

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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

Whole No. 2661.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1862.

New Series--Vol. XVI, No. 30

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, Fitch and Dried Beef,

Cheese, Sugars, Syrups, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Snaps, Tobacco, Segars, Dried Fruit, Turpentine and Paints of all kinds, Linsed 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, if to be 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.

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.

WILLIAM LIND,
has now open
A NEW STOCK
OF
Cloths, Cassimeres
AND
VESTINGS,
which will be made up to order in the neatest and most fashionable styles. ap19

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.

DR. J. LOCKE,
DENTIST.

OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown, adjoining F. G. Franciscus' Hardware Store. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office the first MOON of each month to spend the week.
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100 DOZEN Coal Oil Chimneys, Wicks, Brushes, &c., for sale at city wholesale prices to retailers, by
F. G. FRANCISCUS.

HAMS—An excellent article at 10 cents per lb, for sale by
MARKS & WILLIS,
Lewistown, April 30, 1862.

THE MINSTREL.

THE OLD GRIST MILL.

Half hid by drooping willows,
As the foot of the wood-crowned hill,
Nesting in quiet seclusion,
Is standing the old grist-mill.
Its roof is green and mossy,
And plasticless are its walls;
Silent and still is the old water-wheel—
All clasped in Time's entrail.

Slimy and green is the penstock,
And covered with nettles rank;
Choked to the tortuous mill-race—
Crevassees cleave its banks.
The willow's dolorous branches
Are kissing the glassy pond,
With its splintered logs and floating floes,
And the thick-lined shore beyond.

Back to the days of my boyhood
My thoughts fly on memory's wings;
I see the old mill in its glory—
Choked to the huge water-wheel flings,
Swiftly is gliding the foaming water,
With a merry patting sound;
Alas! what merry peals the "counter-wheels"
Give forth as they whirl around.

Hark! how the mill-stones rattle,
As the golden grain leaps through,
List to the rattling "damself"
Shaking the anguish "shoe"
Swiftly is gliding the foaming water,
The cogs whirl round in amaze,
As with mute surprise in my juvenile eyes,
I wonder, stand and gaze.

There stands the miller musing
On the ups and downs of corn;
His form appears bowed down with years,
And the weighty sacks he's borne.
Dust wraps him round as a halo,
Noses and dings in his hair,
An honest old man was the miller, I ween,
Though, on *dit*, his swine were fat.

Weighing out quarters of flour—
Measuring bushels of feed—
Plenty of grist work his door—
Plenty of water his need,
Tolling from morning till even,
Grinding the golden grain—
Well to leath, one day, chanced over that way,
And heavenward jugged the swain.

So now the ghost-like miller
No more at his post is found;
From his haunt he's missed, he's ground his grist
And the miller's grist is—
Well to leath, one day, chanced over that way,
Well to leath, one day, chanced over that way,
After his work was done.

And now the old mill standeth,
Cheerless and silent and old;
Bats and owls, through the windows,
Are flying, fearless and bold.
Time and the rats are gnawing
At rafter and beam and floor,
And soon the old mill, so dreary still,
Will crumble, to rise no more.

Oh, what is the world but a grist-mill,
Where Right is ground down by Power,
Where Reason is grinded to mince,
Into very indifferent flour!
Who Vice is crushing out Virtue,
Who the Rich are grinding the Poor,
Where Griests of Cares, and Hopes, and Fears,
Pass in and out at the door!

Oh, what is the earth but a Mill-stone,
Turning around each day,
Grinding the lives of its children
Slightly, but surely away,
Grime, remorselessly grinding,
Stuffing each panting breath,
Who is that "election miller"
Who, but the scare-crow Death!

When will the Mill and Mill-stone,
Moulder to dark decay,
And Time's keen scythe make the miller writhe,
And bear him from hence away?
Oh, how we gaze and wonder
On the great unveiled roar;
Forever condemned to ponder
On an awful Mystery!

EDUCATIONAL.

Edited by A. SARR, County Superintendent.

Manliness.

A disturbed state of society develops a want which is felt more or less in all other social conditions, a want of men. Though the number of those who have gained a respectable degree and kind of intellectual culture is always too small, yet it is almost incalculably greater than the number of men whose manliness can be utterly relied on, whose personal integrity and disinterested patriotism render them towers of strength. Perhaps this want is not really more striking now than it has been in every political or moral storm that has agitated the world of mankind; but we feel it more deeply, and the inquiry is altogether pertinent,—what kind of training is best adapted to foster that vigorous, sterling manliness which seems to be a nation's last hope, save the special favor of Providence? Helps, in his "Friends in Council," says: "What a man has learnt is of importance, but what he is, what he can do, what he will become, are more significant things. Book learning is mainly good, as it gives us a chance of coming into the company of greater and better minds than the average of men around us; individual greatness and goodness are the things to be aimed at, rather than the successful cultivation of those talents which go to form some eminent membership of society."

It seems to me there is some excellent milk in this cocoanut, and it is not at all difficult to get at it. The idea that any amount of book learning, however great and accurate, makes its possessor a full man, fitted for every station of public life, prepared to assume local and national responsibilities, is entirely absurd though unfortunately common. To be sure, this learning does not disqualify a man for such stations and responsibilities, it is of signal benefit to him; but it is only auxiliary, not of the first importance. The grand requisite is manliness, or in the words of Helps, "individual greatness and goodness."

But how to acquire this wonderful boon? It is needful in the first place that its desirableness be distinctly appreciated, that its great excellence be comprehended, and that its attainable character be assured. In other words it is necessary, at the start, to think,—to think calmly, persistently and cheerfully. The inevitable result of such thinking upon the subject will be to excite a more generous disposition toward those

agencies by which genuine strength and purity of character are developed. There will be no thought of curtailing the present educational facilities or of casting aside the studies which are now pursued in the schools,—rather will the result of such thinking be to enlarge the present streams of public instruction, at the same time giving to them a change of direction. The tendency is, to give too exclusive attention to the training of the purely intellectual faculties, to render scholars proficient in what the books communicate and to instruct them in sciences whose interest and benefit lie outside of humanity,—not uninteresting or useless by any means, but not of necessity imparting to scholars that hearty manliness which fits them to speak words and perform deeds that 'come home to men's business and bosoms,' and inspire men with higher motives than love of scholarship, of money, of conspicuous station, of noisy fame. The teachings of our schools need to be extended beyond the common routine of text books, and to include the fundamental principles of all manly character,—a sense of honor that cannot be sullied, a love of truth that will be satisfied with no popular lies, a devotion to country that leads to hearty effort to reform existing evils, and to defend its sanctity even to the outpouring of life, a reverence for humanity that no wickedness can diminish, and a trust in Heaven that buoy up the spirit under all adversities and fringes every cloud with a silver lining.

This must flow from the fullness of manly life and excellence in teachers, rather than be communicated through books; but no good citizen can fail to wish that it may yet be accomplished.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Horrible Tragedy in the 20th Ward.

A Man Shoots Himself and Wife.—About a quarter before eleven o'clock on Monday morning a shocking domestic tragedy occurred in the 20th Ward, which caused an intense excitement throughout that section of the city. The affair occurred at the house No. 1,420 Prospect street, above Master, occupied by a German named Peter Cherdron, aged about 45 years, and a tailor by trade. The other occupants of the house were his wife, Mary Cherdron, and six children.

Yesterday morning Cherdron, while engaged at work at home, went suddenly out to procure some cotton. In a short time he returned and came into the kitchen with his hands folded behind him. He asked his wife to come into the front room. She followed him, when he raised a six barreled Allen revolver and shot one load at his wife. The weapon was loaded with a ball, which entered her stomach, producing a mortal wound. She immediately commenced vomiting blood, and made her way through the rear part of the house to the residence of a neighbor, where she fell exhausted. She was placed on a settee, and Dr. Lindsay was summoned to her aid.—He pronounced her injuries mortal, the hemorrhage being internal. The unfortunate woman remained conscious of her situation, and desired the presence of a confessor. A German priest was sent for, who administered to her the offices for the dying.

The husband, having shot his wife in this manner, immediately rushed up stairs to the third story front room, where, with the same weapon, which contained five remaining loads, he shot himself in the right temple. The ball passed into the brain, causing instant death. The second report of the pistol, coupled with the fact that the wife had been seen running into a neighbor's house, covered with blood, threw the whole neighborhood into consternation. People flocked from all quarters and made their way into the house of Cherdron.—Blood was seen on the first floor, and, on going into the third story, the husband was found lying on his back with a large pool of blood beside him. The police under Lieut. Jacoby, of the 20th Ward, were soon on the spot, and allayed, as far as possible, all excitement.

The cause of this sad tragedy is said to have been jealousy. The only one who could give any idea of the facts and circumstances of the horrible affair was a son of the unfortunate couple, aged about seven years, who was in the kitchen at the time. He tells a straight story, and corroborates the statement given above.

From those residing in the neighborhood we learn that not more than half a minute elapsed between the two reports of the pistol. The wife said when first shot that her husband had done the bloody deed.—The husband is represented as a hard working journeyman tailor, and had been employed for some time by a firm doing business near Second and Vine streets. He always finished his work at home. He was occasionally subject to fits of jealousy, and at one time, while melancholy, attempted to hang himself. He was discovered in time to save his life. At another time he threatened to shoot his wife and children.

A large boot and shoe operator, in Boston, has just absconded, leaving liabilities to the amount of \$175,000 unprovided for.

The Great Fire in Troy, New York.

We glean from the *Troy (N. Y.) Whig* the following items in reference to the destructive fire which occurred in that city on Saturday a week: At 12 M. it broke out in the roof of the wooden bridge belonging to the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad Company, over the Hudson river. It was speedily in a sheet of flames, and a violent gale blowing at the time caused its rapid destruction. Attention was then turned to the property in the neighborhood. The cinders were carried in every direction, setting fire to dozens of buildings. For most of the time the fire raged from west to east, and all the efforts of the firemen failed to check its raging until hundreds of buildings and millions of property were consumed to ashes.

From estimates made, and as accurate as possible under the circumstances, it is probable that the aggregate losses will approximate \$3,000,000, and the aggregate insurances about \$1,400,000. The bridge and depot cost some \$365,000; the Sixth Street Presbyterian Church near \$50,000; the Fifth Street Baptist \$15,000 to 20,000.—The Union House cost \$40,000, and the furniture \$30,000. A large number of public and charitable institutions were destroyed—including the Troy Orphan Asylum, the Church Asylum, the Warren Female Charity School, the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the Troy Academy, and the Free Chapel. The shipping in the river narrowly escaped, as the large burning fragments of the bridge floated down among the vessels, and kept all hands busy warding them off.

As far as ascertained, nine persons were burned to death, and a larger number were more or less burned and otherwise injured.

Five engines were sent up from Albany, New York, and others arrived from West Troy and Landisburg. Governor Morgan visited the city on Sunday, and a public meeting was called for Monday evening, to take measures for the relief of the sufferers.

The Whig, remarking upon the impression which had gone abroad to the effect that Troy was ruined by the conflagration, winds up with the following encouraging view of the matter:

"We can say to our friends elsewhere, that however much our citizens have suffered in individual losses of houses and furniture, and a small number of merchants and manufacturers in their business concerns we assure our friends abroad that nothing has occurred to damage the general trade and manufacturing interests of the town. These will go on as usual. With the exception of half a block on each side of River street, the main business portions of the city remain untouched. Congress street did not lose a building. In Eulton street and Broadway, about the Union Depot, and half a block down River street from the Bridge, are the main business portions of the town which suffer.

"The sentiment among our citizens is that we shall recover from the fire all in good time. Many portions swept over will soon be built up better than ever. There is not the slightest inclination anywhere to 'say die,' or to lie down under the disaster."

Nigger lovers and Abolitionists.

Col. Leonidas Metcalf, of Kentucky, lately made a speech to the Union men of Carlisle, Nicholas County, in that State, in which he paid his respect to those negro-loving secessionists, who, when hard run for an argument, will cry 'Abolitionist,' as if it was only necessary to fix the stigma of abolitionism upon a man to ruin him forever. This outspoken Kentuckian draws the portraits of these cringing dastards with the pencil of a Limner. We take an extract for the edification of these puny-souled creatures:

I had started to pay my respects to the nigger lovers of the South. There has been no election since I can remember but the cry of nigger was raised. A constable, coroner, judge or president could not be nominated but the same old tune was ground. Law after law was passed to tighten the tenure by which we held them. State laws, fugitive laws, territorial legislatures might legislate a man to the devil if they chose, if he had no nigger; but laws were passed to prevent them from legislating on the subject of niggers. A Republican Congress passed laws to prevent themselves from legislating on negroes in the territories, still the cry was more security, more concessions, until they require all to kneel to Gesler's cap, or else they are not the Simon Buckner pure. They swear that it is God's institution, and that in his sublime wisdom he instigated the trader to the pious calling of catching and chaining the wild African in the hold of some gloomy ship to transport him from his native hills where his soul is in danger, to the cotton fields of America, all for the glory of God and the increase of his kingdom; that their pursuits and pleasure in Africa are loathsome to God; but when they are transported to the cotton fields and learned to raise six bales to the hand, great is his reward, for he now pleaseth the Lord and shall have a seat in Heaven; while the traitors who have so long been protected in making black angels, quietly pocketed the proceeds of the cotton. To all this you must solemnly promise and swear

or you are an Abolitionist. And some of these traitors are helping to populate Heaven with angels only half black. This is no joke; all this has been preached from the pulpit by the said sooty-winged nigger satellites. They do not stop at insulting man, but blaspheme God with their obsequious dallying and pandering to a set of corrupt, fly-blown jackasses, who cannot see any other aim or object on earth through which pleasure or happiness can be secured but nigger; no other road to Heaven but on a nigger's back. They must have the Missouri compromise, or they will break up the government. Then the Missouri Compromise must be repealed, it ain't fair, or they will knock all the underpinnings from under Uncle Samuel.

The cry of Abolitionist is the whip that is continually held up to scare the ignorant into the Democratic, and now the secession ranks. If you look at things with common sense, you are an Abolitionist. If you are for country, and for the majority ruling, you are an Abolitionist. It is time we put a stop to these insults. They cannot listen to reason. The only thing you can beat common sense into them with is a green sycamore club that will not bounce, or a bullet. A few wholesome truths may be bitter, but nevertheless true. The accusation is very common that the North favors amalgamation. Now, to tell the truth, and shame old Nick, it is practiced to a fearful extent throughout the South and Kentucky. Go into any of our towns and see the different shades, and colors.

Jet black, buff, and brown
Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound.

But we will not speak loud on this.—Somebody might be listening. You can know every traitor in the land as plainly as you can your hogs, by the ear marks.—They have a pass word, by which you can know them as well in the night as in the day time—that word is, 'Abolitionist.'—That is the sum total of all their arguments.

An Elephant in a Morass.

The monster elephant Hannibal, belonging to Van Amburgh & Co's Menagerie, came near losing his life, a few days since, while traveling from Keyport to Freehold, in New Jersey. His keeper had taken him off the road, in order to avoid an unsafe bridge, when, in crossing a tract of swampy land, the ground gave way beneath him, and the enormous animal sank up to the middle of his sides in the yielding mud, where he floundered away for some time without being able to extricate himself; his struggles, on the contrary, resulting in rendering his situation, each moment more dangerous, until it was feared it would be impossible to save him. The heavy shackles with which he was fettered, preventing a free movement of his limbs, made his position still more critical until help arrived, when, by placing timbers in front of and around him, he was enabled, after a short time, to extricate himself. At first he was very much frightened, trumpeting loudly, and struggling wildly, but after the timbers were placed within his reach he went to work more systematically, and exhibited much intelligence in his subsequent operations, depending principally upon his tusks to raise himself. When exhausted by his exertions he would throw himself over on one side, in order to gain all the buoyancy possible until he became somewhat rested, when he would resume an upright position and go manfully to work again. His efforts were finally crowned with success.

Progress of the New Monitors.

The three iron gunboats of the Monitor model, which were ordered by the Government immediately after the engagement of the Monitor with the Merrimac, have been commenced at Greenpoint, near New York. They are to be built very much like the Monitor, except that they are each to have two revolving shot proof turrets instead of one. The model is also slightly altered so as to make them better sea-boats and to give them greater speed. Like the Monitor they are to be propellers, the deck being but little above the water line. Their length is to be three hundred and two feet over all, with a breadth of beam of forty-one feet, and a depth of hold of twelve feet. The armor is to be six inches in thickness. There are at present but two of them commenced, but the blocks have been laid for the reception of the keel of the third. The work is well along on the first one, however. The frame which is entirely of iron, is up, except at the bow and stern, and the work of putting on the first layer of iron plates has already commenced. The iron ribs and the plates are forged in a separate workshop, but small forges are set up all along each side for heating the bolts. As large a crew of men as can work with convenience are busily engaged in riveting the plates. It will be at least four months before the first boat is launched.

Elected—Colonel Isham G. Haynie, just elected by eighty-two plurality to succeed General Logan in Congress, from Illinois, is a staunch Union Democrat—a man who goes for prosecuting the war with due energy, to the end of conquering the restoration of the Union. His two competitors, S. S. Marshall and Josh. Allen, ran as Peace (i. e. Secesh) Democrats.

A Snake in the Crinoline.—A remarkable escape from almost certain death, occurred a few days since to a female at Waterloo Estate, near Sydney. A woman and her husband had been taking a walk in the vicinity of a lagoon, and had sat for some time near the edge of the water.—On rising to return home, the woman fancied she felt something at the back of her dress, but as nothing could be seen there, no further notice was taken of the matter for some time. On passing a friend's house, however, at a short distance, she stopped to speak to one of the inmates, and while doing so, again felt a movement as if something alive had got between her gown and petticoat. Becoming alarmed, and placing her hand on her dress, she was horrified to perceive a snake drop to the ground from beneath her garments. It proved to be a death adder—the most venomous of all Australian reptiles. The deadly intruder was soon despatched by the husband by a blow on the head. Her escape under the circumstances is truly wonderful.

A Printer Boy in Battle.—In the battle of Pittsburg Landing, young Martin Been of Alton, Illinois, scarce eighteen years old, was a sergeant in the 13th Missouri, having entered that regiment as a private. On that fatal Sunday the color-bearer was shot down at his side; he caught up the flag and carried it through the day, and slept that night with its folds around him. The next morning the captain appointed him a second lieutenant *pro tempore*. The first volley killed the first lieutenant and Martin took his place.—Soon after the lieutenant colonel fell, and the captain of Martin's company acted as major, leaving this young hero to carry the company through the battle, which he did most gallantly, and escaped unharmful. Young Martin Been was in a printing office when the war broke out.

Suicide for Love.—A young woman by the name of Mary Dunham, drowned herself on Saturday last, at Union Mills, near Calais, Me., all for love, it is said. She walked from the house where she was living, which stands on the bank of the river, first informing the inmates that she was going to drown herself, which elicited from them only a laugh of derision—went down to the river, took off her hoop skirts, walked into the rushing current about up to her waist, in the presence of several of her companions, male and female, who stood looking on, and took the fatal plunge and was soon carried beyond the reach of human aid. One of the spectators, when he saw she was earnest, rushed in to rescue her, but was too late, and came near being drowned himself.

A young girl, belonging to a respectable family in reduced circumstances, four years ago learned to operate sewing machines, and then went to Peru to teach the art to the Spanish girls and to establish the business in that country. She has since enjoyed uniform good health and has realized between three and four thousand dollars a year beyond her expenses. About a year ago she married a wealthy old Spaniard, who, dying, bequeathed to her a fortune of eighty thousand dollars, and thus placed her in very comfortable and independent circumstances. She now writes to urge her relatives to emigrate to Peru and share her good fortune.

Suicide.—George Kimberlin an honest hard working citizen of Bethel township, living near Lemuel Hill's Store, deliberately committed suicide on Sunday night the 27th ult. It seems that he had reason to suspect the fidelity of his wife, and that this preyed upon his mind until he resolved to "shuffle off this mortal coil."—That the act was deliberate it proved by the fact that he made arrangements in regard to his property. He left the house at night, and was found in the morning with a rope around his neck attached to a limb of a tree in front of his house, and with his feet resting on the ground. Had he straightened himself up to the usual height, it would have been impossible for him to have strangled himself, but being bent upon self destruction he was able to accomplish his purpose under favorable circumstances. The deceased was about 45 years of age, and much respected by those who knew him.—Fulton Democrat.

The Hog Crop.—The exports of sui meats to all foreign countries from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Portland and Baltimore, from November 1, 1861, to April 16, 1862, and the corresponding time the previous season, were as follows:

	1861	1862
1860-61	161,370,325 lbs.	57,682,202
1861-62	161,370,325 lbs.	57,682,202
Increase this season	93,688,123	

The exports of lard for the corresponding periods were.

	1861	1862
1860-61	81,411,550 lbs.	23,443,750
1861-62	81,411,550 lbs.	23,443,750
Increase this season	57,443,750	

WALL PAPERS, Window Blinds, Queensware, Umbrellas, Cutlery, Willow and Wooden Ware, as usual, at ap30
GEO. BLYMYER'S.