

# THE LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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READ! READ! READ!

## THE MINSTREL

### A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

**HOSPITAL, April**—  
I've not been able before since the fight—  
And my brain is still so much in a whirl,  
That I can tell you but little to-night.  
I'm wounded—don't start—'tis not very bad,  
Or at least it might be worse; so I said,  
When I thought of you, 'I'm sure she'll be glad  
To know that I'm only wounded—not dead.'

I've lost my left arm—there's no you know all!  
A Minnie ball shattered it and fell;  
The last that I heard was our Captain's call,  
Until—the rest is too painful to tell.  
I've had through-out the most excellent care,  
And am doing finely, the surgeon says;  
So well, indeed, that the prospect is fair  
For a somewhat trip before many days.

But I've something else, dear Mary, to say,  
And I'd say it out to thee in the life;  
I've thought of it well—there's no other way—  
You're released from your promise to be my wife;  
I'm coming home—don't start—'tis not very bad,  
Of the loose, armless coat-sleeve at my side;  
And your proud and sensitive heart will shrink  
From the thought of being a cripple's bride.

'Tis a bitter struggle to give you up,  
For I've loved you more than ever of late;  
But down to its depths I've drained the cup,  
And I'm calm, though my heart is desolate.  
I'm coming home—don't start—'tis not very bad,  
Of the loose, armless coat-sleeve at my side;  
And your proud and sensitive heart will shrink  
From the thought of being a cripple's bride.

My darling, this once, one boon I implore—  
Let us still be friends—for that will be sweet,  
Since, now, alas! we can be nothing more.

### THE ANSWER.

**SWEET HOME, April**—  
My Robert, how brave and noble you are!  
Too brave and too noble, I know you are;  
But you've too little faith in me by far  
If you believe I'll ever be your wife.  
I'm not released from my promise—no, no!  
'Twas never so sacred to me before;  
If you could but know how I've longed to go  
And watch by your side, you'd doubt me no more.

I read your name in the terrible list,  
But the tears froze back that sprung to my eye;  
And a fearful pain, that I could not resist,  
Crushed my heart till I only longed to die.  
The blessed tears, by-and-by, come again,  
And I felt, as you in your letter said,  
A feeling of gladness that I've longed to go  
And watch by your side, you'd doubt me no more.

Oh, darling! to think you have suffered so,  
And I all these long, weary miles away!  
You've needed me very often, I know,  
While I've been doing nothing but hope and pray.  
But hardest of all is the bitter thought  
That you have been suffering so much for me;  
A feeling of gladness that I've longed to go  
And watch by your side, you'd doubt me no more.

But you're coming home to my arms and heart;  
You're right—I am proud and sensitive too;  
But I'm only so when we are apart,  
And not when I should only be proud of you!  
You're coming home to happiness and rest,  
And I wait the moment of blissful calm,  
When I shall be able to a Soldier's breast  
By a Patriot-Hero's one strong arm!

*Blackstone, Mass., April, 1862.*

### TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

I always take your  
Sings my life and spend  
I much delight in me  
To live from woman free  
He sure a happy life  
To live without a wife  
I fear or expect great  
A bachelor to live  
My mind I freely give

To take to me a wife  
Would give me my very  
To think upon a bride  
I can't be satisfied  
The woman is the thing  
Such troubles on us bring  
The joy I can't express  
I never could agree  
A married man to be.

P. S.—Read first each verse separately, then both  
verses as if there was but one.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**For the Educational Council.**

**Childhood's Memories.**  
The memories of childhood's prime,  
How they twine about the heart!  
Like the most that mingles grim decay,  
Of life they are the brightest part.

The old man, in his retrospect,  
By the cherished memories of the spot  
Where he sported when a child,  
In the long, dim vista of the past,  
He views his life as he saw the light,  
And felt a mother's care.

The sunshine of that first fond home  
Still lingers in his eyes,  
And its warmth upon his aged heart  
Like a blessed vision lies.

The mist that veiled his sight has fled,  
Again he is a child;  
His footsteps as of light and free,  
He laughs as of a child.

He seeks each well-remembered nook,  
He rises true by the wall,  
The hillside sloping to the brook,  
The misty water-fall.

The mossy spring so deep and cool,  
The arched path that winds so fair,  
The trellis where his sister's hand  
Trained the sweet Columbine.

He hears the oriole's dulcet notes  
In the old homestead tree,  
The tinkling of the distant bell,  
The murmur of the bee.

Once more unto the stream he loved,  
With birchen rod, and line,  
He hies to tie the timid trout  
As in the days of long ago.

He bends along the wood-land path,  
A fair one by his side—  
A sister who, long years ago,  
"In her youthful beauty died."

She sleeps within the churchyard bound  
Amongest her kind and kin,  
To join them, through its narrow gate  
He soon shall enter in.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.**

'Out again to-night?' said Mrs. Hayes,  
fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea  
table and donned his great coat.  
'Yes I have an engagement with Mr.  
Moore, I shall be in early; leave a light in  
the library.'  
'Always the way,' murmured Lizzie  
Hayes, sinking back upon the sofa, 'out  
every night. I don't think he cares one  
bit about me now, and yet we've been  
married but two years. No man can have a  
more orderly house, I am sure; and I never  
go anywhere; I am not a bit extravagant;  
and yet I don't believe he loves me any  
more. Oh! dear, why is it? I wasn't  
rich—he didn't marry me for my money,  
and he must have loved me then—why  
does he treat me with so much neglect?—  
and with her mind filled with such fretful  
queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the  
sofa.  
Let me paint her picture as she lay there.  
She was a blonde, with a small, graceful

figure, and a very pretty face. The hair,  
which showed by its natural tendency to  
curl, was brushed smoothly back, gathered  
into a rich knot behind.  
'It was such a bother to curl it,' she said.  
Her cheek was pale, and her whole face  
wore a discontented expression. Her dress  
was a neat chintz wrapper, but she wore nei-  
ther collar or sleeves—'What's the use of  
dressing up just for William?' said she.  
Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and  
then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced  
at the clock, and sighed drearily at the  
prospect of the long interval still to be spent  
alone before bed time.  
The library was just over the room in  
which she sat, and down the furnace flue,  
through the registers, a voice came to the  
young wife's ears; it was the voice of her  
husband.  
'Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I  
was disappointed, and I must have pleasure  
somewhere. Who would have fancied that  
Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly, and so  
loving, could change to the fretful dowdy  
she is now. Who wants to stay at home  
and hear his wife whining all the evening  
about her troublesome servants, and her  
headache, and all sorts of bothers?' She's  
got the neck of that drawing white so pat,  
that I don't believe she can speak pleas-  
antly.'

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true?  
She looked in the glass. If not exactly  
dowdy, her costume was certainly not suit-  
able for an evening, with only William to  
admire. She rose, and softly went to her  
own room, with bitter, sorrowful thoughts,  
and firm resolution to win back her hus-  
band's heart, and then, his love regained,  
keep it.

The next morning William went into the  
breakfast room with his usual careless man-  
ner, but a bright smile came on his lips as  
he saw Lizzie. A pretty chintz, with neat  
collar and sleeves of snowy muslin and a  
wreath of soft full curls had really meta-  
morphosed her; while the blush her hus-  
band's admiring glance called up to her  
cheek, did not detract from her beauty.—  
At first William thought there might be a  
guest, but glancing around, he found that  
they were alone.

'Come, William, your breakfast will be  
stone cold,' said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleas-  
ant voice.  
'It must cool till you sweeten it with a  
kiss,' said her husband, crossing the room  
to her side, and Lizzie's heart bounded as  
she recognized the old lover's tone and  
manners.  
Not one fretful speech, nor one complaint,  
fell upon William's ear throughout the  
meal. The newspaper, his usual solace at  
that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted  
gayly on every pleasant subject she could  
think of, warming by his grateful interest  
and cordial manner.  
'You will be home to dinner?' she said,  
as he went out.  
'Can't to-day, Lizzie; I have business  
out of town, but I will be home early to tea.  
Have something substantial for I don't  
expect to dine. Good bye!' and the smil-  
ing look, warm kiss, and lively whistle  
were a marked contrast to his lounging,  
careless gait, of the previous evening.  
'I am in the right path,' said Lizzie in  
a low whisper, 'Oh! what a fool I have been  
for two long years? 'A fretful dowdy!'—  
William, you shall never say that again.'

Lizzie loved her husband with real wife-  
ly devotion, and her lip would quiver as  
she thought of his confidence to his friend  
Moore; but like a brave little woman she  
stifled back the bitter feeling, and tripped  
off to perfect her plans. The grand piano,  
silent for months, was opened, and the lin-  
en covers taken from the furniture, Lizzie  
thinking, 'He shan't find any more attrac-  
tive than his own, I am determined.'

Tea time came, and William came with  
it.  
A little figure, in tasty, bright silk dress,  
smooth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush  
and smile, stood ready to welcome William  
as he came in, and tea time passed as the  
morning meal had done.  
After tea there was no movement as usual  
towards the hat-rack.  
William stood up beside the table, lin-  
gering, chatting till Lizzie rose. She led  
him to the light warm parlors in their pretty  
glow of tasteful arrangement, and drew him  
down beside her on the sofa. He felt as  
if he was courting again, as he watched her  
fingers busy with some fancy needle-work,  
and listened to the cheerful voice he had  
loved so dearly two years before.  
'What are you making, Lizzie?'  
'A pair of slippers. Don't you remem-  
ber how much you admired the pair I work-  
ed for you ever so long ago?'  
'I remember them, black velvet with  
flowers on them. I used to put my feet  
upon the tender and dream of blue eyes  
and bright curls, and wish time would  
hurry to the day when I could bring my  
bonnie wife home to make music in my  
house.'

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment as  
she thought of the last two years, and how  
little music she had made for his loving  
heart; gradually weaving it from its allegi-  
ance—then she said;  
'I wonder if you love music as much as  
you did then?'  
'Of course I do; I often drop into Miss  
Smith's for nothing else than to hear the  
music.'

'I can play and sing better than Miss  
Smith,' said Lizzie, half-pouting.  
'But you always say that you are out of  
practice, when I ask you.'  
'I had the piano tuned this morning—  
Now let us open it and hear how it sounds.'  
William obeyed joyfully, and tossing  
aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano  
stool. She had a very sweet voice, not  
powerful, but most musical, and was a very  
fair performer on the piano.  
'Ballads, Lizzie.'  
'Oh! yes, I know you dislike music in  
the parlor.'  
One song after another, with a nocturnal,  
or instrumental piece, occasionally, between,  
filled up the hour pleasantly.  
'The little mantel clock struck eleven.'  
'Eleven! I thought it was but nine. I  
ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do,  
for staying so late; and I can say truly as I  
did then, that the time passed so pleas-  
antly, I can scarcely believe it is so late.'  
The piano was closed; Lizzie's work put  
in the basket, and William was ready to go  
up stairs, but glancing back he saw his  
wife near the fire-place, her hands clasped,  
her head bent, and large tears falling from  
her eyes. He was beside her in an instant.  
'Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is  
the matter?'  
'Oh? William, I have been such a bad  
wife! I heard you tell Mr. Moore last even-  
ing, how I had disappointed you; but I will  
try to make your home pleasant, indeed I  
will, if you will only forgive and love me.'  
'Love you! Oh! Lizzie, you cannot guess  
how dearly I love you!'  
As the little wife lay down that night  
she thought, 'I have won him back again!  
Better than that, I have learned how to  
KEEP HIM.'

### Another Catholic Miracle.

There are doubtless as many sensible  
and intelligent people among Catholics as  
in any other religious sect, but there are  
likewise a great many fools, rogues and  
putty-heads who profess to be devoted chil-  
dren and servants of Mother Church at  
Rome. Among this latter class are the  
miracle-mongers who have lately sprung up  
in France and Italy. A late Paris paper  
records another Catholic miracle to this ef-  
fect: A peasant girl at Lourdes, near the Pyrenees  
mountains, while gathering wood, was en-  
ticed into a grotto by a beautiful lady dressed  
in white, with a blue sash round her  
waist. The girl's name is Bernadette Sou-  
birons, and she told such a plausible story  
of this apparition that the Bishop of Tarbes  
either believed, or pretended to believe  
her. When Bernadette had come into the  
cavern the beautiful lady announced her-  
self to be the Virgin Mary, the mother of  
God. She told the girl that the famous  
'Immaculate Conception,' about which  
Catholics have differed, is true and so forth,  
and she pointed out a pool of water where  
the sick could drink and be healed. The  
celestial character of the apparition is held  
by the Bishop of Tarbes to be placed be-  
yond all doubt by the great benefits which  
religion has already received, through the  
testimonies given to its truths at the grot-  
to of 'our Lady of Lourdes.' Not only  
have souls been converted, but bodies have  
been healed. The Bishop says it will cure  
every ailment incidental to man, woman  
and child, and that it beats homoeopathy  
and allopathic prescriptions out of the field.  
Cases that have resisted all the skill and  
efforts of the faculty have been successfully  
treated by this wonderful water. The de-  
mand for it has become immense, and it is  
in request in every corner of France. The  
cures, he tells us, which it effects are pro-  
duced by a water quite destitute of any  
natural property, it follows that they must  
be brought about by some supernatural  
property. The cures are the work of God.  
The lady in white, seen and heard by the  
girl Bernadette, is the Blessed Virgin!—  
Are we not justified in asking, whether we  
are really living in the ninth or the nine-  
teenth century?

### Habit of Exaggeration.

'I will skin you alive if you do that  
again,' exclaimed a mother to a naughty  
child. It was a sort of hyperbolic ex-  
pression that has crept into frequent use,  
with a multitude of expressions of similar  
character. She did not mean that she  
would flay her little one as a butcher would  
a calf or lamb. The execution of her own  
threat would fill her own soul with horror.  
She would not have strength to make such  
progress in the very barbarous work of  
skinning her child alive. It would not be  
merely  
'I will whip you within an inch of your  
life,' said a father to his erring son. This  
would be a terrible whipping indeed. Com-  
ing so near death's door with the rod would  
be revolting. But he did not mean this.  
He only meant he would administer a very  
severe chastisement. No one would be  
more careful than he not to jeopardize the  
life of his son. His expression was only  
a form of exaggeration which society seems  
to tolerate.  
How many precisely such speeches are  
made in almost every circle. 'It was done  
quick as lightning.' 'It is as cold as  
Greenland.' There is no end to such ex-  
pressions. And they indicate that the habit  
of exaggeration in the human family is  
very strong. Human nature seems inclin-  
ed to 'stretch the truth.' That is the reason

that such strange stories are told, often be-  
coming magnified to such an extent, after  
passing through several hands. 'A story  
loses nothing by traveling,' is an old say-  
ing. It usually grows, like a ball which  
school fellows roll. Every tongue that re-  
peats it gives it additional turning over, by  
which it accumulates. None mean to ex-  
aggerate.  
It is a fault however, is it not? May it  
not be a sin? It is entirely *deceptive* to  
tell a child that you will skin him alive,  
when you have no idea of perpetrating the  
infernal deed. Should we not talk as we  
mean? Let our *yea* be *yea* and our *nay*  
at least this should be done to children.

### From the Harvard Inquirer.

### Medding in Political Matters.

It is remarkable how fastidious some peo-  
ple are upon some subjects. They cannot  
think this and do that, because according  
to their delicate notions, such conduct is  
inconsistent with their position and unsuit-  
ed to their profession. But it is still more  
remarkable that these fastidious people  
should find so much fault with the ministers  
of the gospel, who, in this dark hour of  
the country, have given their voice, their  
influence, and their prayers, in behalf of  
the efforts now being made to crush the  
rebellion, unparalleled in wickedness, and  
to save a government, the best and most  
beneficent ever established by man. They  
say this is meddling in political matters—  
that clergy should stand aloof, and laymen  
alone should tend to such worldly affairs.  
It is not so. A conflict in which the very  
life of the government is involved is not a  
question of parties and politics—is not a  
political matter in the sense in which the  
word *political* is used by these grumblers,  
but is a *political* matter according to the  
true meaning of the term, and there is no  
consideration of any kind, relating to heav-  
en or earth, that absolves the patriotic  
preacher, any more than it does any other  
patriotic citizen from the high, solemn and  
religious duty of maintaining to the utmost  
of his power and influence, the government  
of his country.  
Why should not an Ecclesiastical Con-  
vention lend its support to the government  
by a suitable expression of its sympathy  
with the men who are struggling to defend  
it? Why should not a christian preacher  
pray earnestly and devoutly, for the suc-  
cess of the Federal armies, and for all the  
means to put down this accursed rebellion?  
Because the rebels are our brethren for-  
sooth! Oh! it is a fraternal war, and should  
be stopped! Let there be peace; peace,  
even though the government of the confederates  
should be established—the stars and stripes  
trampled in the dust—the Republic destroyed,  
and the hopes of mankind blasted forever.

### The Great Teacher declared that those

only were his brethren who knew the will  
of God and did it. Our political brethren  
are those only who love the Union and the  
Constitution and are willing to risk all in  
their defence, not those who with parri-  
cidal hands have raised the standard of re-  
volt. The same teacher declared that they  
that are not for us, are against us. The  
sincere friend of any cause never doubts  
or hesitates, but cheerfully and earnestly  
gives his whole soul to its defence. These  
are the indications by which this and fu-  
ture generations, will judge of the fealty  
and loyalty of men in these times of trou-  
ble and danger to the government.

### Table of Distances.

Taking Richmond as the centre, the fol-  
lowing table shows at a glance the distance  
of different points in Virginia from there:

Points	Miles.
From Norfolk to Richmond	106
From Suffolk to Richmond	85
From Cape Henry to Richmond	150
From Hampton to Richmond	96
From Fortress Monroe to Richmond	99
From Yorktown to Richmond	70
From Williamsburg to Richmond	69
From Fredericksburg to Richmond	65
From Washington to Richmond	130
From Winchester to Richmond	150
From Gordonsville to Richmond	70
From Staunton to Richmond	120

### The Pennsylvania Regiments in Buell's

Command.—There appears to be much mis-  
understanding in relation to the proper  
numbers of the Pennsylvania regiments  
under Gen. Buell. The proper numbering  
is as follows: Seventy-seventh, Col. Stam-  
baugh, raised principally in the centre of the  
State, but contain two companies from Al-  
legheny, Captains Roe and Robinson; Se-  
venty-eighth, Col. Sirwell, raised principally  
in Armstrong county; Seventy-ninth, Col.  
Hambridge, raised in Lancaster. Colonel  
Stambaugh's regiment is not in Negley's  
division, the other two are. Stambaugh's  
is in the fifth brigade, (Gen. McCook's,) of  
Buell's corps d'armee. In addition to the  
above, are Capt. Palmer's Independent  
cavalry company, (attached to Buell's head-  
quarters,) and Colonels Wynkoop's and  
Williams' cavalry regiments from this  
State.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

### The Stevens Battery.

The appropriation for the Stevens Bat-  
tery, says the National Intelligencer, has  
passed both Houses of Congress with a ma-  
jority of more than two to one in its favor,  
thus showing their decided opinion as to  
its efficiency. To the bill is annexed a  
proviso leaving it to the Secretary of the  
Navy to decide whether the vessel when  
finished will be an 'efficient' war steamer.  
In view of this expression of opinion on the  
part of Congress, we do not doubt that the  
Secretary will himself decide this point  
favorably, and give to the country a war  
vessel which, in the judgment of experts,  
is destined from its impregnable, unpre-  
cedented speed and power, far to surpass  
any other now afloat, and so far as we know  
any now in course of construction or pro-  
posed to be constructed at home or abroad.  
An additional reason why the Secretary  
may be expected to act at once is that the  
bill provides for the 'immediate completion'  
of the battery. She could be completed,  
we understand, according to the estimate  
adopted by the Board of Examiners of last  
summer, in four months; in time to furnish  
us a most important and powerful auxiliary  
in our present struggle.

### Parson Brownlow and Andy John-

son have been life-long political antagonists.  
The parson once prayed that the Lord in  
His infinite mercy, would save even Andy  
Johnston. Each knows by this time how  
to appreciate the other.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

### DESSERTS.

From Peterson's Magazine for May.

**Tartlets.**—Are always so called when  
made of a small size and uncovered with a  
crust; nor should preserved fruit of any  
kind be put under crust. The paste is  
made stiff enough to support the contents,  
being cut thin, put into patty-pans, and  
crimped at the edges. The fruit is fre-  
quently ornamented with small strips of  
pasta laid over it crosswise, which are made  
thus: Mix a quarter-pound of flour, one  
ounce of fresh butter, and a little cold wa-  
ter; rub it well between the board and  
your hand till it begins to string; cut it in  
small pieces, roll it out, and draw it into  
fine strings; then lay them, in any way you  
please, across your tartlets, and bake imme-  
diately. The jam of raspberries, currants,  
or other fruits, as well as the marmalade  
of apricot, quince, and apple, may be made  
into tartlets, and, when baked in a quick  
oven, may be filled up with raw custard or  
whipped cream.

**Rice Pudding.**—Wash two large spoon-  
fuls of rice, and simmer it, with half a pint  
of milk, till thick; then put a lump of but-  
ter the size of an egg, and nearly half a  
pint of thick cream, and give it one boil.  
When cold, mix four yolks and two whites  
of eggs well beaten, sugar and nutmeg to  
taste, and add grated lemon and a little  
cinnamon. Bake three quarters of an hour  
in a slowish oven, and, when the pudding  
is ready, strew over it a little powdered  
lump sugar and cinnamon powder. Currants  
may be added to the pudding. Or: Boil  
half a pint of rice in new milk until  
perfectly tender and not too dry; then add  
six eggs beaten, a spoonful of ratafia, sug-  
ar, and some grated fresh lemon; mix  
well and bake in a mould one hour and a  
half. Turn it on a hot dish, and stick it  
thick with almonds slid in six. Serve with  
a rich custard sauce. It is equally good  
cold.

**Lemon Custard.**—Strain three wine-  
glassfuls of lemon juice through a sieve;  
beat nine eggs, yolks and whites; strain  
them also, and add them to the lemon-juice,  
with a quarter-pound of powdered loaf sug-  
ar, a glass of white wine, and half a wine  
glass of water, with a little grated lemon  
peel. Mix all together, and put the ingredi-  
ents into a saucepan on the fire, stirring  
it until it becomes thick and of a proper  
consistence. Or:—Boil the rind of two  
lemons grated, and the juice of one, in a  
pint of water; add the yolks of fourteen  
eggs beaten to a cream and sweetened; stir  
it one way till it thickens. When taken  
off the fire, add two spoonfuls of brandy.

**Eccellent Light Puffs.**—Mix two spoon-  
fuls of flour, a little grated lemon peel,  
some nutmeg, half a spoonful of brandy,  
a little loaf sugar, and one egg; then fry it,  
but not brown; beat it in a mortar with five  
eggs, whites and yolks; put a quantity of  
lard in a frying-pan, and, when quite hot,  
drop a deserts-poonful of batter at a time;  
turn as they brown. Serve them imme-  
diately with sweet sauce.

**Parmesan Puffs.**—Take a quarter-pound  
of cheese, the same quantity of bread  
crumbs, and two ounces of butter; pound  
these well in a mortar, beat up an egg, and  
mix it up into a paste, making the whole  
up into balls about the size of a golden  
pippin; make a thin batter with flour, milk  
and one egg; dip the balls into this and  
fry them a light brown.

### DRIED FRUIT.

DRIED Apples and Peaches, for sale at  
feb 12 F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

AD now, when patriots look for the ear-  
ly return of peace and prosperity and a  
general resumption of business with assur-  
ance, we are pleased to inform the public  
that a large, new, and carefully selected stock  
of goods has just been opened at the Old  
Stand of JOHN KENNEDY & Co., comprising  
a general assortment of  
**Dry Goods, Groceries, Stone and  
Queensware, Willow and  
Cedar Ware,**  
Fish, Salt, Ham, Shoulder, Fitch and  
Dried Beef,  
Cheese, Sugars, Syrups, Coffee, Teas, Spices,  
Saps, Tobacco, Segars, Dried Fruit, Turpen-  
tine and Paints of all kinds, Linseed Oil,  
Fish Oil, Putty and Window Glass, Coal Oil,  
and a large assortment of  
**Coal Oil Lamps and Chimneys.**  
Our Stock will be sold at a small advance  
to Country Merchants. As we buy for cash,  
and in large quantities, we sell LOW.  
Country Produce taken in Ex-  
change for Goods.  
Remember, one door below the Black Bear  
Hotel.  
JOHN KENNEDY, Agt.  
April 16, 1862-ly

## PATENT COAL OIL GREASE.

THIS Grease is made from COAL OIL,  
and has been found by repeated tests  
to be the most economical, and at the  
same time the best lubricator for Mill  
gearing, Stages, Wagons, Carts, Carriages,  
Vehicles of all kinds, and all heavy bearings,  
keeping the axles always cool, and not requir-  
ing them to be looked after for weeks. It has  
been tested on railroad cars, and with one  
loading of the waste it has run, with the cars,  
20,000 miles! All railroad, omnibus, livery  
and Express companies that have tried  
it pronounce it the *ne plus ultra*.  
It combines the body and fluidity of tallow,  
greasewax and tar, and unlike general lubri-  
cators, will not run off, it being warranted to  
stand any temperature.  
I have it in boxes 2½ to 10 lbs. Also kegs  
and barrels from 30 to 400 lbs, for general  
use and sale. The boxes are more prefera-  
ble; they are 6 inches in diameter by 2½ inches  
deep, and hold 2½ lbs net; the boxes are clean,  
and hardly a carman, teamster, expressman,  
miller or farmer, that would not purchase  
the box for trial. F. G. FRANCISCUS,  
Lewistown, February 12, 1862.

## LEWISTOWN BAKERY,

West Market Street, nearly opposite the  
Jail.  
CONRAD ULLRICH, JR. would respect-  
fully inform his old customers and citi-  
zens generally that he continues the Baking  
of  
**BREAD, CAKES, &c.,**  
at the above stand, where those articles can  
be procured fresh every day.  
Families desiring Bread, &c. will be sup-  
plied at their dwellings in any part of town.  
Fruit, Pound, Sponge, and all other kinds of  
cake, of any size desired, baked to order at  
short notice.  
Lewistown, February 26, 1862-ly

## GARDEN SEEDS.

I HAVE on hand some very choice garden  
seeds, embracing the earliest vegetables grow-  
ing, such as Peas, Cabbage, Cauliflower,  
&c. F. G. FRANCISCUS.

## PLOWS! PLOWS!

500 Subsoil Plows. McVeytown Plows,  
Wings, Shares, &c., for sale by  
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

## Hames and Traces.

WAGON Hames at 50 cts. per pair. Traces,  
Chains, &c., at 75 cts. per pair.  
All kinds of Chains usually sold in hardware  
stores, sold at low rates, by  
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

## CULTIVATORS, Cultivator Teeth and

Points, at reduced prices from past seasons,  
for sale by F. G. FRANCISCUS.

## FARMERS?

TO buy cheap for cash,  
Go to Hoffman's for Chains,  
Go to Hoffman's for Forks,  
Go to Hoffman's for Spade Shovels,  
Go to Hoffman's for Iron, &c.  
Lewistown, March 19, 1862.

## COAL OIL.

DOWN again! Best No. 1 at 9 cts. per  
quart, at HOFFMAN'S.  
RO Coffee, extra, at 20 cts. per lb., at  
feb 26 HOFFMAN'S.  
BEST QUALITY COAL OIL,  
at 10 cents per quart,  
For sale by  
feb 19 N. KENNEDY.

## HOUSEKEEPERS!

YOU will find, to buy cheap,  
Hoffman's the store for Cedarware.  
Hoffman's " Table Cutlery.  
Hoffman's " Groceries.  
Hoffman's " Wall Paper.  
Hoffman's " Oilcloths.