

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYNSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, HUNTINGTON COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2772.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII. No. 37.

Cash Rates of Advertising.
Administration or Executor's Notices \$2 00
If published in both papers, each 1 50
Auditor's 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 burgeois, or 10 lines of nonpariel, 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.
Eastern through, 5 20 a. m.
" 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.
" and way, 10 00 a. m.
Western " " 3 00 p. m.
Bellefonte " " 8 00 " "
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, 12 19 a. m.
Baltimore Express, 4 24 a. m.
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. 8 55 " "
Express " 11 00 " 2 35 p. m.
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.
Galtbraith'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: 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 stores and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands. Plaster, Fish, and Salt always on hand. sep2

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.

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. FRYNSINGER,
Lewistown, Pa.
nov11

Cordage. Cordage.
ROPES, Tow Lines, Bed Cords, Clothes Lines, Twines, and other cordage for sale by
J. B. SELHEIMER.

THE MINSTREL.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.
BY J. F. WEISHAMPEL, JR.
I have a little spot of sky
Beyond the city walls;
From out my casement I descry
My heavenly Father's halls.
Far up above the row of eaves
That circumscribes the blue,
My soul its heritage perceives,
And glads upon the view.
Beyond these buildings, where the night
Reveals her precious stars,
My longing soul would take its flight,
Had not my window bars.
Down with the gentle dews there fall
Such hopes as check my tears;
Some day I shall be free of thrall,
And roam in yonder spheres.

TALES & SKETCHES.

THE MONEY LENDER;

OR, TOO MANY EGGS IN ONE BASKET.

'Will you discount this note for me?'
The question was asked by a merchant in the office of a private banker, a man of large fortune, who had retired from business, and now used his capital for discounting instead of in trade.
The shrewd money lender took the note, and after examining the face, handed it back with a shake of the head, and a very firm compression on his mouth.
'It is a number one,' said the merchant, with almost an amused smile, at the pride of the money lender.
'I have no question as to that,' was replied. 'If I were in business, I should not hesitate to sell the firm to any reason at all extent.'

'Why, then, will you not buy their note?'
A pleasant light came into the money lender's face. He looked knowing, and very self complacent.
'I was in market the other day,' said he, 'and as I stood buying some fruit at a woman's stall, a man, in going by, was crowded against a basket standing thereon, which fell to the pavement. It was nearly filled with eggs, more than two thirds of which were broken. "Ah, my good woman," said I, "the old error of too many eggs in one basket. If you had placed them in two or three baskets, instead of one, this general wreck would never have occurred." In my business, sir,' continued the money lender, 'I never commit the error of this market woman. I never place too many eggs in one basket. Do you understand me?'

'I believe so,' replied the merchant. 'You already have enough of this paper.'
'Just as much as I intended buying. When some of it is taken up, I will make room for more. These are fixed laws, sir, that govern me in this business, and I never depart from them.'

'Good morning,' said the merchant, smiling. 'I hope you will never get too many eggs in one basket.'
'No fear of that. If a basket is upset and the eggs in it broken, I shall be able to bear the loss.'

The merchant withdrew, and the money lender turned over in his mind the word just spoken, and felt self complimented at his wise caution. 'No--no--' he repeated over and over again. 'They cannot tempt me to place too many eggs in one basket. I am too old and prudent for that.'

This figure of speech seemed to please the money lender, and he used it a number of times during the day, in declining good business paper that was offered.
'Have I put too many eggs in one basket, to-day?' he asked of himself as he sat alone during the evening that followed, counting up, mentally, his gains and looking with a feeling of pleasure, at the unusually large aggregate. 'Let me see? That last note of L. & O.'s came very near to a violation of the rule. There are quite enough eggs in that basket. I must not venture another one. But the temptation of two per cent. was hardly to be resisted on such paper which all regard as gilded.'

It was now over five years since our money lender withdrew from productive trade, and narrowed down his intellect and his efforts to the simple business of buying paper, which the holders were unable to get done in bank. During that period he had added largely to his wealth; while his desire for accumulation had grown stronger, and manifested itself in a more eager reaching out after, and drawing of the gold that perishes. As a merchant he had been liberal, generous, kind hearted; and all men spoke of him as such. But the work of mere money getting, outside of any

productive use in society, had brought the interior of his mind into new associations; and his heart was steadily hardening. Every day the circle of his thoughts narrowed itself; every day his heart stooped lower and lower in adoration before the miser's god. Others saw the change—spoke of it, and regretted it. But as he grew richer and richer, and the worshippers of riches bent to him in flattery, he imagined himself to be growing better.

'Too many eggs in one basket,' he repeated to himself, as he sat musing in his luxurious easy chair; never for once thinking of the struggling young merchant, without bank credits, more than two thirds of whose profits on a sale of five hundred dollars he had clipped off of a six months' note that day; a note as good as any he had bought during the past week.

'Too many eggs in one basket! No--no. I am too shrewd for that!' Drowsily was this murmured, as he laid his head among the cushions. His next consciousness was in another world. He dreamed that he had passed through the dark portal of eternity, and that to him the judgement from the Book of his Life had come—a judgement that was to reveal his true state, and fix his everlasting habitation with those who loved the neighbor as themselves; or with those who loved and cared only for themselves. He did not find himself in the presence of an august, Divine Judge, but in a chamber, with translucent walls and ceiling, where were gathered a small assemblage of people, to the centre of which he was led by one who seemed to possess a singular power over him. Here, seated, and a little elevated above the rest, were two beings—one with a countenance of heavenly beauty, and the other with a face the cruel expression of which caused a shudder to go thrilling to his heart. A book lay open before them, and he knew it to be a Book of his Life, wherein were written every purpose of his heart, with every act and deed. The money lender had come to judgement.

With a hopeful countenance the angel began turning the leaves of the book, upon which both her eyes, and that of the demon, were fixed with an earnest gaze. The period of childhood showed a fair and hopeful record. The tender, merciful, loving impressions made upon the heart of her child by a wise and good mother, who looked forward to a meeting with her son in heaven, were everywhere visible. The budding soil gave a fair promise for the fruit and flower.

Early manhood's record was also full of encouragement. There was an eager looking forward into life, and an earnest will towards success. But, united with this, were generous purpose toward others, and great humanitarian schemes to be wrought out for the world's good, when the money power to work should come within his grasp. The light and hope beamed in the angel's face, as page after page of the book was turned; while the demon sat dark and scowling.

The middle period showed less fairly, as to the ends of life—and it was into these that the angel and the demon looked most narrowly. The act was never judged of as it stood alone—it was by the motive that its quality was determined.

A gentle sadness began to shadow the angel's beautiful countenance, while dimly seen in the demon's face was the light of triumph. Many acts of benevolence; many words of good counsel to others; many declarations of noble, generous, unselfish purposes were written down; but they were seen as deeds with selfish ends as their prompts, and words that were only from the "teeth outward." More and more, as wealth rolled into the merchant's coffers, and he gained a higher and higher place in the good opinions of men, did he bury his thoughts in selfish purposes, and put forth his strength for himself alone, as if he were the chiefest thing in God's creation. His name was on subscription papers, for charitable uses, to a large amount; but, when the angel and the demon went behind the record, what did they find? A generous desire to benefit the suffering or help the weak? Alas! no. They saw, instead, an extorted benevolence, in most instances, done for the eyes of men, and succeeded by a self complacent gratulation, in the loss of so much of his dearly loved gains, that 'charity covers a multitude of sins!'

Sadder and sadder grows the angel's face; brighter and brighter, with an evil triumph, the face of the demon.
At last came the closing years of life, when the useful merchant sunk down into the eager money lender. Previous to this, gleams of better purposes would throw a hopeful warmth over a page, and lighten the saddening angel's face. But the record now had in it little of variation, and no passage of light. Desire moved on in an even current, and thought had free course under the pressure of desire. There was the one desire to get money, and the one thought about the surest means. The face of a man—the form of a man—the step of a man—but quickened his avaricious impulses. He was a great tumor, absorbing the rich blood of trade, and growing larger and larger, as healthy, working organs in the man or society, became weaker from impaired vitality. Gold had become the god before whom he bowed down in

daily adoration. He loved nought else; and though, from a lingering desire to appear well in the eyes of his fellow men, he still performed some apparent good acts, yet in every such act there was the effect to compass a worldly advantage that marred the record in his book of life. Thus for instance, he had given liberally to the erection of churches, but only when they were to be located near his property, the value of which would be improved thereby far beyond the sum of his subscription.

As the last page of the book was turned the angel breathed a deep sigh and faded from the money lender's vision!
'Too many eggs in one basket!' said the demon, in a voice of triumph, as he bent his malignant face so close that his hot breath almost suffocated the terrified money lender, who started into wakeful life as he felt himself clutched by the demon's vice-like hands. Some moments passed before his wildly throbbing heart calmed itself down to its wonted even pulsations.

'Only a dream—a foolish dream!' he said to himself, as he vainly tried to rise above the depressed state of feeling which the mercifully sent vision had left behind.
But conscience told him that it was more than a dream, and that, while in all worldly produce he was careful not to get too many eggs in a single basket, in matters of eternal interest he had one basket only and in that the price of his soul was resting. He shuddered as the thought fixed his mind, and overwhelmed all his convictions.

'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?'
It seemed like the voice of his mother, speaking back to him from the years of childhood.
'God help me!' he said, with a shudder. 'I am not in the right path.'

Did he go back to his eager money lending? We know not. The dream was sent in mercy, and let us hope that it wrought upon him its high and holy mission.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Vicksburg Town Clock.

The confirmation of Gen. A. J. Smith as a Major General of Volunteers reminds me of a little incident in connection with the Vicksburg campaign, which, though perhaps unworthy the dignity of print, will do to fill a letter during a dearth of more interesting news. Smith commanded a division in McClernand's (13th) Corps. His line was directly in the rear of the centre of the besieged city, and the Court House was in full view of his headquarters. An artillery officer entered the General's tent one morning after a very severe cannonading all along our lines, to request permission to go to the Yazoo river, where our fleet of steamers was lying.
'What time is it?' asked the General, who had not left his cot.
'It's ten minutes to seven,' said the artilleryman.
'How do you know it's that late?' inquired the General, a little vexed at the idea of having slumbered so long.
'I can see by the town clock,' replied the artilleryman, referring to the clock on the Vicksburg Court House, which, I may remark just here, furnished the time of day to both arm es for more than six weeks.
'Town h—ll and d—nation!' exclaimed the General, jumping out of bed. 'Have you been shooting all morning without hitting that old clock?'

'Yes, sir; we couldn't hit it. Tried our best, but couldn't make the shot.'
'All right, then. Men who can't hit such a good mark as that can't get any leave of absence from me. Can't go to the river to-day.'

Thousands of shot were aimed at the clock, to my certain knowledge. It was the target for at least twenty batteries every day, but was never struck, and is keeping good time to this day, I believe. On entering Vicksburg on the 4th of July, my curiosity led me to the cupola of the Court House, to see how near the old tickler had come to annihilation. The pillars about it, below it, and on each side, had been struck and shattered. A large hole had been made in a wall within a foot of it, and fragments of stone and mortar covered the box holding its works. Not less than one hundred shot had struck within 10 feet of it—but it had survived them all, and while Pemberton wrote his lying bulletins in his subterranean headquarters every day, it stood fearlessly at its post, telling the truth, and chiming out the hours from day to day, and from week to week.—Phila. Eve Telegraph.

He who amends his faults, puts himself under God's protection.
He who loves well, sees things at a distance.
He who hath servants, hath enemies that he cannot well be without.
He who sleeps much, gets but little learning.

Letter of Acceptance.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, }
June 27, 1864. }

Hon. William Dennison, and others, a Committee of the National Union Convention.
GENTLEMEN: Your letter of the 14th inst., formally notifying me that I have been nominated by the Convention you represent for the Presidency of the United States for four years from the 4th of March next, has been received. The nomination is gratefully accepted, as the resolutions of the Convention—called the Platform—are heartily approved.

While the resolution in regard to the supplanting of republican government upon the Western Continent is fully concurred in, there might be a misunderstanding were I not to say that the position of the Government in relation to the action of France in Mexico, as assumed through the State Department and indorsed by the Convention, among the measures and acts of the Executive, will be faithfully maintained so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable.

I am especially gratified that the soldier and the seaman were not forgotten by the Convention, as they forever must and will be remembered by the grateful country for whose salvation they devote their lives.

Thanking you for the kind and complimentary terms in which you have commended the nomination and other proceedings of the Convention, I subscribe myself,
Your obedient servant,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Gen. Washington on Swearing.

When he was Colonel at Fort Cumberland, in his orderly book we find the following: 'Col. Washington has observed that the men of his regiment are very profane and reprobate. He takes this opportunity to inform them of his great displeasure at such practices, and assures them that if they do not leave their off they shall be severely punished. The officers are desired, if they hear any man swear, or make use of an oath or execration, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately without a court-martial. For the second offence he will be severely punished.'

When the American army were at their winter quarters in New Jersey, during the Revolutionary struggle, Washington one day invited his staff officers to dine with him. The use of profane language was then very common with the officers in the army. One of these at the table uttered a profane expression. Washington suddenly laid upon the table his knife and fork in such a way as to attract the attention of every guest, and raising his hand, exclaimed, 'I really thought I had invited none but gentlemen to dine with me.'

An Incident of the Cobi Harbor Battle.—Sometimes the sadness which generally prevails among the wounded and dying is banished by a ludicrous incident. An Irishman who had been fatally wounded was advised by the surgeon to give his effects to a person near by. He pulled out his razor, and asked comically, 'If he would send that home to the old woman.'

'Yes,' said the delegate. Next came out his glasses, and then \$17 65, of which one dollar was silver. All these things he wanted sent. But when the delegate went to take them, he asked him to 'Wait a bit. These doctors are not always right. Yes better be a fatter seen' whether I'm going to die or not.'

A Remarkable Case.

On the 5th of May, in the first battle of the Wilderness, private Harper, of Pittsburg, Pa., a member of the 102d Pennsylvania regiment, was wounded by a minie ball, which entered his head a short distance above the right eye, and, grazing the base of the brain, lodged in the back of his neck. Some of the tendons of the eye were severed and the eye dropped out. Several times he was expected to die, but he is now so much relieved as to be able to walk about the hospital. He says he's not hurt any, and can soon join his regiment.

The Washington Statesman records a costly catastrophe that occurred in that region. A company of hay packers, for sport, saturated a cat with turpentine and let her go. Consequently the cat cut funny capers, jumped into a camp fire, jumped out all a blaze, ran into a hay stack, then into a barn, setting both on fire and destroying them. This little piece of innocent sport cost the party just \$600.

Interesting Scene.—At the Philadelphia Fair: Very pretty girl pinning a bouquet on young swell's coat.
Young swell.—Twenty five cents for the bouquet I think you said; here's a two dollar greenback.
Young lady.—Yes, twenty five cents for the bouquet; a dollar for pinning it on your coat; and seventy five cents for the pin. That's just right; can't I show you something else?'

He who abandons his poor kindred, God forsakes him.
He who resolves suddenly, repents at leisure.
He who rises late, loses his prayers, and provides not well for his house.
He who peeps through a hole, may see what will vex him.

If you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a tie.
He that would keep his watch—This let him do—pocket his watch, and watch his pocket, too.
What is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy? One is a strong will and the other is a strong won't.

What is the difference between a kind of butterfly and a matron? One is a moth and the other is a moth er.
Would a promissory note, which is made payable at sight, be a legal tender to an inmate of a blind asylum?
Incredible as it may seem, many of the richest planters in Jamaica live on coffee-grounds.

We must not undervalue physicians.—Perhaps the fabric of society would fall without them—they are its pillars.
There is said to be a man in the moon. In the honeymoon there are both a man and a woman.
An editor down East states that he has determined, after mature deliberation, to sell his printing office, and purchase a retired army mule, and go to peddling clams. This we presume is owing to the high price of paper.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Set Gate Posts.—The Ohio Farmer gives the following directions on this subject: Take equal quantities of water lime, and quick lime, and mix with sand as usual; put two or three inches of mortar and coarse gravel in the bottom of the hole, so that the end of the post will not come to the ground; then set your post in, top end down, fill in several inches of the mortar, then several inches of coarse gravel; pound it down, then more mortar and more gravel, and so until the cement is raised above ground several inches around the post. Slant it away from the post in every direction so as to turn off the water; then take coal tar and a brush, paint around the bottom of the post, and fill the interstice between the post and cement with the coal tar. Only mix enough mortar for one hole at a time.

Disinfecting Agents.—Either of the following will answer the purpose, while they cost but a trifle.
1. One pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc, in one pailful of water, and one pound of chloride of lime in another pailful of water. This is perhaps the most effective of anything that can be used, and when thrown upon decayed vegetable matters of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors.
2. Three or four pounds of sulphate of iron (copperas) dissolved in a pailful of water will, in many cases, be sufficient to remove all offensive odors.
3. Chloride of lime is better to scatter about damp places, in yards, in damp cellars and upon heaps of filth.

P. F. LOOP.

THE UNION SHOE STORE

IS the place to buy cheap Shoes. Having purchased a large stock, I propose to sell at but a small advance on cost, but only for cash. I would invite all in want of good and cheap Shoes to call and see my stock before buying elsewhere, as I have all styles of Women's Misses and Children's Shoes, with a large stock of Gaiters, which will be sold very low.
Home made work always on hand, and prepared to make to order any style at shortest notice. Always up to the latest styles in the city. Call and see.
I am also agent for the Grover & Baker SEWING MACHINE, and will have sample machines on hand at all times. All who buy a machine from me will be regularly taught to sew. Call and see this machine before buying elsewhere, as it has all the late improvements and will do more work than any other machine now in use. Also, the Grover & Baker Thread for sale.
Call at the old stand in the public square, three doors west of Geo. Blymyer's store. Lewistown, June 8, 1864.

BARGAINS!

THE undersigned, intending to relinquish her business, will sell off her stock of MILLINERY AND FANCY TRIMMINGS, at a very slight advance on cost. The assortment embraces the choicest and most fashionable articles, and affords an opportunity for ladies to supply themselves at lower prices than the great advance in goods of this kind will justify.
ap27 MARY McDOWELL.

BEST Note and Letter paper at

march 2, SWAIN'S.