edikated oph from their feet.

Whole No. 2776.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1864.

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#### Cash Rates of Advertising. Administration or Executor's Notices If published in both papers, each Sheriff's Sales, 12 lines 1 00

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

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AND

## METVINOLAbes

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Standing at the distance of a few feet.

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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

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# MINSTREE.

WHY SIT IN PENSIVE SADNESS!

BY VERONA VERNON.

Why sit in pensive sadness, And sigh for joys long fled; Life loses half its gladness, Thus mourning for dead.

Mourn not the hopes that perish, And early pass away,-Much yet is left to cherish, That knoweth no decay.

The world is full of beauty-Of beauty everywhere, And if we do our duty Life loses half its care.

And there's a land of glory-A fairer clime than this. Read of in sacred story,-A land of perfect bliss.

There flowers are ever vernal-There joys are ever rife-There pleasures are eternal, Within that land of life.

Then pine not here in sadness, But live above earth's care, And seek that land of gladness, Where all is bright and fair. Chambersville, Pa.

# TALES & SKETCHES

### THE GOLDEN PRIZE.

'Attention, young ladies.'

Forty young girls, varying in age from twelve to seventeen, simultane, usly look ed up from their books, and, with glances of curiosity, regarded Madame De Lancy, of whose boarding school they were all members. Having secured their attention, the teacher proceeded:

'You are aware, young ladies, that our semi annual exhibition is appointed for the twenty-fourth of this month, or three weeks from to day. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I desire it to appear as well as possible. A part of the exercises will corsist of essays, the best six that have been written during the term being select. ed. In order to excite your emulations, and induce you to exert yourselves more than you otherwise would, I offer this gold pencil as a prize, to be given to the writer of the best essay, by a member of this school. They are to te handed in a fortnight from to day, and the decision will be announced the day befo e exhibition. I

will add that the manuscript must be perfectly neat and that a blot will be consider ed sufficient to exclude from competition.

The gold pencil which Madame De Lancy held up was elegant and without doubt

It was natural that more than one of the girls should have felt a strong desire to possess it. Yet most hoped against ex pectation, feeling that there was only one present who would probably bear off the coveted prize, much as they might exert

This tortunate one was Miriam Hamil ton, a brilliant, dashing girl, with considerable beauty, and not a little talent. She was generally considered a 'genius,' being able to make a showy recitation after a slender preparation. In truth, she was little disposed to exert herself, confiding in her readiness, and making it her boast.

It could hardly be said that she was : tavorite. She was too imperious, and too exacting of admiration for that. Yet, by a sort of tacit consent, the chief place in the school was as igned to her.

At recess, she remarked to a companion who expressed her admiration of the priz-Yes, it is very pretty. It will be just the thing for me to wear at my birth day

When will your birth day come?" 'On the twenty seventh, three days after the exhibition."

'Then of course you will exert yourself to get it.

'I shall write for it, said Miriam, proud ly, 'but I conceive that it will be hardly necessary for me to exert myself particu

larly, Marian Trevor. 'O no, certainly not,' said her complai-

Standing at the distance of a few feet, sufficiently near to hear every word that was said, was a plain girl, dressed in a cheap calico, whose appearance contrasted strongly with the rich attire of the bril liant Miriam.

An expression of pain swept over the face of Jane Ashton, as she heard these words, and she said to herself, despondently, 'Of course Miriam will get the prize. Why should I be foolish enough to hope for it? And yet I would like to get it .-It would please Dr. Herman so much.

She fell into a reverie We will im prove the time of self communication by mentioning briefly the outlines of her history.

In the first place, she was poor. It needed only a glance at her plain dress to assure one of that. How then did she happen to be in attendance at Madame De Lancy's fashionable boarding school? She was not there as a boarding scholar. A few day scholars were admitted, and she was one of these. Even the high rate of tuition would have been too much for her slender means, but this was defrayed by a

young physician, Dr. Herman, who had taken an interst in her. She had at first with considerable independence, declines his generous proposal, but he promised her that when she became a teacher -the goa of her ambition -and had saved enough to make it perfectly convenient, he would permit her to repay him. On this condi tion she accepted his offer, with grateful thanks, and entered the school. Yet none the less did sle feel grateful to the kind

physician who had extended her the help

ing hand which no one else would have

been inclined to do. None the less did

she pray for his health and happiness every night upon her knees. And now she was ambitions to show him that his kindness was not thrown away For this only, and not to gratify any ambition of her own, she hoped to carry off the prize.

She was not very hopeful of it Miriam Hamilton had enjoyed the advantage of the school twice as long as she. Miriam had talent and brilliancy. Jane was not sure whether she had or not She knew that she was not brilliant nor quick. She could not get a difficult lesson in fifteen minutes, as Miriam had frequently done. Whatever success she had achieved had cost her hard and persevering labor. Bat as she began to feel despondent in calcu lating the chances of success, this passage came into her mind: 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong'-Besides, if she did not win the prize, she would at least have the benefit of trying. So she resolved to enter the list-to do as well as she possibly could, and then quietly leave the result to time.

'Are you going to write for the prize, Jane? asked one of her school fellows. The questioner was Marian Trevor, al-

ready mentioned as a sycophantic admirer of Miriam Hamiston. She ran straight to her idol, to tell her

of Jane Ashton's intention. 'Let the beggar write!' said Miriam, in

accents of strong contempt. It'll amuse her, and I flatter myself it will not interfere particularly with me. Do you think there's any chance of gaining the prize ov. er my head, Marian?"

'Gain the prize over! She might as well undertake to climb up to the moon with a ten foot ladder!' Miriam smiled a smile of self-satisfied

approval of this adolation, and dismissed the subject from her mind.

Meanwhile, Jane Ashton lost no time in selecting a subject for her essay. She felt that in order to stand any chance of success, it would be necessary to do her best. After considerable reflection, she decided to make choice of Self-Reliance, and its important bearing upon the individual character and upon success in life.

reading should supply, and enforce her view by appealing to their examples. It was not long before she became interested in her self chosen task, and when at length she completed it, it was not without a de gree of pardonable pride, that she survey ed her work.

Meanwhile, Miriam Hamilton did not hasten to undertake her task. She was not disposed to exert herself. When the question was asked why she delayed so ong, she answered with confidence, ' One day will be enough to write mine. I don't pretend to 'dig' like some folks Thank goodness, I am a rapid worker.'

Finally, she selected as her subject the not uncommon one-'A parallel between Washington and Napoleon.' She was in fluenced in the selection chiefly by the thought that it would be less trouble to wri e upon this subject than any other. Certainly her heart was not in it, nor was she one in any way fitted to comprehend and appreciate the character of Washing

However to do her justice, it must be acknowledged that her essay was a very good one, considering the amount of time and labor she had expended upon it. She had the faculty of easy and smooth ex pression, and to the superficial reader her

essay would seem very good. Jane Ashton had written a very superior essay. Some of the girls had seen it, and were confident that she would gain the prize. Until this time Miriam had not felt a doubt of her own success. Even now, she thought that the merit of her rival's essay must be very much exaggerated, still the possibility of Jane's success was enough to fill her with uneasi ness, and she determined to find out through her flatterer, Marian Trevor, how good it really was Accordingly, Marian borrowed the essay, and secretly showed it to Miriam. She read it with ill conceal d dismay. It was much better than her own. In spite of her self love, she could not help seeing that, nor did Marian's deprecating remarks at all blind her to the fact. Without, however, betraying her disquiet, she requested Marian to return it, and then formed her plans.

She remembered that Madame De Laney had warned her that a blot would exclude an essay from competition The thought inspired her with a design of unutterable meanness.

room, and creeping to Jane's desk, took bestead and tempted heart was. We must and without one thought of her weanness. prize was now hers beyond a doubt, she retired to bed.

The next morning the essays were handed in. Jane did not again open hers, and therefore was not aware of the fatal mark which disfigured one of the fair pages. She was in excellent spirits, for she knew that she had done well. Miriam might indeed have done better, but at all events she had done her best, and that conscious ness would remain, even if she failed to obtain the prize which she so ardently

Day succeeded day, and at length the morning arrived when the prize was to be announced. All eyes were fixed on Madame De Lancy, when she arose, and

'Young ladies, you are aware that three weeks since, I offered a prize of an ele gant gold pencil to the writer of the best essay. I am very glad to find that there has been such an interest manifested, as is indicated by the number presented. Thirty essays have leen handed in to me -all of which I am glad to say, indicate more than ordinary pains on the part of the writers. But the first in point of ex cellence, is one on the subject of 'Self-Reliance,' by Jane Ashton.'

There was quite a sensation. Jane blushed with pleasure, while poor Miriam turned white with astonishment and mort fi

I thought,' she said aloud, that a blot was sufficient to exclude an essay from competion.'

'Well,' said Madame De Lancy, calmly, 'Was not Jane Ashton's essay blotted!' 'How do you know?' inquired Madame De Lancy, with startling emphasis.

'Good Heavens! I have bretrayed my-

elf! thought Miriam, appalled. 'Young ladies,' said the teacher, 'a mystery is unraveled of which I have been seeking a solution. A week since, in passing the door of the school room, I saw a girl at Jane Ashton's desk. In the darkness I could not distinguish the person, but supposed it Jane herself. When, however, I examined her essay the next day, and saw the fresh blot, I was led to suspect a plot. Not until this moment, however, have I guessed who had the meanness to conspire against her. I assigned her the prize, because the blot was guments which he could not present in not due to her earelessness. Jane Ashton, come forward and receive the prize you have so richly merited.

Miriam rushed from the room in blend prominent instances of this trait as her morning sent for her books. She couldn't very much exasperated by the turn which endure the ill concealed contempt with which many who had once flattered, now looked upon her. Jane Ashton wore her honors meekly.

Her school girl days are now over, and she is the beloved wife of a young physi cian at whose expense she was sent to

# MORAL & RELIGIOUS

True Test of a Christian.

The test of the indwelling of the Eternal Spirit is, that a man regards his life as a pilgrimage to worlds unseen, and es timates events and appliances according to their bearing on the success of his journey toward the invisible home.

Those who have not the spirit of God, and who consequently believe in no home in God beyond, necessarily look upon the present as the only real world, and do their uttermost to settle themselves on the earth's foundations. They are constantly dreaming of a rest at the end of earthly labor. But rest there is none for sintu men. All here is quicksand, uncertainty and rapid decay. There is no rest for the soul in the world of sense. He only who has 'made the Most High his habitation' is superior to the changes and chances of Only the day before the essays were to time. He only who thinks of his dwelling be handed in, rumors reached Miriam that as a 'tent' may look forward to a 'b silding of God eternal in the heavens.' He only who has been cured of leprosy and blindness and mertality, by washing in the 'fountain of living waters, can set foot with in the shades of death with firmness, or, 'know in himself that he has in heaven a better and an enduring substance' And when he has achieved this independence of the visible creation he sees around him a world wasking in a vain show,' 'disquieted in vain,' and ceases to desire any longer to form part of the gay phantom procession to the grave. If poor, he knows that he yet 'possesses all things;' and if rich in this world 'rejoices as though he rejoiced not,' because the fashion of it is passing away .- Christian Spectator.

### The Conflict.

for it. He had to fight with his own body matter with them. day by day. His enemy was (in one sense though not in another) flesh and blood. He new what weariness was, what lantterable meanness.

That evening she stole into the school lonely, saddened spirit was, what a hardly the littler the more dangersome.

out the essay which Jane had written with be men, if we would be Christians. While such great care and neatness, and daubed we call in the arm of grace, we must also one of the inside pages with ink. This flift up the hands which hang down, and ing done, she hastily left the school room, confirm the feeble knees.' The Christian conflict is not a dream: it is a reality .thinking only with exultation that the Every one is against us, except One. The flesh is against us; making duty a daily difficulty, and nature itself a daily snare. The world is against us; our own little world-small and insignificant, but not weak for us-the world of our own acquaintance, our own household, our own nearest and most chosen friends. All in their own way; are a snare to us; eitl er making heaven less real, or the world more real than it would be without them. But what then? Brave men are only roused by difficulties: if the Gospel demands courage, it is all the more a Gospel for men. Ours is no languid, dreamy, delicious religion; lying still now, and to rest forever then! It is a religion of activity, of enterprise, of ambition; a religion which wears armor, and which wields weapons, and which points onwards to a crown. In the very same degree it is a religion which offers to make them what they ought to be. 'I train myself,' St. Paul says, 'for my high calling."

# MISCELLANEOUS,

A Novel Plea.

A judge relates the following incident that occurred in his practice: He was trying a petty case, in which one of the parties was not able to pay counsel fees, and undertook to plead his own cause. But he found, in the course of the trial. that the keen and adroit attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him in legal strategy, evidently making the worse appear the better cause. The poor man, Mr. A., was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation, when the opposing counsel closed his plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision. 'May it please your Honor,' said the man, 'may I pray?' The judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could only say that he saw no objection. Whereupon Mr. A. went down upon his knees, and made a fervent prayer, in which he laid the merits of his case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that right and justice might prevail. 'O Lord, thou knowest that it is so and so'-to the end of the chapter. Arlogical array to the understanding of men, he had no difficulty addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than pettifogging. When he rose from his Her design was to weave in as many ed rage and mortification, and the next knees, Esquire W., the opposing counsel, does not the closing argument belong to To which the judge replied: 'You can close with prayer if you please Esquire W. was in the habit of praying at home, but not seeing the propriety of connecting his prayer with his practice, wisely forbore, leaving poor Mr. A. to win his case, as he did, by this novel mode of presenting it

### A fu Remarks by Josh Billings:

I have offen bin tole that the best is tu take a bull by the horns, but I think in many instances I should prefer the tail I never seed eny good in naming wood-

en gods mail and femail.

Tha tell n.e femails are so scarce in the far west, that a grate menny marred wimmin are already engaged to thare second and third husbands.

Josh further says: That John Brown has halted his march a fu days for refreshments.

That most men would ruther say a smart thing than dew a good one That backsliding is a big thin, eshpesh-

sila on ice. That there is two thing in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and

that is twins. That you kant judge a man by his religion enny more than you kan judge his shoat by tha sise ov the kollar and rist-

That the devil is always prepaired tew see company.

That it iz treating a man like a dog to cut him oph short in hiz narrative. That 'ignorance iz blis,' ignorance of

sawing wood for justance. That menny will fale to be saved simply be kauze they haint got ennything tu saive That the virtues of women are all her own but that her frailties have been taut

That dry pastor are the best for flocks-

flocks ov sheep.

That men of genius are like eagles, tha liv on what tha kill, while men ov talents are like crows tha liv on what has benn killed for them.

That some people are fond ov bragging The Christian life is not easy. St. Paul ov ansestors and their garte decent, when found it a severe life. He had to train in fack thier grate decent iz just what's the

That a woman kant keep a secret nor let anybody else keep one. That 'a little larning is a dangerous

tew come back again. Spoons. In those good old times, when Dickey Riker was recorder of New York, a man by the name of Wilson was taken up on the charge of stealing some spoons. He had no counsel to defend him, but Mr. Graham getting an opportunity to have a word with him in private, agreed to get the fellow acquitted for ten dollars. The lawyer told him not to say a word but

That it iz better tew full in a noble en-

That a great menny folks have been

That luv in a woman's harte is a good

deal like a bird in a cage, open the door

and the bird will fly out and never wants

terprise than tew suckseed in a mean one.

'spoons' to all inquiries put to him. Wilson was arraigned. 'Have you any counsel?' the Recorder

now asked. 'Spoons,' said Wilson. 'Have you counsel?' the Recorder de-

'Your honor perceives that this man is a fool, and by no means is he in a fit state of mind to be tried.'

manded, still louder.

The clerk put the usual question: 'Guilty or not guilty?'

To which the prisoner steadily answered: 'Spcons!' The Recorder asked what the man was up for, and finding that it was for stealing

a few spoons, and thinking the fellow was only half witted, told him to go. Graham followed him out and demanded the ten dollar fee.

'Spoons!' said Wilson, and to all the lawyer's demands he answered only 'Spoons!'

A Dog Story .- A very intelligent pointer dog, belonging to George C. Wilson of Springfield, Mass., was given away and taken to New York about ten weeks ago, but nothing could make him contented there. He was tied up in all sorts of ways and found as many to release himself. He was taken to Williamsburg, but misbehaved himself just as badly there. A few days ago he was missing and a letter was written to his old master in Springfield, stating that such was the case. Two days after the receipt of the letter the identical dog appeared there, pretty well worked down by reason of his long travels, and overjoyed to get back again. There is no doubt that he 'footed' the whole distance, and how he found the way is a question we won't answer.

Four Children Smothered. -The Cleveland Herald relates a shocking occurrence, which reminds one of the well known story of the 'Old Oak Chest.' On Wednesday, a man named Schoger, living near that city, went with his wife into the field to get a load of hay, leaving in the house their four children: Mary, aged 7 years; Charles, 10; John, 4; and Catharine, aged 1 year. On returning, the children could not be found. Search was made everywhere for them, but without avail, till next morning their corpses were discovered in a huge old German chest, in the corn house. They had got into it in play and shut down the lid, which closed with a spring-lock, and they were speedily suffocated.

A Commandment Cracked .- A little girl, who was tempted by the sight of a basket of oranges, exposed for sale in a store, and quietly took one; but afterwards. stricken by concience, returned it. After her return home she was discovered in tears, and on being asked the cause of her sorrow, replied, sobbing, 'Mamma, I haven't broken any of the commandments, but I've cracked one a little.'

### 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 Bags, which are offered for sale low for cash, or approved credit.

Among his stock will be found some high-

ly 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.

## A GREAT BATTLE Is Expected to take Place in

Virginia, BUT notwithstanding this the people must have

BOOTS AND SHOES, and we would respectfully set forth our claims to public attention, first, because we keep a large and well assorted stock of Boots and Shoes for men and boys. Gaiters, and all other kinds of shoes for

women and children.

We are prepared to take measures and complete work of all kinds at short notice. Repairing done at short notice, at E. C. HAMILTON'S,

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