#### Whole No. 2774.

Cash Rates of Advertising. THE MINSTREI, Administration or Executor's Notices

If published in both papers, each Sheriff's Sales, 12 lines Each additional line Estray, Caution or other Notices, not exceeding 12 lines, 3 insertions, Tavern Licenses, single, If more than one, each Register's Notices of Accounts, each On public sales published in both papers, a deduc-

tion 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:

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

8 00 p.m. Eastern through 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 " 3 49 " 10 53 " 5 51 p. m. 4 01 " Fast Line, Fast Mail 4 01 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 " 2 35 p. m. Stock Express. 4 40 p m, 8 20 12 45 p. m. 11 25 a m. Coal Train. Union Line, 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 at tend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Hunting-

DR. J. I. MARKS

() FFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and the surrounding country. Office in the Public Square op posite the Lewistown Hotel. jan13-6m\*

Large Stock of Furniture on Hand.

FELIX is still manufacturing all kinds A. of Furniture. Young married persons and others that wish to purchase Furniture will find a good assortment on hand, which will le sold cheap for cash, or country pro duce aken in exchange for same. Give me a call alley street, near Black Bear Ho

Jacob C. Blymyer & Co., Produce and Commission Merchants,

LEWISTOWN, PA.

Flour and Grain of all kinds pur chased 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.

> **AMBROTYPES** AND

MELAINOTYPES.

The Gems of the Season.

THIS is no humbug, but a practical truth The pictures taken by Mr. Burkholder unsurpassed for BOLDNESS TRUTH

FULNESS. 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.

T 0 B A C C 0!

Genuine Oriental Turkish, Im.

Turkish, Rose, Favorite, Union, Kiss-me-quick, Seafarlatti, &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

E. FRYSINGER. Lewistown, Pa.

Cordage, Cordage.

THE BLUE COAT.

The following ballad is from the pen of Bishop Burgess, of Maine, and was contributed by him to the book published and sold at the late Sanitary Fair in Baltimore, under the sanction of the State Fair Association of the women of Maryland:

THE BLUE COAT OF THE SOLDIER. You asked me, little one, why I bowed, Though never I passed the man before? Because my heart was full and proud When I saw the old blue coat he wore; The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat, The old blue coat the soldier wore

I know not, I. what weapon he chose, What chief he followed, what badge he wore: Enough that in the front of foes His country's blue great coat he wore: The blue great coat he wore, &c.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut. Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor: To want or wealth my eyes were shut. I only marked the coat he wore: The blue great coat, &c.

It mattered not much if he drew his line From Shem or Ham, in the days of yore; For surely he was a brother of mine, Who for my sake the war coat wore; The blue great coat, &c.

He might have no skill to read or write, But I knew he could make his mark to fight. And nobler gown no scholar wore; Than the blue great coat, &c.

It may be he could plunder and prowl, And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore: But I would not guess a spot so foul, On the honored coat he bravely wore; The blue great coat, &c.

He had worn it long, and borne it far-And perhaps on the red Virginian shore From midnight chill till the morning star That worn great coat the sentry wore: The blue great coat, &c.

When hardy Butler reined his steed Thro' the streets of proud, proud Baltimore. Perhaps behind him at his need, Marched he who yonder blue coat wore. The blue great coat, &c.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks. When Rappahannock ran dark with gore: Perhaps on the mountain side with Banks In the burning sun no more he wore The blue great coat, &c.

Perhaps in the swamps was a bed for his form, From the seven days' battling and marching sore, Or with Kearney and Pope 'mid the steely storm, As the night closed in, that coat he wore; The blue great coat, &c.

Or when right over as Jackson dashed, That collar or cape some bullet tore; Or when far ahead Antietam flashed, He flung to the ground the coat that he wore; The blue great coat, &c.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar; Or saw with Grant the unchained waves Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore. The blue great coat, &c.

That garb of honor tells enough, Though I its story guess no more: The heart it covers is made of such stuff, That coat is mail which that soldier wore: The blue great coat. &c.

He may hang it up when the peace shall come, And the moths may find it behind the door: But his children will point when they hear a drum To the proud old coat their father wore; The blue great coat &c.

And so my child, will you and I, For whose fair home their blood they pour, Still bow the head, as one goes by The blue great coat, the sky blue coat

## TALES & SKETCHES

A TRUE STORY.

Truth tranger Than Fiction

In the autumn of 1816, while the woods were bright with the variegated hues which follow th light touches of early frost, a mounted traveller was pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lonely forest, in the western part of the State of New York. He had ridden three miles since seeing a human habitation, and he had yet two to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy looking valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift running stream; and on reaching the water, he permitted his thirs ty beast to stop and drink.

At that moment a man came out from a cluster of bushes into the road, or horse path, on the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his general appearance there was nothing that indicated hostility or a wicked design. He was of medium size, compactly built, with intellectual features and a certain air of gentility-seeming rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport, than a professional hunter. All this the mounted traveller carefully noted before he crossed the stream to continue his journey, and when they came near together a pleasant salutation was exchanged.

·Fine wea her for travelling, sir!' re marked the man with the gun. 'And for hunting also, I should sup-

pose', smiled the other on the horse. 'Yes, there is game enough, returned the other; but I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear for my day's work thus far, and that is almost useless to me, because I have no means to take it POPES, Tow Lines. Bed Cords, Clothes away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you could spare five minutes

It is only back behind these bushes, some

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1864.

two hundred yards from here.' 'I will not only look at it,' replied the traveller, dismounting and fastening his horse, 'but, if not too heavy, I will take it along for you, seeing I am going your

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manner, and then, as if to make him self agreeable and keep up the conversation, inquired where the other was from. whither journeying, and so forth; and learned in reply that the latter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good business. and was travelling partly for his health, and partly with the view of making an extensive land purchase for future specula

'Well here we are!' exclaimed the hunter, as the two emerged from the dense thicket, through which they had slowly forced their way into the more open wood; 'here we are! and now I will show you as fine hands. and fat a beast as you ever saw. Observe where I point my rifle!'

He stepped back some eight or ten feet, deliberately raised the piece to his eye and pointed the muzzle directly at the head of the traveller There was a flash, a loud report, and the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

violently from head to foot; yet he ran to ter. his victim, and hurriedly robbed him of a purse, a pocket book, a gold watch and pin, and a diamond ring, which he fairly tore from his finger. Then he dragged the ody into the thicket, picked up his to the road, mounted the traveller's horse, bow and dashed away from the awful scene.

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty

In the spring of 1837 there lived in the city of New York, a banker and millionaire, whom we shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a pulatial mansion, splendidly furnished, in the very heart of the town, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned of sweet sixteen, who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were making for the happy event.

One day, about this period, as the great banker stood conversing with a gentleman from another city, who had called to see him on business, he observed the latter suddenly turn very pale and begin to trem | deed !'

'My dear sir,' he said, in the usual tone of off hand sympathy, 'what is the matter, are you ill?

am subject to similar spells. If you will that?' be kind enough to excuse me for ten minutes or so, I will take a short walk, and return in better condition.'

In ten minutes he did return, reported himself quite well, calmly proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and then respectfully took his leave.

It was, perhaps, a week after this that one night, the banker was sitting before the fire in his library, when a servant came in and presented him a letter. He took it with a yawn, opened it in the most indo lent and indifferent manner possible, but had not read a dozen words, before he came up with a start, turned deadly pale, and trembled so that the paper rattled. He finished the note-for it was rather a note than a letter-worked one hand nerv ously at his throat, and with the other clasped his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed to be choking into calmness, by an iron will, some terrible emotion, and he so far succeeded as to ad dress the waiting servant in an ordinary

'James,' he said, 'who gave you this let-'A man, sir, as said he'd wait for an an-

'Then I suppose he is waiting. 'Yes, sir.'

'Very well, show him in.' 'Soon there was a light tap on the door, and the banker said come in,' in an ordi-

nary tone. The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger, and immediately withdrew. The latter was a man verging on sixty, of rough appearance and coarse attire. He wore an old grey overcoat, buttoned to the throat, and a pair of green goggles, and his whole dress was saturated with rain.

'Take a seat,' said the banker, pointing to a chair near the fire. 'No, thank you, I'll stand, was the gruff

reply. 'You got my letter, and of course know my business,' he added. 'You allude to this, I suppose,' replied the banker, producing the letter which had caused him so much perturbation.

'Yes.' 'I do not understand it; you must have made a mistake.'

'No; no mistake at all I was present twenty years ago, come the tenth day of October, and saw you, Stephen Edwards, shoot the man, and if you go to deny it, I'll have you in prison before morning. I've laid my plans, and got everything fireside melodies are the blended tones of nies' who worked so hard to make them, sure, and if you go to playing innocent, a cricket, a tea-kettle, and a loving wife.

or so, I would like you to see the bear. and refusing my terms, I'll take care to see that you die stretching hemp.

The banker, in spite of himself, turned pale, shuddered, and staggered to a seat. What do you want?' he groaned 'A hundred thousand dollars-not one

'I cannot give it- it would ruin me. 'Just as you say,' rejoined the other, moving towards the door, 'you know what

will follow if I go this way.' 'Oh, stay, you must not go yet!' cried

the man of crime, in terrible alarm. He argued, urged, pleaded, implored for mercy at a less fearful cost. In vain. At last the banker-seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he refused-agreed to the terms. He also agreed to meet the stranger, with the required sum, on the following night, in front of St. Paul's Church. Both were punctual to the fixed time, and bills and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, changed

A month later there was a tremendous run on the bank of which Stephen Edwards was the principal owner. It was soon broken and closed. Then the sheriff was set to work by eager creditors, and all the real estate and personal property of the late millionaire was seized and seld, leaving him a beggar, and the just claims un-This might, or might not have been satisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the first crime committed by the man with the family, and the proud nobleman refuthe rifle. But as the traveller fell he shook sed the hand of a ruined banker's daugh-

In the very midst of this disgrace and tribulation, Stephen Edwards encountered chain, some curious seals, a diamond breast the man who had turned so pale and be come so agitated in his presence a short

'I rather think you do not know me rifle, plunged madly through the bushes sir,' said the gentlenan, with a formal

'Your face seems somewhat familiar, but yet I cannot place you,' returned Edwards.

'Permit me to bring myself to your recollection, then, as I wish you to know me. A little more than six weeks ago, I was talking with you on business, and you observed that I turned deadly pale, and became agitated?'

'Ah, yes, I remember you now.'

'Let me tell you why I was thus affected. My eye had just chanced upon a curious watch seal which had belonged to merchant, named Philip Sidney, who was shot in the western part of this State some twenty years ago; and on looking at your features closely, I knew you to be the villain who had perpetrated the foul

'Merciful God! exclaimed the banker, with a blanched face and quaking form. 'Yes, I knew you,' pursued the other:

and a week after, I disguised myself and 'A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause had an interview with you in your own alarm,' replied the other, hurriedly. I mansion. You would certainly remember

'But,' gasped the trembling wretch, 'did I not pay you your own price to keep my fatal secret?"

'Yes, and with that very money, and what other I could command, I was ena bled to buy up enough of your own bills to make that run upon your bank which broke it and forced ruin upon you.'

'And what would you now that I am ruined?' inquired the other, with the deadly lmness of desperation.

'Now that I have my revenge, I want ou to know that I, myself, am the man you attempted to murder, and did rob! I am Philip Sidney! Behold the sear where the ball struck and glanced!' and he

lifted his hat and showed it. 'God be praised!' ejaculated the other. God be praised that you are still living! and unable to restrain his emotion, he burst into tears. 'Oh, sir,' he continued, you have taken a load off my conscience a weight from my soul! Though poverty, beggary, disgrace and death are staring me in the face, I am happy in the knowledge that I am not guilty of murder -happier than I have been for twenty years, with all the luxurious surrounding of wealth. It was my first and last crime, and I have never been able to tell how I was tempted to so outrage my nature as on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me what you will-only, I pray you, be merciful to my innocent family.

'I forgive you,' returned the other, extending his hand. 'I forgive you. You have been fearfully punished already. And as God has seen proper to preserve us both and bring us together, let us hope it is for our present and future salvation, and let us endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessings we receive. I will restore you enough to place you and your family above want; and for the rest, I trust we shall both remember we shall soon have to render an account of our stewardship in another

Philip Sidney kept his word; and with a fresh start in the world, and now an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated another respectable fortune, much of which he spent in charity.

Philip Sidney died in 1847, and Stephen Edwards in 1851. Is not truth indeed strange-stranger than fiction!

# MORAL & RELIGIOUS

The Fearful Chasm.

I remember once reading of a fearful chasm in some uninhabited section of country, so deep and dark and awful, that the strongest nerved could not look down into it without a shudder of horror. Few could ever be induced to take a second look into the yawning abyss. A single glance was often sufficient to suspend for the time, all the powers of life.

Have you not often pictured such a view to your mind, and almost involuntarily dwelt upon it until a tremor seized your soul? Perhaps in the lonesome midnight such a thought has come to your mind, the darkness making it more real. You have thought yourself to be standing on the very brink of such a fearful chasm, and the cry of horror has almost broken from your lips. What a joy it was to open your eyes and catch even a single ray of starlight that would reassure you of safety in your peaceful nome.

Oh, mother, how would it freeze your blood to see your beloved child standing in such a place of peril. And yet this is but the faintest image of the danger in which every unconverted soul is placed. 'Their feet stand upon slippery places, and fiery billows rell beneath them.' You know it all, and yet you smile, and chat, and idle away the precious hours, as if no thought of peril ever crossed your mind.

If death is a solemn, fearful thing, is not life still more so, since all of eternity hangs upon it? Is not one who can trifle with it far more inexcusable than he who would sport on the edge of a fearful precipice? Yet we should count the latter a madman, while the former causes us not even a momentary surprise. We should not hesitate to warn those we saw unconsciously standing on the verge of this dark chasm, even though we knew at the moment they would not desire to have their songs of mirth interrupted. We know that when the danger in all its magnitude is once comprehended, they will bless us forever for the timely arresting of their foot-

'I will meet you at the bar of God and condemn you there,' were the awful words of a dying sinner to one who had been the means of his destruction, and yet in whose hands at one time his future destiny seemed placed. Oh, are there any who will rise up in the judgment to condemn us! -Sunday School Times.

### MISCELLANEOUS,

The Approach to Atlanta. THE REBEL DEFENCES IN GEORGIA.

The defences created by Johnston's army in Georgia, rendered useless by the incessant flank movements of Sherman's forces, are described by correspondents as exceedingly formidable. A letter in the Cincinnati Commercial, dated July 8, says :

'As we approach Atlanta they steadily grow upon us-line after line is uncovered by our forward march, each more elaborate and irresistible-irresistible by all save Sherman's army-than the last. Imagine all the country between the Allatoona mountains and the Chattahoochee river ploughed into huge ridges, on an average once in every five miles-continuous cribs built of rails and poles, or oftener of huge logs, twelve miles long-filled with dirt wrenched out from the cleuched roots of a Georgia forest-four feet high and six feet wide, running through the thickest woods and cleared fields alike, always two, oftener three, and sometimes even five lines deep, and all finished perfectly and polished, the trenches cut down square and true and the parapets shaped as if with the square and plummet-and you have a faint conception of the maze of Rebel fortifica tions through which this army has fought and flanked its way thus far into the Confederacy. My tent stands to-night within five yards of the huge wrinkle of earth erected by desperate Rebels immediately after their abandonment of Kenesaw-the second from the river-and in coming to it I rode for hours between their first and second main lines, running along on top of a ridge just over against that on which were our own, and truly it seemed more the work of Titans or infernal gods than of any mere men.

The pervading terror with which our artillery has inspired the Rebel imaginations was well illustrated by the numerous pits dug just inside the breastworks, and roofed over with logs and earth to shed the fierce iron rain which poured upon them both when they slept and when they waked. The neglected cornfields were ploughed for weeks, and I have seen, at least in one case, an oak tree fifteen inches in diameter and quite sound, broken off twenty feet from the ground and the top lying on the ground, from the effects of a single shell four inches in diameter passing through it. Who shall dispute the discretion of burrowing in the ground when such mis-

siles are flying carelessly about? 'You should hear the sympathizing remarks made by our boys as they pass these works, which they got by a 'flank,' with-The most cheerful and soothing of all out any loss, in commiseration of the Johnand never had the opportunity to fire a

musket shot from behind them. It is one of the humorsome phases of this grim business of making war; and the substantial effects of marching the men by such works. which were won by strategy and common sense instead of hard fighting, go far to cheer the spirits of those who are jaded from the long campaign.'

Series---Vol. XVIII. No. 39.

'Such a Ratter'

A correspondent furnishes an amusing account of his experience with a terrier which he bought from a dealer on recommendation that he was 'such a ratter.' He had some trouble at first in getting a rat on which to try his 'pup.' He succeeded at last, and says:

However, the next day I was so fortunate as to secure from a boy in the mark-et a fine old line bob tailed rat, whose furious efforts to chaw everything within reach gave promise of glorious sport to Nip. Took the rat home, called my dog and told my wife that if she wanted to see the way terriers did rats, to come down in the basement. She came down and shut the door, just in time, too, for as soon as Nip saw the rat, he, Nip, my ratter, for which I paid the old gent five dollars, made a most unmistakably cowardly movement toward the hall .- Wife on a chair, said the dog did not appear to see the rat.

Told wife to keep her breath. Thought would not give Nip any reason for not seeing the rat again; so I tied the string that held the rat to the dog's hind leg.— He saw the rat that time, and jumped on the chair by my wife. Wite laughed and shoved him off. Tried the stove next.— Got off the stove without being shoved. The rat, however, an old stager, and not being used to such treatment, made a demonstration on Nip's rear, and I don't believe little Flora Temple ever made better time in the same limits than that dog and rat made around the room.

First heat, dog had the lead, closely followed by the rat, who on striking the halfmile pole (footstool in the corner) broke badly, in fact nearly broke his back, and before he could be brought down, (he was sliding on his back,) dog led him the whole length of the string. Didn't stop for wind, but started on the second heat. Got off well together (tied) and went finely around. neck and tail, until they reached the judge's stand, (wife standing on a chair,) against which dog brought up solid, bringing the judge down in a style pre-eminently sudden, if not dignified. That heat was decidedly against the dog, you may bet, and it was only after much persuasion that the judge would again take her stand.

The third heat may be termed a dead heat. They got off as well apart as the dog conveniently could, and sailed lively until just as they struck the last quarter, when the rat, which ran about as well on his back as on his legs, shied the track. and got rather queerly wound round a table leg. Dog kept on as fast as the string and length of his hind leg would let him. On raising the rat he was found to be non compos, totally defunct, in fact dead. Nip was not much better.

Wife said that dog couldn't kill mice. Told her had certainly killed that rat; but in viewing the teat in a scientific light, I must contess I did not feel quite satisfied with the performance of my pet, and the next morning gave him away to a milkman who wanted a ratter to free his stable from the depredations of the vermin. I have not been able to ascertain which left him first, the rats or the dog.

There is a tree in front of General Harrow's Fourth Division, Fifth Army Corps, Sherman's Army, which is called the fatal tree. Eight men were shot, one after another, as soon as they advanced to the illfated tree, to take a position behind its huge trunk. Seven men were shot, when a board was placed there with the word 'Dangerous' chalked upon it. The rebels shot the guide board in fragments, and a sergeant took his place behind the unsuspecting tree. In less than five min-utes two Minnie balls pierced the sergeant's body, and he fell, the eighth martyr, beneath the shadow of the tree of death.

A mischievous boy in Portland is said to have lately tied a couple of cats together by their tails and hung them on a clothes dryer, in order that he might have the satistaction of seeing them 'fight it out on a

General Sturgis, whose name has figured so conspicuously in the papers recently, was born and reared in Shippensburg, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania.

SADDLES, HARNESS, &c.

The subscriber having now on hand one of the best and largest stocks between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, in order to accommodate business to the times, offers for sale complete assortment of

Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Whips, Hames, Valises, Carpet Bage, which are offered for sale low for cash, or ap-

Among his stock will be found some highly finished sets of light Harness equal to any manufactured, Let all in want of good articles, made by

experienced workmen, give him a call.

JOHN DAVIS.

Lewistown, April 19, 1860.