

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. WEYSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MINNAPEN COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

Whole No. 2756.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII, No. 21.

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.
Bellefonte " " "	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.
Bellefonte " " "	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. CORROTT, 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.	

Galbraith'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 Minnepen, Centre and Huntingdon counties. my26

DR. J. LOCKE,
D. D. S. P.
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

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 on country produce taken in exchange for same. Give me a call: 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 storehouses and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands. Plaster, Fish, and Salt always on hand. sep2

Lock Repairing, Pipe Laying, Plumbing and White Smelting
THE above branches of business will be promptly attended to on application at the residence of the undersigned in Main street, Lewistown. jan10
GEORGE MILLER.

BRAIDING
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 4, 1864,
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.
jan13 Kishacoquillas, Pa.

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

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

English Lever Full Jeweled, Detached ditto to, Cylinders Escapements, and all kinds. War Prices, at
PATTON'S.

THE MINSTREL.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.
At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,
In a quiet, shady spot,
Just peeping through half hid from view,
Stands a little moss-grown cot;
And straying through, at the open door,
The sunbeams play upon the sanded floor.
The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the old hearthstone;
With winking grace, in the old fireplace,
The evergreens are strewn,
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.
More lovely still, on the window sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,
While amidst the leaves on the moss-grown oaves
The martin builds her nest,
And all day long the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the bending trees.
Over the door, all covered o'er
With a sack of dark green bairn,
Lays a musket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days:
And the powder flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.
For years have fled, with a noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams away,
And left in their flight, all shorn of his might,
A father--old and gray:
And the soft wind plays with his snow-white hair
As the old man sleeps in his easy chair.
In at the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, fairy footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side--
An old oak wreathed by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

From the Sunday School Times.

AT THE LAST.

It seems a very innocent thing, that glass of ruby wine. It brightens the eye, pleases the taste, and gives a pleasing vivacity to the air and conversation. It is considered a graceful custom to drink wine with another, even in refined circles. A young man is "odd" who declines it, especially in his New Year's calls, and when fair hands proffer the crystal glass. It would be well if our drinking cups were fashioned as were those of an ancient monarch, with a glittering golden serpent coiled at the bottom, with gleaming gems for eyes, and fiery jaws distended, apparently just ready to bury its fangs in its victim. What more striking reminder could this heathen have devised of the inspired declaration, "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?"

It is wise for the young man to consider well the "at last" of his career before he quaffs the first glass. Instead of the bright and sparkling eye, and animated countenance, which the mirror now reflects back to you, you may see your reflection "at the last," in that disfigured, bloated drunkard reeling yonder, his red eyes scarcely guiding him as truthfully as does the trusting staff of the blind beggar. Instead of your gay and cheerful conversation, will be the unintelligible gibberish of the drunkard. Instead of the refined society where you were first tempted, and fell so sadly, your associates must be only of the degraded sort, of which you have become one. Those who once knew you will be ashamed to be seen in your company "at the last." The very taste which you have cultivated, and which now affords you so much pleasure, will turn to a fiery-tongued adder, and be your fierce tormentor. If there can be a fair type of the sufferings of the lost in this life, it is found in the last days of the habitual drunkard. The figurative language of Scripture becomes to them a living reality. The mental horror and despair are no doubt but faint foreshadowings of the last state of that man when he has passed the bounds of time, but they are enough to strike terror to the hearts of beholders.

Oh, be warned in season, and enter not into a path which has such a fearful ending.

Good Manners Among Children.

It is a graceful habit for children to say to each other, 'Will you have the goodness?' and 'I thank you.' We do not like to see prim, artificial children; there are few things we dislike so much as a miniature beau or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affectation or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, 'Please give me a piece of pie,' as to say 'I want a piece of pie.' The idea that constant politeness would render social life stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of it. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would like to be treated yourself. A person who acts from this principle will always be said to have 'sweet, pretty ways with her.' It is of some consequence that your daughter should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully; but it is of much more consequence that she should avoid what is offensive to others, and always prefer their pleasure to her own.

There is no xqts for laziness.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Word to the Wise

The man who pursues a business that is not in some manner useful to his fellow men wrongs society, for society justly claims some benefit from the labors of every one admitted to enjoy its privileges and benefits; and if a man's business is not only not useful but positively injurious, he and his business are both nuisances, and society would be better without them. Farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants, preachers, teachers, authors, editors, inventors, and artists may pursue their callings not only as a means of support, but also as a means of benefitting society. Comfort, wealth, health, intelligence, refinement, and religious, moral, and social progress flow from their labors. But what come by the labors of the whisky seller, horse racer, and lottery manager? Debauchery, intemperance, profanity, rowdiness, poverty, disease and wretchedness. Clearly the culture and manufacture of tobacco belong to the same list of utterly useless and wholly disreputable pursuits. It cannot be shown that society is in any way benefited by the production and consumption of tobacco, now so fearfully on the increase; on the contrary, the teachings of physiology, chemistry, and common sense all coincide in testifying to its utter uselessness, and its injurious effects. Besides, the tobacco traffic diverts a large share of labor and capital from a useful and productive channel into one that results in nothing, unless it be poverty and disease. The city of New York pays more for tobacco than for bread. It does not seem possible to believe that any sane man could so liberally and seriously defend the tobacco traffic from a moral and social standpoint, unless by resorting to the most absurd and ridiculous sophistries.

But 'it pays.' Just so; and so does whisky selling. If a business is honorable or useful simply because it pays, then are counterfeiting and gambling among the most respectable and useful professions. It is safe and honorable always to act from high and right motives. He violates the best principles of his nature who suffers himself to be subject to the sordid and mercenary motives which only can induce any one to engage in tobacco culture. While the present scarcity of laborers continues, farmers will no doubt find work accumulating upon their hands quite rapidly enough during the busy summer months, without the vexatious drudgery attending the care of a patch of tobacco, while young men with sufficient energy to manage a few acres of tobacco plants, will not want useful, respectable, and remunerative employment elsewhere. Let not, then, the 'sacred soil' of the fair valleys of central Pennsylvania be desecrated the coming summer by foul blotches of tobacco plants. Rather let us see beds of strawberries, blooming apple trees and fields of waving grain. JAY.
Kishacoquillas Valley, March 7, 1864.

CAMP PAROLED PRISONERS,
New Orleans, March 2, '64.
Mr. Editor:—Yesterday, while visiting Mrs. Mark, I saw a copy of your paper containing my last letter; and I am glad you added the note thereto, for when I wrote it it was my intention to make mention of the fact that the Susquehanna was some distance from the scene of conflict. Since then many curious things have happened in this fine southern city. The most curious, and perhaps that which caused the most amusement amongst the young folks, was the appearance on the streets of what is called here, 'Mardi Gras.' On this day, the day preceding the commencement of Lent, all and every person is at liberty to dress in whatever costume they prefer, without any danger of molestation from the city police or other authorities. A mask of some kind generally covers the face. In former years, before war interfered with general pursuits, there was a very large turnout in this city. The procession was large, and you could see both men and women dressed in each other's clothing. A large club and a small sack of flour were formerly the weapons used by these Mardi Gras. The flour was used to whiten any negro who might be found on the streets with fine clothes, and also sometimes used on others; but as a general thing none but the negroes suffered at their hands. The day was not as well observed as it has been in former years. Enough, however, were out to show the casual observer the ridiculousness of the practice. The day is also observed as one of dancing, enjoyment, frivolity, &c. The evening is set apart for dancing, &c., masquerade style—and many a woman has the pleasure of meeting

her husband, and vice versa. The performance during the day and evening was a matter of much curiosity to me, as well as to others who had never seen the day observed.

The next and most appropriate celebration day was the 22d of February. This was observed in such style as it fully deserves. The birthday of Washington, if any holiday should be kept by the people of the United States, should receive more attention than any other. Here it was kept in beautiful style. The principal business places closed during the day, and all military offices which it was not essential to keep open were also closed. Several bands, belonging to some of the regiments now here, enlivened the air with their music, and artillery were so arranged as to keep time with the music of the bands—shooting a large or small calibre gun, according to the note to be made. The time kept was excellent, and everything passed off very agreeably to the many citizens and soldiers who were present. The day was closed by Mrs. Gen. Banks giving a grand ball entertainment. Everybody spoke in high praise of the performances of the day, and seemed delighted that the people would once more do honor to the birthday of the immortal Washington, the father of his country.

Great preparations are making for the inauguration of Hon. Michael Hahn as Governor of Louisiana, on the 4th of March. The day will no doubt bring forth a demonstration from the people such as has not been heard of since the commencement of the war. The election passed off very quietly, much to the astonishment of those who pretended to know anything of the manner in which elections are conducted in this State.

About two hundred of the paroled boys here have been exchanged, but I am informed that I am not among the number. Probably another exchange will take place shortly, when my time will certainly come. The army here is moving in several directions, but for the life of me I cannot tell what they aim to accomplish. Probably Mobile is one of the points in view.
Regards to all inquiring friends.
Yours, &c.,
C. E. T.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Incident.

It was late. The lamps of the car burned dimly. In one seat were a 'happy couple,' rejoicing in a carpet-bag, two hand boxes, a basket, a brown paper parcel, and a 'sleeping cherub.' Suddenly the cherub—a girl of some three years' experience in this strange world—awoke from one of those long, undisturbed slumbers that are among the prerogatives of childhood, and climbed up so as to stand and look over the back of the seat. Two care-worn, travel-wearied and half-awake men sat directly in front of the little creature. They looked as if they had been on board of railroad cars for a month, and had journeyed from the regions about sunset. The great curious eyes of the child fell upon them. She scanned carefully the face of each, and one would have deemed her to have been an infantile physiognomist. Presently one of them looked at her. It was evident that she rather liked him; for instantly her little voice was heard as she piped out the query:
'Do you like little girls?'

The man looked at her a moment rather gruffly, and then replied:
'No—I don't.'

A shade of disappointment and surprise was instantly daguerre-typed upon the countenance of the child, but passed when she replied:
'Yes you do.'

The man roused himself and took another look; he was evidently both puzzled and interested, and he said:
'How do you know?'

And she said, 'Cause you look as if you did.'

This thawed him out a little and he said, 'I have a little girl at home.' The little creature now evidently felt that she was on the right 'track,' and after a look that showed that this intelligence presented a new and unexpected view of the affair, renewed the conversation earnestly, and the following colloquy ensued:
'Do you love your little girl?'

'Yes.'

'Is she a real good little girl?'

'Sometimes she is.'

'Does she go down in the kitchen when she ought not to?'

'Yes, sometimes.'

'Do you whip your little girl when she is naughty?'

'Sometimes.'

'Does she cry when you talk to her, and tell her she is naughty?'

'Yes.'

'Then do you whip her?'

'Sometimes.'

'When she says she is sorry, do you whip her then?'

'No, never.'

Then the little creature's eyes danced and sparkled at this, and drawing conclusions no doubt from her own experience, she exclaimed:
'I'm real glad.'

Then looking at the other man who had refused to answer the question she had put to him, she said to her newly-made friend, with a look of wonder:
'That man won't speak to me!—Does he love little girls?'

The man had a heart somewhere, and he thawed out. Rousing himself, he extended his brawny hand, and said:
'How do you do, sissy?'

And the little creature, not altogether at ease, replied:
'I'm pretty well; how are you?'

By this time all within hearing of this colloquy were moved to tears; the eyes of the parents of the little prattler were full to overflowing, and those who were nearest heard one of the men she had questioned say to the other:
'She's a little witch.'

And so she was. Her blooming beauty and her infantile artfulness were powerful enough to break through the roughness, the weariness, and reserve, and indifference of the travel-worn men of the world, and to melt them to tears.

Marked Articles.

Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts, &c., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home. Thus—on a homespun blanket, worn, but washed as clean as snow, was pinned a bit of paper which said: 'This blanket was carried by Milly Aldrich (who is ninety-three years old) down hill and up hill one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier.'

On a bed quilt was pinned a card, saying: 'My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most all of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love.'

On another blanket was this: 'This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812—may it keep some soldiers warm in this war against traitors.'

On a pillow was written: 'This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it? it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it for the soldiers.'

On a pair of woollen socks was written: 'These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit some more, for mother says it will help some poor soldier.'

On a box of beautiful lint was this mark: 'Made in a sick-room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two souls have bid their mother good-bye as they have gone out to the war.'

On a bundle containing bandages was written: 'This is a poor gift, but it is all I had; I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give, but I haven't.'

On some eye shades were marked:—
'Made by one who is blind. Oh, how I long to see the dear Old Flag that you are all fighting under.'

A Singular Curiosity.—One of the most singular and astonishing freaks of Nature, rarely coming under notice, has lately occurred in the growth of a horn-like tumor from the breast of Mr. Joseph Millway, of this county. The tumor was situated a little to the right of the breast-bone, and made its appearance some three years ago, in the shape of three horns, which, after a while, were shed off like a deer's antlers, and like them they reappeared and grew to be several inches in length, with the appearance and solidity of horn. A change taking place in the flesh around the tumor, he became alarmed, and went to Dr. Charles D. Green, in Philadelphia, who removed it. The operation was very severe, covering a space as large as the hand, extending down between the ribs. Mr. M., who resides near Dover, has the curiosity preserved in a bottle, open to the inspection of any one.—*Smyrna (Del.) Times.*

Sole of a Wife.—Under an act of this State a man may sell his wife to another for a compensation, provided she be exposed in a market-place, with a cord of fibrous material placed about her neck. We learn that a member of the 14th Iowa, whose wife lived near Davis' livery-stable, undertook to sell her to one of Mr. Hill's subordinates for \$25, and received \$15 on account. The purchaser afterwards refused to pay the balance, and the case was taken before Colonel Shaw for adjustment. On being questioned the buyer acknowledged the transaction, but said the woman was unsound and, furthermore, a great scold. He finally agreed, however, to pay the \$10 and return the woman. The bargain, we suppose, was not considered legal, as the terms of the law had not been complied with.—*Columbus (Ky.) War Eagle.*

Punch says the new Danish oath is 'Dash my Schles wig.'

Nick-a-Jack Cave.

A correspondent writing from Bridgeport, Alabama, to the Louisville Journal, communicates the following concerning a cave near that place:

This celebrated cave is situated in the most eastern corner of Tennessee, and is one of the most remarkable works of nature in existence. It is one hundred and thirty miles from Nashville, on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. The adjacent station to the cave is Smellmound. The first look at this cave does not impress one with its wonderful magnitude. The front is somewhat irregular, and of a brown grayish granite rock. The opening is about forty feet high and some one hundred and thirty feet in width. On entering you begin to think you are in the deserted residence of giants. Nature tossed everything about, as if in disdain and defiance of earthly architects. The cave is said to extend nine miles back, but four miles is the furthest any explorer has been known to reach. From the main road, if I might so speak, there are vast veins of nice soft earth, in which may be seen saltpetre, mixed in large quantities, and looking exactly like soda. The rebels, ere they were driven from this stronghold, worked the mine extensively in procuring this, to them, invaluable article. One hundred men were engaged, and the traces of the excavations are fresh yet. It is estimated that they procured one thousand pounds per week of pure saltpetre, with even their rough implements and poor means of procuring it. Through the cave runs a pure, clear, crystal little river from three to five feet deep, and from six to thirty feet wide. Sailing in a little light canoe, half filled with water, you can paddle up the stream one mile and a half, when you come to the solid granite and a stand still. The river gushes from out the rock, and no one knows whence from. In it are a tiny, little, eyeless fish called Molly crawl bottoms. How wise and provident is Nature in adapting all things to the elements about them.

Old Buck's Meanness.—The Lancaster Examiner relates the following incident of old Buck's parsimony and meanness: We understand that when the committee appointed by the citizens of Lancaster township to collect funds for a local bounty, waited upon ex-president Buchanan they were received very coolly and cavalierly.—The 'old public functionary' when asked to subscribe, said he did not think it right to raise volunteers in that way; that it was the duty of every young man to serve his country, and he should volunteer his services; that when he was a young man he did so and marched to Baltimore, but he would hold the matter under advisement, and the committee could call again. The committee (his own immediate neighbors) left with extreme disgust at this unpatriotic and miserly dodge of the old traitor. Afterward, when they were told by an ignorant worshipper of Buchanan that if they would call he would subscribe, the offer was indignantly rejected. Poorer but better men than the old dotard of Wheatland had the amount necessary and his money, drawn from the treasury of a government he had done his best to destroy, was considerably and righteously refused.

Snuff Takers Beware.—Lately a gentleman travelling through England entered a first class carriage, where he found a person already comfortably seated who soon entered into conversation, and civilly offered his new acquaintance a pinch of snuff, which was accepted, but had no sooner entered his nostrils than it produced the effect of a powerful narcotic, of which the weary traveller soon took advantage by relieving his sleeping companion of fifteen thousand francs in bank notes, three thousand francs in other money, besides his watch, chain, and ring, with which valuables it is needless to say, he escaped undetected.

We ask loyal men, whether they be Democrats or Republicans, to observe one fact, which is this—the Copperhead editors are continually and persistently abusing President Lincoln and every measure of our Government, but have nothing to say against Jeff Davis or the treason of the South. Now, if these Copperheads are not sympathizers with treason and enemies of our Government, how is their conduct to be explained?

A strange calamity occurred a short time ago at a coal pit in England. As the men were being let down in divisions of six for each lift, a horse, in the darkness, leaped down the open pit, overturned the machine in his fall, overturned it, and all the six men were killed.

Two young girls retired to bed in good health on Saturday night, 5th inst., at Newark N. J., but in the morning were both dead. They had built a charcoal fire in a stove, and a defective flue in the chimney allowed the gas to escape into the room.

Nine Cardinals' hats are at present disposable. Pius IX has during his reign created forty five Cardinals, and seen sixty-five disappear from this world.