

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE FRYSLINGER, LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.

Whole No. 2382.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1856.

New Series--Vol. II, No. 2.

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THE MINSTREL.

THE ROSES ARE FADING.
BY ROBERT R. M'KAY.
The roses are fading
Like darkness at morn;
The roses are fading,
Their beauties are gone.
Those ones that were brightest
Are passing away;
To cheer and delight us
Why do they not stay?
The queen among flowers,
No perfumes new shed,
Thought still in our bowers,
She's withered and dead.
O why doth she leave us?
Why will she not stay?
When the parting doth grieve us,
By hastening away.
But thus it is ever,
With ones that are dear;
Death's sourest doth sever
The lightest ones here.
The ones that are nearest
And winned round the heart;
Those ones that are dearest,
The sourest depart.
And so with the flowers,
Like things here below;
Whom we think they are ours,
No more than we know.
They leave us in mourning,
The spots of their birth;
Still they leave us a warning
How frail is all earth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD BLACK BULL.

[We take the following from a new work published by T. B. Peterson, called "The Humors of Falconbridge."]

It's poor human nature, all out, to wrangle and quarrel now and then, from the kitchen to the parlor, in church and state. Even the fathers of the holy tabernacle are not proof against this little weakness; for people will have passions, people will belong to meetin', and people will let their passions rise, even under the pulpit. But we have no distinct recollection of ever having known a mischievous, but properly interpreted letter, to settle a chuckly plug muss, so efficiently and happily as the case we have in point.

Old John Bulkley (grandson of the once famous President Chauncery) was a minister of the gospel, and one of the best educated men of his day in the wooden nutmeg State, when the immortal (or ought to be) Jonathan Trumbull was 'around' and in his youth. Mr. Bulkley was the first settled minister in the town of his adoption, Colchester, Connecticut. It was with him, as afterwards with good old brother Jonathan (Governor Trumbull, the bosom friend of General Washington), good to confer on almost any matter, scientific, political or religious--any subject, in short, wherein common sense and general good to all concerned was the issue. As a philosophical reasoner, casuist, and good counselor, he was looked up to and abided by.

It so fell out that a congregation in Mr. Bulkley's vicinity got to loggerheads, and were upon the apex of raising 'the evil one' instead of a spire to their church, as they proposed and split upon. The very nearest they could come to a cessation of hostilities, was to appoint a committee of three, to wait on Mr. Bulkley, state their case, and get him to adjudicate. They waited on the old gentleman, and he listened with grave attention to their conflicting grievances.

'It appears to me,' said the old gentleman, 'that this is a very trifling case--a very trifling thing to cause you so much vexation.'

'So I say,' says one of the committee. 'I don't call it a trifling case, Mr. Bulkley,' said another.

'No case at all,' responded the third. 'It ain't, eh?' he replied answered the first speaker.

'No, it ain't, sic!' quite as savagely replied the third.

'It's anything but a trifling case, anyhow,' echoed number two, 'to expect to raise the minister's salary and that new steeple, too, out of our small congregation.'

'There is no danger of raising much out of you, anyhow, Mr. Johnson,' spitefully returned number one.

'Gentlemen, if you please--' beseechingly interposed the sage.

'I haven't come here, Mr. Bulkley, to quarrel,' said one.

'Who started this?' sarcastically answered Mr. Johnson.

'Not me, anyway,' number three replied.

'You don't say I did, do you?' says number one.

'Gentlemen! gentlemen!--'

'Mr. Bulkley, you see how it is; there's Johnson--'

'Yes, Mr. Bulkley,' says Johnson, 'and there's old Winkles, too, and here's Deacon Potter, also.'

'I am here,' stultily replied the deacon, 'and I am sorry the Reverend Mr. Bulkley finds me in such company, sir!'

'Now, gentlemen--brothers--if you please,' said Mr. Bulkley, 'this is ridiculous--'

'So I say,' murmured Mr. Winkles. 'As far as you are concerned, it is ridiculous,' said the deacon.

This brought Mr. Winkles up, standing. 'Sir!' he shouted, 'sir!'

'But my dear sirs--' beseechingly said the philosopher.

'Sir!' continued Winkles, 'sir! I am too old a man--too good a Christian, Mr. Bulkley, to allow a man, a mean, despicable toad, like Deacon Potter--'

'Do you call me--me a despicable toad?' menacingly cried the deacon.

'Brethren,' said Mr. Bulkley, 'if I am to counsel you in your difference, I must have no more of this unchristian-like bickering.'

'I do not wish to bicker, sir,' said Johnson.

'Nor I don't want to, sir,' said the deacon, 'but when a man calls me a toad, a mean, despicable toad--'

'Well, well, never mind,' said Mr. Bulkley; 'you are all too excited now; go home again and wait patiently; on Saturday evening next I will have prepared and sent to you a written opinion of your case, with a full and free avowal of most wholesome advice for preserving your church from desolation and yourselves from despair.'

And the committee left, to await his issue. Now it chanced that Mr. Bulkley had a small farm, some distance from the town of Colchester, and found it necessary, the same day he wrote his opinion and advice to the brethren of the disaffected church, to drop a line to his farmer regarding the fixtures of said estate. Having written a long, and of course, elaborate 'essay' to his brethren, he wound up the day's literary exertions with a despatch to the farmer, and after a reverie to himself, he directs the two documents, and next morning despatches them to their several destinations.

On Saturday evening a full and anxious synod of the belligerent churchmen took place in their tabernacle, and punctually, as promised, came the despatch from the Plato of the time and place--Rev. John Bulkley. All was quiet and respectful attention. The moderator took up the document, broke the seal, opened it, and--a pause ensued, while dubious amazement seemed to spread over the features of the worthy president of the meeting.

'Well, brother Temple, how is it--what does Mr. Bulkley say?' and another pause followed.

'Will the moderator please proceed?' said another voice.

The moderator placed the paper upon the table, took off his spectacles, wiped the glasses, then his lips--replaced his spectacles upon his nose, and with a very broad grin, said:

'Brethren, this appears to me to be a very singular letter, to say the least of it!'

'Well, read it--read it,' responded the wondering hearers.

'I will,' and the moderator began: 'You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull.'

There was a general pause; a silent mystery overspread the community; the moderator dropped the paper to a 'rest,' and gazing over the top of his glasses for several minutes, nobody saying a word.

'Repair the fences!' muttered the moderator at length.

'Build them strong and high!' echoed Deacon Potter.

'Take special care of the old black bull!' growled half the meeting.

Then another pause ensued, and each man eyed his neighbor in mute mystery.

A tall and venerable man now arose from his seat; clearing his voice with a hem, he spoke:

'Brethren, you seem lost in the brief and eloquent words of our learned adviser--To me nothing could be more appropriate to our case. It is just such a profound and applicable reply to us as we should have hoped and looked for, from the learned and good man, John Bulkley. The direction to repair the fences is to take heed in the admission and government of our members; we must guard the church by our Master's laws, and keep out stray and vicious cattle from the fold! And, above all things, set a trustworthy and vigilant watch over that old black bull, who is the devil, and who has already broken into our enclosure and sought to desolate and lay waste the fair grounds of our church!'

The effect of this interpretation was electrical. All saw and took the force of Mr. Bulkley's cogent advice, and unanimously resolved to be governed by it; hence the old black bull was put hors d'combat, and the church preserved its union!

The Bird of the Tolling Bell.—Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil, a sound is sometimes heard, so singular that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the Arawongo. The bird sits on the top of the highest trees in the deepest forest, and though constantly heard in the most desolate places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of a more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods broken only by the metallic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air and seeming to follow wherever you go. The Arawongo is white, with a circle of red around its eyes--its size is about that of a small pigeon.

Philopona.—A correspondent of the Trenton Gazette, writes from Berlin the following account of this game as practiced among the Germans: 'Here when a couple exchange philoponas, the object of each is not to be first to pronounce the common word at the next meeting, but with the exchange the sport has begun. The object of each is to draw the other into accepting some offer, and if that is done, the word 'philopona' is spoken, and a forfeit required. To illustrate it better by example:

'A and B exchange philoponas at a party, and a few days after A calls upon B at his or her house. B instead of waiting to be asked in, enters just before the invitation is given if offered a chair takes a seat upon the sofa; if B presses the butter to A at the table, A takes eggs instead, and so on, always taking care to accept nothing, but in a quiet way endeavoring to force the other party into the acceptance of some offer on his own side.'

'If at that visit either is successful, he immediately says 'philopona,' but if both should always be on the guard, the thing may pass on to a subsequent occasion.'

The reader will instantly see how preferable this method is to our own, where oftentimes there is a rude haste exhibited to be the first to speak, and where the person who has the least on his mind is generally successful.'

The Highest Mountain in the World.—At a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, on the 6th of August, it was announced that Col. Waugh, Surveyor General of India, had completed his computations of the positions and elevations of the peaks of the Himalayas. The result was to depose the mountain Kanchinjanga from its throne as the highest point on the earth's surface. That distinction belongs for the present to a peak 100 miles from Kanchinjanga, and between that mountain and Katamandoo. This peak is ascertained to be 29,002 feet above the sea level; Kanchinjanga is 28,156 feet, and Dewalagiri, the mountain which "school geographers" persist in calling "the highest in the known world," is only 26,826 feet.

The mountain has no name intelligible to civilized man, and Col. Waugh has therefore ventured to denominate it "Mount Everest," after a former surveyor general.

Quiet Canoe Discovered.—Three fishermen at Assieres, France, have discovered an ancient canoe buried beneath a sand bank in the river. From its form it is supposed that it was used by the Normans in their invasion of Paris. It is an immense trunk of oak, about eighty feet long, hollowed out, and capable of holding sixty men. It is well known that the Normans, in addition to their large wicker work boats, had other very long ones for purposes of war, formed of hard wood, and it is supposed that this is one of them. There is a striking resemblance between this and the barks of the pirates of the ninth century.

A Will Case.—The Columbia South Carolina states that the celebrated case of Mr. Willis, who took a colored woman to Ohio, freed her, and bequeathed to her and her children (who were also his own) all his property in South Carolina, has just been decided by Judge O'Neal, at the late term of the Court at Barnwell. The jury gave a verdict against the validity of the will,--partly on the ground that it was procured by fraud and insanity, and partly because it was opposed to the policy of the State, as declared by the act of 1841. It has been appealed.

AN IMPATIENT JURYMAN.
An Arkansas correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives the following as authentic:

You are all fond of cracking jokes at the expense of Arkansas; now here is one on your State, absolutely true. I got it from an eye witness:

The district court of one of your northern parishes was in session--'twas the first day of the court; time, after dinner. Lawyers and others had dined and were sitting out before the hotel, and a long, lank, unsophisticated countryman came up and unceremoniously made himself one of 'em, and remarked:

'Gentlemen, I wish you would go on with this court, for I want to go home--I left Betsy a looking out.'

'Ah,' said one of the lawyers, 'and pray, sir, what detains you at Court?'

'Why, sir,' said the countryman, 'I'm fetched here as a jury, and they say if I go home they will have to find me, and they moutn't do that, as I live a good piece.'

'What jury are you on?' asked a lawyer.

'What jury?'

'Yes, what jury? Grand or traverse jury?'

'Grand or travis jury? dad-fetched if I know.'

'Well,' said the lawyer, 'did the judge charge you?'

'Well, squire,' said he, 'the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and kinder bosses it over the crowd, gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he charged anything or not.'

The crowd broke up in a roar of laughter, and the sheriff called court.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

From the Lock Haven Democrat.
FORT CLARK, Texas, Sept. 19, 1856.

I sent myself according to promise, to give you a description of our last scout. We left here about the 18th of August. I think there were thirty of our company, and twelve Artillery men with us. Capt. Oakes was in command. We had with us, Lieut. Clawson, of the Artillery, and Lieut. J. B. Withersell of our own company.

We took the El Paso road, here, and followed it to the second crossing of Devil's River, now known as camp Gilbert. When we arrived at the first crossing of the river we halted--as we supposed, for the night--but as there was no grass for our animals, the Capt. concluded to remain only until the moon would rise to give us light to travel. We had forty miles to go without water, and we thought it best to travel as far as possible that night, and rest in the morning a short time and start on. We struck our camp and started, after some trouble, for our mules were very wild and gave us some trouble.

We had made every arrangement to start, we discovered that one of our men was missing, his horse was there but no saddle or rider. We hunted round, thinking he had laid down some place and fell asleep, but could not find him. We then thought that he had saddled a mule and started, so off we started and went to a place called California Springs, and remained there to take a couple of hour's rest, and to let the horses and mules graze, as the grass was excellent. We had with us, at this time, a portion of D company of the rifles, on their way to New Mexico, as an escort to Capt. Jones.

When twilight appeared we roused up to pursue our journey twenty miles, without any water, or anything to eat, for when you have no water, you will not eat much of Uncle Sam's salty victuals. When we were ready to start, to our surprise, Thompson--the missing man--made his appearance. He had walked every step of the twenty miles, after night, carrying a heavy rifle, ammunition and canteen, which was a pretty good load. He had to leave his saddle kit behind. We were rejoiced to see him coming. The first words he uttered was, to give him water, for he was nearly dead.

We continued our journey, for twenty miles to the river, under a scorching hot sun, (for there are no shade trees here,) and were almost dead for the want of water, and something to eat. My friend, Johnson, had a canteen of molasses which sufficed us for drink until we arrived at the river. We all hailed the sight of it. Devil's River is a very beautiful and romantic looking stream. I thought it the mildest looking stream in the world, but was afterwards undeceived.

We stopped at camp Gilbert five days. On the fourth day after our arrival, Capt. Oakes took twelve men, mounted on mules, and struck across the country to see if he could get the horses along, and to see if he could discover any signs of Indians. Capt. Gilbert was with him. They went to the Pecos River and then turned back to bring on the remainder of us.

We started from camp Gilbert on the sixth day after our arrival, and would have suffered for the want of water had not a few showers of rain followed us up, which satisfied, for the time, us and our animals. The water would collect in the crevices of rocks, from which we made out to quench our thirst.

We arrived at the Pecos without anything inspiring worthy of mention, climbing hills that you would think, to look at them, were impossible for man to ascend them, without horses or mules. It reminded me of the pictures I have seen of Napoleon crossing the Alps. When we were at the bottom the tops were almost invisible.

When we came to the river we received orders to cross. It is so swift that there is danger attending the crossing of it, and is very narrow. In some places it is very deep with rough bottom. The bottom is not to be seen as we are as red as Red River. Our guides, who were Mexicans, pitched into the stream and seemed to cross it with ease. The Captain tried it and got out a short distance but the current was too strong for him. He had to have a larriette thrown to him in order to draw him back. We tied several larriettes together and stretched them across, and at last we were safely landed on the other side. But we had all our provisions wet by the pack mules falling and going under water. Our hard bread got very soft by the soaking.

After crossing we struck across towards the Rio Grande, climbing over some of the loftiest hills in Texas, and not as much shade as would shelter a cat, for as far as we could see, there was not a tree or a large bush to be seen. When we would get into camp we would take the stalks of some wild weeds that grow very strong, and spread our blankets over them to make a shade which was nearly as warm as the sun.

On our route we charged on several villages, but discovered no Indians. They had retired at our approach. At last we arrived at the Rio Grande, where we were

certain of finding them at home, but we were disappointed. But when our little Capt. goes for Indians, and if there are any wants them and will have them.

Indians had crossed into Mexico. though our provisions were getting so we pushed ahead, as it was rumored there was an Indian town at the mouth of Pecos containing 150 or 200 Indians all good warriors. The number however, would make no difference with the Capt. when he had sixty men; we having received an addition to our party of eighteen men, of a number under Capt. Gilbert.

We pushed down the Rio for a considerable distance, when we saw a fresh Indian trail leading to the River. We followed it till we came very near the river, when we saw seven head of cattle. The Capt. divided the forces. He took the horsemen, and Lieut. Clawson the mule-teers, and up the river we charged, with the hopes of getting something for our trouble, but it was no go. I was with the

rest. A distance from camp the river a considerable distance from camp, where the Indians had crossed over to the Mexican side, great and wonderful virtues were discovered. We could not get back to the rest. They had several successful than us, for they had chased two into the river but did not succeed in getting them on account of the bank being so steep that they could not follow them on horseback. They dismounted and ran down the banks to the water's edge, the Captain ahead, leaping from one foothold to another, like a wild man, waving his hat, but when he arrived at the water's side there were no Indians there. They had taken to the water, and when an Indian gets into water that is swift they are like a fish, and it is almost impossible to shoot them. We secured a large number of baskets and such things, in their camp, but they were poor plunder.

We then struck across the country to the Pecos, which was not more than five miles from the Rio, taking all the cattle with us with the exception of one large ox, which the Captain ordered to be killed for a feast that evening. When we arrived at the Pecos our path led to a small village. There were tracks there which were fresh. The guides tracked to the bank and looked over, and below us, almost one thousand feet, (for the banks are that high in many places,) was a camp of these red devils cooking their meals over their fires. I myself counted nine of them. We crowded to the edge of the precipice and delivered a volley upon them. They never looked up, but ran off without taking any thing with them, with the exceptions of one who took his bow and arrows with him, and the squaws, two in number, picked up their basket with a papoose in it. They succeeded in making their escape without any of their number being killed, but three of them were very badly wounded, from which, I am confident they will never recover. We then ran down to the river to see if we could not discover more, but they had all fled. The two guides plunged into the river, and we stretched a rope bridge across as before, and the first men over got the plunder. A great number of the men crossed, but Lieut. Clawson and Withersell were almost the first to land on the other side. The former is a very small man and had some difficulty in crossing, he being so light that the current swept him off his feet. They had to have their pistols thrown to them from the side we were on.

The Captain called for the men that were idle to come to the top of the hill where the guard were with the pack mules and our animals. We had not been very long on the hill till we heard some singing down the river. He mounted the men and gave Capt. Gilbert instructions to move on the top of the hill with his men and get in ambush. They did so, but were not kept there long until the singing became plain, and at last six head of cattle made their appearance and immediately two mounted Indians appeared behind them, driving them ahead. The foremost was singing, very cheerfully, one of his Indian songs. I think it must have been

"Loudly the guns did rattle," for at that moment we did pour a volley upon them, and down fell Mr. Indian and horse without a struggle. The other one started his pony at full speed, and our men charged after him with our noble Captain at their head. The Indian's pony was badly wounded, I believe by our Captain's own gun, as he endeavored to dismount the Indian, and he succeeded. The Indian, finding that his horse could not stand it further, jumped off while his pony was going at full speed, lit on his feet, plunged into the river and succeeded in making his escape with his scalp. His pony, after running a hundred yards further, fell dead. We secured thirteen head of cattle, four very good ponies and two splendid mules, and then followed the river to where it empties into the Rio Grande, where, we heard, we would find a settlement, but the Indians made good their escape at our approach.

We encamped on the Pecos that night, and had a splendid roast of beef that evening, but nothing else, as our other provisions were at an end. The beef however was very good, although our salt was very limited. We had a very hard rain that night which drenched us completely. You