

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSENGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MEEPLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2753.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII, No. 18.

**Lewistown Post Office.**  
Mails arrive and close at the Lewistown P. O. as follows:

ARRIVE.	
Eastern through	5 33 a. m.
" " through and way	4 21 p. m.
Western " " "	10 38 a. m.
Belleville " " "	2 30 p. m.
Northumberland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,	6 00 p. m.

**CLOSE.**

Eastern through	8 00 p. m.
" " and way	10 00 a. m.
Western " " "	3 30 p. m.
Belleville " " "	8 00 " "

Northumberland (Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays) 8 00 p. m.  
Office open from 7 30 a. m. to 8 p. m. On Sundays from 8 to 9 a. m. S. COMFORT, P. M.

**Lewistown Station.**  
Trains leave Lewistown Station as follows:

Westward.		Eastward.	
Baltimore Express,	4 40 a. m.		
Philadelphia " "	5 33 " "	12 20 a. m.	
Fast Line,	6 26 p. m.	3 50 " "	
Fast Mail,		10 38 " "	
Mail,	4 21 " "		
Through Accommodation,		2 35 p. m.	
Emigrant,	9 12 a. m.		
Through Freight,	10 20 p. m.	1 20 a. m.	
Fast " "	3 40 a. m.	8 15 " "	
Express " "	11 00 " "	2 35 p. m.	
Stock Express,	5 00 " "	9 05 " "	
Coal Train,	12 45 p. m.	10 38 a. m.	
Local Freight,	6 45 a. m.	6 26 p. m.	

Gabrit's Omnibuses convey passengers to and from all the trains, taking up or setting them down at all points within the borough limits.

**GEO. W. ELDER,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Millin, Centre and Huntingdon counties my26

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

**DR. J. I. MARKS**  
OFFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and the surrounding country. Office in the Public Square opposite the Lewistown Hotel. jan13-6m\*

**Large Stock of Furniture on Hand.**

**A. FELIX** is still manufacturing all kinds of Furniture. Young married persons and others that wish to purchase Furniture will find a good assortment on hand, which will be sold cheap for cash, or country produce taken in exchange for same. Give me a call on Valley street, near Black Bear Hotel. feb 21

**Jacob C. Blymyer & Co.,**  
Produce and Commission Merchants,  
LEWISTOWN, PA.

Flour and Grain of all kinds purchased at market rates, or received on storage and shipped at usual freight rates, having storerooms and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands. Plaster, Fish, and Salt always on hand. sep2

**TIN WARE & STOVES**  
OF all patterns, constantly kept, and for sale at very low figures, as usual, at the famous BIG COFFEE POT SIGN. Lewistown, August 6, 1862.

**BRANDING AND BRAID STAMPING**  
Done on the most fashionable patterns by **MRS. MARION W. SHAW.** Lewistown, Sept. 23, 1863--

**Kishacoquillas Seminary AND NORMAL INSTITUTE.**  
THE Summer Session of this Institution will commence on **MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1863,** and continue twenty-one weeks.  
Cost for Board, Furnished Rooms and Tuition in the English Branches, per session, \$60.  
Day scholars, per session, \$12.  
Music, Languages and Incidentals extra.  
In order to secure rooms in the Institute application should be made before the opening of the school.  
For further particulars, address, S. Z. SHARP, Prin. Kishacoquillas, Pa. jan13

**Mt. Rock Mills.**  
ORDERS FOR FLOUR, FEED, &c.,

Can, until further notice, be left at the Store of S. J. Brishin & Co., or at the Hat Store of W. G. Zollinger, at which places they will be called for every evening, filled next morning, and delivered at any place in the Borough. no18

English Lever Full Jeweled, Detached ditto, Cylinder Escapements, and all kinds. War prices, at **PATTON'S.**

**COAL HODS, Sheet Zinc, Pokers, Shovels and Mica at F. J. HOFFMAN'S.**

## THE MINSTREL.

**THE THREE CALLS.**  
Oh slumberer, rouse thee, despite not the truth,  
But give thy Creator the days of thy youth;  
Why standest thou idle, the day breaketh, see,  
The Lord of the vineyard is waiting for thee.  
Holy Spirit, by thy power  
Grant me yet another hour,  
Earthly pleasure I would prove,  
Earthly joy and earthly love;  
Scarcely yet hath dawned the day:  
Holy Spirit, wait, I pray.  
Oh, loiterer, speed thee, the morn wears apace,  
Then squander no longer the moments of grace,  
But haste while there's time, with thy Master agree:  
The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee.  
Gentle Spirit, stay, oh stay,  
Brightly beams the early day,  
I would linger in these bowers,  
God shall have my noontide hours;  
Hide me not for my delay,  
Gentle Spirit, wait, I pray.  
Oh, sinner, arouse thee, thy morning is past,  
Already the shadows are lengthening fast,  
Escape for thy life, from the dark mountains flee,  
The Lord of the vineyard yet waiteth for thee.  
Spirit, cease thy mournful lay,  
Leave me to myself, I pray,  
Earth hath flung her spell around me,  
Pleasure's silken chain hath bound me;  
When the sun his path hath trod,  
Spirit, then I'll turn to God.

## MORAL & RELIGIOUS

**Get a Home and Keep It.**  
A leading object with every young man should be to secure for himself a permanent home. And for his greater ability, it should consist partly in land, and up to a certain limit, the more of it the better, if paid for. The house should be as comfortable and attractive as one has the means of making it. It should be one that the heart can grow to, and will cling around more and more firmly with every passing year. Its owner should desire and purpose keeping possession of it as long as he lives, and his children should grow up feeling that there is one place fixed and stable for them through all changes.

Americans are altogether too roving in their habits. We build houses cheaply, and pull them down without regret. Or we sell out and move away half a dozen times in a lifetime, in the hope of bettering our condition. How much better to choose a homestead early in life, and then lay plans with reference to abiding there. Even though our gains be less than are promised elsewhere, a certainty should never be given up for an uncertainty. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

Only those who have experienced it know how firmly a family becomes attached to their long loved homestead. No children love home so well as those who have known only one. As the young become of marriageable age, they should go out, one by one, from the old homestead, feeling it to be the model after which their own should be established, and knowing that this shall remain unchanged as long as the parents live, a place to which they can return, and where they will ever be welcome. A pleasing writer confirms our doctrine thus:

'There is great gain in being settled. It is two-fold. Each year accumulates about the farmer the material by which labor is lessened. The rough channels of nature become worn and smooth. A change involves a great loss, and rarely is there a corresponding gain. Time is lost, labor expended, money paid, the wear and tear of removal is a sad item; and above all the breaking up of old associations is often disastrous in the extreme. Parents and children become unsettled in their habits, if not in their morals. \* \* \* Let the man who has a homestead keep it; let him that has none get one, and labor to render it a treasured remembrance to the absent, and a constant joy to those who abide in it.' To all which every intelligent, thoughtful person must give a hearty approval.

**Worship God with Flowers.**  
Flowers are the memories of childhood, which accompany us from the cradle to the grave. I left my birth-place at the age of seventeen, yet the peonies, tulips and roses of my mother's garden are pictured in my mind with a vernal freshness. Teach your children to love flowers, and they will love home and all its inmates. Beautify the grounds around your dwelling with rich foliage, plants, and the bright blossoms of sweet flowers, and the faces of all who look upon the scene will be lighted with smiles, while their hearts will worship the great Giver of all good and perfect gifts to man. If I could be the means of creating a general taste for gardening and love of flowers, I should feel as though I had been of more benefit to my country than all the military heroes of the present age. Worship God with flowers. As He loves all that is beautiful and good, so will He love you as you make your home lovely.

## TALES & SKETCHES

### RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

'Is Miss Bessie in?'  
'Yes, sir.'  
Without further question the speaker entered the house with the air of an accustomed visitor. The room into which he was ushered was furnished with a degree of elegance which betokened alike wealth and good taste. The young man threw himself on the sofa, and taking from his pocket a telegram just received, read it with sparkling eyes. Certainly it must have contained good news, to judge by the expression of his face. He was interrupted in his occupation by a soft hand upon his shoulder.  
'Mr. Mordaunt, I protest against your converting my drawing room into an office. Is your letter, then, of absorbing interest?'  
'I beg your pardon, Bessie,' said the young man, coloring slightly; 'you entered so softly that I did not hear you.'  
'Is that all you have to say to me?' inquired the young lady, playfully. 'I begin to think it was scarcely worth while to come down.'  
'No, Bessie,' said the young man, taking her hand, 'it is not all I have to say to you. I have come to ask you to reconsider your decision postponing our marriage for six months. What good reason is there for it?'

'It is my guardian's wish, Frederic,' said Bessie, gravely. 'He thinks I am so young that we can well afford to wait. After all this is but a short time. Six months will pass away quickly.'  
'To you, perhaps,' returned the lover, half reproachfully.  
'And why not?' she retorted, playfully.  
'For think, Frederic, they are the last six months of my independence. From that time I am to be subject to the whims and caprices of a husband. I am afraid they are all sad tyrants. On second thoughts, it would perhaps be better to name a year.'

'Would you have me commit suicide?'  
'As if you were capable of it,' she retorted, laughing merrily.  
'You don't know what I am capable of,' said young Mordaunt, shaking his head.  
'Perhaps if I don't know I should be unwilling to marry you at all,' said Bessie, with a saucy smile.  
Frederic Mordaunt's face flushed slightly, as if a sudden thought had crossed his mind, but a moment afterward he responded in the same vein.

Half an hour afterward the young man rose to go. Bessie Graham followed him to the door, and then with slow and meditative steps re-entered the drawing room. As she passed the mirror a hasty glance was perhaps natural. Rarely has mirror reflected back a more pleasing face or more graceful figure. Neither perhaps was faultless, but the face had a wonderful power of expression. A smile fairly lighted it up, leaving it absolutely radiant. Yet there was something about the mouth that smiled so sweetly which would have assured a careful observer that Miss Bessie had a will of her own when she chose to exert it. The eyes were clear and truthful. Purity and sincerity were reflected in those mirrors of the soul. Frederic Mordaunt was not the only one who had been won by the charms of the young heiress. For Bessie was an heiress, and a wealthy one. Not that she thought of it. The two hundred thousand dollars which constituted her fortune were a poor substitute in her eyes for the tender love of her father who had been snatched from her three years since by a sudden distemper.

Bessie was about to leave the room when her attention was suddenly drawn to a loose sheet of paper which lay on the carpet at the foot of the sofa on which her late visitor had been sitting. Picking it up, a glance informed her that it was a telegram, and dated at Halifax. Her eyes rested upon it a moment, and almost unconsciously she took in its contents. The blood rushed to her cheeks, and she exclaimed, impetuously, 'Good heavens! can Frederic have acted so base a part?'

The expression of her face was completely changed. There was a deep earnestness in her eyes, but lately sparkling with a merry light. 'This must be inquired into without delay,' she resolved. 'If it be as I suspect, all is over between us. Yes,' she repeated, in a slow and resolute tone, 'henceforth and forever all is over between us.'  
She wrote two lines upon a sheet of note paper, and ringing the bell hastily, said to the servant who answered her summons, 'Do you know Mr. Mordaunt's office?'

'Yes, Miss Bessie.'  
'You will convey this note thither immediately, and place it in his hand. If he is absent wait for him.'  
'Yes, Miss Bessie.'  
Mr. Mordaunt had walked quickly back to his office, having important business awaiting his attention. He was a young merchant who had the reputation of great shrewdness in business matters. Some said that he had never done a better stroke of business than in securing the affections of the young heiress. Perhaps he thought so himself. He had not been returned five minutes when Bessie's messenger arrived.

'A note from Miss Bessie.'  
'Indeed,' said the young merchant, graciously. 'Give it to me.'  
His face assumed a perplexed expression after he had read this brief missive:  
'Will Mr. Mordaunt favor me with a call at his earliest convenience on a matter of great moment?'  
'B. G.'

'What can this mean?' thought Mordaunt. 'I left her but a moment ago as cordial as usual. Yet nothing can be colder than this strange note. Your mistress is well?' he inquired of the servant.  
'Yes, sir, quite well.'  
Not a little disturbed at this summons, which thoroughly mystified him, Frederic Mordaunt, leaving business to take care of itself, hastily returned to the house which he had just quitted. He was shown without delay into the presence of Bessie.

'Why, Bessie,' he commenced, 'you have fairly frightened me with the suddenness of your summons. What--'  
A glance at the grave face of the young lady arrested the words upon his lips. 'I hope you are not ill,' he said, in a changed voice.  
'You left something behind you,' said Bessie, quietly, 'which I thought might be of importance. I have therefore judged it best to send for you that I might return it in person.'

She extended the telegram.  
Frederic Mordaunt turned suddenly pale. He mechanically reached out his hand and took the paper.  
'I have an apology to make,' Bessie continued in the same cold tone. 'Not aware that it was of importance, I accidentally let my eye rest upon it.'

The young man's paleness was succeeded by a crimson flush, but he still remained silent.  
'Frederic!' Bessie burst forth, in a changed tone, 'is this dreadful thing true? Have you really been false to your country and deliberately engaged in furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy? I gather from this telegram that, through an agent in Halifax, you have fitted out cargoes to run the blockade. Is this so?'

The young man's eye quailed before her searching glance. 'Forgive me, Bessie,' he entreated, 'and I will faithfully engage never again so to forget myself.'  
'Forgive you! It is not me you have offended, but your country.'

'I will give half the proceeds to the Sanitary Commission; nay, the whole,' said Frederic, deprecatingly.  
'That cannot repair the evil.'  
You are hard on me, Bessie,' said the young man, a little resentfully. 'I am not the only man engaged in the business. It is wrong, I admit, but it is not the worst thing a man can do.'

'Very nearly,' returned Bessie, gravely.  
'Listen, Frederic Mordaunt,' she continued, rising, and looking down upon him like an accusing angel. 'Three months ago word came to me that a cousin, who was my early play fellow and always dear to me, fell upon the battle field fighting bravely. Do you think, in my sorrow for him, that I have not remembered with indignation those who caused and those who have perpetuated this unhappy war? Yet I could almost envy him his fate. He never proved recreant to honor and false to his country. His memory will ever be held sacred in my heart. Think, Frederic Mordaunt, how many thousands have fallen like him--how many a heart has been made desolate--how many a fireside is wrapped in sadness.'

'That is true; but am I responsible for all this?'

'Their blood is upon your hands, Frederic Mordaunt,' said Bessie, sternly. 'You, and such as you, who betray your country for a little paltry gain--who furnish the rebels with the means of prolonging their unrighteous contest--are guilty of all the extra blood shed and suffering which must necessarily result. Shame on you, Frederic Mordaunt! And you call yourself loyal! I have more respect for an open enemy than for a secret traitor.'

'Bessie,' said the young man, thoroughly humiliated, 'I will not seek to defend myself. I will make any reparation that you may require. Only do not be too hard on me.'  
'I hope you will make such reparation as your conscience exacts. For me, I will not venture to dictate. You are not responsible to me any farther than you are to all who have the welfare of their country at heart.'  
'Surely yes,' said the young man, his heart sinking with a new apprehension. 'The relation between us will justify you in any demand. You have only to express your wishes.'  
'The relation to which you refer has ceased,' said Bessie, coldly. 'I give you back your promise.'  
'You cannot mean it,' said young Mordaunt, in accents of earnest entreaty. 'Say that you do not mean it.'  
'It is best so,' said Bessie. 'I was mistaken in you. I thought you a man of the strictest honor. I did not think-- But what need to proceed? Providence has willed that my eyes should be opened. Let the past be forgotten.'

'I heartily hope you will, Frederic. The interest that I have felt in you will not permit me to say less. But if you have a thought that any change which time will bring will shake my resolution, put it away at once. Where I have once lost my respect I can no longer love. Within the last hour the whole plan of my life seems to have changed. My love for you has gone, never to return. It is best that you should know it. I sincerely hope that you may awaken to a full sense of the disgrace in which you have involved yourself, and may seek as far as possible to repair it. Should such be the case, my good opinion of you may in time be restored. Do not seek for more.'

Frederic Mordaunt took his hat slowly, and left the room. He felt that it would be useless to urge his suit further. There was that in the expression and tone of Bessie Graham which warned him that it would be useless to urge his suit further. There was that in the expression and tone of Bessie Graham which warned him that it would be in vain. Even in that hour, perhaps, the loss of the fortune which the heiress would have brought him was not the least bitter ingredient in his cup of humiliation. Yes, even in the pecuniary view, his speculation had failed miserably. He had gained five thousand dollars and lost two hundred thousand.

As for Bessie, she did not grieve much for the lover she had dismissed. It was as she had said. All her love for him had passed away when she awoke to a sense of his unworthiness. She has firmly resolved that whenever her hand is given, it shall be to one who has devoted himself heart and hand to the service of his country.

### JANE'S VALENTINE.

What a singular tableau! Three beautiful girls convulsed with laughter, and one plain faced maiden bathed in tears. It was St. Valentine's Eve. Missive after missive had been brought into the back parlor at Judge Milford's by the obsequious waiter. Some of these offerings were large and expensive; some tiny and delicate; some replete with flattery; some redolent with perfume; all eminently silly.

But none of these had occasioned the mirth of the trio, or the grief of the one. Some vulgar person had sent a vile caricature to the plain sister, accompanied by an exaggerated description of her ugliness in verse.  
It was quite painful enough to Jane to know that she possessed no claim to her personal beauty. Could she have lost sight of this fact she would have appeared differently at times. But her sisters always managed to bring their own prettiness into such forcible contrast with her plainness, that she was rarely free from a nervous sort of consciousness of her personal defects.

But she had good sense and a patient spirit, which they had not. Still, when they grew so merry over her solitary Valentine, she finally burst into tears, in spite of her efforts to the contrary; for Jane was in the habit of concealing her emotions, when wounded and heart sore, until safely concealed in her own room.  
'Look!' exclaimed Isabella, opening her black eyes to their utmost capacity, 'the child is really weeping. Why Jane! you look more like the picture than ever. You would never do for a heroine in a novel, for they are always represented as irresistible in tears.'

'Mery! how red your eyes are,' ejaculated azure-orbed Clara. 'You do look frightful.'  
'The poor child can't help being ugly!' interposed Fanny, gazing complacently into the mirror opposite, where her red lips and auburn ringlets were advantageously reflected.  
'That is just what pains me,' sobbed Jane. 'Because God saw fit to create me plain, I do not see why I should be made the but of every coarse jest. I suppose I have feelings like other people. Should my faults of temper or omissions of duty be chosen as the subject of ridicule, I should not complain; but to ridicule my personal appearance, I think, savors of coarseness and ignorance.'

Isabel's black eyes flashed. Jane the youngest of them all, always so submissive, always so humble, to burst out so suddenly, with so pointed a declaration!  
'Mr. Lee, in the drawing-room, wishes to see Miss Jane,' announced the servant at this juncture.  
'Are you certain he said Jane?' demanded Clara.  
'Yes mem,' replied the waiter.  
'Lottie is ill again, no doubt,' suggested Fanny. 'Jane is such an excellent nurse,' and Isabel added, 'I wish cousin Charles had come to spend the evening in a social way.' It would certainly be very agreeable, for Charley Lee was a rich, fine-looking, and intelligent widower and remotely related to the Milfords. No wonder the three graces at Milford Hall found cousin Charles an interesting gentleman, his little daughter Lottie a perfect angel, and his country seat a terrestrial Paradise.

Jane loitered on the way to the drawing-room, striving to efface all traces of her recent grief. 'Is Lottie ill?' interrogated she, as Mr. Lee approached her.  
'No, Jane,' he replied, 'Lottie is well, but in want.'

'In want?' Jane repeated.  
'Yes, in want of a mother, and I of a wife, and I have come here to-night to offer myself to little Jane Milford as her valentine for life, if she will accept a man old enough to be her father.'

'Why, I am very plain!' she faltered forth, 'I have just received the most horrid caricature you ever saw, in consideration of my claims to extraordinary ugliness. I recollect thinking you plain when I first saw you,' he replied; 'but now in my eyes, you are the prettiest of the four. Besides I do not base my preferences on personal beauty. You are good, gentle, and sweet-toned; and I love you. But about the valentine; do you consider me particularly ill looking?'

'You, Mr. Lee?' said Jane, innocently, 'why you are handsome.'  
'Well, I received a valentine to-day quite as grotesque as your own, I'll be bound,' and unfolded a sheet, revealing a lone widower shivering over a miserable fire. 'But this awakened me to a sense of my lonely condition, and I determined to appeal to you, notwithstanding my fear of your reply, when I considered my thirty-six and your eighteen years. Is that a barrier, dear Jane?'

'Dear Jane! What a charm lingered all around those two little words! Who had ever pronounced them so softly and tenderly before? No one, she was positive and she naively replied.

'Oh! I should never think of that.'  
'What can keep Jane so long?' said Clara, restlessly. 'I can't think for my what cousin Charles could want.'

Jane entered the room just as she spoke these words.  
'Where is cousin Charles?' queried Fanny.

'In the study with papa,' was the answer, and taking a light, Jane glided into the room to be alone with her new happiness. The next morning, wonder, chagrin, disappointment could be discovered in the faces of the three sisters, on hearing their father congratulate Jane on the very eligible match she had made. 'For,' said 'I have always hoped to see Charles my son-in-law, and, though you are beauty, I think he has managed good success in his selection.'

Jane keeps her caricature. She sardonically looks at it occasionally, for fear other Valentine (Charles) should succeed in making her believe herself very pretty.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**How Mr. Stanton Settled a Point.**--A Washington correspondent writes: 'The town is laughing at an amusing story of a recent interview between the Secretary of War and the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It is too good to be lost. I give it as I find it abridged. 'The draft has fallen with great severity upon the employees of our company.'

'Indeed?'

'If something is not done to relieve us, it is difficult to foresee the consequences.'

'Let them pay the commutation.'

'Impossible! the men can't stand such a tax.'

'They have a rich company at their back, and that's more than other people have.'

'They ought to be exempted, because they are necessary to the working of the road for the Government.'

'That can't be.'

'Then, I will stop the road.'

'If you do, I'll take it up and carry it on.'

'The discussion is said to have been dropped at this point, and the very worthy President is still working the road as successfully as ever.'

**A few days since** a recruiting agent carried a finely proportioned man to the surgeon for examination, telling the man to return to the ward room as soon as he had been passed. In due time the man arrived, bringing his own rejection. There was indignation among the recruiting committee, who immediately began to feel the muscles of this splendid specimen of a man, and point out the beauties of his structure. Loud were their complaints and bitter the denunciations of Dr. H., and what overt act they might have committed it would be impossible to tell, had not a bystander asked the man what cause the doctor gave for rejecting him. 'Well, I believe,' said the man, 'that he says I've got the itch.' The ward room was clear in a moment.

**Esop's fly,** sitting on the axle of the chariot, has been much laughed at for exclaiming, 'What a dust I do raise!' Yet which of us, in his own way, has not sometimes been guilty of the like.

**A 'big Injun'** having strayed from the camp, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about, he drew himself up and exclaimed, 'Injun lost!' but recovering himself, and feeling unwilling to acknowledge such short-sightedness, continued, 'No, Injun no lost--wigwam lost; (striking his breast) Injun here!'

**Why do all the girls put on the left stocking last?**