

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIDDLEBURY COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2779.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII, No. 44.

Cash Rates of Advertising.
Administration or Executor's Notices \$2 00
If published in both papers, each 1 50
Attorney'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.
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.
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.
*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 Middle, 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. Jan 13-64

Large Stock of Furniture on Hand.
A. FELIX is still manufacturing all kinds of Furniture. Young married persons and others that wish to purchase Furniture will find a good assortment on hand, which will be sold cheap for cash, or country produce when in exchange for same. Give me a call in alley street, near Black Bear Hotel. feb 21

Jacob C. Blymyer & Co.,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
LEWISTOWN, PA.
Flour and Grain of all kinds, or purchased at market rates, or received on storage, and shipped at usual freight rates, having storehouses and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands. Plaster, Fish, and Salt always on hand. sep 2

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. FRYSSINGER,
Lewistown, Pa.
nov 11

Cedar and Willow Ware.
TUBS, Churns, Buckets, Butter Bows, Clothes, Baskets, Market Baskets, &c., for sale by
J. B. SELHEIMER.

THE MINSTREL.

SOMETHING FOR THEE.
Something, my God, for thee,
Something for thee:
That each day's setting sun may bring
Some penitential offering;
In thy dear name some kindness done;
To thy dear love some wanderer won;
Some trial meekly borne for thee,
Dear Lord, for thee.
Something, my God, for thee,
Something for thee:
That to thy gracious throne may rise,
Sweet incense from some sacrifice—
Uplifted eyes undimmed by tears,
Uplifted faith unstayed by fears,
Hailing each joy as light from thee,
Dear Lord, for thee.
Something, my God, for thee,
Something for thee:
For the great love that thou hast given,
For the great hope of thee and heaven,
My soul her first allegiance brings,
And upward plumes her heavenly wings,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

TALES & SKETCHES

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Centerville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a pretty sharp look out for the main chance, a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt. In worldly matters he was well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a helpmate to share his house and name. But the deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him, in some measure, a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily, the little village of Centerville and the town in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of these there were probably some with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.

So it happened that years passed away, until deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty five or thereabouts—and still unmarried and in all probability likely to remain so. But in all human calculations of this kind they reckon ill who leave widows out. Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow. The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was some three or four years younger than deacon Bancroft. She was a buxom, comely woman, as widows are apt to be. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her, and a little son of seven, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be classed as 'productive' of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out her scanty income, which of course, imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety. It is surprising that under these circumstances she should now and then bethink herself of a second marriage to better her condition? Or again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if, in her reflection on this point, she should have cast her eyes on her next neighbor, deacon Bancroft? The deacon, as we already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and being one of the chief personages in the village, could afford her a prominent social position. He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression on the female heart—this was true—but he was good dispositioned, kind hearted, and would no doubt make a very good sort of a husband. Widows are, I take it, (if they do me the honor to read this story, I trust that they will forgive the remark,) less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second marriage than at first, and so, in a widow's point of view, deacon Bancroft was a desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has served that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered, for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless indeed a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him. Here was a superb chance for finessing, wherein widows are said, as a general thing, to be expert. One evening after a day of fatiguing labor, the widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting room with her feet resting on the tender. 'If I am ever so situated as not to have to work so hard, I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I was only as well off as deacon Bancroft—'

Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by and by her face brightened up.— She had an idea which she was resolved to put into execution at the very earliest moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel. 'Henry,' said she to her son next morning, 'I want you to stop at deacon Bancroft's as you go to school, and ask him if he will come and see me in the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient.'

Deacon Bancroft was a little surprised at this summons. However, about eleven o'clock, he called in. The widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed. 'Henry told me you would like to see me,' he commenced. 'Yes, deacon, I do. But I am very much afraid you will think strange—at least of what I have to say to you.'

The deacon very politely promised not to be surprised, though at the same time his curiosity was very much excited. 'Suppose,' said the widow, casting down her eyes, 'mind I was only supposing a case—suppose a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?'

The deacon pricked up his ears. 'A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why, unquestionably the law would have nothing to do with it!'

'And the one who had formerly owned the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, deacon?' inquired the widow with apparent anxiety. 'No, madam, unquestionably not; when the house was disposed of everything went with it, as a matter of course.'

'I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied.'

'Certainly, certainly,' said the deacon, abstractedly. 'And, deacon, as you are here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at twelve.'

'Well, no,' said the deacon, rising, 'I'm obliged to ye, but they'll be expecting me home.'

'At any rate, deacon,' said the widow, taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, 'you won't object taking a piece of mince-pie. You must know that I rather pride myself on my mince pies.'

The widow pie sent forth such a delicious odor, that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, 'Well, really,' with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, 'on the whole I guess I will, as it looks so nice.'

The widow was really a good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after chatting upon unimportant subjects, withdrew in some mental perplexity. 'Was it possible, thought he, that the widow could have found a pot of gold in her cellar?—she had not said so, to be sure, but why should she have shown so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of the treasure thus found if she had not happened upon some? To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who occupied the house who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and had had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be after all. The widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the supposition entertained.

'I will wait and watch,' thought the worthy deacon. It so happened that deacon Bancroft was one of the directors in a saving institution situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over once or twice a month, to attend meetings of the Board. On the next occasion of this kind, the widow Wells sent over to know if he could carry her over with him, as she had a little business there. The request was readily granted. Arriving at the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the bank. 'Ha! ha!' thought the deacon, 'that means something.'

'Five per cent, madam.' 'Thank you; I only ask for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is! And the widow tripped lightly out. Shortly afterwards the deacon entered. 'How's business, Mr. Cashier?' was his first inquiry. 'About as usual.'

'Many deposits lately?' 'None of any magnitude.' 'I brought over a lady who seemed to have business with you?' 'The widow Wells?'

'Yes.' 'Do you know,' asked the cashier, 'whether she has had any money left her lately?' 'None that I know of,' said the deacon, pricking up his ears. 'Why, did she deposit any?'

'No, but she inquired whether we received deposits as high as five thousand dollars.'

'Indeed,' ejaculated the deacon. 'Was that all she came for?' he inquired a moment afterwards. 'No; she exchanged a gold piece for small bills.'

'Ha!' pondered the deacon reflectively. 'Did she give any reason for the inquiries?'

'No; she said she only asked for curiosity.'

The deacon left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that this curiosity only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was at least five thousand dollars. The gold piece she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm the story.

'I rather think,' said the deacon complacently, 'I can see into a millstone about as far as most people'—a statement the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, although as to the prime fact of people being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind.

Next Sunday widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these: 'How much vanity some people have, to be sure.'

'How a woman who has kept boarders for a living can afford to dash out with such a bonnet on is more than I can tell. I should think she was old enough to know better.'

The last remark was made by a young lady just six months younger than the widow whose attempt to catch a husband hitherto had proved unavailing. 'I suppose she is trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I'd descend to such means, I'd—'I'd drown myself,' continued the lady.

In the last amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Deacon Bancroft, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon the hidden wealth. The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display had the desired effect. On Monday afternoon the deacon found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be just about tea time. He was importuned to stay to tea and somewhat to his own surprise he did. The polite widow, who knew the deacon's weak point, brought out one of her best mince pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with a zest. 'You'll take another piece, I know,' said she persuasively. 'Really, I am ashamed,' said the deacon, but he passed his plate. 'The fact is,' said he, 'apologetically, your pies are so nice, I don't know when to stop.'

'But,' said the deacon, disconcerted, 'you asked me about whether the law could claim it.'

'Oh, lor! deacon, I only asked you from curiosity.'

'And was that the reason you made the inquiry at the bank?'

'Certainly. What else could it be?'

The deacon went out to the barn, and for half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of this time, he ejaculated as a closing consideration. 'After all, she makes good mince pies!'

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the deacon and the widow proved a happy one, although to the end of his life, he never could quite make up his mind about the 'pot of gold.'

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

Sunday School Results.

The following is extracted from an address of the Rev. Dr. Cook, of London, delivered before the Sunday School Union at their annual public meeting. It has point and applicability to the blessed results of Sabbath school effort as we have had reason to rejoice over them on this side of the water: 'Who then can estimate the amount of good resulting from the precious truths of religion, to which you, my lord, have so happily referred to-night? I mean the evangelical and vital truths which are brought to act upon the understandings and consciences of these millions of children. Look at one fact in order to estimate this—namely, that in one district, that of the South London Auxiliary, not less than two thousand scholars have been transplanted from the school to church fellowship, within the period of seven short years. Sometimes we are asked, Where shall we find the millions who pass away from our schools? I say, Go and look among the virtuous, the industrious, and happy population of this country; there you will find multitudes who were once scholars in your schools, converted into intelligent, pious husbands and wives, who are educating their progeny in the fear of the Lord. Where will you find them? Go to our churches, and there you will find multitudes of them professing a good profession, and adorning, by their walk and conversation, the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. The Sabbath school is emphatically the nursery of the church. Where will you find them? I say, Go to our pulpits. There are hundreds now occupying the sacred desk who receive first good at the Sabbath school, and one of them is the humble individual who stands before you this evening. Where will you find them? Go to our missionary stations, and who are the men, and the women too, the wives of our noble missionaries, who are battling with the dangers of inhospitable climes, prosecuting their arduous toil under every discouragement, and who are blessed in seeing the natives, one after another, casting away their idols to the moles and to the bats, and embracing Christ as our Saviour? They were many of them once our Sabbath scholars, and are now the most faithful Missionaries of the gospel. Allow me once more to ask, Where are they? Look into our Sabbath schools themselves, and there you will find myriads, who were once scholars, who have now become your best and most efficient teachers, laboring to transmit to another generation the blessings which they have realized themselves. And let me just ask the question again, Where will you find them? Look into your bright and happy world, into your region of blessedness; there are countless numbers now before the throne, who received their first thoughts of good in our Sabbath schools.'

—Sunday School Times.

MISCELLANEOUS

Marriage Under Difficulties.

A skeddaddler from Uncle Sam's territory fell in love with a Canadian damsel, and vice versa. The parties wished to be married forthwith, but a difficulty arose. A license cost six dollars—the parties did not like that. They might be published in church, but they couldn't wait three weeks. A justice of the peace in Detroit could soon marry them—but skeddaddlers dare not go to American soil for fear of capture, and the parties were sorely perplexed. A happy thought soon presented itself, and was immediately put into execution. A boat was procured, and helping friends crossed the river for an American justice of the peace. The bride and bridegroom took boat from this side, and were met by the justice in the river, and when satisfied they were in American waters, the happy pair were married according to the laws of Michigan, and under the guns of Fort Wayne. As soon as the ceremony was concluded, no time was lost, but the boat was swiftly pulled to the Canadian shore where the parties were safely landed to receive the congratulations of several friends who had come down to the beach to witness the interesting scene.

Why is a little nurse-maid like the evening star? Because she's a see-nus.

Philosophical Facts.

Sound travels at the rate of 1,155 feet per second in the air; 4,960 in water, 11,000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 in glass, and from 4,636 to 17,000 in wood.

Mercury freezes at 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and becomes a solid mass, malleable under the hammer.

The greatest height at which visible clouds ever exist does not exceed ten miles.

Air is about 816 times lighter than water.

The pressure of the atmosphere upon every square foot of the earth amounts to 2,168 lbs. An ordinary sized man, supposing his surface to be 14 square feet, sustains the enormous pressure of 40,149 lbs.

Heat rarifies air to such an extent that it may be made to occupy 5,500 times the space it did before.

The violence of the expansion of water when freezing, is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper of such thickness as to require a force of 28,000 pounds to produce the same effect.

During the conversion of ice into water, 140 degrees of heat are absorbed.

Water, when converted into steam, increases in bulk 1800 times.

One hundred pounds of water of the Dead Sea contains 45 lbs of salt.

The mean annual depth of rain that falls, at the Equator is 96 inches.

Assuming the temperature of the interior of the earth increases uniformly as we descend at the rate of one degree in 46 feet, at the depth of 60 miles it will amount to 180,000 degrees of Fahrenheit—a degree of heat sufficient to fuse all known substances.

The explosive force of closely confined gun powder is six and a half tons to the square inch.

Hail stones sometimes fall with the velocity of 112 feet in a second, and rain at 34 feet in a second.

The greatest artificial cold ever produced is 91 degrees Fahrenheit.

Electricity moves with a greater velocity than light; which traverses 200,000 miles of space in a second of time.

Thunder can be heard at the distance of 30 miles.

Lightning can be seen by reflections at the distance of 200 miles.

A Wonderful Cannon.—A traveler, who was telling very strange stories of the remarkable things which he had met with while he was abroad, said there were cannon so large in Egypt, that once being in a calash drawn by four horses, and a sudden shower of rain falling, he drove into one of them for shelter, calash and all. 'Oh!' said a gentleman, who was listening to it, 'I can vouch the truth of that myself, for I remember I was at the very same time at the other end of it in a post chaise, and upon your coming in at the mouth, I drove out the touch-hole.'

A Reward Offered.—The Lockport Journal has the following: 'We offer a reward of a thousand dollars (\$1,000) for any offer or proposition made by the so-called Confederate States to the Federal Government, proposing or offering terms of peace based upon the integrity of the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is. This reward we will pay in gold to any person who can produce such proposition.'

The brave man is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational; but he whose noble soul its fears subdues, and bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

There are some people who live without any design at all, and pass through the world like straws on a river—they do not go, but are carried.

Good nature, like the little busy bee, collects sweetness from every herb; while ill nature, like the spider, collects poison from honeyed flowers.

'Wake up and pay for your lodgings,' said the deacon, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with the contribution box.

What is the difference between a duck with one wing and a duck with two? It is merely a difference of a pinion.

It is a bad state of things when a husband is all 'frowns' at home, and all 'smiles' at the public house or club.

How should a dwarf give a conundrum to a giant? Give it up.

Kishacoquillas Seminary
AND
NORMAL INSTITUTE.
THE Summer Session of this Institution will commence on
MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1864,
and continue twenty-one weeks.
Cost for Board, Furnished Rooms and Tuition in the English Branches, per session, \$60.
Day scholars, per session, \$12.
Music, Languages and Incidentals extra.
In order to secure rooms in the Institute application should be made before the opening of the school.
For further particulars, address,
S. Z. SHARP, Prin.
Jan 13
Kishacoquillas, Pa.