LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

GEO. FRYSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS, LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2763. WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 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 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. 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 in 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.

AMBROTS EYP
AND
MELAINOTYPES,
The Gems of the Season.

THIS is no humbug, but a practical truth The pictures taken by Mr. Burkholder are unsurpassed for BOLDNESS TRUTHFULNESS, BEAUTY OF FINISH, and DURABILITY. Prices varying according to size and quality of frames and Cases.
Room over the Express Office.
Lewistown, August 23, 1860.

J. A. ROHRER,
DENTIST,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Mifflin and Huntingdon counties, that he will practice at the following times and places:

The first week in each month at McVeytown; second at Belleville; third at McAlavey's Fort, Huntingdon county.

He is prepared to execute work of all kinds pertaining to his profession. Teeth inserted on silver and gold plate or vulcanite base. Extracting and filling teeth done in the most approved manner. jel7-1y.

EISWALD'S
NEW PATENT METALIC
SOLES & HEELS
A Great Saving of Boots and Shoes.

THIS article is light, cheap and durable, will wear about four times as long as leather, is made to fit the shape of any boot or shoe, makes no noise, cannot slip, keeps the boots from running over at the sides and down at the heel, and can readily be put on. Call and try them. For sale by
mar2 BILLY JOHNSON.

Tuscarora Female Seminary.
Academia, Juniata Co., Pa,

COMMENCES its Summer Term May 4th, 1864 For circulars address
Mrs O. J. FRENCH Principal, or
ANDREW PATTERSON, Proprietor
ap6 1864-1y

THE MINSTREL.

TRUISMS.

The meanest face you look upon, the clay of coarsest mould,
Thro' which no ray of spirit-day, close-watching you behold;
Where petty cares have dimmed the glance, and furrowed in the brow,
And evil thought a sign has wrought beyond erasing now—.

This form so mean, so cold, so low, this seeming soulless clay,
Wore once the grace of a baby-face, and the beauty of childhood's day;
Those eyes once gazed with eager trust, above, around below,
And a mother with pride that was hard to hide, pushed the hair from the open brow.

The proudest heart that wakes your pride by the evil spell of sin,
The harshest tone that makes hoarse your own, if there be no watch within;
The most unloving, unloved soul that can slight your hope or fear,
And careless look down on your smile or frown, as if from a separate sphere—

That nature cold and proud must yet mysterious terrors know,
Must wrestle with Death for each gasping breath, must be laid in the dust below;
That voice must sink into whispers faint, and meanest service crave,
And that hand must cling to some humble thing in a shrinking from the grave.

Familiar thought, I own, to call this truth of our common lot,
Yet midst jar and strife of the daily life, its lesson is forgot;
We pity withold from the haughty dust that must shroud and pall endure,
And with loathing shun some world-stained one that was once a baby pure.

Not worthy in vain were the fancy tasked from the actual oft to turn
To the rosy sleep only cradles keep, to the shade of the funeral urn;
The present may all loveless seem; be o'er it a memory cast.
Of the first low cry and the last sad sigh—of the Future and the Past. S. C. C.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

TALES & SKETCHES

What Came of a Valentine.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1850, two young men sat in a comfortably furnished room in a large New York boarding house. A bright fire glowed in the grate, well chosen engravings adorned the walls, and a bright light was diffused about the room from an Argand burner.

Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty five or thereabouts, who were known in business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail dry goods dealers, No — Broadway. They had not been in business long, but were already doing unusually well They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader.

'Has it occurred to you, Wilbur,' asked his partner, removing his cigar, and knocking away the ashes, 'to-morrow is St. Valentine's day?'

'Yes, I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up from the store.'

'So did I, and to some purpose too, as I will show you.'

Tom Stacy went to the drawer and drew out a gorgeous valentine, an elaborate combination of hearts, doves, etc.

'What do you think I gave for that?' he asked

'I don't know, I'm sure. It appears to be very elegant.'

'It cost me ten dollars.'

'Whew!' whistled Wilbur. 'It strikes me you are very extravagant or very devoted. May I know what fair damsel is to be made glad by the receipt of this elegant missive?'

'That's my secret,' said Tom laughing, 'I don't mind telling you, however. It's to go to Edith Castleton.'

'I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady?

'Not at all, but I told her I would send a valentine, *et a villa!* Shan't you conform to the custom of the day?'

'I had not thought of it,' said John thoughtfully, 'but I believe I will.'

'And what fair lady will you select as the recipient?'

'You remember the poor seamstress who occupies an attic in the house.'

'Yes, I have met her on the stairs two or three times.'

'She looks as if times were hard with her; I think I'll send her a valentine.'

'And what good do you think it will do her?' asked Stacy, in surprise.

Wilbur went to his desk, and taking out a sheet of note paper, drew from his portmonaie a ten dollar bill and wrapped it in the paper, on which he had previously written, 'From St. Valentine,' and placed the whole in an envelope.

'There,' said he, 'my valentine has cost as much as yours, and I venture to say it will be as welcome.'

'You are right. I wish now I had not bought this costly trifle. However as it is purchased, I will send it.'

The next day dawned clear and frosty. It was lively enough for those who sat by comfortable fires and dined at luxurious tables, but for the poor who shared none of these advantages, it was indeed a bitter day.

In an attic room meanly furnished, sat a young girl, pale and thin. She was cowering over a scanty wood fire, the best she could afford, which heated the room very insufficiently. She was sewing steadily, shivering from time to time as the cold blast shook the windows and found its way through the crevices.

Poor child! Life had a very black aspect for her on that winter day. She was alone in the world. There was absolutely no one on whom she could call for assistance, though she needed it sorely enough. The thought came to her more than once in her discomfort, 'Is it worth while living any longer?' But she recoiled from the sin of suicide. She might starve to death, but she would not take the life that God had given her.

Plunged in gloomy thought she continued to work All at once a step was heard ascending the staircase which led to her door. She arose in some surprise and opened it, thinking it must be the landlady or one of her servants.

She was right. It was a servant.

'Here's a letter for you that the post boy just brought, Miss Morris.'

'A letter for me!' repeated Helen Morris, in surprise, taking it from the servant's hand. 'Who can have written to me?'

'Maybe it's a valentine, Miss,' said the girl laughing. 'You know this is Valentine's day. More by token, I've got two this morning. One's a karaker (caricature,) so mistress calls it. Just look at it.'

Bridget displayed a highly embellished pictorial representation of a female hard at work at the wash tub, the cast of beauty decidedly Hibernian.

Helen Morris laughed absently, but did not open her letter while Bridget remained—a little to the disappointment of that curious damsel.

Helen slowly opened the envelope. A banknote for ten dollars dropped from it to the floor.

She eagerly read the few words on the paper—'From St. Valentine!'

'Heaven be praised!' she said, folding her hands gratefully.' This sum will enable me to carry out the plan which I had in view.'

Eight years passed away. Eight years with their lights and shadows. They brought with them the merry voices of children—they brought with them new made graves—happiness to some and grief to others.

Toward the last they brought the great commercial crisis of '57, when houses seeming to be built upon a rock tottered all at once to their fall Do not many remember that time all too well, when merchants, with anxious faces, ran from one to another to solicit help, and met only averted faces and distrustful looks?

And how was it in that time of universal famine with our friends—Stacy and Wilbur?

Up to 1857 they had been doing an excellent business They had gradually enlarged the sphere of their operations, and were rapidly growing rich, when this crash came.

They immediately took in sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that this was the time when this quality was urgently needed

By great efforts they had succeeded in keeping up till the 14th of February, 1858 On that morning a note of two thousand dollars came due. This was their last peril. That surmounted they would be able to go on with assured confidence.

But alas! this was the rock of which they had most apprehension. They had taxed their resources to the utmost. They had called upon their friends, but their friends were employed in taking care of themselves; and the selfish policy was the one required then.

'Look out for number one,' superseded the golden rule for the time being.

As I have said two thousand dollars were due on the 14th of February.

'How much have you got towards it?' asked Wilbur, as Stacy came in at half past eleven.

'Three hundred and seventy dollars,' was the dispirited reply.

'Was that all you could raise?' inquired his partner turning pale.

'All.'

'Are you sure you thought of everybody.'

'I have been everywhere. I'm fagged to death,' was the weary reply of Stacy, as he sank exhausted into a chair.

'Then the crash must come,' said Wilbur, with a gloomy resignation.

'I suppose it must.'

There was a silence. Neither felt inclined to say anything. For six months they had been struggling with the tide. They could see shore, but in sight of it they must go down.

At this moment a note was brought in by a boy. There was no postmark. Evidently he was a special messenger.

It was opened at once by Mr. Wilbur, to whom it was directed. It contained but these few words only:

'If Mr. John Wilbur will call immediately at No. — Fifth avenue, he will learn something to his great advantage'

John Wilbur read it with surprise, and passed it to his partner. 'What does it mean do you think'

'I don't know,' was the reply, 'but I advise you to go at once'

'It seems to be a feminine handwriting,' said Wilbur thoughtfully.

'Yes Don't you know any lady on Fifth Avenue?'

'Well, it is worth noticing. We have met with so little to our advantage lately that it will be a refreshing variety.'

In five minutes John Wilbur jumped in to a horse car and was on his way to No. — Fifth avenue.

He walked up to the door of a magnificent brown stone house and rang the bell. He was instantly admitted, and shown into the drawing room, superbly finished.

He did not have to wait long. An elegant lady, scarcely thirty, entered, and bowing, said: 'You do not remember me, Mr. Wilbur?'

'No, madam' said he, in perplexity.

'We will waive that, then, and proceed to business. How has your house borne the crisis in which so many of our large firms have gone down?'

John Wilbur smiled bitterly.

'We have struggled successfully till today,' he answered. 'But the end has come. Unless we can raise a certain sum of money by two, we are ruined.'

'What sum will save you?' was the lady's question

The note due is two thousand dollars. Towards this we have but three hundred and seventy five.

'Excuse me a moment,' said his hostess. She left the room but quickly returned.

'There, said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, 'is my check for two thousand dollars. You can repay it at your convenience. If you should require more, come to me again.'

'Madam, you have saved us,' exclaimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight. 'What can have inspired in you such a benevolent interest in our prosperity?'

'Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur,' said the lady, 'a certain valentine, containing a ten dollar note, which you sent to a young girl occupying an attic in your lodging house, eight years since?'

'I do distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl. I think her name was Helen Morris.'

'She stands before you,' was the quiet response.

'You, Helen Morris!' exclaimed Wilbur, starting back in amazement. 'You surrounded with luxury!'

'No wonder you are surprised. Life has strange contrasts. The money which you sent me seemed to come from God — I was on the brink of despair. With it I put my wardrobe in repair, and made application for the post of companion to a wealthy lady. I fortunately obtained it I had been with her but two years when a gentleman in her circle, immensely wealthy, offered me his hand in marriage. I esteemed him. He was satisfied with that. I married him. A few years since he died, leaving me this house, and an immense fortune. I have never forgotten you, having accidentally learned that my timely succor came from you. I resolved, if fortune ever put it in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me. That time has come. I have paid the first instalment of my debt as Helen Morris.'

John Wilbur advanced, and respectfully took her hand 'You have nobly repaid me,' he said. 'Will you also award me the privilege of occasionally calling upon you?'

'I shall be most happy,' said Mrs. Eustace, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and returned to his store as the clock struck one — He showed his delighted partner the check he had just received.

'I haven't time to explain,' he said, 'this must at once be cashed.'

'Two o'clock came and the firm was saved—saved from their last peril. Henceforth they met with nothing but prosperous gales.

What more?

Helen Eustace has again changed her name. She is now Helen Wilbur, and her husband now lives at No — Fifth Avenue.

And all this came of a valentine.

TEMPERANCE.

The Drunkard's Son.

'Mother, this bread is very hard. Why don't we have cake and nice things, as we used to when we lived in the great house? Oh, that was such a great house, mamma, and I did love to live there so. You made sweet music there, mamma, with your fingers when Pa would sing. Pa used to laugh then and take me on his knee, and say I was his own dear boy. What makes Pa sick, Ma? I wish he wasn't sick—for it makes me afraid when he stamps on the floor, and says so loud, 'George go off to bed!' say, when will he get well and take me on his knee and love me as he used to? But Ma, there is a tear in your eye—let me wipe it. There another comes; oh—another! Did I make you cry these tears, mamma?' 'Hush, little innocent, you can not stop your mother's tears; for they are the overflowings of a fountain, filled with blighted hopes, anguish and misery, she cannot tell you when your father will love, for alas, he is a drunkard.'

I heard a beautiful boy, scarcely four years old, lisping this to his mother; and I pitied him to my inmost soul. His father was once rich and happy, and nearly idolized his little son; but in an evil hour he began to sip the intoxicating cup—the habit had grown upon him until the peace of his family was destroyed, and he a tyrant. The beautiful house in which they had lived, was now exchanged for a miserable cottage in the suburbs of the city; and little George doomed to be the companion of the idle and vicious.

'Another Nail in Your Coffin.'

A young nephew of my father's captain sailed with them a long voyage around the globe, and was a favorite with all, but was sadly intemperate. Whenever he took a glass of grog Captain Brintnell was accustomed to say, 'Ah, Ned, there's another nail in your coffin.' And so it proved, for the poor lad had so poisoned and fired his blood that it could not stand the heat of the tropical sun, and he sunk under exposure to it, and died the miserable death of the drunkard. They put in to a little lonely island, and made him a grave under the green sward, but no loving mother, or gentle sister could weep over it, no psalm was sung nor prayer offered. The nails had all been driven in that rough coffin, and he was laid to rest in it until the resurrection morning.

And so thousands are busy to day driving with vigorous blows the nails in their own coffins That soldier who feeds his growing taste for strong drink is almost surely preparing himself a coffin should he ever be wounded, or any illness cause him to be taken to the hospital.

Said one well conversant with soldier life, 'The sick and wounded 'cold water men' always stood disease and wounds and operations better than those who drank liquor. Disease of the camp, wounds and amputations were but death warrants for drunkards.'

General Havelock also remarks, 'The medical officers have distinctly attributed the rapid recovery of our wounded at Ghuzne to their former abstinence from strong drinks.'

Testimony to the same effect might be greately extended Is it not worse than folly, is it not almost madness for any one thus to jeopardize his life for a mere momentary gratification? Is it not virtually suicide, a crime which leave no space for repentance, which therefore has no forgiveness? Weigh this consideration well when next you take up the wine cup, and unless your are quite prepared to drive another nail home in your coffin, don't quaff it off Do not pass it to another, but let the thirsty ground drink it up. It will do no harm there.

When the youthful Summerfield was offered brandy to revive his sinking powers in his last illness, he put it aside, saying,

'No; when I die, I die sober.' Ah, dying in a sober, fearful reality Who would not rather meet his last enemy with clear vision and a full comprehension of the only way in which he may be vanquished? 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'—*Correspondence of the S. S. Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rag-Collecting Brigade.

The waste which is made in population of nearly three millions of people, would, if properly attended to, prove an enormous source of profit. Look, for instance, to the great loss which at the present time results from the waste of materials used for making paper, a matter of much consequence, for we are now obliged to buy enormous quantities of rags for paper making from abroad. For the purpose of preventing this, the Rag-Collecting Brigade, in connection with the London Ragged Schools, has been formed at Albion place, London wall, where at the present time there are more than thirty boys and youths, who, with the trucks to which we have before referred, collect a considerable quantity of rags The advantage is great to poor boys, and produces also a national saving. For instance, although this Rag-collecting Brigade has been established but a very short time, there have been paid up to last Christmas 424*l.* in wages to boys who, but for this institution, would have been dangerous vagabonds upon the London streets. Besides, they have collected, by four trucks only, in nine months, 49,818 bottles; of paper, 38 tons 19cwt. 1 qr. 15 lb.; rags, mixed, 9 tons 18 cwt 2 qr. 22lb. There are also various rags and bones, carpet, cloth, fat &c., metals, and rope, altogether making a weight of goods collected by these lads of 82 tons 3 qr. 27 lb Beside this there have been about 70*l.* worth of stuff purchased which was not bought by weight, and the committee have good reason for believing that more than one-half of this material would never have found its way into market but for the facilities which the brigade affords. The materials collected are of the most varied description; cocked hats, hearse trappings, old aquariums; in one bag a million of postage stamps, and in a lot of rubbish was found a Bank of England check-book, which was at once forwarded to the Bank; in another was found half-a dozen pairs of new stockings, which were duly returned to the owner —*London Exchange.*

The Palm Tree of Scripture.—Palm tree, a tree remarkable for loftiness, straightness and productiveness, and hence, made an emblem in Scripture of uprightness, fruitfulness and victory. Its fruit is the date, very sweet and nourishing, and a large portion of the inhabitants of Egypt, Arabia and Persia subsist almost entirely upon it. Camels are fond of the stone. Palm branches were signals of joy and triumph The leaves are six or eight feet long, and proportionably broad when spread out, and are used to cover houses, and make couches, baskets, bags, fences, hats, etc. From the fibres of the branches are made thread, ropes, rigging, etc. Indeed the natives (says Gibbon) celebrate, either in prose or verse, three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, branches, leaves, juice and fruit are applied. The palm tree attains maturity in thirty years from planting the seed, and continues in full strength for seventy or eighty years, bearing annually three or four hundred pounds of dates; and finally dies about two hundred years old. From its sap, palm wine is made, called by the natives araky. It is a beverage which easily intoxicates and is thought by Bishop Lowth to be the 'strong drink' mentioned by Isaiah.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

—The Harrisburg Telegraph says that it is not probable there will be a call made on Gov. Curtin for the militia of the State, at this time.

—Newfound and is said to be a country without a reptile, and the Chattanooga Gazette says as Vallandigham is a reptile without a country he ought to 'move' to Newfoundland.

—The House of Representatives of Harrisburg, passed, with amendments, the act for the payment of claims for damages by the rebel raids. Also an act for the payment of the money advanced by the banks to pay the militia called into service in 1862. The bill to provide for the instruction of orphan children of soldiers, after some discussion, was postponed.

Neat Retort.—'When a superior race like ours,' said one of the chivalry the other day to a modest looking federal soldier, 'comes in contact with an inferior race, like the niggers, what do you think will be the result?'

'I guess the contrast must result in a big crop of mulattoes in your State, judging from the complexion of a good many of your people,' retorted the soldier.

THE RELIEF FUND.

FOR the information of all concerned, the following regulations are made public:

1st. In all cases a certificate of being credited to some district in Mifflin county must accompany the application. This must be in writing, either from the Adjutant General's office, from a mustering officer, or a bounty committee.

2d. The application must state, by endorsement at the head or on the back the name of the soldier, his company and regiment.

3d. Two or three men ought not to act for an entire borough or township in signing the certificate of recommendation as deserving the relief.

4th. Twelve weeks pay, in three monthly orders, is given, when all recent applications are discontinued. If a renewal is asked for, the parties must apply to the Board of Relief in person, or show positive evidence that they are in need.

Justices of the Peace, bounty committees, and all others making promises to soldiers or their families, will govern themselves by the above regulations, as I shall hereafter pay no attention to applications unless they conform to them, but file them away for action by the Board of Relief.

Where the papers are all right or approaching the proper form, there is no difficulty in being placed on the list for twelve weeks, but so many of late have been informal—in many cases leaving me to hunt up the necessary evidence of credit, &c.—that I am compelled to ask for more care.

GEORGE FRYSINGER,
ap27-6t Sec'y. of the Relief Board.

Estate of Andrew Watt, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Andrew Watt, late of Brown township, Mifflin county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them, duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN D. BARR.
ap13* Administrator.

Estate of Robert Wallace, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Robert Wallace, late of Wayne township, Mifflin county, dec., have been granted to the undersigned, the first named residing in Indiana county, Pa., and the latter in Newton Hamilton, Mifflin county. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. WALLACE, Ind. co.,
my4 JOHN PURCELL, N. Hamilton.

BEST Note and Letter paper at
march2. SWAIN'S.

WOLF'S celebrated Hanover Gloves, just received by R. F. ELLIS.