

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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

Whole No. 2660.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1862.

New Series--Vol. XVI, No. 29

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, Syrups, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Soap, 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-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 requiring them to be looked after for weeks. It has been tested on railroad cars, and with one soaking 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, beeswax and tar, and unlike general lubricators, 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 preferable; 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 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-ly

## AMBROTYPES AND MELAINOTYPES.

The Gems of the Season.

THIS is no humbug, but a practical truth. The pictures taken by Mr. Burkholder are unsurpassed for BOLDNESS, TRUTHFULNESS, BEAUTY OF FINISH, and DURABILITY. Prices varying according to size and quality of frames and Cases.

Room over the Express Office.  
Lewistown, August 23, 1860.

## 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, McVeystown 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.

## BRILLIANT 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.

## APPEAL FOR MONEY AT INTEREST.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Commissioners will meet at their office in Lewistown, on MONDAY, May 5th, when and where all persons who claim to have lifted moneys assessed as at interest, are required to attend, and make their appeal.

By order of the Board,  
GEORGE FRYSSINGER, Clerk.  
Lewistown, April 16, 1862.

## THE MINSTREL.

(Published by request of a Soldier's mother.)

### A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Farewell in the battle fray,  
Shelter his dear head I pray;  
Nerve his young arm with the might  
Of Justice, Liberty and Right.  
Where the red hand deadliest falls,  
Where stern duty loudly calls,  
Where the strife is fierce and wild,  
Father! guard, oh! guard my child!

Where the foe rush swift and strong,  
Madly striving for the wrong;  
Where the clashing arms men wield  
Ring above the battle-field;  
Where the stifling air is hot  
With burning shell and whistling shot—  
Father! to my boy's brave breast  
Let no treacherous blade be pressed!

Father! if my woman's heart—  
Faint and weak in every part—  
Wanders from thy mercy seat  
After those deadening fears—  
Let thy tender, pitying grace  
Every selfish thought erase;  
So shall the strength be strong—  
Pardon, bless and make me strong.

For, when silent shades of night  
Shut the bright world from my sight—  
When around the cheerful fire  
Gather brothers, sisters, sire—  
There I miss my boy's bright face  
From his old familiar place,  
And my sad heart wanders back  
To tented field and bivouac.

Often in my troubled sleep—  
Waking—sorely to weep—  
Often dreaming he is near,  
Calming every anxious fear—  
Often started by the flash  
Of hostile swords that meet and clash,  
Till the cannons' smoke and roar  
Hide him from my eyes once more.

Thus I dream—and hope and pray  
All the weary hours away;  
But I know his cause is just,  
And I centre all my trust  
In thy promise: "As thy day  
So shall the strength be strong—  
Yet I need thy guidance still."  
Father! let me do thy will!

If new sorrow should befall—  
If my noble boy should fall—  
On the bright field I have blessed  
On the cold earth find his rest—  
Still, with all the mother's heart  
Torn, and quivering with the smart,  
I would fain, "with thy cheering rod,  
To his Country and his God.

## MORAL & RELIGIOUS

### Profanity.

It is not the oaths and blasphemies of the vile set through the streets which exert an influence upon the young minds for evil; because in the character and appearance of the wretch who utters them, they behold a fit commentary and a warning, all in accordance with their views of nature. But it is the oaths and blasphemies of the respectable and otherwise virtuous that do the injury. I would rather a child of mine would hear the whole vocabulary of oaths, with all its transpositions and variations, from the lips of a vile abandoned outcast, from whose person he would shrink with loathing, than to hear a single oath from one of you who have a character and influence in society. I am aware that it is a practice thoughtlessly acquired, and often continued by the mere force of habit. It is simply a repetition of the same act so often that it no longer excites attention, and thus the heart becomes an overflowing fountain of corruption, sending forth its poisoned streams to kill and destroy.

Go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle thy accounts with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unrequited—that departed being who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contribution! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness and truth; if thou art a friend and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unhard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Edited by A. SMITH, County Superintendent.

### For the Educational Column.

#### The Causes of the War. No. 2.

In assigning the principal cause of the present war, it is difficult to speak so as to avoid giving offence to some well-meaning, but narrow minded persons. Let me be truthful, however, and state what, by the confession of the Rebels themselves, was the origin of the outbreak against the government.—They affirm that it was negro slavery; Vice President Stephens, one of the most able and candid of all who have taken part in urging on the rebellion, frankly avowed that the object of the Secession was to found a government whose corner-stone should be Slavery. The testimony of others of the Rebels, in whose word any trust can be reposed, is only confirmatory of this assertion.

It is claimed by them, and by their apologists and secret well-wishers at the North, that their special rights had been violated, that they were in danger of being thrust into ruin by the spirit of Abolitionism. But Judge Douglas, whom all will admit as a reliable witness on this point, only a short time before his death declared that the rights of the South had not been violated to any extent justifica-

tory of rebellion; that the Constitution would be interpreted by the present Administration so as not to interfere with any of the institutions of the South more than with those of the North.

Let it, then, be everywhere understood and confessed that this most terrible war is the direct outgrowth of the spirit of Slavery; let it be frankly acknowledged by us, as it is universally recognized by foreign nations, and as it will assuredly be written on the page of History.

But why is it so important that our children be informed of this? Just for this reason: they are soon to become the active, controlling influence of the country; into their hands must soon pass the power to make and administer the nation's laws, to fashion its institutions, to determine its destiny. And the future character of the land we love is to be moulded by those whose minds and wills are now plastic—ready to be impressed with generous sentiments, ennobling truths and high resolve. Hence we ought to set forth with unmistakable vividness this new illustration of the truth that Righteousness alone exalteth a nation, while sin is not only a reproach but an imminent peril to any people.

It is of the utmost importance that the rising generation learn and heartily believe that 'the one sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is MAN'; and that a wrong done to humanity, even if done to the poorest, the weakest, the least lovely, is a sin against Him who made and who loves all. This simple but most comprehensive truth is true, and will forever remain true, in spite of the sneers and opposition which prejudice and blind partisanship can marshal against it: for it is founded on the immovable rock of Christianity; it commends itself to the heart, judgment and conscience of every noble man. The signs of the times are full of prophecies that this truth is fast becoming recognized, and that it will enter largely into the institutions which shall hereafter give this Republic a name as pure and commanding as the most ardent patriot can covet for it. Freedom of body and soul; growth in knowledge and virtue; enjoyment of whatever privileges minister to the happiness and elevation of human beings;—these must be won and secured here, and faithfully transmitted to those who shall come after us. Then no war like the present can ever again shroud our country in so sad a gloom.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### HOW HARRY FELL IN LOVE.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

All the girls in Flowervale were in love with Harry Vernon; that is to say, they admired him excessively, and were ready to fall in love, if he should lead the way. Fanny Somers, the little witch, was the only exception. Merry, dancing and pretty as a fairy, it was a question whether she had ever yet thought of love; if she had, she never talked of it.

Harry's father was a Senator in Congress, and he himself was a young lawyer of brilliant talents, finished education and handsome fortune. It was known that his father wished him to marry, and did not, as is often the case, insist on his selecting an heiress. The now gray-haired statesman had made a love-match in his youth, and still worshiped the memory of his wife he had too early lost. 'Let your heart choose, my son,' he said. 'Marriage, without true affection, holds out but a poor show for happiness.'

Most of those, not directly interested in the event, thought that Isabel Fortescue would carry off the prize. She was decidedly the belle of the village. Having received her education at a fashionable Seminary, there was scarcely an accomplishment of which she could not boast. Besides, the families of Vernon and Fortescue had been the leading ones in the county for two generations; and gossips said that the union of the two fortunes and of the united influence, would give Harry a position almost unrivaled.

Certain it is, that Harry visited Isabel very often. Those who envied her accused her of maneuvering to win him. 'Throws herself in his way continually,' said one. 'Did ever anybody,' cried another, 'see a girl make love so barefacedly?' 'She ought to get him, I'm sure,' sneered another, 'for she has tried hard enough.' Nevertheless, as honest chroniclers, we must record the fact, that some of these very young ladies, such is the infirmity of human nature, did their very prettiest to out-manoeuvre Isabel and get Harry for themselves.

Harry had not seen Fanny since she was a child. It was only a month since she had left school and returned home again; and the first time she joined in the village social circle was at a picnic. Here her blooming complexion, graceful figure and ringing laugh had been the theme of admiration by the beaux, the envy of the belles. Harry had been her partner in a dance or two, and, in common with others, felt it would be only civil to call upon her. So the morning after the party he sallied forth to make the round of the village girls.

He first visited Isabel. She was reclining in a feateuil, charmingly dressed, and reading a novel. All she could talk about was her fatigue. Yet, she looked bewitchingly, it was incontestible, in the subdued light of that sumptuous parlor, with elegant pictures on the walls, bouquets of flowers all about, and an atmosphere of exquisite refinement around. Never had Harry felt so much tempted to be in love. He staid nearly an hour, when he had intended to stop only for a few minutes; and

would not, perhaps, have gone then, if other gentlemen had not dropped in.

From Isabel's he went to several other houses. Everywhere he found the young ladies dressed to receive company. Some were reading novels; some had a book of poetry open before them; and one, who had a pretty hand, was coquettishly knitting a purse. Not one of them appeared to have anything serious to do. Most of them affected, like Isabel, to be quite languid, and talked as if the fatigue of the day before had nearly killed them.

When Harry reached the pretty, but unpretending cottage where Fanny resided with her widowed mother, he found the hall door opened to admit the breeze, and so just tapping at the parlor entrance, he entered bowing. In the shaded light of the cool fragrant room, he could not for a moment see; but he noticed immediately that no one answered his salutation, and, directly, he beheld that the apartment was empty. Just then, however, a fresh liquid voice, as merry as a bird's in June, was heard warbling in an inner apartment.—Harry listened awhile charmed; but finding that his knocking was not heard, and recognizing, as he thought, Fanny's voice, finally made bold to go in search of the singer. Passing down the hall and through another open door, he suddenly found himself in the kitchen, a large, airy apartment, scrupulously clean, with Fanny at the end opposite him, standing before a dough-trough, kneading flour and carolling like a lark.

It was a picture an artist would love to paint. Fanny's face was seen partly in profile, showing to perfection her long lashes, and bringing out in relief the pouting lips and round chin. The breeze blew her brown curls playfully about, and occasionally quite over her face, at which time she would throw them back with a pretty toss of the head. Her arms were bare, and rounded—whiter or more taper arms never were; they fairly put to shame, with their rosy pearliness, the snowy flour powdered over them. As she moved with quick steps at her task, her trim figure showed all its grace, and her neat ankle and delicate foot twinkled in and out. For a while she did not observe Harry. It was not till she turned to put down the dredging-box, that she beheld him.

Most of our fair readers, we suppose, would have screamed, and perhaps run out of the opposite door. Fanny did no such thing. She blushed a little, as was natural, but having no false shame, she saw no reason to be frightened, merely because a handsome young gentleman had caught her at work. So she curtsied prettily, laughed one of her gayest laughs, and said, holding up her hands:

'I can't shake hands with you, Mr. Vernon, you see. Mamma was kind enough to let me go to the picnic, yesterday; and put off some of my work; and so I'm doing double to-day, to make up for it. If you'll be kind enough to wait a minute, I'll call mamma.'

'No, no,' said Harry, charmed by this frank innocence, and unceremoniously taking a well scrubbed chair, 'I've only a few minutes to stay. My call is on you; I came to see how you bore the fatigues of yesterday.'

Fanny laughed till her teeth, so white and so little, looked behind the rosy lips, like pearls set in the richest ruby enamel. 'Fatigued! why, we had such a charming time yesterday, that one couldn't get tired; even if she had been a hundred years old.'

'You'll never grow old!' said Harry, surprised into what would have been flattery, if he had not sincerely thought it; and his countenance showed his admiration for the bright, happy creature before him.

Fanny blushed; but rallied, and answered, laughingly: 'Never grow old! O, soon enough! What a funny sight I'll be, to be sure, bent almost double, and a cap on my head like granny Horn's!'

Harry laughed too, so ludicrous was the image; and thus he and Fanny were as much at home with each other at once, as if they had been acquainted for years.

The intended five minutes imperceptibly grew into ten, and the ten into half an hour. Fanny continued at her household work, pleasantly chatting the while, both she and Harry mutually interested so as to forget time and place alike. At last the entrance of Mrs. Somers interrupted the *tele-a-tete*. Fanny was a little embarrassed when she found how long she and Harry had been alone; but the easy-of-course manner of Harry, as he shook hands with her mother, restored her to herself.

It is the elegant refinement about Isabel had tempted Harry to fall in love, the household charm which surrounded Fanny forced him to be so whether or no. He went away, thinking to himself what a charming wife Fanny would make, and how sweetly she would look in her neat home dress, engaged in her domestic duties. Nor is Harry the only bachelor who remembers that a wife cannot always be in full dress, and who naturally wishes to know how she will look in a kitchen. 'A wife ought as much to know how to manage her house,' he said to himself, 'as a man to understand business. I don't wish a wife of mine, indeed, to be maid of all work; but I should like to have her capable of overseeing her servants—and domestics discover very soon whether their mistress is competent, and obey or disregard her accordingly. Besides,

Fanny looked bewitchingly this morning. Ah, if I had such a dear little wife, how I'd coax her to go into the kitchen occasionally, that I might see her at work!'

It soon became apparent that it would be no fault of Harry's if he did not have Fanny for a wife. Never was a man deeper in love, nor did he make an effort to conceal it. Had Fanny been a foolish flirt, she would have played with his feelings, as vain girls will when secure of a lover. But she was too frank and too good for this, and only hesitated long enough to be certain of the state of her own heart, when she made Harry happy by accepting him.

Two persons more fitted for each other, in fact could not be. Though always merry, because always happy, Fanny was amiable, intelligent and full of sound sense.—She had read and thought a great deal; especially for one so young, her heart ran over with 'unwritten poetry.' Had Harry sought for a lifetime, he could not have found a wife so companionable and so suited in every way to him.

What a talk the engagement made when it came out. The haughty Isabel, who, without being half as capable of sincere love as Fanny, had made up her mind to have Harry, and whose vanity, therefore, was piqued, even degraded herself so much as to call the bride-elect 'an artful and interesting puss.' Other disappointed beauties had other hard names for Fanny. But though when our heroine first heard of these slanders she shed a few tears, she soon dried her eyes, for, with Harry's love, nothing could make her long unhappy.

It was not till the young couple had set off on their wedding tour, that Harry told his wife what had first made him fall in love with her.

'Every other girl I visited that morning,' he said, 'was playing the fine lady; and that, while as I well knew, their mothers were slaving in the kitchen. I reasoned that the daughter who would neglect her duty to a parent, could scarcely be expected to be less selfish toward a husband. Besides, it is a common error with your sex, now-a-days to suppose that it is debasing to engage in domestic duties. To a man of sense, dearest, a woman never looks more attractive than at such a time.'

A clergyman in Scotland, being engaged in catechizing a number of his parishioners, asked a man by the name of Peter: 'How many years did the children of Israel sojourn in the wilderness?'

To which he replied, 'Forty.' 'But can you tell, sir,' said Peter, 'how many knives the children of Israel brought back with them from Babylon to Jerusalem?' The clergyman stopped and pondered, and was at length obliged to confess that he could give no answer. 'Well,' said Peter, 'they just brought back twenty-nine knives: you will find it stated in Ezra, first chapter, ninth verse.'

A lady asked a pupil at public examination of a Sunday School: 'What was the sin of the Pharisees?' 'Eating camels, marm,' quickly replied the child. She had read the Pharisees 'Strained at gnats and swallowed camels.'

## THE GAZETTE.

### Nominations for State Officers.

The Lewisburg Chronicle, in publishing the call for the People's Convention, makes the following proposition, which, for one, we should like to see adopted. It says:

In proof of our willingness to vote for an upright Douglas Democrat, we propose Hon. JOHN LOWE, of Franklin county, as the Union Republican candidate for Surveyor General. All parties have ever awarded him personal integrity and ability for that station, which he once filled by election as a Democrat, while, as the Union speaker of the House, last session, he demonstrated that he had no sympathy with Secession or its allies. His nomination and election would be as politic as just to the thousands of honest Democrats who despise the Breckinridge leaders who broke up their party and apologized for causeless insurrection of the Aristocracy.

For Auditor General, we presume Hon. THOMAS E. COCHRAN will have no serious opposition. He has been a most faithful officer, as far as we have heard—and if so, it is the highest interest of the State to retain one of his experience and trustworthiness.

### Why Not Tax Cotton?

The New York Evening Post has a convincing article in favor of the amendment of Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, (voted down in the House) to the tax bill, laying a tax of three cents per pound upon cotton. 'It is,' says the Post, 'a tax which will be easily collected; against the justice of which no one can bring good reasons; which will cause the very class who brought on the war to pay a share of its expenses.—We are informed that a tax of one cent per pound on the cotton crop will produce eighteen millions of dollars; three cents a pound would yield us fifty-four millions. The cotton planters cannot complain, because one of the first acts was to lay an export duty on cotton; the tobacco planters of the border States will complain if cotton is not taxed, when their staple is to be very heavily taxed, and when, too,

tobacco is by no means a monopoly, as cotton is. And the farmers of the Northwest, whose sons have fought so bravely in this war, will not be contented to pay taxes on almost every product of their land, and let the great product of the South go clear.—The fear expressed by Mr. Morrill, that if we lay a tax on cotton other countries will at once undersell our planters, is groundless. How well the planters can bear a tax of four or five cents per pound, even if they were to get only the usual prices for the staple, will appear from the following facts: It is established that an average year's cotton costs the planter, to raise, not more than six cents per pound. Planters and others who have carefully examined this question assert that, with good new lands at twenty dollars per acre, and slaves, taking the run of the plantation, of both sexes, between the ages of fourteen and sixty, at an average of eight hundred dollars, if the planter can be assured of six cents per pound for his cotton he will make a greater profit on his crop than is yielded by any of the great agricultural products in any parts of the country. In a lecture on cotton, delivered at Liverpool last September, by Mr. Beazley, a well known cotton spinner and member of Parliament, he stated that one of the largest planters in Louisiana had told him that he could grow cotton profitably at six cents per pound; and no well informed southern man will deny that cotton sold at six cents on the plantation is a more remunerative crop than either sugar, rice, hemp, or corn. But if we look at the prices which have ruled in Liverpool for the middling grades of New Orleans cottons we shall find the average in 1854 eleven cents, in 1855 twelve cents, in 1856 twelve and three-quarter cents, in 1857 sixteen cents, in 1858 fourteen cents, in 1859 fourteen and a half cents, in 1860 fourteen cents.'

### Our Financial Condition.

Not the least surprising feature in public affairs is that with pretty brisk importations, money is down to four or five per cent in New York, in fact, begging for profitable employment, and United States six per cent bonds are *above par*. They crossed the meridian more than a week ago amid the cheers of the Board of Brokers. What will Mrs. Grundy of the London Times say of the fact that at a time when, according to the rule in the old world, we ought to have been paying three per cent a month for money, and been unable to get it at that?

This rise in value is, of course says the New York Commercial, mainly due to political events. All doubts as to the permanency of the Union are now removed; and the people have the utmost confidence in the ability and good faith of the General Government to pay its citizens the loans that it has been contracting. Everybody, indeed, is interested in preserving the national honor, since failure to fulfill its obligations would entail pecuniary losses probably equal to the entire national debt.

We are aware that such a sudden inflation may be attended with danger in leading many to rush into unwise speculations at a moment when funds appear to be so abundant. The possibility of this should never be lost sight of for an hour. Still, as our financial calamities visited us so extensively about the outbreak of the war, it is reasonable to hope that with its termination the shock will not be so severe as it was twelve or eighteen months ago.

But is it not marvelous that the money market should be in such a condition now? What other nation can produce such a record of improvement in its finances during a period of active hostilities?

## WILLIAM LIND,

has now open  
**A NEW STOCK**  
OF  
**Cloths, Cassimeres**  
AND  
**VESTINGS,**  
which will be made up to order in the latest and most fashionable styles. apl9

## TIN WARE!

**TIN WARE!**  
COUNTRY MERCHANTS in want of Tin Ware will find it to their advantage to purchase of J. B. Selheimer, who will sell them a better article, and as cheap if not cheaper than they can purchase it in any of the eastern cities. Call and see his new stock. Lewistown, April 23, 1862-ly.