

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

G. & G. R. FRYSENER, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2869.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1866.

Vol. LVI, No. 19.

**Pennsylvania Railroad.**  
Trains leave Lewistown Station as follows:

Train	Westward	Eastward
Philadelphia Express	5:53 a. m.	12:17 a. m.
Baltimore	4:40 a. m.	10:54 a. m.
Fast Line	4:44 p. m.	6:00 a. m.
Day Express	6:00 a. m.	10:54 a. m.
Overnight Express	6:00 p. m.	9:34 a. m.
Way Passenger	4:20 p. m.	10:25 a. m.
Mail	10:25 p. m.	11:11 a. m.
Emigrant	10:45 p. m.	6:47 a. m.
Through Freight	12:30 p. m.	12:30 p. m.
Express	8:00 p. m.	7:22 p. m.
Local	7:30 a. m.	3:00 p. m.
Coal Train	1:05 p. m.	11:04 a. m.
Union Line	4:45 p. m.	10:45 a. m.

Fare to Harrisburg \$2.10; to Philadelphia \$3.85; to Altoona \$2.50; to Pittsburgh \$6.00; to Baltimore \$5.20; to York \$2.25.

The ticket office will be open 20 minutes before the arrival of each passenger train.

D. E. ROBESON, Agent.

Galbraith's Omnibus conveys passengers to and from all the trains, taking up or setting them down at all points within the borough limits.

**Poor House Business.**  
The Directors of the Poor meet at the Poor House on the 2d Tuesday of each month.

**Kishacoquillas Seminary AND NORMAL SCHOOL.**  
THIS Summer Session at this institution will begin April 2, 1866, and continue 20 weeks. Cost for boarders per session, \$75. Day scholars, \$15. Special attention paid to Normal Class this session. The assistance of the County Superintendent is expected. For particulars address  
mar21-3m S. Z. SHARP, Principal.

**GEO. W. ELDER,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties. mv26

**DR. S. G. MCLAUGHLIN,**  
DENTIST.

OFFICE: his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity. All in want of good, neat work will do well to give him a call. His office may be found at all times at his office, three doors east of H. M. & R. Platt's store, Valley street, April 19.

**M. R. THOMPSON, D. D. S.**

HAVING permanently located in Lewistown, offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of this place and vicinity. Being in possession of all the late improvements in the Dental Profession, he flatters himself that he can give entire satisfaction to those who may need his services in all branches of his profession. Refer to his professional. His office—best families. Office next Market street, near Eisenbitt's hall, where he can be found for professional consultation from the first Monday of each month until the fourth Monday when he will be absent on professional business one week. may10-12

**A GREAT EXCITEMENT**  
At D. Grove's Store.

New Arrival of Groceries and Confectioneries.  
D. GROVE would again inform the public that he will call their attention to a new lot of goods, which he has just received. Now is the time to buy choice prime Molasses, the very best of Sugars, prime Coffee, 7 different kinds, put up in 1/2, 1/4, 1/8 packages; Corn Starch, Farina, Hominy, Beans, and all kinds of Spices, Cocoa, Almonds, &c., beside the largest assortment of Soap to be found in town. Hair Oils, and an endless variety of extracts, all of which will be sold cheap for cash. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage of a generous public. may10

1866.

**NEW GOODS!**  
AT  
**NATHANIEL KENNEDY'S STORE,**  
in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

JUST received from Philadelphia, a very choice assortment of  
**CALICOES, MUSLINS,**  
Ginghams, Flannels, Checks, Hosiery, Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods of all kinds.

ALSO,  
Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Chocolate, Essences of Coffee, Queensware, Stoneware, Hardware and Cutlery, Shells, Brooms, Mackerel, Herring, Shad, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Bags, Also, a fine lot of Whisky, BRANDY, Wine and Gin, SAL, &c., &c., which will be sold very low. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods by  
N. KENNEDY,  
Lewistown, October 11, 1865.

**Lewistown Mills.**

HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR WHEAT, AND ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,  
or received it on storage, at the option of those having it for the market.  
They hope, by giving due and personal attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
PLASTER, SALT and Limeburners COAL always on hand.  
W. B. McATEE & SON.  
Lewistown, Jan. 1, 1865.-1f

**The American Wine Plant.**

THE undersigned having been extensively engaged in growing Plants and manufacturing Wine for the last four years, are prepared to furnish Plants the coming Spring at the following rates: \$15 per hundred, or \$12.50 per hundred when a thousand or more are ordered. Each plant will make from one to two gallons of wine the first season, equal to the best Sherry Wines of Europe. Same wine forwarded by express at the whole sale price, \$3 per gallon. Letters of inquiry orders for wine and plants promptly attended to by addressing,  
KELLY & KLECKNER,  
67-2m Buffalo X Roads, Union co., Pa.

## POETRY.

### THE PARTNER SCORE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

The tide is deep and the waves run swift,  
With a ceaseless ebb and flowing;  
Our guide-star's lost and our bark's adrift,  
And a ruthless gale is blowing.  
We strive to pierce with our troubled gaze  
The dusk of the hearing ocean;  
The sea is rough and its trackless ways  
Are lost in the wild commotion.  
Our hearts are filled with a thousand fears,  
As we onward move in sadness;  
Our eyes are dim with the mist of tears,  
For we see no gleam of gladness.  
Yet somewhere, still, on the farther shore,  
We know that a light is shining.  
And somewhere hovers, the waters o'er,  
The cloud with a silver lining.  
When the waves run high, and the storm comes down,  
To toy with the crested billow;  
When the masts are bent at its dreadful frown,  
Like the bows of the lifeless ocean;  
Then we gaze afar through the mist and spray,  
With hearts that are sad and fearing,  
To catch a gleam, through the darkness grey,  
Of the farther shore appearing.  
To that farther shore we are drifting fast;  
Each day we are drawing nearer;  
We hope to enter its port at last,  
And to see its light shine clearer.  
We know that an unseen hand will guide,  
That an eye is watching ever,  
And we feel in our hearts, let what will befall,  
We have help that shall fail us never.

—Sunday School Times.

### A Topper's Soliloquy.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And so likewise have I;  
The reason too's the same—  
Both comes of getting dry.  
But here's the difference 'twixt you and me—  
I fall more harder and more frequently.

### THE SECOND THOUGHT

A Mirror for Young Wives.

"I must have it, Charles," said the handsome little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So don't put on that sober face."  
"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but success.  
"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life. Why it's as long as the moral law. There, dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money-lovers you men are!"  
"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman. There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent.  
"About forty dollars," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound a little extravagant.  
"Forty dollars?" Why, Ada, do you think I am made of money? Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.  
"I declare, Charles," said his wife a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we're married, while Amy Bight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of hers cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."  
"There, there, pet, don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring the money at dinner-time, that is, if—"  
"No ifs nor buts, if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear. I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in at Silk-skin's yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on. Just suits my style and complexion. You won't disappoint me?"  
And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with sweet persuasion in her face.  
"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning off from his wife, as she thought a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence. In his precipitation, he had forgotten the usual parting kiss.  
"That's the way it is always," said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say money to Charles, and at once there is a cloud in the sky."  
She sat down, pouting and half angry.  
"Forty dollars for a new dress," ejaculated the husband of the vain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door. "I promised to settle Thompson's coal bill to-day—thirty-three dollars—but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is burned up, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear, I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behind. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance, but if forty dollar silk dresses are the order of the day, there's an end to that devoutly wished for consumption. Debt! debt! How I shrink from it; but steadily, now, it is closing its Briarean arms around me, and my constricting chest

labors in respiration. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood, and the bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada could see as I see—if I could only make her understand rightly my position. Alas! that is hopeless! I fear."  
And Mr. Whitman hurried his steps because his heart beat quicker, and his thoughts were unduly excited.  
Not a long time after Mr. Whitman left home, the city postman delivered a letter to his address. The wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold masculine hand, and said to herself, as she did so—  
"I wonder who this can be from?"  
Something more than curiosity moved her. There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. A few times, of late, such letters had come to his address, and she had noticed that he had read them hurriedly, thrust them without remark into his pocket, and became silent.  
If the thought of Mrs. Whitman occurred, as was natural, to the silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained," she said, half an hour after it came in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come down upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her. She went to the mantel piece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. It gave her no light. Steadily it kept growing upon her that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.  
Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as she did so in the image of her husband,—sober-faced and silent as he had become for most of the time, of late, presented itself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.  
"Poor Charles!" she said, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him."  
Placing the letter on the mantel-piece, where he could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties, but a strange impression, as of weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague feeling that all was not going well with her husband.

He has been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. "The idea affected her very unpleasantly. He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as though her mind under a feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. "More withdrawn, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation hurts me."  
She drew a long, deep sigh. Then, with an almost startled vividness, came before her mind in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and her quiet, silent, sober-faced husband of to-day.

"Something is going wrong with him," she said aloud, as the feeling grew stronger. "What can it be?"  
The letter was in her hand.  
"This may give me light." And, with careful fingers, she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired to do so. There was a bill of sixty dollars, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweler.

"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall put the account in suit. It has been standing for over a year; and I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money."  
The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase. "Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in blank astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.  
Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking, a second letter for her husband came in from the penny postman. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill, and another dunning letter!

"Not paid! Is it possible?" She repeated the ejaculation. It was a bill of twenty-five dollars for gaiters and slippers, which had been standing for three months.  
"This will never do!" said the awakening wife—"never—no, never," and she thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way. From that hour until the return of her husband at dinner time, Mrs. Whitman did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking a small roll of bills from his vest pocket, and handing

them to Ada as he came in. He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile just then would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying—  
"Thank you dear. It is kind in you to regard my wishes."  
Something in Ada's voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes, with a look of inquiry, into her face. But she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and eat with scarcely an appearance of appetite.  
"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband, after dinner.  
"Are you impatient to have me admire your silk dress?" he replied with a faint effort to smile.  
"Yes, it will be something splendid," she answered.  
He turned off from her quickly, and left the house. A few moments she stood, with a thoughtful face, her mind indrawn and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room and commenced dressing to go out.

Two hours later and we find her in a jewelry store on Broadway.  
"Can I say a word to you?" she addressed the owner of the store, who knew her very well.  
"Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of one of the long show cases.

Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the show case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband—  
"I cannot afford to wear this watch, my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should never have been purchased, but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish wife. I say this to take blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch and say how much I shall pay you besides."  
The jeweler dropped his eyes to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then taking the bill and watch said:  
"Wait a moment," and went to a desk near by.

"Will that do?" he had come forward again and now presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleased expression.  
"How much shall I pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, drawing out her pocket-book.  
"Nothing. The watch is not defaced."  
"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with feelings trembling along her voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It's no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good morning, sir." Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face, and went, with light steps, and light heart, from the store. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that now felt in parting with it. From the jeweler's she went to the boot-maker's—and paid the bill of twenty-five dollars; from thence to her milliner's, and settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you are dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gaily, as she drew her arm within that of her husband, on his appearance that evening. "Come over to our bedroom—and let me show it. Come along? Don't hang back, Charles, as if you are afraid."  
Charles Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive sentence than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter.

"Shall my Ada become lost to me," he said, in his heart—lost to me in a world of folly, fashion, and extravagance?  
"Sit down, Charles." She led him to a large, cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something, in a hurried way, from a drawer, and catching up a foot-stool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned upon him and looked tenderly and lovingly into his face. Then handed him the jeweler's bill.

"It is received, you see." Her voice fluttered a little.  
"Ada! how is this? What does it mean?" He flushed and grew eager.  
"I returned the watch, and Mr. R— received the bill. I would have paid for damage, but he said it was un-injured, and asked nothing."  
"Oh, Ada!"  
"And this is received also; and this," and handing the other bills which she had paid.  
"And now, dear," she added, quickly, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?"

We leave the explanations and scene that followed to the reader's imagination. If any fair lady, however, who, like Ada, has been drawing too heavily on her husband's slender income, for silks, and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Ada's experiment. Our word for it, she will find a new and happy experience in life. Costly silks and jewels may be very pleasant things, but they are too dear, when they come as the price of a husband's embarrassment, mental disquietude or alienation. Too often the gay young wife wears them as the sign of these unhappy conditions. Tranquil hearts, and sunny homes, are precious things; too precious to be burdened and clouded by weak vanity and love of show. Keep this in mind, oh, ye fair ones, who have husbands in moderate circumstances. Do not let your pride and pleasure oppress them. Rich clothing,—costly lace and gems, are poor substitutes for smiling peace and hearts unshaded by care. Take the lesson and live by it, rather than offer another illustration, in your own experience, of the folly we have been trying to expose and rebuke.

## MISCELLANY.

Nashy on Building up Democracy.  
CONFEDERIT X ROADS,  
(which is in the Stat v Ky.)  
April 21, 1866.)

I hev discovered the cause of the decline of the Democracy. I seed it yesterday. I wuz a wanderin on the neighborin hills, a musin on the depravity of humanity ez exemplified in the person of the grocery keeper at the Corners, who unanimously refused to give me further credit for corn whisky, which is the article they goose in this country to pizen themselves with. He assured me that he had the utmost regard for my many virtues, but he discovered that the one he prized the most I hedn't so many uv, to wit: that uv paying for my lieker. Therefore the account mite be considered closed. Then for the first time in my life, I believed in total depravity.

While moosin in a melancholy mood on this dark cloud wich fell across the Democratic party, I came onto a party uv men borin for ile. Then the truth flashed ever me—their operations showed me the way to success—the shoop path to triumph.  
"Wen," said I to myself, "when men seek to gain ile they bore for it. Tha go down—never up. Even so with the Democracy. We dug downward! downward! through all the strata uv society. We went through all the groceries—the stratum was the most ignorant uv farmers, then we struck the poor whites uv the South, then below them the left uv the poor whites uv Noo Jersey—then Southern Illinois and Indiana, then Pike county, Missouri, and so on! We never went upwards for converts because 'twant no use—had to come down. We got lots of converts.

There was a regular sliding scale with the left uv Democrats who wasn't born in the party and hev slid down, to wit:  
Quarter dollar smiles.  
15 cent tips.  
10 cent drinks.  
6 cent sucks.  
A flat flask concealed.  
A bottle openly.  
Democracy.

We lost our hold for two reasons.—First the poor lieker we have now, kills off our voters too fast, and the tax on whisky forced two-thirds of our people to quit suckin, and ez soon ez they begin to git on their feet jired the Abolitionists. Secondly, our leaders supposed there wuz no other stratum to dig into, and they gave uv a disgust.  
But I have discovered the lower stratum—I have found it, and when the idea flashed over my Websterian intellect I shouted Halleluogy! The nigger is the lower stratum, and ef we bore down to it, and work it thoroughly, we hev at least twenty years' lease uv power.

We must cultivate the nigger. He must hev the suffrage. It is a burning shame that in this Nineteenth Century, the full blaze uv intelligence, livin under a Deklarashun wich declares all men "free and equal," that a large body of men shood be denied the glorious privilege uv being taken up to the polls and voted. Is not the Afrikin a man? Is he not taxed ez we are and as much as most uv the Democracy, for many of them own property; is he not amenable to all the laws even as we is? Then why, I triumphantly ask, is he not entitled to a vote? An why not in-cluded!  
"But this is Abolition? methinks I hear an obtuse Democracy observe in horror—and why give them votes, who will use them against us?"  
My gentle friend will they use their bullets agin us? Ef I know myself I

think not. Kin they read? Kin they rite? Aint the bulk of them rather degraded and low than otherwise?—Methinks. Aint that the kind of stock we want, and the kind wich allus sets us up? Readin has allus been agin us,—every skool master is an engine uv Abolitionism—every noospaper is a cus. General Wise of Virginia, when he thanked God there wuzn't a noosepaper in his district had reason to, for do you spouse a readin constituency would have kept such a blatherskite as him in Congress year after year.

Then agin, the Constitutional Amendment will pass, givin representation to voters alone. The Democratic States will have more members uv Congress and more electoral votes than afore the war, and on them States we depend.  
But my skeem is still more comprehensive. Them niggers aint needed at the South. We'll send them north. A few thousand will overbalance the Abolishin arajority in Noo Jersey; fifty thousand will bring Ohio back to the fold, the same number will do for Noo York and Pennsylvania, and the country is saved—we will be able to elect the President. Thus the pit the Abolishin dug for us he'll fall in hisself—the club he cut for us will break his own head.

Honey hez cum out uv the carcass. The nigger smells sweeter to me than nite bloomin Serious—he is more precious to me than gold or silver or precious stones. He is the way I shall walk in. He shel lift me to a Post office. We must give our Afrikan brother—for is he not a man and a brother?—not only the suffrage but he must hev land, and the Democracy must give it to him. I want Garret, Davis to instantly interdoose a bill to give him a section of land, a pair uv mules and a cook stove, and each female Afrikan brother two flarin calico dresses and a red bonnet. I want him to advocate the bill in a speech uv not more than two hours, so that it will stand some chance of passin. On second thought I think some other man had better interdoose the bill, as the Senate hez got sich a habit uv votin down everything he proposes that they'd slauter this without considerin it, on jeneral principles.

Then we've got em. Work ez hard ez they may and it'll take twenty years afore the Abolishinists ken educate em up to the standard uv votin their ticket, and even that time won't do it, if we kin get the tax taken off uv whisky, so that we kin afford to use it ez in the happy days uv yore.

Goyously I went home to lay the foundation uv the new temple of Democracy. I slept that night atween 2 niggers, and hev bin shakin hands and enquiring after the health uv the families uv all I hev met. That is hard for an orthodox Dimecrat—such sudden shifts is rather wrenching on the consience, but what uv that? The Dimecrat, who hev followed the party closely for thirty years ought not to balk at such a triflin change ez this, particularly when it promises such glorious results.

There's a fight about to gleam,  
There's a fight about to gleam,  
Wait a little longer!  
PETROLEUM V. NASHY,  
Lait Pastor of the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

Hoop-skirts, like gun-barrels, are not dangerous unless they have something in them. But when the former are charged—powdered, wadded, and water-fall-capped—they should be handled with the greatest caution. In many instances it is dangerous to even look at them.  
If a man reapeth whatsoever he seweth, what a harvest of coats and breeches our tailors will have one of these days.  
A Western editor, puffing an express company, says: "Anything intrusted to its care will go through straight." How about cork-screws.  
Josh Billings said the other night that a good way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go was to travel that way occasionally himself.  
A man maketh a wry face over a gill of vinegar, but he taketh down a quart of whiskey without a twist of his snout.

## Brown's Mills.

THE undersigned are prepared to buy all kinds of Produce for cash, or receive on store at Brown's Mills, Reidsville, Pa. We will have on hand  
**Plaster, Salt and Coal.**  
We intend keeping the mill constantly running, and have  
**FLOUR, FEED, &c., &c.**  
for sale at the lowest Market rates, at all times.  
The public are requested to give us a call, as per  
H. STURK & HOFFMANS.  
**TIN WARE.**  
CHEAP FOR CASH!  
THE largest Stock of well-made Tin Ware in the State, constantly kept on hand. Merchants and Dealers are invited to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.  
MELLO & SMITH,  
mar28-1m 107 Market st. between 7th & 8th Phila.