

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSENGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII. No. 32.

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 : 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. sep 2

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. jan 10

GEORGE MILLER.

AMBROTYPES

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. jul 17-ly.

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. nol 8

G. LEHR.

Not Wiman's Steam Gun!

BUT

MARKS & WILLIS'

STEAM PLASTER MILL!

THE subscribers have erected a Plaster Mill in connection with their Steam Mill, and are prepared to furnish all who may call on them, at any time, with fine, fresh ground Plaster. They will purchase all kinds of Grain offered, and pay the highest market prices. Flour and Feed, Coal of all qualities and sizes, Salt, Fish, Groceries &c., constantly on hand and for sale to suit the times. MARKS & WILLIS. Lewistown, Jan. 15, 1862.

Lewistown Mills.

THE

HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR WHEAT, AND ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

or received in on storage, at the option of those having it for the market. They hope, by giving due and personal attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

PLASTER, SALT and Limeburners COAL always on hand.

WM. B. McATEE & SON.

Lewistown, Sept. 16, 1863.-tf

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'd, 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., my 4

JOHN PURCELL, N. Hamilton.

BEST Note and Letter paper at march 2.

SWAIN'S.

THE MINSTREL.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

By GEORGE W. BIRDSEY.

Give us your hand, General Grant— You're a man! You were not the coward to say 'I can't.' Nor the boaster to say 'I can.' But you went to work with a will, and won. To prove that the thing could be done. Oh, God was kind, and heaven was true, When it gave us a man like Ulysses Grant— When it gave us a man like you. We honor you, General Grant! You have made The hearts of the nation with joy to pant, That were lying cold in the shade; And they bless you ever for what you've done, For the glorious victories won. And pray that kind heaven may grant us a few More such brave fighting men as Ulysses Grant— More such brave fighting men as you.

LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

Land of our Fathers! wheresoe'er we roam, Land of our birth! to us thou still art home; Peace and prosperity on thy sons attend, Down to posterity their influence descend. All then invoking hearts and voices joining. Though other climes may brighter hopes fulfil, Land of our birth! we ever love thee still! Heav'n shield our happy home from each hostile band, Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land. All then invoking hearts and voices joining.

THE TWO B'S.

Says the Battery to the Bayonet, With derisive irony, "Slimmest of all the blades I've met, Do you think you can carry me?" Says the Bayonet to the Battery, "Square up with your elbow-joint, And you'll find that however slim I be, I always carry my point!"

TALES & SKETCHES.

THE TWO LETTERS.

A Comedy of Errors.

My stay in New York had been prolonged far beyond my original intention when I visited that city, and I was pining to return to my native village, and to the arms of my dear Julia, whom I hoped soon to make my bride. I had drunk deep of the cup of sorrow during my absence from her, and I looked forward with glowing anticipations to the time when we should meet to part no more.

At length my business took a favorable turn. There was no longer anything to detain me in New York, and I made hasty preparations for a departure to my native village. It was the evening before I designed to set out, that I wrote two hasty letters to prepare my friends for my reception.

The first of these epistles was to Julia. It ran thus:—

'Dear Girl!—I shall leave New York in the three o'clock train to-morrow afternoon. In an hour from that time I shall be with you. I never knew how I loved you until my heart was tried by the test of absence; now I feel how devotedly, how truly I am your own. Oh! what joy it will be to meet you once more! That will be the happiest moment of my life, except when I can, for the first time, call you my bride.

'Yours, till death.

'FREDERICK.'

The second letter was addressed to an old maid of my acquaintance, who had been like a sister to me, and to whom I was indebted for many little acts of kindness.

'My Dearest Friend:—I write this in haste to inform you that I shall probably visit you some time to-morrow evening—You see I don't want to find you unprepared. And I want you to treat me well, too, even if I don't call on you the first of any. Don't think my affection for you has in the least diminished, but you must know my affection for another has increased, and strong as your claims are upon me, hers are somewhat stronger. Now don't be jealous; for after I am married, I shall be as true a friend to you as ever.

'Sincerely yours,

'FREDERICK.'

Having finished both of these letters, I sealed them with the same haste in which they had been written, fearing that they would be too late for the mail. Super-scribing them in a hurried hand, I sent them to the post office, where they arrived just in time.

At three o'clock on the following day, I was at the depot, and in the cars. I was impatient for steam itself. I even believe the telegraph could not have transported me to the arms of my Julia soon enough to satisfy my impatience. I thought that the cars moved slower than a mule, and thought at one time of getting out to run along ahead of them.

However, slow as I thought I was travelling, I arrived in good time at my native village. I did not stop to shake hands with a single soul, but hurried to meet my Julia. I arrived at her father's house. I expected to see her face at the window looking out for me, but it was not visible. However, I reflected that, like all women,

she was coquettish, and avoided showing her pretty eyes at the window, just to tease. Yet I felt certain that she would be looking out for me, and I have a distant recollection of offering to bet fifty dollars with myself that she was peeping through the blinds at me, or from behind a curtain.

I ran up to the door and entered without knocking. I opened my arms expecting Julia to jump into them, and supposed of course she would; but I shut them up again quick enough, when I saw the old lady approaching, not her daughter.

'Where's Julia?' I cried. 'Oh, she's gone—'

'Gone?'

'Yes.'

'For heaven's sake, I gasped, 'tell me where?'

'I was going to but you interrupted me,' said the old lady crustily. 'She has gone to spend a few days with her cousins.'

I was thunderstruck. I conscientiously believe that at that moment I was as white as a piece of parchment. At any rate, I could swear before any court that I felt very faint and sick.

'When did she go?' I faltered. 'About two hours ago.'

'Two hours ago! What! didn't she receive my letter?'

I was terribly excited. I felt that my eternal happiness depended upon the woman's answer. If Julia had gone off to see her cousins when she knew I was coming—that I would be there that night—I felt that it would break my heart.

'Yes, I believe so,' drawled the old lady. 'I heard her say something about a note from you—that she expected you to call here to-night.'

It was enough. My heart was a heap of ruins! Oh the faithfulness, the fickleness, the heartlessness of woman! All that has been said of her is but flattery; she is a serpent in angel's form! Oh, deception! oh, misery! Judge of my disappointment—my despair—my unutterable woe, when I learned that Julia was gone—gone, when she knew I was coming—and blame me not for giving vent to my feelings in such expressions as these.

I think I should be very scrupulous about swearing to anything that took place the next half hour after my heart received that heavy blow. One thing I am sure of I left the house, and got into the street, but whether I ran there, staggered there, or was carried there by my friends, I could not conscientiously affirm. The first I heard from myself I was approaching the door of my friend, the old maid, and she was running out to meet me. This probably, brought me to my senses.

I was past being surprised at anything that might happen, else I should have thought it a little strange that Lucy should throw herself into my arms, and offered me her lips to kiss. As it was, feeling the need of sympathy, I embraced her warmly, exclaiming:—

'Dear Lucy, you are the only true friend I've got.'

'Oh, I hope not, she replied. 'But I am glad you think I am a true friend to you, for I am.'

'And you will always be?'

'Always, Frederick! oh! and we shall be happy!'

'What does she mean?' thought I. 'We shall be so happy, dear Frederick,' she repeated; 'I know we shall. The truth is, my dear, I have long loved you—in secret—hopelessly; but after receiving such a dear, affectionate letter from you—'

'What?' I cried, starting in wonder. 'Why after receiving such a dear, good letter,' said Lucy, 'I am so happy that I must tell you all my heart. When we are married, Frederick—'

'I am dreaming,' thought I. 'We shall have this pleasant event to talk about won't we? Why you can't think how surprised and delighted I was to receive your letter. I laughed over it, and cried over it; and if I have read it once, I have read it fifty times.'

Here she took the letter from her bosom.

'Then it seems,' she continued—so happy that I was fairly provoked with her—it seems that absence has taught you how much you love me.'

I was stupefied—thought I was insane—could not understand one word Lucy said. Meanwhile she unfolded the letter. Then—then I understood it all. I uttered a scream that was scarcely human—it was so wild—and eagerly snatched the letter. It was the letter I sent to Julia.

Yes, then I understood all: I had made a mistake in subscribing the letters and Julia had got Lucy's while Lucy had got Julia's. And Lucy had been flattered with the hope and belief that I loved her while Julia—poor girl!—believes I was about to marry another. This was the cause of Lucy's tenderness; this was the cause of Julia's visiting her cousins.

I laughed. I danced; I dare say I cut up every manner of silly capers which a man ought to be ashamed of. And Lucy all the time was staring at me as I before stared at her. This thought brought me to my senses.

'A mistake,' I stammered—'This letter—I wrote in a hurry—put the wrong name on the back—sent yours to Julia—this one—to you!'

I shall never forget the old maid's consternation. She understood what I wanted to say—she saw the error in its true light. I thought she would sink through the floor, but she had hold of the door latch, and that probably sustained her; I was glad the door latch was strong. At that moment my conscience hit me a severe cut, and made me smart. How I cursed my carelessness, which had been the cause of so much mischief. I made a hurried apology, but didn't stop to see if Lucy faints, or to have the pleasure of holding a smelling-bottle to her nose, in case she should sink into that interesting state.

I thought of Julia. I flew to make an explanation. It was three miles to her aunt's house, but I was there in a trifle over three minutes. Puffing like a steam engine, I asked to see her, and was shown into a room where she was alone. She regarded me with so cold a look that I am sure it would have chilled me through—made an icicle of me, perhaps—if I had not been so hot by running. I threw myself at her feet. She started back—it might have been in disgust, and it might have been because her hand touched my face, which was burning like a coal.

'Dear Julia,' I sighed. 'I panted, I suppose; but sighed is the better word.'

'Well, sir,' said she coldly. 'Don't scorn me; I'll make it all right. It's only a mistake.'

'What?'

'Why, that letter?'

'That letter, sir, was a very friendly one I'm sure. Indeed,' added Julia, bitterly, 'I feel quite flattered in your confidence in me, in making known your intentions to marry. I may hope you will get a good wife, sir; hope you will be happy.'

'Julia, Julia!' I cried in agony. 'I say it's all a mistake. That letter was not meant for you.'

Julia's assumed coldness and indifference had vanished in a moment. Then she looked at me.

'It wasn't for you,' I repeated. 'I wrote that to Lucy Mathew—put the wrong name on the back. Here's the letter I wrote to you.'

I gave her the one I snatched from Lucy. She read it eagerly. She saw the mistake, and burst into tears of joy. The next moment we were locked in each other's arms. I was intensely happy. But in an instant the bright heaven of my joy was clouded. I thought of Lucy.

'What will I do?' I cried. 'She thought the letter was addressed to her. What a mistake! What shall I—what ought I to do?'

'Go to her at once,' said Julia, 'and make a full explanation and a suitable apology.'

I followed her advice. I met Lucy on the threshold.

'Not a word,' said she laughing, 'I don't need any apology from you; you have not done much damage to my old maid's heart. You see I knew there was a mistake when I received your letter; I was not so foolish as to think you meant all those pretty tender things for me. But I meant to punish you for your carelessness, by making you think you had done a world of mischief. Ha! ha! ha! how silly you did act.'

'I was willing that Lucy should laugh at me; it made me feel more easy for I knew that I deserved it. I panted a little, however, and strove to look dismal, until she repeated what she had said about our being 'so happy when we were married,' which caused me to echo back her laugh with a hearty ha! ha! ha!'

'Reader, I didn't marry Lucy, but I did make a bride of Julia as soon as I could get her parent's consent.'

On the very evening of my marriage, the old maid whispered in my ear, with a saucy laugh, and a mischievous twinkle of her eyes, 'How happy we shall be when we are married, Frederick.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is said a dog in Boston has been named Quota, because he never seems to be full.

'It is very difficult to live,' said a poor widow, 'with several girls, all in genteel poverty.' 'You must husband your time,' said a sage friend. 'I'd rather husband some of my daughters,' answered the poor lady.

At a public meeting in a country town, an eloquent advocate of popular education thus delivered himself:—

'Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education; for had it not been for education, I should be as ignorant as you are, Mr. President.'

'Madam,' said a very polite traveller to a testy old landlady, 'if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?'

'I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand that you have struck the wrong house! there ain't a first hair in it, for as soon as Darthy Ann told me the cat was drowned in the milk, I went right straight and strained it over.' The young man faints.

Who First Urged a Draft.

The history of the administration of President Lincoln, by H. J. Raymond, just published in New York, contains a letter, which we commend to the admirers of Gen. McClellan, who have so violently resisted the draft to fill the armies. It was written to the President of the United States about a month after the battle of Bull Run, and at a time when citizens were rushing to arms all over the country, and when volunteers were pouring into Washington from every State. Here is the letter:—

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20, 1861.

SIR: I have just received the enclosed dispatch in cypher. Col. Marcy knows what he says, and is of the coolest judgment. I recommend that the Secretary of War ascertain at once by telegram how the enrollment proceeds in New York and elsewhere, and that, if it is not proceeding with great rapidity, drafts be made at once. We must have men without delay.

Respectfully your ob't servant, G. B. McCLELLAN, Maj Gen U. S. A.

The following is the dispatch of Col. Marcy alluded to:—

DISPATCH OF COL. R. B. MARCY TO GEN. McCLELLAN.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1861. I urge upon you to make a positive and unconditional demand for an immediate draft of the additional troops you require. Men will not volunteer now, and drafting is the only successful plan. The people will applaud such a course, rely upon it. I will be in Washington to-morrow.

R. B. MARCY.

The following hitherto unpublished letter of Mr. Lincoln to Gen. McClellan, is also of interest:—

FORTRESS MONROE, May 9, 1862. MY DEAR SIR:—I have just assisted the Secretary of War in forming the part of a dispatch to you, relating to army corps, which dispatch, of course will have reached you long before this will. I wish to say a few words to you privately on this subject. I ordered the corps organization not only on the unanimous opinion of the twelve generals of divisions, but also on the unanimous opinion of every military man I could get an opinion from, and every modern military book, yourself only excepted. Of course, I did not on my own judgment pretend to understand the subject. I now think it indispensable for you to know how your struggle against it is received in quarters which we cannot entirely disregard. It is looked upon as merely an effort to pamper one or two pets and to persecute and degrade their supposed rivals. I have had no word from Sumner, Heintzelman or Keyes. The commanders of these corps are, of course, the three highest officers with you, but I am constantly told that you have no consultation or communication with them; that you consult and communicate with nobody but Fitz John Porter and perhaps Gen. Franklin. I do not say these complaints are true or just; but at all events it is proper you should know of their existence. Do the commanders of the corps disobey your orders in anything?

When you relieved Gen. Hamilton of his command the other day, you thereby lost the confidence of at least one of your best friends in the Senate. And here let me say, not as applicable to you personally, that Senators and Representatives speak of me in their places as they please without question; and that officers of the army must cease addressing insulting letters to them for taking no greater liberty with them. But to return, are you strong enough, even with my help, to set your foot upon the neck of Sumner, Heintzelman, and Keyes, all at once? This is a practical and very serious question for you.

Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

WAR NEWS.

SECY. STANTON'S OFFICIAL BULLETINS.

WASHINGTON, May 31—3.14 p. m. We have dispatches from Gen. Grant down to 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. There seemed, the dispatch says, to be some prospect of Lee making a stand north of the Chickahominy. His forces were on the Mechanicsville road, south of the Topotomoy creek, and between that stream and Howe's shop, his right resting on Shady Grove. Dispositions for an attack were being made by Gen. Grant. Wilson's cavalry had been ordered to destroy the railroad bridges over the Little river and South Anna, and break up both routes between these two rivers to two miles southwest of Howe's shop, where the headquarters of our army were established.

There is as yet no telegraphic line of communication with Washington.

A dispatch from Gen. Sherman, dated yesterday, the 30th, 11 a. m., reports no changes in the position of the armies. Some slight engagements had occurred subsequent to the affair on Saturday. No intelligence from any other quarter had been received by this Department.

E. M. STANTON, Secy. of War.

WASHINGTON, May 31—8.30 p. m. A dispatch from Gen. Grant, dated at 6 o'clock this morning, at Howe's shop, has just been received. It is as follows:—

'The enemy came over on our left last evening, and attacked. They were easily repulsed, and with considerable slaughter. To relieve Gen. Warren, who was on the left, speedily, Gen. Meade ordered an attack by the balance of our lines. Gen. Hancock was the only one who received the order in time to make the attack before dark. He drove the enemy from his entrenched skirmish line, and still holds it. I have no report of our losses, but suppose them to be light.'

Other official despatches (not from Gen. Grant) were received at the same time, and give more details. They are as follows, the first being dated yesterday, 30th May, 8 o'clock p. m.

In the course of the afternoon Gen. Warren had pushed down on our left until his flank division, under Gen. Crawford, reached a point abreast of Shady Grove Church. Crawford having got detached from the rest of the corps, was attacked and crowded back a little. The enemy then threw a force, which appears to have consisted of Ewell's corps, upon Warren's left, attempting to turn it, but was repulsed. The engagement was short, sharp and decisive. Gen. Warren holds his ground, at a distance of seven miles from Richmond. He reports that he has taken a considerable number of prisoners, and that there are many rebel dead on the field. Of his own losses he has not yet made a report. His latest dispatch says that the enemy are moving troops to his left, apparently to cover the approach to Richmond on our right. An active conflict has been raging ever since dark, but has just closed. As soon as the enemy attacked the left of Gen. Warren, Gens. Wright and Hancock were ordered to pitch in, but do not seem to have got ready until after daylight. No report has yet been received from them.'

The other dispatch above referred to, is dated at 6 o'clock this morning, and states that 'in Hancock's attack last night, Col. Brooks drove the enemy out of a strongly entrenched skirmish line and holds it. The losses are not reported. Gen. Burside's whole corps got across the Topotomoy creek last evening, and is in full connection with Gen. Warren. The left of Hancock rests upon this side of the creek. The 6th Corps is upon Hancock's right, and threatens the left flank of the enemy. Gen. Smith ought to arrive at New Castle by noon, whence he can support Warren and Burside, if necessary.'

'Gen. Sheridan, with Gregg's and Torbet's division of cavalry, is on our left flank. Gen. Wilson is on the right and rear, for the purposes reported in a former dispatch.'

'The country hereabouts is thickly wooded with pines, with few good openings. The indications this morning are that the enemy have fallen back south of the Chickahominy.'

Nothing of a later date has been received by this Department.

E. M. STANTON, Secy. of War.

May 31—11.25 p. m.

The following dispatch has been received from Gen. Butler:—

'Yesterday all day firing was heard in the direction of Mechanicsville. Six refugees from Richmond report that Grant is on the Mechanicsville turnpike, fourteen miles from Richmond. Yesterday they heard the firing, and that Grant was driving Lee.'

'A woman reports that a meeting was held yesterday, while she was in Richmond, to see whether the city should be surrendered or burnt. The Mayor advocated a surrender, and was put in Castle Thunder.'

'The enemy attacked my line yesterday, and were repulsed. To-day all day they have been demonstrating against my works on Spring Hill, easterly side of the Appomattox, but were repulsed.'

Nothing further since my telegram of this evening from Gen. Grant.'

E. M. STANTON, Secy. of War.

June 1—7.30 a. m.

We have no intelligence this morning from Gen. Grant, later than yesterday at 6 a. m.

A unofficial dispatch received here at 4 o'clock this morning, dated yesterday (31st) at Kingston, reports that Major Hopkins, of Gen. Stoneman's staff, came from the front this afternoon, and says the rebels attacked us at 7 o'clock this morning, and at 10 o'clock the affair was over, the enemy repulsed, and our left reached the railroad near Marietta.'

To accomplish this object had been for several days the purpose of Gen. Sherman's movements.

Additional forces are reaching him and ample supplies. E. M. STANTON, Secy. of War.

June 2.

A dispatch from Grant's headquarters dated June 1st, 10 a. m., has been received.

It states that about 5 p. m., yesterday, Sheridan, perceiving a force of rebel cavalry at Coal Harbor, which proved to be Fitz Hugh Lee's division, attacked it, and after a hard fight routed it together with Clingman's brigade of infantry, which came to Lee's support.