

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. PRYSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2758.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII, No. 23.

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 09 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. 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.

Gaibrath'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 Mifflin, 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.

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: 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

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

**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 twentyone 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. Brislin & 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

BEST Note and Letter paper at  
maroh2. SWAIN'S.

## THE MINSTREL.

'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.'

BY FIDELITE.

'Tis sweet to be remembered,  
When joys are falling fast,  
When friends are near unnumbered  
With love on us to cast.  
'Tis sweet, oh yes, 'tis sweet.

'Tis sweet to be remembered,  
When sickness on us falls,  
When time and mind are cumbered  
By sorrow's bitter palls.  
'Tis sweet, yes, then 'tis sweet.

'Tis sweet to be remembered,  
When the cold hand of death  
Parts those whom we have numbered  
Ours, till our latest breath.  
Remembered then, 'tis sweet.

'Tis sweet to be remembered,  
When fortune's scales are turned,  
When left unbefactored,  
By those toward whom we turned.  
How sweet, oh, then, how sweet.

Oh, sweet to be remembered,  
When vile tongues in their zeal,  
Foul calumny engendered,  
To mar the virtuous rest.  
Humanity! then 'tis sweet.

Sweeter to be remembered,  
When God sees fit to smite  
With a loving hand: tendered  
To bring us to the right.  
Christians! then 'tis sweet.

'Tis sweet to be remembered,  
By Thee, oh! Christ, my Love;  
When we by Thee are numbered,  
Among the blest above.  
My Saviour, oh! 'tis sweet.

In pity love remember  
We mortals poor and blind,  
And help us to remember  
All stages of mankind.  
Our Father's love is sweet.

## TALES & SKETCHES

### The Pastor's Lieutenant.

STORY FOR BUSYBODIES IN GENERAL.

Miss Jellaby rose at six one beautiful August morning, and throwing open her chamber window, sniffed once or twice, at the fragrance coming up from the garden below. Then she hunted a moment for her spectacles upon the bureau, and putting them on, looked eagerly at Randall cottage over the way. A very modest, pretty little house it was, with roses and syringas growing under each window, and woodbine and jessamine climbing over the door; but Miss Jellaby was not admiring its beauty just then. She looked up at the front window, on the second floor, and gave a vicious snort.

'As I expected! She isn't up yet, and here it is six o'clock! And where is she I wonder?'

Before she had time to answer the question, as it was asked—mentally—the front door of the cottage opened, and Miss Jellaby shrinking behind the curtain, saw a handsome, sunburned man come out, and go down the garden walk, with a cigar in his mouth. It was easy to see by the slight roll in his walk, that he was a sailor, though for the matter of that, his bearing, handsome face, and frank hearty manner, would have told the tale, if he had not stirred a st. p. With his hands in his pockets, he sauntered among the roses, bending down now and then as if to say good morning to the fairest, and always removing his cigar when he did so.

'He couldn't do more if he was speaking to a woman,' said the spinster, applying her eyes to a hole left purposely in the white curtain. The man is mad about flowers, I do believe, and she is a touch beyond him, if such a thing can be. Ah, there she comes—and dressed in blue gingham, too! I wonder what her morning gowns cost her a year? And her slippers—oh, mercy, there they go right through the wet—well, there—'

Words failed the worthy spinster.—Meanwhile the owner of the slippers—and very pretty little affairs they were—bronzed, laced, rosetted with a sapphire that shone like a dew drop—tripped down the walk so lightly that the gentleman did not hear her step, and coming upon him as he bent over a bed of violets, gave him a punch that sent him on his face among them. To see her laugh—to see him blunder up and chase her through the alleys—to see him kiss her when he prisoned her at last in his strong arm—and to see her pretend to box his ear—for it was a slight for a loving heart to watch—but Miss Jellaby, over opposite, fainted away with horror. She rang her bell violently, and a square-faced, sour looking woman, who had lived with her for years, made her appearance.

'Susan?'

'Well, said the amiable domestic briefly. Before Miss Jellaby could speak, the unconscious pair in the opposite garden transgressed against propriety again.

'Walking up and down in broad daylight, with his arm around her waist—just look at her, Susan! do you mean to stand there and tell me that that man is only her brother?'

'Dear me, ma'am—how can I tell? I only know that they look alike, and that they have the same name, Helen and Philip Graham, I was told.'

'Humph! It's my opinion that some one ought to speak to Mr. Fullerton.'

'The minister? What for?'

'Are you such a fool, Susan, as not to see what it all means? They are no more brother and sister than you and I are.'

'Well, what are they then?'

'That remains to be told—the wretches! But Mr. Fullerton will soon set them to rights. I shall go and see him after breakfast. I don't know what the poor man would do without me.'

'Have some peace. I suppose,' muttered Susan, under her breath, as she followed Miss Jellaby down to the parlor.

Breakfast being over, Miss Jellaby sailed to the parsonage.

The clergyman was a quiet peace loving man, somewhat timid withal, and the spinster always overpowered him with her arguments, when she attempted to do so. She stayed nearly half an hour with him; at the expiration of that time people who were on the lookout saw her conveying the unhappy parson in the direction, and at last, through the very gate of Randall Cottage.

A tidy looking old servant admitted them, ushered them into a pleasant nursery room, and said she would go and tell her mistress of their arrival. Mr. Fullerton sat on the edge of his chair, very uneasy in mind, and wishing with all his heart that he was at home again. Miss Jellaby strode up and down the room like a dragon, eying everything about her, and making observations in an under tone, which, however, he could not help hearing.

'Such extravagance! Look at the carpet, now—all roses and lilies, and straggling green vines. Why can't they be contented with a dragnet, as I am?'

She took another turn.

'And a guitar! Spaniards, I don't doubt; or Italians; and the rest follows as a matter of course. Mr. Fullerton I believe these people are heathens!'

'Hardly, I think, or they never would have come to church last Sunday.'

'Oh, you don't know that; perhaps they had some private end to gain by it,' said Miss Jellaby.

The spinster's unreasonable suspicions tickled Mr. Fullerton beyond measure.—She saw him laughing and grew indignant.

'Let those laugh that win, I say, Mr. Fullerton; I don't doubt you will feel more like crying before this business is settled.'

'Not I,' said the minister, with a rueful look.

'A crucifix, as I am a sinner,' she murmured a moment afterwards. There, Mr. Fullerton, what did I tell you! hanging on the wall here in broad daylight. Shall I pull it down?'

'Are you beside yourself, Miss Jellaby? said Mr. Fullerton, springing up and arresting her hand just in time.

The sound of voices and laughter in the garden prevented her giving him what she called, a 'piece of her mind.' There was a race up the broad path, that sobered into a walk when the young couple neared the windows, followed by the old servant, who had been in the grounds to call them.

They entered the room together, flushed with their frolic, but looking happy and pleased to meet the clergyman.

'Sin wears a different face from that,' he said to himself, as he shook hands with them. They turned to the spinster, who had bolstered herself up against the chimney piece, and stood eyeing them with sour disdain.

'Your neighbor, Miss Jellaby,' said Mr. Fullerton, adding in a low whisper to her, as they sought about the room for easy chairs. 'It's all a mistake, my good creature—there's nothing wrong here. I'll have nothing to do with the matter. Say nothing, and let this pass as a morning call.'

'Say nothing, indeed! Mr. Fullerton, I am astonished at you! was her reply, too audibly made, however, for Mr. Graham heard it, though he was too courteous to look surprised.

'Pray take this easy chair, Mr. Fullerton,' said Helen, who wondered inwardly at the strange behavior of her guests.

'No, my child,' said the clergyman kindly. 'Sometimes I hope to come again. I can only express my sorrow having been persuaded against my better judgement to enter these doors on such an absurd errand—and leave you.'

'My dear sir, forgive me if I do not quite understand! exclaimed the captain, while Helen made up her mind that both her visitors were mad.

'I will tell you at another time,' said Fullerton, nervously. 'I will only say in explanation of this intrusion, that it has been caused by a ridiculous mistake. Miss Jellaby, will you allow me to accompany you home?'

Miss Jellaby folded her arms, looked at them all viciously, and thundered out—'No!'

'Is she mad?' whispered Helen to the clergyman. 'What does all this mean?'

Miss Jellaby heard her.

'It means this, madam, and this nothing more, that if Mr. Fullerton is to be ensnared by a pretty face, and frightened out of doing his duty, I am not!'

'Was there ever such an unfortunate

piece of business! Miss Jellaby, I cannot allow you to commit such an act of folly, or to insult these young creatures. I command you, as your master, not to speak.'

'I take no orders from a man who shrinks from his duty,' said the spinster loftily.

'My dear sir, (turning to the captain,) it seems I cannot spare you the infliction, so I may as well tell you what this good lady means. She lives opposite you as you already know—'

'And she has seen you time and again, when you thought yourselves quite alone—remember that!' chimed in the sharp voice of the spinster.

'Do be quiet, my dear Miss Jellaby. As she says, she has often seen you—'

'Kissing!' exploded from her lips.

'Miss Jellaby, either you or I must be silent. From these things she has drawn her own conclusions, and I am ashamed to say that for a brief space she persuaded me into believing therein. I need not add that from the instant you entered this room, my suspicions vanished, and I would readily stake my life, this moment, upon your perfect integrity.'

'But, my dear sir,' said Captain Graham, smiling, 'of what does this lady suspect us?'

'Tell them, Miss Jellaby, I will not.'

'Pretty behavior, I am sure, to leave the worst part to me, Mr. Fullerton. However, no one shall say I shrunk from my duty!'

'We are waiting to know what heinous crime we have committed,' said Captain Graham, drawing the bewildered Helen close to his side. Miss Jellaby gasped at the avowal; then it seemed to give her fresh energy.

'Before my very eyes, sir!'

'What do you mean?'

'I suppose you will kiss her next.'

'Well, now you mention it—I think I will. And he did! Miss Jellaby nearly fainted away with horror.

'Mr. Fullerton, how can you stand there so quietly, and watch this shameless conduct? As for you, sir,' she added, turning to the good humored captain, 'you need not think every one will tolerate your audacious—'

'Take breath, my dear Miss Jellaby.'

'It is infamous,' shouted the enraged spinster. 'Brother and sister, indeed! You are no more her brother than you are mine, Captain Graham.'

'I know it—I never said I was!'

Mr. Fullerton looked rather puzzled. Miss Jellaby was triumphant.

'Well, you are brazen about it, I must say. This town will soon be too hot to hold you, depend upon it.'

'I never knew it was a crime not to be a woman's brother before,' said the captain quietly. 'However, there is a relation between us, if it pleases you any better.'

'What is it?'

'I am her cousin—the ward of her father, and have always lived with her family in England.'

'Oh!'

There was a world of meaning in that simple ejaculation.

'Also I have the honor to be—'

'Her husband!'

Mr. Fullerton uttered a most unclerical hurrah, and shook hands with the young couple over and over again.

'Her husband!' altered the old maid.

'I—I never thought of that!'

'Allow me to hope, madam, that you will have your wits about you before you try to create another scandal,' said the captain suavely. 'I have the honor to wish you good morning.'

He held the door open as he spoke—she could but take the hint, and rushed out of the house, and into her own, in a state verging upon distraction. Staying to be laughed at and sympathized with, was what she could not endure—the cottage was shut up next day, and she and Susan were far away. Miss Jellaby had found her match, and the village has known peace since her departure—for the first time.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Who First Armed the Negroes?**

The so called Democratic press and blatant orators are daily asserting 'that at the outbreak of the rebellion they heartily and vigorously sustained the President in the prosecution of the war until he turned it into an abolition war, and armed and organized negro regiments.' Now without stopping to prove the entire falsity of the above, we give below an abstract from a speech delivered in Carlisle, Kentucky, on the 25th of June last, by Col. Bramlette, afterwards elected Governor of that State:

'You object to negro soldiers. Who began this business? Who raised the first negro regiment? Did Lincoln? Don't you know that in the beginning of this strife in New Orleans they heralded abroad that they had already organized two negro regiments to fight the Yankees with?—Don't you know that the first act in the Tennessee Rebel Legislature was to authorize the organization of free negro reg-

iments? Don't you know it to be a fact furthermore that they have regiments of Indians in their service, to tomahawk and scalp our women and children? And yet none of you here assembled, I will venture to say, has heard these constitutional Union men object to their using negro regiments to fight us with. You never heard one of them object to enlisting the Indians against us. Why is it that you have grown so terribly repugnant to negro aid? You are willing it should be employed against us, but now that it is being employed to help us you are terribly disturbed. The reason seems irresistible that when they were fighting on the side you were anxious should win, all was well; but as soon as they are employed against that side, you object.

'Suppose one of you were assaulted by robbers, who threatened to burn your house and murder your family if you did not give up your money; that your neighbor came running to your assistance, and with him one or two stout negroes with clubs and axes and guns; that while you are engaged in a close hand-to-hand conflict with one of them you should see that brawny negro hewing one of them down, would you say, "Hold on, I don't want any negro to help me. Here, Mr. Robber, I am not going to succeed in driving you off by any such aid as that; you may burn my house and take my property." Is this what any sane man would do? But it is just in this way that Southern sympathizers—Constitutional Union men—talk. They would have us, because the President does not use such weapons as they think proper, say: "Here, Jeff Davis, take all we have, and slay us as soon as you please; not another man or another dollar can we give till Lincoln quits fighting with these things."

**Present Prospect of the Presidential Election**

[Correspondence New York Evening Post.]

In July, 1860, for the sake of amusing some friends, I printed an estimate of the Presidential election of that year. In that estimate I gave Lincoln 179, and Breckinridge and company 124 electoral votes; the actual result was 180 for the former ticket, and 123 for the latter. As another election is approaching, I venture on another guess, although earlier in the season, and the contingencies perhaps greater. The electoral votes are according to the new appointment, and include the new States of Colorado, Nebraska, and Nevada. If East Tennessee is admitted as a separate State, two additional electoral votes to represent the two United States Senators should be added to the Union column.

Union.	Opposition.
Arkansas	5
California	5
Colorado	3
Connecticut	6
Delaware	3
Illinois	16
Indiana	13
Iowa	8
Kansas	3
Louisiana	7
Maine	7
Maryland	7
Massachusetts	12
Michigan	8
Minnesota	4
Nebraska	3
Nevada	3
New Hampshire	5
New York	33
Ohio	21
Oregon	2
Pennsylvania	26
Rhode Island	4
Tennessee	10
Vermont	5
Virginia (part)	5
West Virginia	5
Wisconsin	8
	288

Necessary to a choice, (if a majority of the entire electoral vote is required,) 161

Doubtful

Missouri 11

Not Voting

Alabama 8

Florida 3

Georgia 9

Mississippi 7

North Carolina 9

South Carolina 6

Texas 6

Virginia (part) 5

53

**The Lake and Mississippi Canal.**

The President last week communicated to Congress the report of C. B. Stewart, consulting engineer, upon the improvements to pass gunboats from tide-water to the Western Lakes. The engineer assumes that upon the connection of those lakes with tide-water depends our common defence as well as general welfare, and that the Mississippi river should likewise be connected with the lakes. He urges that the great food-producing region uses this chain of lakes for transit of exports and imports, which is a line of communication at present utterly defenceless, leaving the lake cities to destruction by English gunboats on a declaration of war by Great Britain, thus inflicting damage to which the cost of the proposed improvements would be utterly insignificant. He makes various recommendations, and gives as total estimates for improved gunboat locks for the Erie, Oswego, Champlain, and Cayuga and Seneca canals, with seven feet of water, over \$18,000,000, and with eight feet of water \$20,500,000, and the cost of a canal around Niagara Falls at from ten to thirteen millions of dollars.

—The next wedding on the tapis is said to be a tall chap down street and a girl with blue-black eyes, dark hair, &c

**Southern Aristocracy.**

Here is an account of the 'rise and progress' of some of the 'superior race'.

Gen. Forrest was once what is called in the Southwest a 'river shark'; that is a steamboat gambler. From this he got to be a negro trader, and became rich. On the breaking out of the war he received a commission in the rebel army, and is now of their most distinguished Major-Generals.

The 'Aeklin estate,' near Nashville, is one of the most aristocratic properties in that region. It was owned by 'Joe Aeklin,' lately deceased, who is described as a 'low fellow, of no account' till he married the widow of the late Isaac Franklin, whose money, made by her first husband in selling negroes, converted him into a nabob and made him one of the chivalry.

Exceeding the Fairview and Aeklin estates in aristocratic pretension is that of Gen. Harding, also lying within a few miles of Nashville. It embraces 5,000 acres of land, a large and well stocked deer park, and other feudal appurtenances. Gen. Harding was a member of the Jockey Club, a leader in the Agricultural Society, and a member of the rebel Board of War. Gen. Harding is the son of old John Harding, the negro trader. That is his genealogy and family tree, as it was given to me.

Another baronial estate near Nashville is that of Mr. John Thompson. It contains about 1,500 acres of land, an imposing mansion, and finely laid out grounds, and its ownership places Mr. Thompson among the men of consideration in rebellion. He is a negro trader, worth half a million of dollars.

Another rebel establishment, well known in Nashville, though it is not distinguished by pretension, is that of W. W. Woodfolk, Esq. Mr. Woodfolk is the son of a man of the same name, who raised himself from poverty and obscurity by successful trade in negroes. Beginning in a small way, he accumulated money enough to start his sons Joseph and Austen in the negro business in Baltimore. There they bought up 'vagrant and term of year' slaves, and sent them out to the old man in Tennessee, who disposed of them. Buying these 'term of year and vagrant' slaves at prices little more than nominal, and selling them at the high rates which such property commanded in the South west, a fortune sufficient for the whole family was soon accumulated. If any one should think that in this statement I do the Woodfolks injustice, let him turn to the 'Peter Sleeper' case, published in the 'Yerger Reports,' and see for himself.

[The Austen Woodfolk spoken of above we remember well, having frequently seen him while residing at Baltimore thirty years ago. His den was on the Washington road, a short distance from the then city limits, and was generally regarded with horror, it being nothing unusual to hear the clanking of chains, the sobs and wails of men and women, aye, and shrieks too, of those whose only crime was that that they were born with black, tanney, or yellow skins, and their ancestors torn from their homes by violence and consigned to slavery—all, according to the new sect of Christians, with the sanction of God and the Scriptures!—Ed. Gazette.]

—The Cincinnati Enquirer lays down the 'principles' of the Ohio 'Democracy' in this wise: 'There can be no war under the Constitution for the coercion of a sovereign State. The Democracy stand by the Constitution, and insist that such a war cannot be prosecuted for any legitimate or just purpose, or in any just manner.' On this platform the Ohio 'Democracy' name George B. McClellan.

—James P. Parrott has been appointed Flour Inspector at the port of Philadelphia. Mr. Parrott was Adjutant of the Corn Exchange Regiment, was wounded at Sheppardstown in a skirmish which took place immediately after the battle of Antietam. Adjutant Parrott behaved himself with great courage. He was taken prisoner at Sheppardstown, and suffered greatly in the prison dens at Richmond.

—A soldier lay in a lady's house, badly wounded. A Major-General rode to the door. His orderly took his horse. He got off, went in, and sat down by the dying man's side: Taking out a little book, he read from it: 'Let not your heart be troubled, &c. He then knelt down and offered up a prayer to God for that dying soldier. Arising from his knees, he bent down and kissed him, and said: 'Captain G—, we shall meet in Heaven.' He then rode off. That General, was Major-General Howard.

—The returns of the election in New York on the question of amending the Constitution to allow soldiers to vote are complete. The result is as follows:

For the Amendment	258,795
Against the Amendment	48,079

Majority 210,716