

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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

Whole No. 2621.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1861.

New Series--Vol. XV, No. 3C.

Jacob C. Blymyer & Co.,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
LEWISTOWN, PA.

Flour and Grain of all kinds purchased at market rates, or received on storage and shipped at usual freight rates, having storerooms and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands.
Stove Coal, Limeburners Coal, Plaster, Fish and Salt always on hand.
Grain can be insured at a small advance on cost of storage. no22

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.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age is that

John Kennedy & Co. Proprietors,
AND
JAMES FROVED, Salesman,

ARE selling goods at prices that defy competition. They keep a large stock of all kinds of goods such as Sugars, at 7, 9, 10, 11. Coffees at 16, Teas 88, Syrups at 60 per gallon, 100 boxes of Mould Candles 16 oz to lb., (to dealers at 13 cts. by the box.) 14 cts. per lb., Sausages, very low, Sugar Cured Hams at 12, Dried Beef 12, Calicos, Muslins, Ginghams, and all kinds of Dry Goods for sale at prices that can't be surpassed. Everybody and anybody are invited to come and see the sights. Don't forget to bring along the ready cash, as you may be sure its that we're after, and don't forget that we sell goods to suit the hard times; we take produce of all kinds in exchange for goods.
JOHN KENNEDY & Co.
feb14 J. B. FROVED, Salesman.

New Spring and Summer Goods.

R. F. ELLIS, of the late firm of McCoy & Ellis, has just returned from the city with a choice assortment of
Dry Goods and Groceries,
selected with care and purchased for cash, which are offered to the public at a small advance on cost. The stock of Dry Goods embraces all descriptions of

Spring and Summer Goods

suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with many new patterns. His

Groceries

comprise Choice Sugars, Molasses, Java, Rio and Laguayra Coffee, superior Teas, &c. Also, Boots and Shoes, Queensware, and all other articles usually found in stores—all which the customers of the late firm and the public in general are invited to examine.
R. F. ELLIS.
Country Produce received as usual and the full market price allowed therefor.
Lewistown, May 16, 1861.

EDWARD FRYSENGER,

WHOLESALE DEALER & MANUFACTURER

OF

CIGARS, TOBACCO, SNUFF,

&c., &c.,

LEWISTOWN, PA.

Orders promptly attended to. je16

GEO. W. ELDER,

Attorney at Law,

Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties. my26

NOLTE'S BREWERY,

Seigrist's Old Stand,

Near the Canal Bridge, Lewistown, Pa.

Strong Beer, Lager Beer, Lindenberger and Switzer Cheese—all of the best quality constantly on hand, for sale wholesale or retail.

Yeast to be had daily during summer. my24-yr

Fish! Fish! Fish!

MACKEREL, Herring, Shad and all other kinds of Fish, just received and for sale at the lowest prices at Henry Zorlic's Grocery.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphan's Court of Mifflin county, to distribute the fund in the hands of George Sigler, administrator of Mary Sigler, late of Crawford county, Ohio, Sec'd, will attend to the duties of the appointment at his office, in Lewistown, on THURSDAY, the 22d day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M. Those interested in said estate are requested to attend.

my24-4t C. HOOVER, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Mifflin county, to distribute the fund in the hands of Abraham Foltz, Executor of the estate of Jacob Foltz, late of Menno township, dec'd., will attend to the duties of the appointment at the Register's Office, in Lewistown, on FRIDAY the 9th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M. Those interested in said estate are requested to attend.

my17 W. P. ELLIOTT, Auditor.

THE MINSTREL.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN BATTLE CRY.

BY T. A. BARKER.

TRUMPET—“Gee and Hepp!”

Hark! the trumpet calls to duty,
See! our glorious flag's unfurled!
The Stars and Stripes unite in beauty,
The pride and glory of the world.

So let the world jog along as it will,
We are for the Union still;
For the Union, for the Union,
We are for the Union still.

If we wish that flag respected,
We must answer honor's call;
Duty must not be neglected,
Though our dearest friends may fall.

So let the world jog, &c.

Traitors have betrayed the nation,
But we will be the Union still;
Let every Patriot seek his station,
With the gallant warlike bill.

So let the world jog, &c.

Though the rebels have exulted
In their treason and their shame;
Yet the flag they have insulted,
Still remains its honored name.

So let the world jog, &c.

Long its folds shall float above us,
While we shout our battle cry;
“We will fight for those who love us,
But let every traitor die!”

So let the world jog, &c.

Pennsylvanians, to your station,
Boldly meet the traitor foe;
Fight as bravely for the nation
As you did in Mexico.

So let the world jog, &c.

Then your names shall live in story,
And echoed be from strand to strand;
Then fight for Liberty and Glory,
The Union and your Native Land.

So let the world jog along as it will,
We are for the Union still;
For the Union, for the Union,
We are for the Union still.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Orchard Oriole.

This bird has been described under a variety of names; as the spurious oriole, bastard oriole. It is a distinct species from the preceding, and differs from it in size, being less and more slender; in its colors, which are different; in the form of its bill and tail; in its notes, which are neither so full nor so mellow, and uttered with much more rapidity; in its mode of building, and the materials which it uses; and, lastly, in the shape and color of the eggs. Many mistakes have been occasioned by the change of color which these birds undergo, as they do not receive their full and perfect plumage till the fourth year. The young birds are easily raised from the nest, and soon become agreeable domestics. One which was reared and kept through the winter, whistled with great clearness and vivacity at two months old. It had an odd manner of moving its head and neck slowly, regularly, and in various directions, when intent on observing anything, without stirring its body. This motion was as slow as that of a snake. When, at night, a candle was placed near its cage, it seemed extremely well pleased, fed and drank, dressed, shook and arranged its plumage, sat as close to the light as possible, and sometimes chanted a few irregular notes, as the gentleman sat reading or writing beside it.

The Crow Blackbird.

This noted depredator is well known to every farmer of the northern and middle states. In March these birds come from the south, fly in loose flocks, frequent swamps and meadows, and follow in the furrows after the plow; their food at this season consists of worms, grubs and caterpillars, of which they destroy prodigious numbers, as if to recompense the husbandman beforehand for the havoc they intend to make in his crops of Indian corn. They build in tall cedar and pine trees in company; sometimes ten or fifteen nests being on the same tree. These are five inches in diameter; composed outwardly of mud, with long stalks and roots of grass, and lined with horsehair.

The trees in which they build are near the farmhouses and plantations. From them they issue over the neighboring fields, and make their depositions. As soon as the blade of corn begins to make its appearance, the crow blackbirds hail it with screams of satisfaction, and descend on the fields, and begin to pull up and regale themselves on the seeds, scattering the green blades around. While thus eagerly employed, the vengeance of the gun sometimes overtakes them; but those

who live to get away,
Return to steal another day.

In the early times of New England, it was customary, in some towns, to require each inhabitant to kill a certain number of these birds yearly, a fine being imposed upon such as did not destroy and exhibit the requisite number.

When the young ears are in a milky state, they are attacked with redoubled eagerness by the grackles and red-wings. They descend on the corn like a blackening and sweeping tempest, dig off the external covering of the leaves, and having laid bare the ear, leave little behind for the farmer but the cobs and shrivelled skins. Whole acres of corn have been thus more than half ruined. During these depredations, the gun makes great havoc among them, which has no other effect than to send the survivors to another field. This system of plunder and retaliation continues till November, when they shear off towards the south, where they collect and darken the air with their numbers, which sometimes

amount to a hundred thousand. They rise from the fields with a noise like thunder, and descend on the roads and fences; and when they rise and cover the high timbered trees, then destitute of leaves, they produce a most striking effect; the whole trees seem as if hung in mourning, their notes and screams, meanwhile, resembling the sound of a distant cataract, but in more musical cadence, swelling and dying away on the ear, according to the fluctuation of the breeze.

These birds are called by the farmers *Crow Blackbirds*, and are universally dreaded and detested. But if they do destroy the corn, they do nearly as much good as evil, by devouring numbers of noxious worms, grubs and caterpillars that infest the fields, which would, if not destroyed, disolate the country! The purple grackle is easily tamed, and sings in confinement. They have been taught to articulate several words. These birds are allowed by the fish-hawks to build in the interstices of his nest, where they all hatch their young, and live together in perfect harmony.

It is twelve inches long; on a slight view it appears wholly black, but placed near, it appears of a rich, glossy steel blue, violet and green. The bill is more than an inch long, the upper mandible being very sharp. The female is of a sooty brown color.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THRILLING SEA TALE.

THE MAGIC TUG OR PHEEBE THE PHICKLE.

An Exciting Romance of Land and Water.

CHAPTER I.

If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.—BILL PENROX.

Reader, have you ever stood on the heelpath side of the Penna. Canal, on one of those mild January evenings peculiar to the early autumn, and watched the sun rise from his gorgeous couch athwart the western sky, and listened to catch the warble of the distant coal heavers, mingled with cries of a ragged canal driver encouraging a pair of attenuated calico mules? (If you don't remember at once whether you have or not, take time to consider and inform us through the post office enclosing a stamp.) It was at such a time and on such a spot that two solitary youths might have been seen walking arm in arm in that vicinity about that time. Need we tell you the one was a daughter of poor but wealthy parents, and the other was her lover?

After considerable time passed in reflection, it appears rather necessary that we should state the circumstances of the case, because you wouldn't know it if we didn't. The young man had seen 19 springs, yet did he urge his suit with a passion and ardor of one who attained the ripe age of fourscore years and ten, and notwithstanding his weight did not exceed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, he couldn't have plead harder had he weighed a ton. The maiden was fair. Toothbrush handles could not compare with her beautiful teeth made by Dr. Loeke; the raven's wing had no more business by the side of her glossy curls than a stove brush. Can we wonder that the young man swore that he would cheerfully catch the measles for her sake and expressed a willingness to have the scarlet fever the second time to prove his devotion?

Alas! the perversity of women. Although loving him devotedly, she replied to his ardent declaration by sitting down on a stone boat and writing him an introduction to the marines, to whom she recommended to repeat the narrative. Driven to frenzy, Caleb turned so red in the face he tore all the buttons off his vest, and frothed at his mouth to such an extent that he spit a bran new vest down the back.—Then casting upon her a look of unutterable anguish, through a pocket telescope, he cried—“False one! farewell re-ver!” threw a double handspiring, and disappeared behind a high board fence. Pheebe Ann panted.

CHAPTER II.

“Where are you going Lord Lovel?” She said,
“Oh, where are you going?” Said she;
“I'm going, my lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries far to see, see, see,
Strange countries far to see.”—FAXON'S ODES.

We left Pheebe Ann in a swoon, or rather Calab did. As soon as consciousness came Pheebe Ann came too, and thence remembered with a pang that she had driven Caleb away. She called aloud—“Caleb! Ca—leb!” but no Caleb answered.—However well other Calab might answer for others, none but her Caleb could answer for her, and he couldn't because he wasn't within hearing. Then she recalled his love for the briny deep which induced him, when a mere lad, to run away from home and drive on the canal. Afterwards his father humoring his passions for riding on the mountain wave and climbing towering masts, procured for him, through his influence with the President of the United States, the appointment of third assistant lock tender. What more natural, thought Pheebe, than for him to follow his youthful passions and go for a sailor! After deep reflection her face brightened up, and she hurried away to execute a suddenly formed design. What was it? We shall see.

CHAPTER III.

One for the money, two for the show,
Three to make ready, and four for to go.—WATTS.

Before explaining the meaning of this thrilling ejaculation, let us take a review of things at the period of our story. Old Bourbon, who is now in Kentucky engaged in the whiskey business, swayed the sceptre of France. Gin ruled Holland, and Sweden was governed a good deal by the price of Swede's iron. Wales was just beginning to be celebrated for her ‘Prints of Wales,’ and Spain was getting up excursions to Put-in-bay. Glancing at the New World, Jerry Baldy was weighing candles on Staten Island and had not then dreamed of diving the Pope in ‘Rome Swamp’ in the name of the Continental Congress; and Christopher Columbus, having completed his labors by discovering Sandusky, had retired to the Hermitage at the north bend of Ashland on Mount Vernon, and was writing for the New York Ledger.

CHAPTER IV.

Now comes the tug.—JACK SMITH.

When Caleb left the phickle Pheebe, it was with the determination never to see her again. He would be a wanderer. He would land on other lands and climb foreign climes; he would go and be an ancient mariner. Filled with this desperate resolve he sought his boarding house, put a clean shirt and collar in a cotton valise, and started for the river. A gallant tug lay at the dock, which he boarded and requested to see the captain. A sailor, whose voice was deeply bronzed by exposure to the Tropic of Barleycorn, appeared at the top mizen gangway, and informed him that the captain was engaged in the cabin. He was being presented with a bosom pin and a gold headed cane by a ferryman who was about to retire from office. The presentation was wholly unexpected.

After a considerable delay Caleb was invited to descend. When he entered the cabin he was struck with the youthful and delicate appearance of the captain. He was about to tell him he had come to ship before the—well, smokesack, when the supposed captain raised his cap, and a shower of corkscrew curls fell upon his shoulders.

“What!” exclaimed the lover in amazement, “Pheebe Ann!”
“Caleb!”

They rushed into each other's arms.—After an embrace which caused the thermometer in the cabin to rise to ninety-nine degrees in the shade, mutual explanations followed. She had designed his purpose to go for a sailor, and resolved to thwart it. The captain of the tug, being an aunt of hers, had allowed her to be captain for that day, and chance had done the rest.—Pheebe Ann was penitent, Caleb forgiving, and that very day they agreed before a minister to share the tug of life together.

But little more remains to be told. Caleb couldn't be persuaded to give up his passion for the raging main, notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife, and so she compromised the matter by allowing him to tend a saw mill, and he still follows that daring and perilous profession.

Incidents of the Battle at Bull's Run.

In the thickest of the contest a secession Colonel of cavalry was knocked out of his saddle by a ball from one of our riflemen. ‘There goes Old Baker, of the Georgia First!’ shouted one of our boys, in hearing of his Chaplain. ‘Who?’ queried the Parson. ‘Colonel Baker, of the rebel ranks, has just gone to his long home!’—‘Ah! well,’ replied the Chaplain quietly, ‘the longer I live the less cause I have to find fault with the inscrutable acts of Divine Providence!’

An unlucky private in one of the New York regiments was wounded in this fight, and his father arrived at the hospital just as the surgeon was removing the ball from the back of his shoulder. The boy lay with his face downward on the pallet.—‘Ah! my poor son,’ said the father mournfully, ‘I'm very sorry for you, but it's a bad place to be hit in—thus in the back.’ The sufferer turned over, bared his breast, and pointed to the opening above the armpit, exclaiming, ‘Father, here's where the ball went in!’

One of the Zonaves was struck by a cannon shot, which tore through his thigh close to his body, nearly severing the limb from the trunk. As he fell he drew his photograph from his breast and said to his nearest comrade, ‘Take this to my wife. Tell her I died like a soldier, faithful to my country's cause and the good old flag. Good bye!’ and he died where he fell.

An artilleryman lay on the ground, nearly exhausted from loss of blood, and too weak to get out of the way of the tramping horses that flitted about him. A mounted horseman came towards him, when he raised up the bleeding stumps of both arms and cried out ‘don't tread on me, Capt'n! See! both hands are gone.’ The trooper leaped over him, a shell broke near by, and the crashing fragments put the sufferer quickly out of his misery.

A rebel—one of the Georgia regiment—lay with a fearful shot wound in the side, which tore out several of his ribs. The life blood of the poor fellow was fast oozing out, when one of our troops dashed forward from out of the melee and fell

sharply wounded, close beside him. The Georgian recognized his uniform, though he was fatally hurt, and feebly put out his hand. ‘We came into this battle,’ he said, ‘enemies. Let us die friends. Farewell!’ He spoke no more, but his companion in disaster took the extended hand, and escaped to relate this touching fact.

One of our riflemen had his piece carried away by a ball which struck it out of his hands, just as his company was in the act of advancing to storm one of the smaller rebel batteries. Unarmed, he sprang forward and threw himself down on his face, under the enemy's guns. A Zonave lay there, wounded and bleeding, out of the way of the murderous fire. ‘Lay close, lay close, old boy,’ said the latter to the new comer. ‘The boys'll take this old farnace 'n a minute, and then we'll get up an' give the rebels fits agin.’ Three minutes afterwards the battery was carried, and the two soldiers were in the thickest of the fight again.

A reporter for one of the New York papers lost his carriage, and when the stampede occurred he ran about confused in search of the missing vehicle, without success. He saw the dust increasing and the means of conveyance home rapidly decreasing. So he jumped into a passing ambulance, which drove rapidly off. He found his horse on the road above the battle field, and jumped out of the ambulance again just as a cannon ball passed through it, cutting a wounded man in halves! He declares, professionally, that ‘he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day.’

Two of the New Hampshire Second were leaving the field through the woods when they were suddenly confronted by five rebels, who ordered them to ‘halt,’ or ‘we fire.’ The Granite Boys saw their dilemma, but the foremost of them presented his musket and answered, ‘halt you, or we fire!’ and, at the word, both discharged their pieces. The rebel fell, his assailant was uninjured. Seizing his companion's musket, he brought it to his shoulder, and said to the other, ‘fire!’ both fired their guns at once, and two more rebels fell.—The others fled. The leader's name was Hanford, from Dover, N. H.

An Argument against Economy in time of War.

Why money should be put in circulation.—Rev. T. B. Thayer, of Boston, in a sermon delivered last Sunday, made the following timely suggestions:

‘The state of the times demand liberality and a generous expenditure on the part of those who have the means, whose income is greater than their wants. Such as these should not study economy, should not aim to save as much and spend as little as possible. I hear many of this class talking of retrenchment, of reducing their expenses, of denying themselves and families this and that to which they have been accustomed.’

‘I say no. This is a mistaken policy. Why should you save? You are in no danger of suffering. Why should you not spend this, you who have more than enough, while thousands around you are wanting employment and bread, and have nothing.—What is to come of this class if every rich man, every family whose income exceeds by much or little their current expenses, begins economising and diminishing expenditures to the lowest point possible? What is to become of these people without work or money? They must live. They must have bread. Give them employment and they will earn it. If you don't they must still have bread, that is certain, and somebody must furnish it.’

Several years ago, Mr. Kidwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced for his text: ‘In my father's house there are many mansions.’ He had scarcely read the words when an old coon stood up and said: ‘I tell you folks, that's a lie! I know his father well; he lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in old Kentuck, in an old log cabin, an there ain't but one room in the house.’

‘Brethren let us Drill!’—When the news of the repulse at Manassas reached the camp meeting at Desplaines, Rev. Henry Cox, the large-hearted pastor of Wabash Avenue Methodist Episcopal church, who was preaching at the time the intelligence was received, remarked on closing his sermon: ‘Brethren, we had better adjourn this camp meeting and go home and drill.’—Chicago Tribune.

Lost his Bacon.—Hon. T. B. Clay, son of Henry Clay, while endeavoring to smuggle several wagon loads of bacon to West Tennessee, for the use of the rebels in that quarter, was intercepted by a company of Union troops, who not only seized the merchandise as contraband, but obliged Mr. Clay and his wagoner to take the oath of allegiance to the National Government.

A gentleman crossing a very narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met: ‘I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my honest friend; pray are not people sometimes lost here?’ ‘Lost! no, sir, I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there were several drowned, but they were found again.’

Michael Klepper, a very industrious mechanic and laborer, who lived alone in the second story of D. Kurtz's cabinet manufactory, Aaronsburg, was missed for some days, and search having been made by the family of the latter gentleman, was found prostrate upon the floor, struck with apoplexy, in a helpless condition. He is supposed to have lain in this condition for some days, and had crawled to the door, but was unable to open it. It is not expected that he will live any length of time.

General Bishop Polk.—The Episcopal papers are very severe upon Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, for doffing his ecclesiastical robes and donning the helmet of war. He is now in actual command, having superseded Gen. Pillow. The Recorder thus speaks on the subject:

“The Rt. Rev. Leonidas Polk, D. D., it is announced in the Richmond papers, ‘has accepted the appointment of Brigadier General in the Confederate army, and is to take charge of the Red River District.’ There can be no greater proof of the wildness of the delirium by which the Southern States are infected, than that a prelate of the plety, the strict fidelity to duty, and the noble integrity of Bishop Polk, should desert his diocese, and postpone the solemn duties prescribed by his consecration, to assume an office which will place him in the ranks of those military bishops whom history has ever covered with peculiar obloquy, and who have been among the chief scandals of the Church.”

A Child Killed by Whiskey.—The Hamilton Times relates that a child named Daly, only three years of age, died at the house of its guardians, on West avenue, a few days since, from the effects of whiskey. It appears that a couple of children got a bottle of whiskey and drank some out of it. The deceased was stupefied by the liquor, and fell into a deep sleep, from which it was awakened with difficulty. Medical aid was called in, but the poison had done its work, and the child soon died.

BERNARD A. HOOPES,

Successor to Hoopes & Davis,

Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in

HATS, FURS, AND

STRAW GOODS,

No. 509 Market Street,

mb28-1y Philadelphia.

GLEN-ECHO MILLS,

GERMANTOWN, PA.

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OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, &c.

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REVERE HOUSE,

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Third St., above Race, Philadelphia.

Terms—\$1 25 per day.

RHOADS & SAILOR, Propriet'rs.

TILGHMAN V. RHOADS,

Formerly of the National Hotel,

CHARLES SAILOR,

Formerly of Schuylkill co., Pa.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

Late White Swan,

Race Street, above Third, Philadelphia.

Terms—\$1 25 per day.

QUILLMAN & BOYER, Proprietors.

To the old customers of this well known

House we desire to say that we have renovated, improved, and newly furnished the same, and that we respectfully solicit a continuance of their patronage.

Strangers, Travelers and Visitors we cordially invite to the hospitality of the “National”—to come and see and judge for themselves of its advantages and merits. Our location is central, and convenient for merchants and business men generally.

We will always endeavor to study the wants and comforts of our guests, and with the assistance of Mr. CHAS. A. STREIB, our affable and attentive Clerk, we feel well prepared to keep a good hotel, and hope to be able to give general satisfaction.

feb28-1yr HENRY QUILLMAN,
JOHN BOYER.

PHOTOGRAPHY

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Executed in the best style known in the art,

at

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Life Size in Oil and Pastel,

STEREOSCOPIC PORTRAITS,

AMBROTYPES,

DAGUERREOTYPES, &c.

For Cases, Medallions, Pins, Rings &c.

Philadelphia, November 15, 1860-1y.

Large Stock of Furniture on Hand.

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 taken in exchange for same. Give me a call, on Valley street, near Black Bear Hotel. feb21