

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSLINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIDDLEBURY COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2769.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII. No. 34.

### Cash Rates of Advertising.

Administration or Executor's Notices \$2 00  
If published in both papers, each 1 50  
Auditor's do do 25  
Sheriff's Sales, 12 lines 1 00  
Each additional line 8  
Estray, Caution or other Notices, not exceeding 12 lines, 3 insertions 1 00  
Tavern Licenses, single, 1 00  
If more than one, each 50  
Register's Notices of Accounts, each 50  
On public sales published in both papers, a deduction of 25 per cent. on all matter over one square.  
All other Judicial Notices same as above, unless the price is fixed by law.  
12 lines of bourgeois, or 10 lines of non-pariel, make a square. About 8 words constitute a line, so that any person can easily calculate a square in manuscript.  
Yearly advertisements will be inserted on such terms as may be agreed on.  
In all other cases 12 lines constitute a square, and will be so charged.

### Lewistown Post Office.

Mails arrive and close at the Lewistown P. O. as follows:

ARRIVE.	5 20 a. m.
Eastern through, through and way	4 01 p. m.
Western " "	10 53 a. m.
Bellefonte " "	2 30 p. m.
Northumberland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays	6 00 p. m.

CLOSE.

Eastern through	8 00 p. m.
Western " "	10 00 a. m.
Bellefonte " "	3 00 p. m.
Northumberland (Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays)	8 00 p. m.

Office open from 7 00 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.
Through Express, 4 24 a. m.	12 19 a. m.
Baltimore Express, 5 20 " "	" "
Philadelphia " "	5 20 a. m.
Fast Line, 5 51 p. m.	3 49 " "
Fast Mail, 4 01 " "	10 53 " "
Through Accommodation, 2 35 p. m.	" "
Emigrant, 9 07 a. m.	" "
Through Freight, 10 15 p. m.	1 20 a. m.
Fast " "	3 49 a. m.
Express " "	11 00 " "
Stock Express, 4 40 p. m.	8 20 " "
Coal Train, 12 45 p. m.	11 25 a. m.
Union Line, 7 15 " "	" "
Local Freight, 7 00 a. m.	6 45 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.

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 on 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.

### 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 McAlvey'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 telescopic base. Extracting and filling teeth done in the most approved manner. jan17-ly.

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

## THE MINSTREL.

WORDS.  
BY J. G. HOLLAND.

The robin repeats his two beautiful words. The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain; And steadily, over and over again, Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then it has nothing further to sing or say.

Bobolink, chickadee, blackbird and jay. Thrasher and woodpecker, cuckoo and wren, Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then it has nothing further to sing or say.

Into that word, or that sweet little phrase, All there may be of its life may crowd; And low and liquid, or hoarse and loud, It breathes its burden of joy and praise.

A little child sits in his father's door, Chatting and singing with careless tongue; A thousand musical words are sung, And he holds unuttered a thousand more.

Words measure power; and they measure thine; Greater art thou in thy childhood's years Than all the birds of a hundred spheres; They are brutes only, but thou art divine.

Words measure destiny. Power to declare Infinite ranges of passion and thought— Holds with the infinite only its lot, Is of eternity only the heir.

Words measure life, and they measure its joy; Thou hast more joy in thy childish spheres, Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres, So—sing with the beautiful birds, my boy! Springfield Mass. Republican.

### SONGS FOR OUR BABY.

THE little sparrows have their nest, God gives the pretty creatures rest; He watches o'er the smallest thing That nightly folds its weary wing. Sleep! baby, sleep!

The nodding lilies by the stream With folded petals sweetly dream; The sleepy daisies in the grass Are winking as the night winds pass. Sleep! baby, sleep!

Now drop the fringed and dainty lid O'er sweetest eyes! that e'er were hid, And leave your darling baby wiles, For angel whispers, dreamy smiles. Sleep! baby, sleep!

## TALES & SKETCHES

### TAKEN PRISONER.

'No rent again this month! This is the third time it has happened within the half year. I'll go there myself and get the money, or I'll know the reason why.'

Mr. Mathew Dean was in a particular bad humor this raw December morning. Everything had gone wrong. Stocks had fallen when they ought to have risen—his clerk had tipped over the inkstand on his special and peculiar heap of paper—the fire obstinately refused to burn in the grate—in short nothing went right, and Mr. Dean was consequently and correspondingly cross.

'Jenkins!' 'Yes, sir.' 'Go to the Widow Clarkson's and tell her that I shall be there in half an hour, and expect confidently—mind, Jenkins, confidently to receive that rent money. Or else shall feel myself obliged to resort to extreme measures. You understand Jenkins?' 'Certainly, sir.' 'Then don't stand there staring like an idiot, snarled Mr. Dean in a sudden burst of irritation, and Jenkins disappeared like a shot.

Just half an hour afterward Mr. Mathew Dean brushed the brown hair just sprinkled with grey away from his square yet not unkindly brow, putting on his fur lined overcoat, he walked forth into the chilly winter air fully determined, figuratively, to annihilate the defaulting Widow Clarkson.

It was a dwarfish little red brick house which appeared originally to have aspired to two story hood, but cramped by circumstances, had settled down in a story and a half, but the windows shone like Brazil iron pebbles, and door steps were worn by much scouring. Neither of these circumstances, however, did Mr. Dean remark, as he pulled the glittering brass door-knob, and strode into Mrs. Clarkson's neat parlor.

There was a small fire—very small, as if every lump of anthracite was hoarded in the stove; at a table with writing implements before her, sat a young lady whom Mr. Dean at once recognized as Mrs. Clarkson's niece, Miss Olive Mellen. She was not disagreeable to look upon, though you would never have thought of classing her among the beauties with shining black hair blue, long lashed eyes and a pretty mouth, hiding teeth like rich kernels, so white were they.

Miss Mellen rose with a polite nod, which was grimly reciprocated by Mr. Dean.

'I've called to see your aunt, Miss Mellen.'

'I know it sir, but aware of her timid temperament, I sent her away. I prefer to deal with you myself.'

Mr. Dean started—the cool audacity of this damsel in grey, with scarlet ribbons in her hair, rather astonished him.

'I suppose the money is ready?' 'No sir it is not.'

'Then Miss Olive—pardon me, I must speak plainly—I shall send an officer here

this afternoon to put a valuation on the furniture, and'

'You will do nothing of the kind, sir.'

Olive's cheek had reddened and her eyes flashed portentously. Mr. Dean turned toward the door, but ere he knew what he was doing, Olive had walked quietly across the room, locked the door and taken out the key—then she resumed her seat.

'What does this mean? ejaculated the astonished "prisoner of war."

'It means sir, that you will be obliged to reconsider the question,' said Olive.

'Obliged?' 'Yes—you will hardly jump out of the window and there is no other method of egress unless you choose to go up the chimney. Now then, Mr. Dean, will you tell me if you—a christian man in the nineteenth century—intend to sell a poor woman's furniture, because she is not able to pay your rent? Listen, sir!

Mr. Dean had opened his mouth to remonstrate, but Olive enforced her words with a very emphatic little stamp of the foot and he was as it were stricken dumb.

'You are, what the world calls a rich man, Mr. Dean. You own rows of houses piled of bank stock, railroad shares, bonds and mortgages—who knows what? My aunt has nothing—I support her by copying. Now, if this case be carried into a court of law, my poor aunt will be a sufferer, you would emerge unscathed and profited. You are not a bad man, Mr. Dean; you have a great many noble qualities, and I like you for them.'

She paused an instant and looked intently and gravely at Mr. Dean. The color rose to his cheek—it was not disagreeable to be told by a pretty young girl that she liked him on any terms, yet she had indulged in pretty plain speaking.

'I have heard,' she went on, 'of your doing kind actions when you were in the humor of it. You can do them, and you shall in this instance. You are cross this morning, you know you are! Hush, no excuses, you are selfish and irritable and overbearing! If I were your mother and you were a little boy, I should certainly put you in a corner until you promised to be good.'

Mr. Dean smiled although he was getting angry. Olive went on with the utmost composure.

'But as it is, I shall only keep you here a prisoner until you have behaved and gave me your word not to annoy my aunt again for rent, until she is able to pay you, then, and not until then, will you receive your money. Do you promise? yes or no?' 'I shall certainly agree to no such terms,' said Mr. Dean tartly.

'Very well, sir, I can wait.'

Miss Mellen deposited the key in the pocket of her grey dress, and sat down to her copying. Had she been a man Mr. Dean would probably have knocked her down—as it was she wore an invisible armor of power in the very fact that she was a fragile, slight woman, and she knew it.

'Miss Olive,' he said sternly, 'let us terminate this nursery. Unlock that door.'

'Mr. Dean, I will not.'

'I shall shout and alarm the neighborhood then call a policeman.'

'Very well, Mr. Dean, do so if you please.'

She dipped her pen in the ink and began on a fresh page. Mathew sat down puzled and discomfited, and watched the long lashed eyes and faintly tinted cheek of his keeper. She was very pretty—a what a pity she was so obstinate.

'Miss Olive!'

'Sir.'

'The clock has just struck twelve.'

'I heard it.'

'I should like to get out to get some lunch.'

'I am sorry that that luxury is out of your power.'

'But I am confounded hungry.'

'Are you?'

'And I'm not going to stand this sort of thing any longer.'

'No.'

How provokingly nonchalant she was. Mr. Dean eyed the pocket of the grey dress greedily, and walked up and down the room pettishly.

'I have an appointment at one.'

'Indeed, what a pity, you will be unable to keep it.'

He took another turn across the room. Olive looked up with a smile.

'Well are you ready to promise?' 'Hang it, yes, what else can I do?' 'You promise.'

'I do because I can't help myself.'

Olive drew the key from her pocket with softened eyes, and said:

'You have made me very happy, Mr. Dean. I dare say you think me unwomanly and unfeminine, but indeed you do not know to what extremities we are driven by poverty. Good morning, sir.'

Mr. Dean sallied forth with a curious complication of thoughts and emotions struggling through his brain, in which grey dresses, long lashes, blue eyes and scarlet ribbons play a prominent part.

'Did you get the money, sir?' asked the clerk, when he walked into the office.

'I pity her husband,' he thought, as he turned papers over on his desk. 'How she will hen peck him. By the way, I wonder who her husband will be?'

The next day he called on the Widow Clarkson to assure Miss Mellen that he had no idea of breaking his promise, and the next one after that, he came to tell the young lady she need entertain no doubts of his integrity. And the next week he dropped in on them with no particular errand to serve as an excuse.

'When shall we be married, Olive? Next month, dearest? Do not let us put it off later.'

'I have no wishes but yours Mathew?'

'Really, Miss Olive Mellen, to hear that meek tone, one would suppose you had never looked me up here, and tyrannized over me as a jailor!'

Olive burst into a merry laugh.

'You dear old Mathew, I give you warning before hand that I mean to have my own way in everything. Do you wish to recede from your bargain? It is not too late yet.'

No, Mathew Dean didn't; he had a vague idea that it would be very pleasant to be hen-pecked by Olive.

## MORAL & RELIGIOUS

### FIRMAMENT.

Let us cast our eyes up to the firmament, where the rich handicraft of God presents itself to our sight, and ask ourselves some such questions as these:

What power built over our heads this vast magnificent arch, and spread out the heavens like a curtain? Who garnished these heavens with such a variety of shining objects, a thousand and ten thousand times ten thousand different stars, new suns, new moons, new worlds, in comparison with which this earth of ours is but a point, all regular in their motion, and swimming in their liquid ether? Who painted the clouds with such a variety of colors, and in such a diversity of shades and figures as is not in the power of the finest pencil to emulate? Who formed the sun of such a determinate size, and placed it at such a convenient distance, as not to annoy, but only to refresh us, and nourish the ground with its kindly warmth? If it were larger, it would set the earth on fire; if it were smaller, it would freeze it; if it were under us, we should be scorched to death; if further from us we should not be able to live for the want of heat. Who then hath made it so commodious a tabernacle, (I speak with the Scriptures and accordingly to the common notion,) out of which it cometh forth every morning, like a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth like a giant to run its course? For so many ages past it never failed rising at its appointed time, nor once missed sending out the dawn to proclaim its approach.

But whose voice does it arise, and by whose hand is it directed in its diurnal and annual course; give to us the blessed vicissitudes of day and night, and the regular successions of different seasons? That it should always proceed in the same straight path, and never once be known to step aside; that it should turn at a certain determinate point, and not go forward in a space where there is nothing to obstruct it; that it should traverse the same path back again, in the same constant and regular pace, to bring on the seasons by gradual advances; that the moon should supply the office of the sun, at set times to illuminate the air, and give a vicarious light when its brother is gone to carry the day into another hemisphere; that it should procure or at least regulate the fluxes or refluxes of the sea, whereby the water is kept in constant motion, and so preserved from putrefaction, and accommodated to man's manifold conveniences, besides the business of fishing and the use of navigation—in a word, that the rest of the planets, and all the innumerable host of heavenly bodies, should perform their course and revolutions with so much certainty and exactness as never to fail, but for almost these six thousand years, come constantly to the same period, in the hundredth part of a minute—is a clear and incontestible proof of a Divine Architect, and of that counsel and wisdom wherewith He rules and directs the universe.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Cutting Noxious Weeds.

The very best time in all the seasons to cut noxious weeds—the time when it will injure them most—is when the pedicles, heads, or buds, begin to form. If tory weeds, horse dock and Canada thistles be mowed close at that stage of their growth, it will hurt them so severely that they will not recover until late in the summer. And, if they be cut again as soon as they form seed buds, they will be feeble and will not prick much the next season.

Bull thistles, which occupy a large share of the ground in pastures, should be cut off with sharp, broad hoes, about two inches below the surface of the soil. Then the water will fill the depression made with the hoe, and soak into the roots and destroy them.

If they are mowed off, they will continue to grow, and go to seed. They will flourish, it is true only this year, as they are biennials. But the object is to prevent their seeding, and to raise good grass where they would grow.

Call out all hands—boys and girls too—on a wet day, and they may all be cut in a few hours.

Let horse-dock be served in the same manner in pasture fields. When it grows among grain let it be pulled and placed in large heaps.

Pull wild mustard and winter cress out of oats and other grain.

### Hop Growing in Kansas.

Kansas is promising production. The bloody fights and raids which accompanied its beginning now give way to peaceful agriculture, and since it is established that slave labor shall not be permitted there, it is being proved what free labor can do.

It has been discovered that hops are an indigenous product of the State; that they grow wild, and need nothing but gathering. The quantity and quality are both improved by culture, but without either there is a very considerable yield. A Mr. Spangler, who was raised among the abundant hop plantations of New York, writes that he has seen more hops grow wild in this (Johnson county) part of Kansas than I ever saw in the State of New York. They are larger, and when used side by side with hops sent from New York, I find the wild variety the best. I gathered a bushel by the roadside last fall in fifteen minutes, and they were large. Land can be bought here for from \$2.50 to \$10 per acre, all covered with hops. We have a home market, and might supply the east. No person here thinks of the hop business. Men might make ten or more dollars per day, through September and October, picking hops, without one cent of capital, as the land lies in commons, in tracts of many thousands acres.

Hop culture has grown to such importance in this county and Europe that the profits of cultivation, where the native capacity is so great, must be very important. The increasing demand has stimulated production in regions where the disadvantages are many, and where the whole crop is sometimes lost. If, through any considerable portion of Kansas, what is reported true of Johnson county is also true, the settlers there have a mine of wealth at their command, not less certain than would be a mine of gold. In Europe the valleys of the finest rivers are appropriated to this agriculture. The same demand will be found in America, and as great a profit can be realized, since our domestic consumption is large, and at low prices we may export to all the shores of the Atlantic.

### Out Door Etiquette.

A gentleman meeting another should always pass to the right.

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A lady, as a general rule, should not take a gentleman's arm in the day time. However, it is not improper when the walk is thronged with passengers.

A gentleman meeting or passing a gentleman and lady should pass on the gentleman's side.

A gentleman should never fail to salute a lady of his acquaintance when within a proper distance; unless she wears a veil, in which case it would be highly uncivil to recognize her.

### Smart Woman.

A preacher not long since asking to stay at night at a country house was forbidden by the lady. Knowing her to be a member of the church and generally pleased to entertain ministers, he began to quote Paul to her, hoping that she would understand by this that he was a preacher. He hardly got out, 'for thereby some have entertained angels unaware,' when she said: 'I know sir, but angels would not come with quids of tobacco stuck into their mouths.' The preacher left without any further ceremony!

### Frenchman's Excuse for Stealing a pig.

'I see von leetle peeg, and I say to him, "Shall I take you away home with me, my leetle peeg—out or now?" And zen I pull ze tail of ze leetle fellow, and he sing out, "Oui! oui! oui!" in ze best of French. And so I take him at his word, and make him into one great besg pork pie!'

### Richard Wallach.

Richard Wallach has been re-elected Mayor of Washington city by a large majority. Most of the Aldermen and Councilmen on the same ticket were elected. All the candidates professed to be Union men, either unconditional or independent. Wallach's majority for Mayor is 971.

## TOBACCO!

Genuine Oriental Turkish, Im. Turkish, Rose, Favorite, Union, Kiss-me-quick, Seafar-latti, &c.

No. 1, 2 and 3 CUT & DRY, very low.

ALSO,

## PIPES, TOBACCO-BOXES, CIGARS,

and in fact everything that belongs to his line of business, at very low figures. Call and examine for yourselves, and save money by buying at the Cigar and Tobacco Store of

E. FRYSLINGER,  
Lewistown, Pa.  
nov11

### Natural Acting.

The following remarkable anecdote is extracted from 'An Essay on the Science of Acting.'—In the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, 1788, Fair Penton was performed. In the last act, were Caliban lays her hand on the skull, Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage. During the night her illness continued; but the following day, when she sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent for the stage-keeper and anxiously inquired where he produced the skull. He replied from the sexton, who informed him it was the skull of one Norris, a pauper, who 12 years before was buried in the graveyard. That same Norris was her first husband. She died in six weeks.

### Horned Woman.

The New York Observer, of the 12th instant, contains a letter from its correspondent at Larnaca, in the island of Cyprus (Turkish dominions), describing a most remarkable *lusus nature* recently discovered there. It is nothing less than a woman with horns growing out of her head! She has one large horn on the side of her head of the size and consistency of an ordinary ram's horn, besides three or four cornicles on other parts of her head. The writer states that he has seen her, and that she has been visited by nearly all the Consuls and Europeans in that place, some of whom are making an effort to secure her for an exhibition.