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NEW GROCERY, PROVISION AND FISH STORE.
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Family Groceries,
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DR. MARKS.
Having resumed the practice of medicine, may always be found at his office in the Public Square, opposite the Lewistown Hotel May 7, 1857.
\$100,000 fr. Dry and Green I in. Boards, (from \$1 to \$3.00 per 100 feet, for sale by FRANCIS.

Moral and Religious.

WORDS WITHOUT WORKS.
"They will be done"—on bended knee
We daily urge the solemn plea;
We breathe the words, yet oft, alas!
Like idly-uttered tones they pass:
For fancy's dreamings throng around,
Till in the heart no place is found
To strive by actions to fulfil
The precepts of God's holy will.
"Go, teach all nations"—so we read;
For add those scattered sheep to feed
The Church entreats. We turn aside,
The souls for whom our Saviour died
We leave to perish—day by day
They pass untaught from earth away;
And yet we pray that all fulfil
The precepts of God's holy will.
"They will be done"—each eve and morn
Still be that wretched prayer upborne,
But not in words alone. Ah, no!
His who with true devotion show
Must learn to act as well as speak,
Nor rest till all be taught to seek
In Christian meekness to fulfil
The precepts of God's holy will.

BE KIND IN LITTLE THINGS.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words,
Loving smiles—they strew the path of life
With flowers: the sun seems to shine brighter
For them, and the green earth to look
greener; and our Father in heaven, who
said 'love one another,' looks with favor
upon the gentle and kind-hearted.
To draw up the arm chair and get the
slippers for father, to watch if any little
service can be done for mother, to help or
assist sister, how pleasant it makes home.
A little boy has a hard lesson given him
at school, and his teacher asks him if he
thinks he can get it. For a moment the
little boy hangs down his head, but the
next he looks brightly up: 'I can get my
sister to help me,' he says. 'That is right,
sister, help your little brother; and you are
binding a tie round his heart that may save
him in many an hour of dark trial.
'I do not know how to do this sum, but
brother will show me,' says another boy.
'Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my
knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has
run down, and I cannot fix it.' The little
girl's face is flushed, and watches her sister
while she replaces the 'naughty stitch.'
'Oh, I am so glad,' she says, as she receives
it again from the hands of her sister,
all nicely arranged: 'you are a good
girl, Mary.' 'Bring it to me sooner next
time, and then it will not get so bad,' says
the gentle voice of Mary, as the little one
bounds away with a light heart to finish her
task.
If Mary had not helped her, she would
have lost her walk in the garden. Surely
it is better to do as Mary did than say,
'Oh, go away, do not trouble me,' or to
scold the little one all the time you are doing
the trifling favor.
Brothers! sisters! love one another—
bear with one another. If any offend, forgive,
and love him still; and, whatever
may be the faults of others, we must not
forget that, in the sight of God, we have
faults as great and perhaps greater than theirs.
Be kind to the little ones—they will
often be fretful and wayward. Be patient
with them and amuse them. How often
a whole family of little ones are restored
to good humor by an elder sister proposing
some new play, and perhaps joining in it,
or gathering them round her while she relates
some pleasant story.
And, brothers, do not think, because
you are stronger, it is unmanly to be gentle
to your little brothers and sisters. A truly
noble heart is never joined with pride and
rudeness. When I see a youth kind and
respectful to his mother, and gentle and
forbearing to his brothers and sisters, I
think he is likely to grow up to be a useful
man. And that this may be so, pray to
God to give you his Holy Spirit that your
heart may be right in his sight.

Miscellaneous.
THE RANCHERO'S DAUGHTER;
A Tale of Buena Vista and its Horrors.
BY LIEUT. H., OF TENNESSEE.

Courtesy.—Courtesy is a distinguished feature of civilized and intelligent society. It is the most beautiful illustration of the refining power which a higher development always exerts upon our race. By courtesy, we mean that behavior of man towards man which one will ask for himself. It is but part of the mode of carrying out of the Christian precept, which lies at the base of harmony and order among men: "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." That this precept is divine, as is all moral truth, is proved by our common appreciation of its fitness and beauty. Do what we may in life, the wheels of society can never run smoothly and well, where the spirit of courtesy does not actuate the deeds and thoughts of man in his intercourse with man. Necessary as it is in civilized society, courtesy has its power among the lowest and most savage. That which leads us to do as we would be done by, especially in the more refined and refining intercourse of our lives, is the conciliating angel which, whatever may be our condition, or whoever we may be, will powerfully help to guard us against every enmity or assault.—*Exchange.*
A Christian's Reflections on Death.—I would not give one moment's enjoyment of the calm serenity which pervades my mind when thinking of death, for lives spent in gaiety and mirth. Death! how soothing the thought as it gently steals over me! Why should I wish to linger here! Earth's charms are few. Go hence my spirit, and dwell in the bright, peaceful land above. The loved ones will ere long meet thee there. Death may seize my feeble frame, but it will free my sad spirit, and let it go to be with God and the Lamb forever. Ah! sweet and soothing thought, that I will soon see my Saviour! Look up my soul to heaven; no longer tarry; the angels are calling thee away.—Bend my knee once more ere my spirit wings forever its homeward flight! Hark! that angelic sound, whence comes it? It summons thee my soul, to tune thy golden lyre to hymns of praise. The hour has come, and now one long farewell till we meet in the courts above.

upon an advancing party, whose numbers, however great, would be of little avail, since they could show but a narrow front in action. But we were not attacked, and nothing of note occurred, although our scouts had observed a splendidly-mounted Mexican ahead of us, who seemed to be watching our movements; but they tried in vain to get him in range.
It was almost night when, after winding through the hills some five hours, we came abruptly to the entrance of one of the most beautiful little valleys, or rather basins, that I ever saw.
It was indeed a flowery place. Fertile meadows, fields of grain, groves of orange and of lemon, were spread before us. The crimson cactus, and a thousand other flowers met the eye. Every tree was laden with some flowering vine.
Pointing to a building, or rather a group of buildings, about a mile or a little more from us, on a rising slope at the far side of the valley, near which many horses and cattle were grazing, the guide said:
'That is the place. Ramon Canovas, the Ranchero, lives there.'
The 'solitary horseman' who had been watching our movements, was now observed spurring swiftly up to the buildings, and while we were forming column after our straggling ride through the rocky defiles, we observed that a party of vaqueros hurriedly drove the horses and cattle into a high picketed enclosure which seemed to surround the buildings.
'I shouldn't wonder if we had work before we get that place, Lieutenant,' said the dragoon officer to me, as he carefully scanned the place through his field glass, and handed the telescope to me.
'I should wonder if we didn't!' was my reply, as my eye ran over its defensible position and noted its strength.
'Well, the sooner we are at it the better—thank God, we've a bright moon to work by,' he answered, and then gave the order to move forward.
Rapidly we rode through the beautiful valley, not giving our tired horses a coveted chance to nip at the tall grass and grain through which we passed, and rising the gentle slope upon which the buildings stood, we were brought to a halt by the strong picket fence before mentioned, which consisted of heavy posts sunk deeply in the ground, closely together. It was not so high, however, but that we could see the buildings inside. All of these, with one exception, were mere outbuildings, and not calculated for defence. But the central building, flanked at either corner with high towers, and evidently the residence of the Ranchero, was strong and evidently capable, if well garrisoned, of offering a stubborn resistance. But we, who had stormed Monterey, thought light of such an obstacle.
Finding the gate of this enclosure shut, the dragoon officer, who as a regular and my senior, was in command, hailed the house, although we could see nothing living about it except the herd of horses and cattle. His first hail met with no response, but upon its repetition, a young and singularly beautiful girl came out upon the flat roof of the house, dressed in the picturesque costume of her nation, and in very good English, though with a Spanish accent, demanded what we wanted.
'We are after Ramon Canovas, the robbing and murdering Ranchero, and his band of cut-throats!' replied the officer.
'My father is neither a robber nor a murderer—he hates his country's foes, and so does Hagarita, his daughter,' responded the girl, and, as she spoke, she drew her tall and elegant form up haughtily, while her black eyes flashed forth her indignation.
'If you are his daughter, you will oblige me by telling where he is!'
'If I knew I would not—if I would I could not. It is enough for you to know that he is not here!' replied the spirited girl.
'Seeing is believing, fair lady. You will favor me by having this gate opened; I have my orders, and must obey them, no matter how unpleasant they may be!' said the officer.
'I shall not unbar the gate, and if you force it it will be at your peril. I am not alone, and I will protect my father's property so long as there is a man left to fire a

gun, or a drop of blood in my veins!' she cried, as she retired from sight into one of the towers, which we perceived to be pierced with loop-holes for musketry.
'I'll bet a month's pay that the old fox is in his den!' said the officer. 'The girl wouldn't be so bold if her father was absent!'
I remembered how I had seen women fight by the side of their husbands, brothers, and lovers, at Monterey, and thought that he might be mistaken.
'Dismount, a dozen or two of you, and try that gate!' cried the officer.
About twenty men instantly sprung from their horses and approached the gate. And at the same instant a volley was fired from the house, which dismounted six of our men in a hurry, and dropped the officer's horse dead under him.
'Close up under cover of the pickets, quick,' was the cry, for they stood so close, and were so thick, that a shelter behind them was bullet-proof.
The men hurriedly obeyed the last order, dragging their disabled companions with them, and then the lieutenant and myself held a hurried consultation. If we had only had a field piece with us, we would have soon settled the matter, for the house could not have withstood even the battering of a six or nine pounder. But this we had not, and our only object was to capture the enemy, or destroy them with as little loss on our own side as possible. Some of the men who had heavy hatchets were now ordered to cut away at the gate, while others pried aside the pickets, and began a scattering fire at the loop-holes in the towers, but probably not doing much damage. Soon, however, the fastenings of the gate were chopped away, and then a guard being left to hold the horses, a storming column was formed of the rest of our forces, ready to make a rush as soon as the gate was thrown open. When all was ready, the gate was thrust back, and we were on the point of making a dash forward, when a terrible commotion among the horses and cattle inside the corral, indicated the danger of a stampede which would inevitably disarrange our front. We drew back in time to avoid this, and the next instant the cattle and horses, upon which several large and ferocious dogs had been let loose, came rushing through the gateway, snorting and bellowing in terror, and causing a stampede of our own horses, in spite of the efforts of the guard to hold them.
'A pretty manoeuvre, Miss Canovas, to throw my men in disorder, but not quite successful!' muttered the lieutenant, as he gave orders to prepare to charge the instant the yard was clear.
It was not long that we had to wait for this, and then, with a regular American yell, we bounded forward. Again a volley came from the towers and two upper windows. Several of our men dropped, but we sprung on, without stopping to return the fire, and all who were not hurt, were, in a moment, close under the walls of the house, which we instantly surrounded.—An attack upon the barred door was made, which soon resulted as did that at the gate. An entrance was forced, and we were at it, hand to hand, in a few seconds, with about twenty Mexicans, headed by the Ranchero's daughter, whose voice, clear as a bugle, rung loud above the din of the conflict, as she urged her people to fight to the last. In reply to a summons from our leader to surrender, she sent a pistol ball through his sword arm, and the next instant dispatched a like compliment to me, which grazed my right temple.
But we were too many for them, and in a few seconds, her people were all slain or overpowered, though she was spared—but secured—and the victory was ours. But capture did not quell her haughty spirit.
'Beware of Ramon Canovas, Yankee dogs!' she cried. 'When he hears of this hour's work, you'll rue the day!'
'He'll find nothing but blackened walls and ruined fields when he returns!' said the dragoon officer, bitterly, as he had his shattered arm attended to.
'He'll whiten them with Yankee bones!' was her equally bitter answer.
Our wounded were now attended to, the dead buried, and then beaves were driven in and slaughtered; and the men, over the fires of the bivouac, with plenty of meat and aquadiente, soon forgot the hardships and perils of the day.
The Mexican men who had surrendered

were put under guard, and the lady was also requested to remain in her chamber, over which a sentinel was placed, but assured that she should not be restrained of her freedom in the morning. Sentinels were thrown out to prevent a surprise, and then those who could, sought the arms of a soldier's best friend—gentle sleep.
When morning came, a party was sent out to collect the horses and cattle for army use, the prisoners were mustered and mounted for a march, a party entailed to destroy the fields by fire and steel, and then our leader had the lady brought before him.
'I am sorry, Senora,' said he, 'that my orders were to burn and destroy, even as your father has done with us; but I was not ordered to detain or injure a woman. Select any attendants you desire, choose your horses, and depart whither you choose, with your personal property.'
'Execute your orders and spare your sorrow!' said she disdainfully. 'I ask no attendant—they are all cowards, or they would have fought while life lasted. But I will take my horse, and with him speed in search of a father who will hasten to give you a crimson receipt for the labor you have performed.
Words could not be bandied with a lady, especially one of her spirit. Her horse was saddled, and she rode off alone at full speed, leaving behind her a blazing home and ruined fields. We returned to camp with our booty, and made our report. But there was a look of dissatisfaction on our commanding officer's face when he heard we had not met Ramon Canovas, although the provisions were a grateful and timely supply in the camp. Fat pork will do very well in a region of eternal snow, but it is not the ration for men sweating under a heat of from 95° to 100°.
It was on the twenty-third day of February, 1847. For two days the hostile armies of the United States and Mexico—the one a small but heroic band, the other a vaunting, boasting host—had been fronting each other. On the day previous, that DAY of days, anniversary of his birth, who was first in war, first in peace, and first last, and FOREVER in the hearts of all true Americans, the armies had been warmly engaged, but night had drawn a veil between them, and they rested. But with the sun, rose on the twenty-third more than twenty-five thousand men, eager to decide by that day's deeds, a battle which would astonish a wondering world.
And over the field, the sun threw its rays from a cloudless sky; bayonet and gun-barrel, burnished sabre and glittering lance-head, threw back their bright reflection, while fluttering pennons, waving banners, and dancing plumes, kissed by the morning's gentle breeze, added to the gorgeous beauty of the scene. The chilled troops, who, without fires, had slept all the long night upon their arms, ate their hasty meal from their haversacks, and then were drawn up ready for the fearful harvesting of death. And when the first gun announced the ball opened—then, then arose a cheer, which told the multitudinous foe that there were those before them who could die, but who never could be conquered!
The enemy then opened; wave on wave of his choicest troops were rolled forward upon the bulwark of American breasts, but broken and shattered, like great surges dashed against an adamant cliff, they recoiled, in broken fragments, on those which they followed. No longer was the air pure and clear; no longer shone the sun on unsullied plume and flag—on glittering steel. Smoke and blackness obscured all, except the red flash of artillery and musketry.
And yet, like the untiring surges, which roll on—through the long watches of the storm, that desperate army, fighting upon its own soil, swept in with its reserves upon the devoted ranks under old 'Rough and Ready.' But it is not for me to describe that fight—how fell Hardin, Clay, and Yell—how gallant Lincoln, friend of more than one campaign, died—how McKee, Zabriske, and a hundred other gallant spirits perished, sword in hand. This has been done by far abler pens than mine.
But it was my lot, just after that last fatal charge, where the first named officer fell, and the ravine, through which the mould was almost choked with their dead and dying followers, to be near our noble
Concluded on fourth page.