

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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New Series--Vol. XVI, No. 27.

READ! READ! READ!

"Is there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
My own, my native land!"

AND now, when patriots look for the early return of peace and prosperity and a general resumption of business with assurance, 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, Flitch, and Dried Beef,

Cheese, Sugars, Syrups, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Cakes, Tobacco, Segars, Dried Fruit, Turpentine 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 Exchange for Goods.
Remember, one door below the Black Bear Hotel.
JOHN KENNEDY, Agt.
April 16, 1862-1y

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, Carriage, Carriages, Vehicles of all kinds, and all heavy bearings, keeping the axles always cool, and not requiring them to be looked after for weeks. It has been tested on railroad cars, and with one tank of the waste it has run, with the cars, 20,000 miles! All railroad, omnibus, livery, stable and Express companies that have tried it pronounce it the *ne plus ultra*. It combines the body and fluidity of tallow, kerosene and tar, and unlike general lubricators, will not run off, it being warranted to stand any temperature.

I have it in boxes 2 1/2 to 10 lbs. Also kegs and barrels from 30 to 400 lbs. for general use and sale. The boxes are more preferable; they are 6 inches in diameter by 2 1/2 inches deep, and hold 2 1/2 lbs net; the boxes are clean, and hardly a carman, teamster, expressman, miller or farmer, that would not purchase one box for trial. F. G. FRANCISCUS.
Lewistown, February 12, 1862.

LEWISTOWN BAKERY,

West Market Street, nearly opposite the Jail.

CONRAD ULLRICH, JR. would respectfully inform his old customers and citizens 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 supplied 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, 1862-1y

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

PLOWS! PLOWS!
SOD, Subsoil Plows, McVeytown Plows, Wings, Shares, &c., for sale by F. G. FRANCISCUS.

50 DOZ. Coal Oil Lamps—all sorts and sizes, from 31 cts. to \$15.00 each. F. G. FRANCISCUS.

BRIGHT Gas Burner, and a large variety of Parlor and Room Stoves, for sale at very low prices, 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 N. KENNEDY. feb 19

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

THE MINSTREL.

THE TREASURES OF MEMORY.

Oh! many and rich are the treasures that lie In Memory's magic hall!
And a light from the dim old East, coming down Through the misty night, is around them thrown,
And glimmers upon them all.

We walk among them, and scarce can see Through the midst of blinding tears;
There are gems of beauty, cankered by rust,
And rarest jewels covered with dust—
The treasures of vanished years.

There are faces, and voices, and glances, and songs Sung in life's early day;
There's a father's blessing, a mother's prayer—
"God save my child!"—as she breathed it there,
And gently passed away.

There's a house by the brook, with its rusty porch,
And the shady elms at the door;
There are children's voices that sung there with glee,
And one—oh! how sweet was the melody,
Ere death swept the harp-strings o'er!

There's the meadow-path where we loved to walk,
When the toil of the day was o'er,
With no one beside us. Oh! how we yearn For the loved and the dead who may not return,
With smiles to greet us more!

Oh! many and rich are the treasures that lie In Memory's secret cell!
And voices come sounding sad and low,
From the shadowy realms of the "long ago,"
Like songs from some fairy shell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW FIVE BACHELORS KEPT HOUSE.

BY MARY CLARKE.

It was a warm evening in early June and in the parlor of a pleasant house in Philadelphia, a merry party of young folks were holding a warm, laughing discussion.

Susy Arnold, the young hostess, who kept house for her brothers, Harry and George, took one side of the question, while three other gentlemen, beside her tall brother, opposed her. Charles Gray, a blue-eyed curly-headed man, whose fair, round face and boyish air formed an apparent contradiction to the assertion he made of having five years before attained his majority; Joe Norris, who from a Spanish mother inherited jetty hair and eyes, and pale complexion, and from his father, a tall, fine figure and a frank ingenious expression; and Milton Daeres, whose small figure and bashful ways, accounted fully for his nickname Minnie; these three, with the masters of the house, waged playful war upon the little brown-eyed maiden who sat so demurely upon the sofa.

"Say what you please," said Susy, "you will never convince me of the superiority of man in the capacity of housekeeper."

"But I maintain," said Joe, "that men can keep house without women, but that women can not do so unless we will assist them."

"For instance," said Harry, "when your hired girl was sick last winter, Sue, how would such a minute as you have brought up coal, kept up the furnace fire, and lifted about wood, unless your two brothers had gallantly relieved you of the care?"

"Not to mention that the furnace fire went out three—"

"A truce," said George laughing, "that was my fault, but accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

"I only wish you could keep house; for I would accept Aunt Jane's invitation to travel with her this summer, were it not for leaving you."

"I have an idea," cried Charles Gray—an idea which, if you will agree to act upon it, shall fully cure the woman of the insane notion of their indispensability—ahem! that word nearly choked me."

"The ungallant sentence should have quite strangled you," said Susy.

"Present company always excepted," was the reply.

"The idea! let's have the idea." "Suppose we keep house here, while Miss Susy travels."

"Here!" cried Susy, aghast.

"Yes, why not?" "But, said Susy, "I'm sure Jenny would not stay."

"We don't want her; we want no women. Visions of muddy boots on her parlor sofas, cigars in the flower vases, pipes on the centre tables, spittoons in the best bed-room, and frying pans in the library, flitted through the young lady's mind; but before she could remonstrate, Harry said—

"So be it! Hurrah for bachelor's hall. Pack up your trunk, Susy!" "But Harry—"

"Glorious!" cried Charles, "not a petticoat within the doors for a month."

"But," again said poor Susy, "No fusses about tobacco smoke in the curtains," chimed in George.

"But, brother—"

"Won't it be gay?" said Minnie. "Gay!" groaned the little housekeeper. "Lay in a supply of cigars, George," suggested Joe. "When do you go, Miss Susy?" "Monday, then! We will come, bag and baggage, on Monday morning."

for one month from the date of the following Monday, June, 1860, and all put their signatures to the important document.—Susy, seeing that her brothers were really in earnest, tried to think that she was glad to go, and added her laughing directions to the many schemes proposed. At a late hour the convalescence broke up, and Susy retired with a head full of sore misgivings.

Monday morning rose fair and clear.—Six o'clock saw Susy drive away from the door in a carriage, the trunk strapped behind, the lady's pretty travelling dress and the shawl of her cousin and cavities all speaking travel. Susy saw the servant depart to spend a month with her mother in the country. Nine o'clock witnessed the meeting of the young bachelors.

"Now then," said George, after the first greetings were over, "I, as the eldest host, will take charge to-day. As Susy says, when are you going down town?" "I have nothing to do to-day, so I'll stay to assist you," said Minnie.

"Thank you." "What's for dinner?" said Joe, trying to look like the head of a respectable family, and failing most deplorably in the attempt.

"You'll see at three o'clock." "Is that the hour?" "Yes," said George, "and remember I wait for no one. Punctuality is the soul of dinner, as somebody once said before I mentioned the fact."

Having seen the others off, George and Minnie went into the library for a smoke, to prepare them for the Herculean task before them.

"See," said George, producing a cook book "we are safe."

"Mrs. Hale! that's a woman!" cried Minnie.

"Whew! never once thought of that.—We will stick to the contract. My dear madam, I am sorry to appear rude, but I must show you back to the book case."

"What's for dinner," said Minnie.

"Roast lamb, potatoes, green peas, asparagus, and strawberries."

"That'll do. don't you have to shell peas or something?" "Yes, that's easy enough."

"It's awful hot," said Minnie, after a short silence.

"Horrid!" "Suppose we shell the peas up here.—It's cooler here than in the kitchen. I suppose there's a fire there?"

"Of course." "I'll go bring them up."

"They're in a basket on the table. Just leave the rest of the things down there."

Shelling peas was rapid work, even for unaccustomed fingers, but it is a matter of taste whether the thorough smoking they had from the actively puffed cigars improved their flavor.

"Now, what do you do with them," said Minnie.

"There ain't many of them," he added, as he looked at the little green balls rolling about at the bottom of the huge market basket and then eyed the large pile of shells on the floor.

"You boil them, of course," was the answer of George.

"Oh! suppose we go down." "Well, come along," said George, taking up the basket.

The fire burned brightly; Jennie had left all in good order, and the prospect was not bad for the amateur cooks.

"What do you boil them in, George?" "Oh, anything."

"But where is it?" "In some of the closets, I guess."

Susy would surely have fainted could she have seen the overhauling of her neatly arranged closets that followed.

"This?" Minnie dragged forth a pot large enough to boil about twenty pounds of meat in.

"Yes." "In they went, unwashed." "Hot water and cold."

"Either." "All right; that's done."

"Now the asparagus; how do you fix it." "I wonder if you roast mutton in this thing," said George, holding up a large pudding dish.

"I guess so. Put it in the oven, don't you?" "Y-e-e-s."

George determined to find a book on cookery written by a man, the very next day.

"You boil asparagus, don't you George?" "Yes, here's a tin thing that's long and shallow; I guess that's for such things."

And a dripping pan came forth from the closet.

The asparagus fitted in like a charm, as both men declared, and water was added and all set on the range.

The mutton next went on the pudding dish into the oven.

"Come let's go up stairs again; it's fearfully hot here," said George.

"But the dinner?" "Oh, that's got nothing to do but to cook until three o'clock."

"Oh, George, here's the potatoes?" "Another pot was procured, and the potatoes, with about two gallons of water to the half peck of turneps, put on the fire.

Smoking, chatting, reading, and a little practice on the violin, filled up the morning, though George declared it was horrid slow, and Minnie wondered what on earth women did themselves.

Half past two brought home three hungry men to dinner.

"Leaving the cooks to 'dish up,' they all adjourned to the parlor to cook themselves. That it was dusty there, was not noticed. Jennie had made the beds before she left, but dusting the parlor was Susy's work, and her early start had prevented her from doing it.

"George—Minnie's voice was rather doleful.

"What?" "The fire is out."

"Cut!" "I wonder if anything is cooked?"

"The asparagus is burnt fast to the pan." "So is the meat!"

"The potatoes!" "Broken all to pieces, floating about in the water."

"The peas are all mushy, Minnie!" "Punctuality is the soul of dinner," cried Joe, from the parlor; it's ten minutes past three."

"Go set the table," growled George.

It was unique in its arrangements, that table, as the gentlemen sat down to dinner. The meat figured on an enormous dish, with an ocean of white china surrounding it shrunken proportions.

The potatoes, in little lumps, unskinned, were piled up in a fruit dish; the green peas which Minnie had with indefinite difficulty fished from the meat pot, was served on a red earthen plate, and the stalks of asparagus were in the salad bowl! The table cloth was away, and the napkins were omitted altogether.

"Where's the gravy," was Joe's first question.

"There wasn't any." "The meat is burned," cried one voice.

"It's stone cold," cried another.

"What is this?" said another, digging into the pile of peas.

"Fangh!" followed a daring attempt to eat some asparagus.

"Never mind," said Joe. "Rome was not built in a day. Give us some bread and butter, and pickles, George."

"No, not pickles, preserves," said Charley.

"Susy locked both up," said Harry, laughing. "She declared a woman put them up, and that if we wanted them we must prepare them for ourselves."

Minnie produced the strawberries and some sugar, and the gentlemen declared they had dined superbly.

"You fellows clear away," said Minnie, "we're tired."

"You wash up, don't you?" queried Joe.

"Yes."

"Where's the water?" "In the hydrant."

"What do you wash 'em in?" "Pan, I guess."

Away went Joe on a voyage of investigation, and returned soon with a tin dish full of cold water. The 'leavings,' as Harry termed the remains of the sumptuous dinner, were thrown from the window into Susy's flower beds, and armed with a bar of soap and a fine damask table napkin, Joe began to wash up.

"How the grease sticks?" "Perspiration streaming from every pore, he rubbed manfully at the greasy plates and dishes, and if the water was cold, he certainly was not.

"I have wet my shirt front!" Splash No. 1. "Good for white pants!" Splash No. 2.

"That went into my eyes; somebody wipe this, my hands are wet. Don't rub them out, Hal!"

The table was cleared at last. Five damp, greasy napkins thrown into a corner of the room, testified that the dishes were washed and wiped. The water followed the leavings, and the quintet sat down to cool off. (Do cigars assist that operation?)

Spite of the superb dinner, five 'inner men' called, like Oliver Twist, for more, at about 7 o'clock.

"What's for tea?" Four voices echoed it.

"Let's have coffee; I can make coffee," said George.

"And a steak; I can cook it," cried Joe.

"There's bread and butter," said Harry.

George went for the steak; Minnie undertook to make the fire; Harry cut the bread; Joe set the table; while Charley cleared the kitchen by sweeping the pots and pans used at dinner in a closet, washing being omitted in the operation.

Minnie, blowing and puffing making the fire, was saluted with—

"How it smokes!" "What ails this fire, Min?"

Harry discovered the cause, pulled out the damper, and a merry blaze repaid him. The coffee boiled, the steak sputtered in the pan, and the men panted, perspired, whistled, and used improper words over the heat.

It was a good supper, and piling up the dishes—it was too hot to wash—the five bachelors returned to the parlor.

It was involuntary, but each pair of eyes rested for a moment on the seat Susy was wont to occupy. A little music, more talking, and still more smoking filled the time till midnight, when each one yawned himself off to bed. Harry, who was the one to look up, was the latest. The kitchen looked dreary; no fire, greasy frying pan placed as a helmet over the coffee pot, bits of bread lying about loose, dirty pots here and dirty dishes there. The parlor in disorder; chairs stood in forlorn confusion; smoke hung over all. The dining room, with its piles of dirty cups, saucers and

plates, its unswept floor, greasy napkins, and smoky atmosphere, was woful of all, and Harry inwardly admitted that somehow the house *did not* look as comfortable as usual.

There was fun the next morning making up the beds. The milkman and baker had vainly knocked for admittance, and finally retired in disgust, and the bachelors breakfasted off the stale bread left from the night's feast, and the coffee black and sweet.

"Every man clear up his own room."

The order given, each started to obey, Joe pulled off the clothes from his bed, and having laid the bolster and pillow on, proceeded to put on first a blanket, next a spread, and finally the two sheets, finishing off the whole by putting himself on the top to rest from his toils.

Minnie, after pulling all the clothes off one side in trying to tuck them in on the other, and then correcting the mistake by tucking them in on the other side and pulling them off the first, put his bolsters on over the pillow, and concluded it would do. Charley merely smoothed his down, sagely observing that if he pulled the things off he never could put them on again.

Harry and George, who shared the same room, having followed Charley's plan, put on an extra touch by sweeping the room, and leaving a pile of dust lying in the middle of the entry.

Three days' experience convinced them that bachelors' cookery was slow starvation. Steaks and coffee for breakfast were followed by coffee and steaks for dinner, and both for tea. Charley suggested that they should have their meals sent from a restaurant.

"All men cooks, so we stick to the contract," was his final observation.

The motion was seconded and carried by a unanimous vote.

By this time every dish, plate, napkin, pot and pan in the house was dirty, and joyfully concluding that they wouldn't want them any more, the gentlemen piled them up in the kitchen sink, on the floor and table and left them.

"Harry—it was George's voice—"I haven't got a clean shirt."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" "I've got one."

"Nor a handkerchief, nor a collar, nor a pair of stockings, nor—"

"Stop! Two weeks since Susy went, and no washing day."

There was a dead silence.

"Who knows how to wash?" "No answer."

"I—I've seen it done," said one faint voice, owned by Charley. "You soap the things and rub 'em on a board."

"Can anybody iron?" "They all thought they could manage that part."

The kitchen was opened for the first time for ten days. One cry burst from five lips. Tables, chairs, floor, dresser, sink, were one mass of roaches, collected by the greasy dishes. They overran every place.

"Shut the door. Now for it," cried George, and dashed at the invaders. Bedlam seemed to have broken loose. In reaching after one of the 'critters' Charley upset the table. Crash went the crockery. Screams of laughter, cries of disgust, blows thick as hail, comments on the heat, jokes, warnings flew about for an hour, and then the panting party ceased from their labors, and viewed sternly the 'cold corpses' of their foes.

A scream from Minnie—

"There's one down my back?" George cried—"Joe, there's one on your hair!"

"Don't mention it. Look at the fellow on your shirt sleeve!"

A general stampede for the bath room followed.

"Let's wash up here," No sooner said than done. The soiled clothes were collected from all the rooms, and the boards and soap brought up from the kitchen.

Joe and Harry washed, blistering hands and streaming foreheads testifying to their efforts—Cold water required a great deal of rubbing, and somehow the things had a yellow tinge after all, as George remarked as he hung them out. Minnie objecting to going into the yard, hung them over the chairs in the dining room and the banisters in the entry as fast as George and Charley wrung them out. Dinner time came and found them still at work. Dinner eaten, the dishes carried off by the waiter from the restaurant, they changed places, and the washers wrung and hung up, while the others washed.

Six o'clock saw the last shirt hanging in damp limppness over the parlor chandelier; the handkerchiefs waved from the mantelpiece, and the stockings dangled from the bars of the Canterbury.

"They always iron the next day, so they can dry in the night," said Harry.

After another slaughter of roaches in the morning the fire was lighted, the irons put on, and the clothes collected, rough, dry, for the final touches. Every man had visions of smooth, clean linen to repay him for his unaccustomed efforts. Such is hope! Charley took the first step. Planting his iron on the front of a shirt, a small greeted his nostrils, and he lifted it again to behold a large brown mark, the precise shape of the flat-iron, burned on the bosom of his 'go to meeting, shirt.' Minnie's iron, being almost cold, was travelling

briskly up and down his shirt, but producing no visible effect.

It was humiliating but true, that Joe took an order to a gentleman's furnishing store that morning for a supply of linen, and the 'washed clothes' were consigned to the 'pot closet' to await Susy's return.

Susy's return! How can I describe it! Every man on that day found he had an imperative engagement abroad, and the little maiden found an empty house. She went first to the parlor. Dust lay in piles. One curtain was torn from the cornice, and lay in limp folds against the window.

Cigars lay about loose, some whole, some half smoked, some reduced to a mere stump; spittoons were in every corner; the chairs were 'promiscuously deranged'; on the center table three bottles, two demijohns, a pack of cards, and about two dozen tumbler replaced her pretty books.

The piano bore two pairs of boots, deposited there when the owners were too tired to go up stairs, and forgotten afterwards; the Canterbury had a dish of chicken salad reposing peacefully upon it; one ottoman supported a hat and cane, another a coat; every chair carried some relic of the departed guests here a handkerchief, there a cigar case, on one a pocket comb, on another a toothpick.

Susy was dismayed; but, like a brave little woman, determined to face all 'the muss,' at once. The kitchen came next. As we have described it on the eventful ironing day, so it remained, roaches inclusive, meandering everywhere. The library was next in order, and was the counterpart of the parlor, only more so; dining room ditto; bed rooms to match.

Susy looked at the washboards in the bathroom, the market basket in the bathroom, the parlor chairs in the kitchen, ('It was the nearest,' Joe said when they brought them out); the frying pan in the bedroom, (Charley broke his basin); the bread pan in the spare room ('for dirty water' Joe said); the dish clothes in the bed rooms (towels all dirty). She contemplated the floors, unswept for a month; marked the dust, the accumulation of a similar time, and then went to her own room, the only orderly, because untouched place in the house. A little note lay on the table:

"We own the beat! It takes a woman! We beg pardon! We'll do so no more! Clear up, and invite us to dinner."

FIVE REPENTANT BACHELORS!

The First Printed Book.

It is a remarkable and most interesting fact, says a secular paper, that the very first use to which the discovery of printing was applied was the production of the Bible. This was accomplished at Mentz, between the years 1450 and 1455. Gutenberg was the inventor of the art, and Faust, a goldsmith, furnished the necessary funds. Had it been a single page or an entire sheet, which was then produced, there might have been less occasion to have noticed it; but there was something in the whole character of the affair which, if not unprecedented, rendered it singular in the current of human events. This Bible was in two folio volumes, which have been justly praised for the beauty and strength of the paper, the exactness of the register, and the lustre of the ink. The work contained twelve hundred and eighty-two pages, and being the first ever printed, of course involved a long period of time, and an immense amount of mental, manual and mechanical labor; and yet, for a long time after it had been finished and offered for sale, not a single human being, save the artists themselves, knew how it had been accomplished.

Of the first printed Bible, eighteen copies are now known to be in existence; four of which are printed on vellum. Two of these are in England, one being in the Grenville collection; one is in the Royal Library at Berlin; and one in the Royal Library of Paris; of the remaining fourteen copies, ten are in England—there being a copy in Oxford, Edinburgh, London, and seven in the collection of different noblemen. The vellum copy has been sold as high as eight hundred dollars.—*Weekly Argus.*