

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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New Series--Vol. XVI, No. 33.

READ! READ! READ!

THE MINSTREL.

THE HAPPY SOLDIER.

I am the boy that's always happy
At home or on the battle field,
And because I love my country,
I have buckled on the shield.
So let the people say what they will,
I am the happy soldier still.
Happy soldier, happy soldier,
I am the happy soldier still.
Then here I am a fighting soldier,
Fighting for my country's cause,
If they will but lead me onward,
Onward still without a pause.
So let the people say what they will,
I'll be a fighting soldier still.
Fighting soldier, fighting soldier,
I'll be a fighting soldier still.
Over the southern sunny deserts,
I'll be marching onward still,
Like our fathers did before me,
At Lexington and Bunker Hill.
Then let the people say what they will,
I'll be marching onward still.
Marching onward, marching onward,
I'll be marching onward still.
I'll bear the Union standard still,
Over the rugged hills and dales,
Where Sewall's men die forever,
And be buried in their graves.
Still let the people say what they will,
For the Union, for the Union,
I'll be for the Union still.
Heaven hath its joys and blessings,
And earth has her trials and cares,
In the North we'll be gay and happy,
When the south will be led in snare.
So let the Secech say what they will,
The Union is the safest still,
For in the Union we shall see,
The gay, the happy and the free.

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, 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, 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 *ae 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 2 1/2 to 10 lbs. Also kegs and barrels from 20 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, oiler 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

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.

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!

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, 1862-1y.

DR. J. LOCKE, DENTIST.

OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown, adjoining F. G. Francis' Hardware Store. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office the first Monday of each month to spend the week. my31

100 DOZEN Coal Oil Chimneys, Wicks, Brushes, &c., for sale at city wholesale prices to retailers, by
mh12 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

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

on the blackboard, and sundry youngsters scattered promiscuously through the room. 'Give the sound of A' says the teacher.— This was followed by a combination of nasal and guttural sound so stunning that it kept sounding in my ears—or my imagination—for a week more or less. 'Now give the second sound of A.' Another tremendous explosion. 'The third sound of A.' Another combination of screams which would undoubtedly have been more fierce had the power of the human throat permitted.

The reader may think this an over-drawn sketch, but I can assure him it is not.— Two more ludicrous scenes than the opening of this school and the exercise in elocution—more appropriately an exercise in yellocution—I have never witnessed in any school. They were utterly destitute of the nice order and good taste that should characterize every school exercise. At the close of my visit the teacher informed me that he did not intend to make teaching his business; like hundreds of others who have disgraced the profession, he was only making teaching 'a stepping stone to something higher.' J. K. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Interesting Correspondence.

A Letter from a Rebel Prisoner to his Loyal Uncle—the Uncle's Reply.

MCDOWELL'S COLLEGE, Feb. 6.

DEAR UNCLE GEORGE: I suppose you have heard that I was taken prisoner at Millford, a short time since. We were brought to St. Louis, and are now confined in this place. To-morrow, I understand, we are to be sent to Alton. I write you to use your influence to get me out on my parole of honor, as I am very anxious to go home and see my family, and especially my wife, who, I have heard is very sick. If you will procure my release, I pledge you my honor I will religiously observe and keep my parole until I am released.— I know that you and I differ politically upon this question. I do not know how it affects you. I have always entertained the highest respect for you as a friend and relative, and my feelings are still the same. I do not know how you feel. I see your office is in the Provost Marshal's office. I know you have great influence, and will be under lasting obligations, if you will procure my release on my parole. I am, very respectfully, your friend and relative,
S. D. MARTIN.

BARNUM'S HOTEL, ST. LOUIS,)
February 10, 1862.)

Dr. Solon D. Martin, Alton, Ill.:

DR. SOLO: Yours of the 6th February was handed to me this evening upon my arrival here. I had heard with deep regret that you were a prisoner, taken in arms against the best Government on earth. I regret to say, after reading your note, I cannot see any signs of repentance on your part. The crime that you have committed is the highest known to the law.— The coldest blooded assassination the law regards as of less turpitude than treason, and justly so, too. In the one case, only a single victim suffers; in the other, whole communities, States, and a nation is filled with assassinations and all the crimes of a lesser grade.

Society is destroyed; law disregarded. The torch of the incendiary, the knife of the assassin, with every other crime, reigns supremely throughout the land. Had you said in your note that you had been duped, deceived, betrayed into this rebellion, and that you repented, heartily repented, of the course you had taken, and that now you were ready to peril life, fortune, and your sacred honor, in defence of the Government your grandfathers toiled for through eight long and bloody years of privation and suffering to establish, then I would have labored for your release, and I doubt not I could have accomplished it. This you have not done, and it is now too late; you can never have my aid. This, to you, may seem harsh, cruel—be it so. If you were my son, instead of my nephew, I would never suffer you to darken my door until you could do so as a patriot and as a loyal citizen of your Government.

Have you ever thought of the consequences of your course upon me? The party with which you associated are my bitter enemies and seek my life. I have already had to fly from my home, and my house surrounded by an armed band of cutthroats the night I left. What was my crime? Loyalty to my Government—patriotism, your grandfathers would in their day have called it. For this, you and your party to which you have joined your fortunes, think men ought to suffer death.— What is the history of the leaders of this rebellion? It is written in one word: Infamy. They have now added to their blackened souls, (if, indeed, they can be blackened,) the crime of murder. Think of the thirty thousand widows, the orphans for bread, the unavailing regrets of more than one hundred thousand friends and relatives, and then tell me if you are guiltless. Have you not contributed, so far as your influence goes, to bring this wail of woe which now goes up from this whole community? Suppose you could secede, and your independence be established, who do you suppose would be

the leaders and prominent men of your Government? Those who now are at the head of this rebellion—men who for years were plotting treason against the very Government they were sworn to support, with perjury upon their souls. I know your surroundings. This to some extent owing to your age, may excuse or palliate your crime.

You have committed a crime that forfeits your life; the leniency of your captors, or those in power, may let you go free. This, however, does not change the turpitude of your crime. You will be spared, if spared at all, because the Government is disposed to be merciful and forgiving. I have written, I fear you will think, harshly and unfeeling to you. I doubt not it will appear so. I was early taught, by an old revolutionary father, to love my country. From him I learned the first lesson of patriotism; from him I learned to detest an Arnold and a Hull. He was your grandfather. Would that you had inherited more of his teachings—you would not now be where you are. You might be confined in a prison in Dixie, but not by federal authority. What can you hope to accomplish? Your party is in hopeless minority. One southern man has not, as your friends said he could, whipped five northern men. Indeed, they have fallen very far short of whipping man for man. Their gassing did very well until the thing was tried, and now the sad realities (to those who then boasted) have demonstrated they are not a match man for man.

Let me tell you, this war will last forever, unless the south lay down its arms and submits to the laws, and every day it lasts the submission will have to be more unconditional.

You have rushed into this rebellion to save slavery. How many, think you, the leaders in this rebellion had? How is it with you? Are your rights to your slaves more secure than they were before? The Government has not brought on this War, but the Government will end it—if it has to be at the sacrifice of Slavery.

If anything I have said will bring you back to your Government and make you a loyal citizen, I shall be amply compensated for this hastily written letter. That you may see the error of your course, I earnestly pray.
Respectfully,
G. R. SMITH.

Signature of the Cross.

How many of those who daily see X appended to a document of those who are unable to write, ever take the trouble to discover its significance. The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature is the sign of a cross, and this practice having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariable proof of such ignorance anciently. The use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for amongst the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive or presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word clericus or clerk was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could and by those who could not write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath from its holy association, and generally the mark. On this account Mr. Chas. Knight, in his notes to the Pictorial Shakespeare, explains the expression of 'God save the mark' as a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath. This phrase occurs three or more times in the plays of Shakespeare; but hitherto it has been left by the commentators in its original obscurity. With these associations clustering round it, the sign of the cross should not be made a subject for ridicule but rather be treated as having important meaning when appended to a document; being at once a signature and an affirmation of the truth of what is there written.

Cures for all Maladies.

For a fit of Passion—Walk out into the open air; you may speak your mind to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a fit of Idleness—Count the ticking of a clock; do this for an hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat and work like a negro.

For a fit of Extravagance and Folly—Go to the workhouse, or speak with the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a fit of Ambition—Go into the churchyard and read the grave-stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of Despondency—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which He has promised to his followers in the next. He

who goes into the garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return to his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of Doubts, Pervercity, and Fear, whether they respect the body or the mind—whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart—the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from a Great Physician: Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee.

For a fit of Repining—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, the afflicted, and the deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions.

Beating Down Prices.

Some people pride themselves on a certain sharpness in making bargains. They buy everything a trifle cheaper than their neighbors because of a certain tact in beating down prices.

It may turn out in another world that this is very short sighted economy, for as Mr. Gough says, it leads many sellers to vicious courses. Mr. Gough said in one of his lectures upon information derived personally from English convicts, that not a few of that unfortunate class of persons had formerly been venders of vegetables, fruit, matches, and such like small wares, and by that humble means had tried hard to gain an honest livelihood. And they ascribe their failure and fall to the fact that their customers were so persistently in the habit of beating down their prices that they found it impossible to earn a living by fair and honest dealing, and were at length tempted to a course of double dealing, which led them step by step into lying, cheating, stealing and finally public degradation and prison.

We think that there is more than a grain of truth in this. At all events, one of the minor morals is to give a poor man a fair price for his labor or his wares.— Beating down is wholly inexcusable. If the price asked is too high in itself or too much for your pocket, leave the article and try another dealer.

Minute Machinery.

A correspondent of the Times, writing from London, says: The most extraordinary machine in the exhibition is beyond question the one for microscopic writing. This enables a person to write in the usual way, and to duplicate his writing a million times smaller; so small, indeed, that it is invisible to the naked eye, yet with a powerful microscope becomes so plain that every line and dot can be seen. The inventor claims that with this instrument he can copy the entire Bible twenty-two times in the space of an inch. The Astor Library, I presume, could be transferred to a sheet of note paper. Practically it will be of great service in preventing forgeries. With one of these machines a private mark can be put on bills so minute and perfect that the forger can neither perceive nor imitate it, but the bank clerk or broker knowing where to look can at once detect that the bill is genuine. The machine is the invention of a Mr. Peters.

Fate of a Traitor.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Huntsville, Ala., says: Walking through one of the most pleasant of Huntsville's beautiful streets day, the bare and blackened walls of a once splendid house presented themselves to my view. The gentleman at my side remarked, there is a sad history connected with those ruins. The man who owned the property was a few weeks since second in influence to no one in the South; with a lovely family, a thorough education, and great wealth. It seemed that nothing was lacking to complete his earthly happiness. In one short month he was hurled from his pious position of influence in Jeff. Davis' Cabinet; his two young sons were lying dangerously wounded in the Corinth hospitals; his city and country mansions laid waste by an incendiary torch; an exile from his home, houseless, wifeless, Pope Walker is turned adrift upon the cold charities of a people whom he had been instrumental in deceiving into a cruel rebellion. How emblematic of General Walker's fortunes are these desolate walls!

Ask Your Enemies.—If you want to know your faults, ask your enemies what they are, and you will be told. If there is a broken place in your coat of mail, they will discover it and thrust in a spear there. They will pierce you between the joints of your harness. Perhaps some people think that one must needs be very wicked to have enemies. No, no; there is not a good man or woman on earth, (unless they are happily good—persons of no force of character,) who has not at least one enemy. It is no credit to a man to have it said of him, 'He has not an enemy in the world.'— Such a sentence would do very well to engrave upon the tombstone of an infant or an idiot, but it is far from being complimentary to a man.

Mr. Martin Van Buren is the only man who held the offices of President, Vice President, Minister to England, Governor of his own State, and member of both Houses of Congress.

Sad Misfortune.

In West Newbury, on Saturday, at the wife of Mr. John C. Carr was stepping down from a chair, her head came in contact with a two foot rule in the hand of her husband with such violence as to destroy the sight of her only remaining eye, the other having been destroyed about ten years since by coming in contact with the rein hook inside of the chaise in which she was riding, in consequence of the horse falling down. The accident on Saturday renders her totally blind.

Unfortunate.—The Atlanta Confederacy calls Wm. Gilmore Simms, the novelist, one of the most unfortunate men of the day. He lost all his property and sources of income by the disruption of the country, the publishers and holders of his copyrights residing in the North. He had fourteen children. Lately he buried nine of them; and a few days ago his house and all his effects were consumed by fire. Nothing was saved from the general ruin but his library.

The smallest baby in the world, perhaps, is now at Barnum's Museum, to be entered in the baby show. The little fellow is eight months old, and weighs one pound and seven ounces—one ounce less than he weighed when he was one month old. The child is well formed and quite healthy; its hand and arm up to the elbow, and its foot and leg up to the knee can be passed through a man's finger-ring. Dr. J. O. Kohn, of Cincinnati, furnishes a certificate of the age, health, and perfect formation of this little specimen of humanity which is at times very lively and playful. The child is accompanied by its father and mother, and their daughter, a fine looking girl of eight years. The prize for the smallest baby is \$1,000.

From Gen. Hunter's Division.

The Camp Kettle, a small paper published by the 10th Pennsylvania (Roundhead) Regiment, contains the following items of intelligence:

Regiments of Contrabands.

General Hunter, pursuant to instructions from the War Department, has resolved to organize two regiments of contrabands for the purpose of relieving the Union soldiers from many duties that can be quite as well performed by the blacks as by the Northern troops, with the effect of preserving many lives to the army for more responsible duties. If the rebels use the blacks against us, the rule may work in the other direction as well, and just, possibly, better. We shall see.— Who was it said 'the world didn't move?'

Special Order No. 24.

The sale of all intoxicating drinks, whether spirituous or fermented, is absolutely prohibited in the town of Beaufort and within the limits of the command. All persons found violating the order will be immediately sent beyond the limits of the command, and their goods confiscated.

Free Labor.

The trial of free labor in South Carolina is progressing steadily and satisfactorily. Many of the deserted plantations are showing signs of a new civilization. Under the benign rule of Gen. Hunter the slave falls very naturally into a free man, and the ex-slaves themselves say that twelve 'free negroes' do more work for pay than twenty slaves did under the lash. Northern enterprise, under the supervision of competent men, is giving intelligent direction to the dark mind of the servile race of this hotbed of rebellion, and it would seem as if a just retributive Providence was about to demonstrate on the soil of South Carolina the greatest problem of the age, viz: That slavery is not necessary to the production of cotton, even in South Carolina.

A Colony of Bees.

One day last week a colony of bees 'swarmed' upon a bush beside one of our picket posts, and a couple of the boys seeing they were 'Secech,' captured them, and 'swore them in' to an empty keg, and gave them to the Colonel, who has them located on the upper piazza of his quarters, under the folds of 'the old flag,' and the little Republicans seem to thrive very well under 'Yankee' rule in 'Dixie.'

NEW REMEDIES FOR SPERMATORRHOEA.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA. A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Venereal and Chronic Diseases, and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs. MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon. VALUABLE REPORTS on Spermatorrhoea, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, and the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent in sealed envelopes, free of charge. Two or three stamps for postage acceptable. Address, DR. J. SKILLLEN Houghton, Howard Association, No. 2 S. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. jeo

Undertaking

STILL carried on. A large assortment of Coffins on hand. Funerals attended to at any distance in the country, at short notice. Thankful for past favors hoping a continuance of the same. A. FELIX.
Lewistown, Feb. 2, 1861.

HAY Forks, Rope and Tackle Blocks, at my7 F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

CLOTHS FOR GENTS' SUITS.

SPRING Style Cassimeres,
Fashionable Vestings,
Tweeds and Cassimeres for boys,
Fine Black Cloths for Coats,
Deskings, Finest Blacks,
Linen and other Shirt Bosoms,
as well as a complete assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING for men and boys, at ap30 GEO. BLYMYER'S.

PRIME Sugar Cured Hams—the Excelsior—Hams, for sale at A. FELIX'S.