

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2761.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1864.

New Series---Vol. XVIII. No. 26.

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. 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.	

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 Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties my26

DR. J. LOCKE,
DENTIST.
OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown, adjoining F. G. Francisus' 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: 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 Smithing
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. 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 Pratt's Store, at the old Felix corner, at which places they will be called for every evening, filled next morning, and delivered at any place in the Borough. no18
G. LEHR.

DRY Hoffman's Cheese, it is extra.

THE MINSTREL.

MONUMENTS OF THE PAST.

Oh!
Not no!
Nevermore,
Can we restore
The bright moments dead,
Or the days that have sped,
To the past's dim distant shore—
To the realms of the "Nevermore."
We may weep, we may wail, we may sigh,
When our clay-gods crumble and bright flowers die;
But our moans can be but sermons that are tolled
O'er the graves where they slumber lifeless and cold.

Oh!
No! no!
One by one,
Alas! they are gone,
With their joys and fears,
With their laughter and tears,
With their weight of grief and cares,
And the brave, true hearts that were theirs.
They are gone with the Spring's early flowers,
With the fruit of the Summer's golden bowers,
While the autumn leaves lie crushed 'neath our tread,
And the cold, wintry winds are wailing o'erhead.

Oh!
No! no!
Nevermore,
That heart grows sore
With that wild, wild wail,
When the bravest hearts quail
At the blight with evil rise—
And the weak fainting in the strife.
Long, long ere the struggling day is done,
Long ere the final victory is won,
When we fold our hands in vain, idle sorrow,
O'er our wasted yesterday and valled to-morrow.

Oh!
No! no!
Nevermore,
On earthly shore
Shall we meet their train,
But we know that they will wait
For us at the Eternal Gate;
Stern avengers facing the agonized
With wild upbraidings o'er their wealth abused,
O, mortals, mortals, think as the hours speed by,
Of all the squandered gems that we must justify.

Oh!
Woe! woe!
Evermore!
That years are o'er
Whose lost hours shall be
Arraigned 'gainst you and me,
When before the Judgment Seat
The Creator and Creator meet.
Then while life's hurrying moments last,
Oh! let the present expiate the past;
Till step by step our virtuous deeds shall rise,
Their pyramids to trace our pathway to the skies.

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erly admonition is then more tenderly given, and more gently received; and the little secrets and confessions, which might shrink from daylight, are now confidently poured into the loving ear.

Who are Happy.—Lord Byron said, "The mechanics and working men who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." Another author says, "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all, the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing home his wages at night."

TALES & SKETCHES

ZENAS CAREY'S REWARD.

Red and sullen, like the eye of some baleful demon, the low sun glowed through the tangled depths of a November woods, casting bloody lines of light across the fallen trees, whose mossy trunks were half hidden in drifts of faded yellow leaves, and evoking faint, sweet scents, like Oriental sandal wood and teak, from a thousand forest censors, hidden away, who know how and where. And through that line of dull, flaming fire the sky frowned—a leaden gray concave, freighted, as the weatherwise could tell you, with snow flakes sufficient to turn that broken forest into a fairy grove of pearl and emerald. So the daylight was ebbing away from this Thanksgiving eve.

"Now, I wonder where I am?" said John Siddons, pausing abruptly in the scarce visible foot path that wound among the trees. "As completely 'turned round' as though I stood in the deserts of Egypt! I wish I had been sensible enough to keep to the high-road; these short cuts generally turn out long ones. However, if I keep straight ahead, I must inevitably emerge from these woods somewhere."

He sat down on a mossy stump, leaning his head carelessly on one hand, while the other played unconsciously with the worn brim of his blue soldier's cap—a slender, pleasant-faced young man, with grey blue eyes, and dark hair thrown back from a bronzed forehead, which had been touched by the fiery arrows of many a Southern sun in lonely swamps, and along the fever-reeking shores of sullen rivers.

"Houseless—homeless!" he murmured to himself. "I wonder how many others are saying the same thing this Thanksgiving eve. To think that I should fight through the campaign unhurt, and return with an honorable discharge in my pocket to a place where none know or cares whether I'm alive or dead, while so many brave fellows were shot down at my side with bullets that tore through a score of hearts at home, carrying sharper pangs than death has to give! It's a queer thing to have only one relative, and he a total stranger. If I find this second cousin of my father he'll probably kick me out of doors for a shiftless, soldiering rascal. But, hang it, a man can't live alone like a tortoise in its shell. I remember wondering, when I was a boy, why the Madeira vines over the porch stretching out their green tendrils, and seemed to grope through the sunshine for something to cling to. I think I understand it now."

He rose up and walked on through the russet leaves that rustled ankle deep beneath his tread, still musing—musing; trying to study out the unknown quantities in life's great equation, while the sun went down behind a bank of lurid clouds, and the chill night wind began to sigh sorrowfully in the tree tops. A sudden silence stemmed thicket of white birches, and the white birches fringed a lonely country road with a little red house beyond, whose windows were aglow with fire light, and whose door yard was full of the peculiar perfume of white and maroon-blossomed chrysanthemums.

Zenas Carey was leaning over the gate, surveying the stormy sunset with critical eyes.

"I told Melinda so!" ejaculated Zenas, apparently addressing himself to the crooked apple tree by the road. "I'll bet my best steer we have a good old fashioned noose to keep Thanksgiving' with! I smelt it in the air this mornin', but women don't never believe nothing, until it comes to pass right under their noses, for—"

This rather obscure sentence was nipped in the bud by a footstep by his side; Zenas turned abruptly to reconnoitre the new arrival.

"Will you be kind enough to give me a glass of water, sir?" said John Siddons, wearily.

"Sartin, sir?" said Zenas. "So you're a soldier, hey?"

"A returned soldier," said Siddons, draining the cool element from the cocoanut shell that always lay close to the well-curb at the side of the house.

"Goin' home to keep Thanksgiving?" questioned Zenas.

"Home! Sir, I have no home!" Siddons had spoken sharply, as if the thought were goading to him. Zenas put out his brown knotted hand and grasped the retreating man's arm.

"My boy!" he said, with kindly abruptness, "you're a soldier, and to tell by your looks I should guess you were about the age of him that's buried at Gettysburg—my only son! I love that blue uniform for David's sake, and if there's a soldier in the world that hasn't a home to go to on Thanksgiving' eve, there's a corner for him by Zenas Carey's fireside. Come in, sir! come in! You're welcome as flowers in May!"

John looked into the wet eyes and working face of the old farmer an instant, and accepted his invitation without another word.

What a cheerful change it was, from the frosty air and chill twilight of the lonely road to that bright kitchen with its spotless board floor and resinous pine logs! And when Melinda Cary drew a humped backed rocking chair to the hearth for him, and spoke a word or two of welcome, John Siddons wondered if the eyes of his mother, who died when he was a babe, had not beamed upon him just so!

"I told mother so, this very mornin'," said Zenas, with a triumphant flourish of his hand, as he stirred up the logs to a waving, glorious sheet of flame. "Says I, Melinda, we'll kill the biggest turkey, and I'll pick out the yallerest pumpkins on the barn floor." And says she, 'what for, Zenas, when there's only us two to eat 'em?' and says I, 'Mother, Davie was here with us last Thanksgiving', with his new uniform, as brave and handsome as you'll often see'—now mother, don't cry."

Zenas interrupted himself to stroke his wife's grey hair with a strangely tender touch and went on:

"Says I, 'he's gone where its Thanksgiving' all the year round now, my poor boy, my brave boy,' but, says I, 'we'll make somebody welcome for Davie's sake, won't we, mother?' And now, sir, you'll spend to-morrow with us, and tell me about the battle of Gettysburg, where Davie died, crying out with his last breath not to leave the flag be captured."

Zenas' voice died out into a choking, gasping sob. John Siddons laid his hand softly on the rough, toil hardened hand of the farmer, while a pang of envy shot through his heart. Ah! it was almost worth while being shot down in battle to be missed and mourned like dead David Carey!

"O, wife," wailed Zenas, when John Siddons had fallen asleep in the little corner room that had been the lost boy's; "it is almost like having Davie back again! Wife, I fight my great sorrow down every night, but every morning it rises up again more than ever! God help every parent whose home is made desolate by the field of battle!"

Thanksgiving dawned with a white whirlwind of driving snow that eddied among the gauged bows of the apple tree in mad frolics, and edged the old stone wall with dazzling ermine. And the fiery sparks careering swiftly up Zenas Carey's wide chimney met the steadily falling snow half way and gave battle, while the hearth glowed with ruddy brightness, as if it knew all about the Governor's Proclamation, and approved of it.

"You have a cozy little farm here, Mr. Carey," said John, as they walked through the snow storm to the church, whose spire nestled among the everlasting hills beyond.

"If I was only sure of it, sir," said Zenas, with a sigh. "But I've been hard put to it to get along these times. Taxes and such like come very heavy on poor men, and I've had a run o' ill luck, so that the place is mortgaged its full value, and to a hard man—one that will sell the home you've been born and brought up in as soon as eat his breakfast, so he can make money by it. It will be a black day for Melinda and me when we have to leave the Rock Farm; but it must come soon, and I don't much care what becomes of me after wards. I tell you, sir, that when a man has lived to my age under one roof tree he don't take very kindly to being moved. Men are like forest trees, sir; you can take a young 'un and do as you please with it, but if you transplant an old 'un it dies. Let's talk o' something else Mr. Siddons. I ought not to complain Thanksgiving' day."

John looked with a feeling of actual reverence at the hard-featured old man, whose simple soul, borne down as he was by debt, and grief, could still find something to be thankful for.

The turkey and pumpkin pies were smoking on the round table when John and Zenas returned from church; and Mrs. Carey had brought out her 'flowing blue' plates and her choicest old time silver spoons in honor of their guest. There was no beverage but coffee that never knew the shores of Java, and a pitcher of cold, sparkling cider; but champagne could not have been more cordially dealt out by Zenas; and Mrs. Carey's smiling kindness gave a favor to the chickorized rye that is sometimes lacking in 'egg-shell china.'

The table was cleared away, and they were sitting around the fire, when the door was opened and Deacon Everts entered,

bringing a small snow drift on the shoulders of his shaggy overcoat.

"Well, I'm beat!" quoth Zenas. Take a chair, Deacon. Let me hang your coat afore the fire to dry."

"Can't stay," said the Deacon, giving himself a shake, like a black water-dog on his hind legs. "I thought you like to hear the news, so I just dropped in on my way to my darter's Thanksgiving' dinner."

"News! what news?" exclaimed Zenas, while his wife dropped her knitting.

"Don't tell! then you hain't heard?"

"I haint heard nothin' but the wind a howling' down the chimney, and Elder Smith's sermon this mornin'," said Zenas, a little impatiently.

"The Squire's dead, up to the great house!"

"Dead! You don't tell me so. That's the man I was a speakin' of as holdin' my mortgage!" explained Zenas, turning to John Siddons. "And when did it happen, Deacon?"

"Died last night, sir, just about nightfall, as quiet as a lamb. There wa'n't nobody with him but the old housekeeper—folks didn't 'pose he was dangerous; and Lawyer Ovid says there's a reg'lar will, and he's left all his property to the only relative he had livin'; a soldierin' feller that he'd never as much as seen—one Sedgewick, or Sibley, or what is his name now? Anyhow he's fell heir to all Squire Peter Ailsford's property, and that's a pretty consid'able wind-fall!"

"Was that name Siddons?" asked the soldier, who had listened to the conversation in silence.

"That's it!" said the Deacon, giving his knee a sounding slap.

"Peter Ailsford was my father's cousin," said the young man quietly.

"Land o' Goshen," ejaculated Deacon Everts with growing veneration for the heir to 'the old Squire's' money—

"Now rec'y! that's kind o' providential, ain't it. To think that you should be right here on the spot!"

"I was in search of Mr. Ailsford's house when I met you, sir," said Siddons turning to Carey; "but as I was unaware what sort of a reception I might get, your kind invitation decided me to wait a day or two."

"In vain did the Deacon try to 'pump' the young soldier. John Siddons was civilly uncommunicative, and the Deacon finally took leave burning to unfold his budget of news elsewhere.

"I hope, sir, said Carey, uneasily, when they were once more alone, 'you won't be hard about that mortgage. I'm a poor man, and—"

"Mr. Carey, said John, quietly, 'you shall burn that mortgage on this hearth the very day I come in possession of my relative's papers. No thanks, sir; I have not forgotten that I was 'a stranger, and you took me in.' Do you suppose I shall ever cease to remember the welcome of the Thanksgiving hearth? I never knew either father or mother; but to-day I have fancied what their kindness might have been."

"It was for Davie's sake!" sobbed Mr. Carey, fairly overcome.

"Then for your dead son's sake will you let me fill his place towards you? Last night death took from me the only one in the world to whom I was allied by the ties of blood; do not turn me from your hearts!"

"The Lord bless thee—the Lord make his face to shine on thee, my second son," said the old man solemnly.

Slowly the dusk gathered athwart the hill, with wailing winds and whirling drits of snow—slowly the darkness wrapped them round; but in Zenas Carey's steadfast soul the light of an eternal thanksgiving was burning; and his wife with tearful eyes, mused upon her two soldier boys—one dead at Gettysburg, the other sitting at her side.

Squaring Words.
It was a very fashionable amusement in our eastern cities a year or two ago, to square words. We can explain this by an illustration more easily than in any other way. Take for example the word *And*:
A N D
N O R
D R Y
Thus whether you read across or down you have the same three words. And—nor—dry. Words of three letters are very easily squared.

D R Y P O T H E N
R Y E O N E E R E
Y E S T E A N E T

Words of four letters are more difficult. The following are examples:
H O R N F R O M
O G E E R I D E
R E S T O D O R
N E S T M E R E

The longer the word the more difficult, and it is lawful to use proper names, or two short words as *my pen, a term, a grove, &c.*

The following are examples of words of five and six letters.
X E N I A F A T H E R
E D I C T A G R O V E
N I C H E T R I P O D
I C H O R H O P P L E
A T E R M E V O L V E
R E D E E M

—A gentleman who had been victimized by a notorious borrower, who always forgot to pay, called him one of the most promising men of his acquaintance.

It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other.

—If it was not good for Adam to live single when there was only one woman on earth, how very criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

—An eminent divine preached on Sunday morning from the text:—"Ye are the children of the devil," in the afternoon, by funny coincidence, from the words, "Children obey your parents."

—"Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'iron horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! 'merciful gracious, child, what do you mean? Why, the engine-er, of course."

—A profligate young nobleman, being in company with sober people desired leave to toast the devil. "Oh, certainly," said a gentleman, "we can have no objection to toasting any of your lordship's friends."

—A person speaking to a deaf man and getting angry at his not catching his meaning, said:
"Why, it's plain as A B C."
"That may be, sir, replied the poor man, 'but I am D E F.'"

Thankful.—"How good is Providence," lisped a damsel as a gusty March breeze swept over the street, "for the same wind which raises the tips of our skirts, blows dust in the eyes of the spectators on the corner."

On the Rail.—The Providence Journal tells the following story:
As the mid day Worcester train was about leaving the depot, a man of the Johnstonian type of manners entered the cars, and gruffly requested that two young ladies occupying separate seats should sit together, that he and his friend might enjoy a social tete a tete on the other seat.
"But," said one of the damsels, blushing, "this seat is engaged!"
"Engaged, is it," brusquely responded the man, "who engaged it?"
"A young man, sir," replied the conscious maiden.
"A young man, eh! Where's his baggage?" persisted the Ursula Major.
"I'm his baggage, old Hatful," replied the demure damsel, pursing her rosy lips into the prettiest pout.
Old Hatful subsided; the young man came in and extended an arm protectingly, almost caressingly around his 'baggage,' and Mr. Conductor Capron started the train.

Marry or Drown!—The Muscatine Journal reports that a man broke through the ice seven times in attempting to cross the Mississippi river from the Illinois side. He finally got over in safety. People were disposed to call him rash, fool-hardy, and all that sort of thing; but on investigating the matter, it was discovered that he was under a faithful promise to be at the Ogilvie House in Muscatine to be united in marriage to his "lady love." He was determined to marry or drown, not knowing in his simplicity that there is so little difference between the two calamities!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Cow Killed by a Cat.
A cow owned by Mr. Marshall Morrison, of Port Dalhousie, Canada, was recently taking her noon *siesta* on the street near his residence, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," when some devilish boys who were playing near by, conceived the idea of having some fun by tying a cat to the animal's udder, and catching a cat, they proceeded to put their scheme into execution. As soon as the cat was fastened to the udder, and the cow endeavored to follow their example, when the tension on her tail caused her to scratch the cow, which immediately jumped up and commenced running and bellowing at a fearful rate, the cat all the time scratching and biting the udder and legs, and this continued until the cow fell down with exhaustion and cut in a most fearful manner, when the cat was liberated. The cow died next day. The owner threatens to sue the parents of the boys for damages, as he considers it unjust that he should lose the value of the animal through mischievous pranks of the lads who require more god and less liberty.

Prize Riddle.—When do chickens cross the road? Ans. When they want to get to the other side?