blymyer. Lewistown, July 12, 1860-tf

Has permanently located at Milroy, and is prepared to practice all the Dr. Samuel L. Alexander. and is prepared to practice all the branches of his Profession. Office at Swinehart's Hotel. my3-ly

EDWARD FRYSINGER, WHOLESALE DEALER & MANUFACTURER

OF CHARS, TOBACCO, SAUFF,

&c., &c., LIEWISTOWN, PA. Orders promptly attended to. jel6

GEO. W. ELDER. Attorney at Law,

Office Market Square, Lewistown, will aton counties.

nolte's enewert, Seigrist's Old Stand,

Near the Canal Bridge, Lewistown, Pa. Strong Beer, Lager Beer, Lindenberger and Switzer Cheese—all of the best quality

Yeast to be had daily during summer.

MCALISTERVILLE ACADEMY Juniata County, Pa.

GEO. F. McFARLAND, Principal & Proprietor. JACOB MILLER, Prof. of Mathematics, &c. Miss ANNIE S. CRIST, Teacher of Music, &c. The next session of this Institution comnences on the 26th of July, to continue 22 weeks. Students admitted at any time.

A Normal Department ill be formed which will afford Teachers the est opportunity of preparing for fall examina-

A NEW APPARATUS has been purchased,

TERMS—Boarding, Room und Tuition, per cassion, \$55 to \$60. Tuition alone at usual rates.

WILLIAM LIND. has now open A NEW STOCK

Cloths, Cassimeres AND

VESTINGS,

which will be made up to order in the neatest and most fashionable styles.

Lock Repairing, Pipe Laying, Plumbing and White Smithing THE above branches of business will be promptly attended to on application at residence of the undersigned in Main GEORGE MILLER.

BELIX.

H AVING in connection with his Grocery and Notion business, commenced the Manufacturing of Confection-

ery, in its various branches, and employed a pracical workman, notifies the public that he intends to keep a well assorted stock of the above goods on hand, which will be warranted to give satisfaction, and be equal to any Confectioneries that can be bought from any eastern city, which he offers to wholesale mer hants and retailers at city prices, with cost f carriage. He therefore solicits the custom of the surrounding country, and requests them to send in their orders or call and examine his goods, which will satisfy all bat they can be accommodated with a selec-

on which will recommend itself. CAKES, BISCUITS, &c., constantly on Also, Pound, Spunge, Bride, and Gold Cakes, in the best style, baked to order, on the shortest notice. mh28

LOUR by the barrel or hundred-Fancy, Extra Family and Superfine Flour for by JOHN KENNEDY & Co.

MOAL OIL LAMPS, Shades, Chimneys, Brushes, Burners, &c., for sale by feb14 JOHN KENNEDY & CO.

Cheaper than the Cheapest! LASSWARE.—Tumblers at 621, 75, 87, St. 1 50, and 2 00 per dozen. Goblets, Pitchers, Fruit Stands, and Covered Dishes,

JOHN KENNEDY & Co's, TUST RECEIVED. 10 bbls. Pie Nie Crackers,

10 "Boston Biscuit.
10 "Boston Biscuit.
10 "Sugar Crackers,
10 "Family "
5 boxes Soda Biscuit.

THE MINSTREE,

From the Philadelphia Press. THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

BY GEORGE F. TOWNSEND.

We were informed that two members of the National Guards were married, just before being ordered to march, in the area adjacent to the fountain at the centre of the camp, at Frankin Square. A squad of soldiers remarked the ceremony, and a corps of drummers and fifers that were at hand struck up a certain goodly tune.—Reporter of Press, May 15.

I find it hard to credit the experience I have known: To be married in the twilight—in the darkness be alone; To sit beside my window, when the clouds blot out the arch,
And think how long my heart must wait while he is
on the march.

We were wedded at the Fountain, beneath the open sky,
And grouped amid the maple boughs, the regiment stood by;
Their bayonets flashed brightly, beneath a soft, pale And a file of handsome drummer lads struck up a pleasant tune.

He took my moist, hot hand in his, as he had done be fore;
And the parson's voice was low and sweet, like some dear voice of yore;
I seemed to be a girl again—the wedding was a spell—And hardly knew what words were said—twas like a funeral!

How like a mackery it seemed—the formulary part They asked me would I love him—I looked into my heart!
Would I obey? Had he not gone at the summons stern and grim?

And honor? Was there woman who could not honor him?

Some loud cheers broke the stillness: it was our wedding peak I was folded to his betted blouse, the marriage right to seal. A score pressed up to shake his hand, and cheer the Soldier's wife—
Their studied compliments, were drowned: I heard
the drum and fife.

He wrung my hand, and whispered-he kissed me once ggain; A harsh, hard voice ran down the ranks, of "Fall in! Fall in! Mon." I buckled on his knapsack—its weight was like a rock, And as I gave his musket, some tears ran down the

and dry: He said that I should write to him—I could not make reply; But when he stood within the lines. I felt my pulses leaping:
Why should a soldier's wife be dumb, and shame his flag by weeping?

The band struck up a glorious air: my thoughts were sad and bitter;
And tramping down the leafy aisles, I saw the bayonat the saliton. nets glitter; He might have turned his head again, but I was blind He might have turked his nead again, out I was office with sobbing; The fountain tinkled on the night—I heard the music

They vanished in the dusky light; how wild the streets with rattle!
This well for those to wave their hats who send no loves to bay!!
I think, when all the war is done, and still the nation free. If, in the scattered regiment, he shall come back to

If still the sandy locks shall nod above his eye so blue?

If still his step shall be as proud, his love as frank and true?

Perhaps, amid the battered few who tramp behind the drum.

One day unto my father's door a crippled man shall

Perhaps, amid my tears some morn the tidings I may spell.
Amid victorious returns, of one who fought and fell;
Who lay amid the mangled heaps, where blood ran
like a sea,
And pressed his hand upon his heart, and, dying,
spoke of me.

women who have husbands will tell of glo rs, or him that bravely fell beneath the Stripes

But all my dreams still hear the drums that beat our wedding peal. The tinkle of the falling spray, the clink of sabre steel, The music of his sad farewell the kiss before he went, The flutter of the silken flag above the regiment.

No coward mark rests on him; his duty called him forth!
The engle led him Southward from her cyric in the North!
He threw his body in the breach: the flag went on before: And his wife shall love him better that he loved his

educational.

Edited by A. SMITH, County Superintendent.

For the Educational Column.

The Teachings of Death. Death is a voiceless teacher, but his les ons come to all. He is no respecter of persons, and all climes are included in his domain. With impartial step he approaches those who long for him and those who passionately cling to life. His countenance seems ever stern, unless when he rides on the storm of battle, and in a chariot of fire translates patriot souls to a richer reward than earth can offer. Then his summons comes like the triumphant voice of an angel, and his features are not gloomy, but lighted up with prophetic transfiguration. To many a brave heart comes the consolation which martyr patriots ever feel: 'It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country.' Nor is this solace confined only to those who fail in upholding the freedom and fame of their native land, but it causes rainbows to arch over the grief of those who give up their beloved ones when their country calls. Brave hearts break that liberty and peace may be the heritage of heritance. The lesson taught by such takable evidence of long intimacy with me, Willie, when you go into the world after the bottle had done its work, the con that freedom and just character are more excellent than earthly life, that it is cow-

freedom, and the unanimity with which we pronounce them not only brave and generous but also wise and faithful, seem no

weak proofs of our hearty belief in an immortal life and the surpassing blessedness of those who attain it.

These considerations have little relation to the usual aspect of death, and many of them belong only to death that comes swiftly to those whom nature does not summon to rest from the labors and sorrows of life, but who die through the wickedness of their fellow men. When death comes to the quiet home circle and lays his icy hand upon some beloved member thereof. he wears no crown of brightness that the world can see and admire. He seems to come only for the severing of tenderest ties, for the blighting of sweetest hopes, for the crushing of those fragrant blosse of human love which shed such bloom and delight all around us. His face is that of an angel of destruction, not of mercy and richest promise. It is not strange that our hearts fail when we see our cherished ones | terly in vain. stricken and swept away into the region of darkness. In the first crushing moment of our grief we see only our loss, we comprehend only the sudden hiding of so dear a

light. Alas for us, if that first anguish never vere soothed away; if no gleams of light from beyond the grave ever shot through the deep darkness which first enshrouded us; if we heard no voice far up the Heavenly heights, saying, 'The mortal shall put on immortality!' This is one of the most racious assurances of Christian faith. ifting the soul out of that unutterable despondency which would choke all joyous ife if we could not look through the dense gloom which often overhangs the grave, and see life, and light, and abundance of peace in a fairer world. 'Life and immortality are brought to light,' and though we now see but 'as through a glass darkly,' we lean with gladness on the strong arm which faith finds reaching down to us from Heaven. Then, though we mourn our loved ones taken with exceeding sorrow, we mourn not comfortless; we feel that the deep gulf between us, which all must en-ter, is not an abyss of eternal gloom, but that there is sure egress from it into the realms of unclouded day. We know little indeed, if anything, of the life to come; we conjecture fountains leaping in the eternal sunlight, golden crowns on saintly brows, unspeakable joy in purified hearts, and the visible presence and perfecting smile of God; but our positive knowledge, from reason and revelation, is exceedingly small. Yet faith is not appalled, for the promise of heaven cannot be broken, and

the soul treasures it with fondest care. What does death, coming to the peace ful household, to the quiet community, offer for our instruction? Not fear and gloom, else were faith powerless for promoting our comfort; not solicitude to avoid it, for we | rum lent it a fitful brilliancy. ground unnoticed of God, so no fate can And honor him that bravely left beneath the shall either and Stars;
And I shall hug my widow's weeds while life shall either apace,
And mark upon no child of mine the hue of his dear our feeble vision we may not discern the wisdom that controls; 'clouds and darkness' may be around the path we tread, but an infinitely tender hand leads us.

The chief practical lesson of death seems this—to render life as perfect as possible; to do faithfully every duty that every day may bring for our performance, to grow in wisdom by study of nature and of human science, to diffuse gladness around us by cheerful, active, Christlike sympathy with our fellow men, to defend truth and freedom with all our energies, to seek to leave the world better, wiser, happier than we found it, to cherish a steady, deepening faith in the mercy of our Father as revealed in Christ, and serenely wait for the herald who shall summon us to 'turn

That page of God's mysterious book We so much wish, yet dread to learn. Then that cloud itself, which now before thee Lies dark in view.
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
Be stricken through.'

MISCELLANEOUS,

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

She was a stern, hard woman. But far away, up a great many pairs of winding stairs in her heart, was a door easily passed by, and en that door was written Woman.—Charles Dickens. And so it is with the drunkard. Far up a great ma-ity pairs of winding stairs in his heart, is a door, and in that door is written Man, and we must knock once, wice, seven times; yea, seventy times seven times.

He was an old man-not so old either, for the years of his life could not have wrinkled his forehead and whitened his hair, and the hands locked together on the generations to come; they sacrifice years of low pine table, did not tremble so with the their lives that those who shall live after weakness of age; yet very old and very them may lead freer, happier, more peace- miserable looked the solitary occupant of ful lives. And so we embalm them in our that narrow room or entry, with its faded memories, and death seems but as a red curtains, and its atmosphere rendered kind, swift-winged messenger bearing them almost intolerable by the bar-room into to the rest and glory of their heavenly in- which it opened. A hat, bearing unmisdeath and by the emotions it produces, is 'brickbats and gutter,' maintained a safe and its temptations, and your mother is laid versation turned upon courage, and the Dr.

hopes, when summoned by the commanding voice of duty. The regard which we original color it would have been a matter man; don't be afraid, mother.' And then, was sent for and came. cherish for those who fall in defending of time and study to determine, and you after we had said our prayers, we would go have the tout ensemble of the wretched be- to bed as happy as the birds that went to ing who occupied the back of the only grog-shop, which he was allowed to frequent, in window, and just as we were sinking to all the village of Greenfield.

> unconscious that, outside, the May morous birthright of sunshine and dews and bird-songs, has a heart, and 'far away, up from that.' a great many pairs of stairs in his heart, is face, and that word is MAN.'

mary kindhearted persons reasoned earnestly on the evils of his ways? Had not the childlike sobs: 'temperance men' gone to him with the pledge, and promised him employment if he would sign it? And all this had been ut-

Ah, none of them had groped their way up the winding stairs, and read the name | thankfulness, she resumed: on the hidden door there.

But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with Strong. It was enough to do one's eyes soft, hazel eyes and a face that a child would have gone to in any trouble.

gaze of wonder, as the bar-keeper offered the lady a chair, and pointed to the other

lingering stare of surprise and curiosity, left the gentle woman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered, with her face too roughly.' a sad, pitying expression, over Bill's features, and then, in a low sweet voice she

'Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?

Ah! with these words the lady had gotten further up the winding stairs, nearer the hidden door, than all who had gone before

'Yes, that is my name, ma'am,' said Old Bill, and he glanced down at his shabby at-tire, and actually tried to hide the clbow which was peeping out furthest: for it was by that name, and, somehow, it sounded very pleasant to him.

'I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong, said the lady. I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?

'No! no! Charles and I used to be old eronies,' said old Bill, with a sudden animation, and a light in his eyes such as had his clasped hands and looked upon the lanot been there for many a day except when

the angels did, that she had mounted the then, and that lady hastened to pass in. A stairs, and was softly feeling for the unseen | small hand was laid gently upon old Bill's door. So she went on:

'I almost feel as though I could see the Mr. Strong, I have heard my father deof old oaks, at the back of your house, and | you sign the pledge?" the field of golden harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was a green grass old apple tree that threw its shadows across it, and the great old-fashioned portico, and and the rose bush that looked in at the bed-room window, and the spring that went flashing and singing through the bed of mint at the side of the house.'

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally, but unmindful of this, the lady Bill; and the expression was in no degree kept on:

pass under the shadow of that old apple tree, playing at hide and seek, or rolling and tumbling about on the grass, telling each other the things we would certainly do when we became men; and when the sun set its cap of gold on the top of the oaks, I can see Willie's mother standing in the apron, and the pleasant smile that always hovered around her lips, and hear her cheerful voice calling, 'Come, boys, come to sup-

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears came rolling down old Bill's pale cheeks. Ah! the lady had found the door then.

'I was always at home at Willie's-father would say—and used to have my fresh in his little frame a heart as big as Genermilk and bread, too; and when this had al Jackson's—to say nothing of Napoleon disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet, lay his head on her lap, and she would tell us some very pleasant story, it might be about Joseph or David,

sleep, we would hear a soft footfall on the And yet that miserable, solitary, friend- stairs, and a loving face bend over to see if it, shure.' less creature, half stupefied with the cf- we were nicely tucked up. It is a long fects of last night's revels, and utterly time-father would say, after a pausesince I heard from Willie, but I am sure ning had been born of God, with its glori- that he has never fallen into any evil ways. The memory of his mother would keep him

Rap, rap, rap! went the words of the laa door, covered with cobwebs and dust: dy at the door of the old man's heart .and on that door is a word written, which Crack, crack, crack! went the door on its Time and Sin have never been able to ef- rusty hinges; while far above them both, gwine to frighten me.' Jake accordingly the angels of God held their breath and But nobody ever dreamed of this, and listened. But the lady could only see the and groped about until he found the knife people shook their heads, and said Billy subdued man bury his face in his hands and bodies. He had just applied the for-Strong's case was a hopeless one. Had not and while his whole frame shook like an as- mer to the neck of the latter, when from

'My mother! Oh my mother!'

And she knew the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks were washing out also a dark page in the record of old Bill's past life; so, with a silent prayer of

'But there was one scene my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It good-he used to say-to look at them as they walked up the old church aisle; he The old man looked up with a vacant with his proud, manly tread, and she a delicate, fragile creature, fair as the orange blossom that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice sound-That's Bill Strong, madam,' and, with a ed through the old church, as he promised to love, and protect the fair girl at his side; and I know, as he looked upon her, that the very winds of heaven should not visit

'And then my father would tell us of a home made very bright by watchful attentions, and of a darkeyed boy and a fairhaired girl who came after a while to gladden it; and then you know he removed to the West and lost sight of you, Mr. Strong.

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the man was fearful to behold; and when she spoke again, it was in a lower and more mournful tone:

'I promised my father, previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native state I would seek out his old friend. But when a long time since he had been addressed I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong; they told me of a broken, desolate household; of the gentle, uncomplaining wife, who went down with a prayer on her lips for the erring husband, broken-hearted to the grave; and of the when you and he were boys together, that fairhaired girl they placed, in a little while, by her side. Oh, it is a sad, sad story l have heard of my father's old friend.'

'It was I! It was I that did it all! I killed them!' said old Bill, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he lifted his head from dy, every feature wearing such a look of agony and remorse that she shuddered to Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps behold it. Wide, wide open stood the door arm, and a sweet voice murmured:

'Even for all this there is redemption. old spot upon which your homestead stood, In the name of the mother that loved you, in the name of your dying wife, and of the scribe it so often. The hill with its crown | child that sleeps beside her, I ask you, will

'I will,' said old Bill; and he brought down his hand with such force on the pine plot before the front door, and the huge table that its rheumatic limbs hardly regained their equilibrium, and he eagerly seized the pen and pledge that she had plathe grapevine that crept around the pillars, | ced before him, and when he returned them to her, the name of William Strong lay in broad, legible characters upon the paper.

There was an expression, ludicrous from its extreme curiosity, on the bar-keeper's face, as the lady passed quietly through the 'shop' after the long interview with old lessened when, in a few moments after, old 'Many and many were the hours—so Bill followed her without stopping as usual father would say—Willie and I used to to take his first glass. And he never passed over that threshold again!

And now, reader, you whose heart throbs with tenderness and reverence for humanity, fallen, despised, miserable though it may be, remember that somewhere in the heart of your fellow man is a door, which, though closed for many years, will surely open to front door, with her white cap and check the hand that knocks in kindness and the voice that calls in love.

COOLNESS.

The following annecdote is not new, but will bear republication, for the reason that it is brimful of fun. The scene is laid in Georgia:

Jake was a little negro boy who belonged to Dr. Taliaferro, and was said to have al Jackson's-to say nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte and Zack Taylor. He didn't fear even old Nick, and as to coolness he was as cool as the tiptop of the North pole.

One day Dr. Taliaferro, upon occasion of or some good child who afterwards became | the commencement of a medical college of a great man; and then she would part Wil- which he held the chair of anatomy, gave lie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a dinner. Among his guests was a well a voice I can never forget, say, 'Promise known ventriloquist. Late in the evening, Fresh from the Bakery. Low to the trade.

For sale by JOHN KENNEDY & Co.

For sale by JOHN KENNEDY & Co.

For sale by JOHN KENNEDY & Co.

'Jake,' said the doctor, I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?

'Berry well, marster,' replied Jake, 'jes' tell dis nigga what he's to do, an' he'll do

, shure.'
'I want you to go to the dissecting room, You will find there two dead bodies. Cut off the head of one with a large knife which you will find there, and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however, and don't get frightened.'

'Dat is all, is it?' inquired Jake. 'Berry well, I'll do dat shure for sartin; and as for bein frighten,' the debbil heself ain't set off and reached the dissecting room pen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid the body he was about to decapitate a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed:

'Let my head alone ! 'Yes, sah!' replied Jake, 'I ain't 'tielar:

and tudder head do just as well.' He according put the knife to the neck of the next corpse, when another voice, equally unearthly in its tone, shricked out—

'Let my head alone!' Jake was puzzled at first, but answered presently:

'Look a yah! Marster Tolliver said I must bring one ob de heads, an' you isn't gwine to fool me nohow!' and Jake hacked away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half a dozen voices screamed out:

'Bring it back! Bring it back!' 'Now-now, see yah!' jest you keep quiet, you dunce of a fool, a' don't wake up

the wimmin folks. Marster's only gwine to look on the bumbs.' 'Bring back my head at once!' cried the 'Tend to you right away, sah,' replied Jake, as he marched off with the head,

and in the next moment deposited it before the doctor. 'So you've got it I see,' said his master.
'Yes sah,' said the unmoved Jake, but
please be done looking at it soon, kase de gemplin told me to fotch him back right

"All Hail to the Stars and Stripes!" A thrilling scene is related of one of the Massachusetts men who was mortally wounded by the mob, on the fatal Friday, laid upon the floor, where he soon bled to death. notwithstanding every effort was made to save him. An instant before he expired, he rose, struggling with death, and standing erect, he fixed his glassy eyes upon every person in the room, and then lifting them towards Heaven, and raising his right hand, he exclaimed with a clear voice, 'All hail to the Stars and Stripes!' Saying this, he fell back into the arms of his physician and expired. This partic declaration of the dying man so thring the lookers on that all but his immediate attendants turned away, although many of them were stained with the blood of the deceased.

Jacob C. Blymyer & Co., Produce and Commission Mer chants.

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Grain can be insured at a small advance or cost of storage.

Let Thy Works Praise Thee!

The subscriber having obtain-Lewistown Foundry, lately called the Juniata Iron Works, respect fully informs the public that the tools and machinery have been repaired, and are now ready to make and finish up any kind of brase castings which may be ordered. Horse Powers and Threshing Machines of the best quaiity furnished at short notice and on the most accommodating terms.

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always on hand. Having had a long experience in conducting this kind of business, the subscriber flatters himself that he will be able to give entire satisfaction to his customers.

Please give him a trial.

Please give him a trial.

ap4-ly JOHN R. WEEKES, Agt.

P. S.—All persons having accounts with the above Foundry are requested to call on Samuel S. Woods, at his office, and settle him accounts a soon as possible. heir accounts as soon as possible

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Myers' Piston Grain Drill, and cast steel Cultivator Teeth for sale by F. G. FRANCISCUS.

Lewistown, August 23, 1860.