LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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DR. A. J. ATHINSON,

HAVING permanently located in Lewistown, offers his professional services to the citizens of town and country. Office West Market St., opposite Eisenbise's Hotel. Residence one door east of George Blymyer.
Lewistown, July 12, 1860–tf

Dr. Samuel L. Alexander,

Has permanently located at Milroy, and is prepared to practice all the branches of his Profession. Office at Swinehart's Hotel. my3–1y

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

NEW REMEDIES FOR
SPERMATORRHŒA.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA. *A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Chronic Diseases, and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.*

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VALUABLE REPORTS on Spermatorrhœa, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, and the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent in sealed envelopes, free of charge. Two or three stamps for postage acceptable. Address, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 S. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. je6

Mrs. Wertz again on Hand.

HAVING taken the stand recently occupied by Mr. Holtzworth, in East Market street, a few doors west of the Black Bear Hotel, she respectfully announces to her old friends that she has now on hand a fine stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES,
FANCY ARTICLES & NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS,
and other useful Knick Knacks.

ALSO,

CONFECTIONERIES,
CAKES, &c.

Her old friends are respectfully invited to give her a call. ap18

A. FELIX,

HAVING in connection with his Grocery and Notion business, commenced the

Manufacturing of Confectionery,

in its various branches, and employed a practical workman, notifies the public that he intends to keep a well assorted stock of the above goods on hand, which will be warranted to give satisfaction, and be equal to any Confectioneries that can be bought from any eastern city, which he offers to wholesale merchants and retailers at city prices, with cost of carriage. He therefore solicits the custom of the surrounding country, and requests them to send in their orders or call and examine his goods, which will satisfy all that they can be accommodated with a selection which will recommend itself.

CAKES, BISCUITS, &c., constantly on hand. Also, Pound, Spunge, Bride, Silver and Gold Cakes, in the best style, baked to order, on the shortest notice. mh28

Glassware.

FRUIT Stands with and without covers.
Butter Dishes " " "
Sugar Bowls, Goblets and Preserve Dishes.
Pitchers and Tumblers. All to be sold at the lowest figure by H. ZERBE.

THE MINSTREL.

OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.

Gallant sons of gallant sires,
Guardians of our country's fires,
Strike till every foe expires,
Noble Volunteers!

O'er your heads our banner waves;
Take it to the land of slaves;
Bear it o'er the traiters' graves,
Glorious Volunteers!

God gives strength unto our arms;
Fear ye naught from war's alarms;
Beauty keeps for you its charms,
Honored Volunteers!

Hear admiring millions cheer,
As your granite ranks appear!
They will hold you ever dear,
Dauntless Volunteers!

Let the Southern thieves beware!
When your swords shall cleave the air,
When your bay'nets glitter bare,
Loyal Volunteers!

Traitor hounds shall surely fly
From the sturdy, flashing eye,
Turning to that Flag on high,
Conq'ring Volunteers!

On to battle! heroes true,
Countless blessings go with you;
Charge the traitors through and through,
Patriot Volunteers!

Stars and Stripes above you stream,
And Columbia's bright eyes beam
With a proud, a loving gleam
For her Volunteers!

MISCELLANEOUS.

JENNIE WOOD.

The Child Heroine of Kentucky.

BY CHARLEY LAWTON LOVELL.

One of the first settlers of Kentucky was Daniel Wood. Leaving a comfortable home in one of the Eastern States, he, with his family, consisting of his wife and a little daughter about eight years of age, sought a home on the far western borders of Kentucky. Here he soon built himself a log cabin, and, assisted by a lame but faithful negro servant, who had accompanied him from from the east, he soon had quite a patch of ground cleared, and began anew the life of a farmer combined with that of a hunter.

Prosperity smiled upon his efforts, and six months passed without anything occuring to mar the even tenor of his way.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in June. Old Sol had just turned out from his eastern couch, and peeping over the hills, was bathing the horizon in crimson with his smiles; when arm d with his trusty rifle, and a pack of skins strapped upon his back, Daniel Wood issued from his cabin door. He was bound on a visit to a neighboring station, some miles distant, to purchase a new supply of ammunition and other little necessaries and luxuries that were needed at the cabin. Pausing upon the threshold of his home, he took a long and anxious look around.

'Keep a good look out, Molly,' he said, turning to his wife, who was just behind him, and who had come to the door to bid her husband 'God speed' on his journey. 'Keep a good look out; although the redskins ain't shown themselves yet, thar's no knowing when to expect the varmints; and they might pop out on you 'fore yer knowed anything 'bout it!'

'Never fear, Daniel,' returned his wife; 'there is no danger. The Indians have never been seen 'round here; besides, we have done nothing to anger them, and I don't think they will interfere with us.—But look to yourself, Daniel; the trail through the forest to the station is a long one, and you know not what danger may surround you!'

'Never fear for me, Molly,' answered the frontiersman; 'while I have faithful Sallie here'—and he lovingly patted the stock of his rifle—'twill be dangerous work for any redskin to come within shooting distance of me; so never fear, but keep up a good heart—I shall be back before dark.'

And he pressed a kiss upon the lips of the buxom dame.

Just at this moment the burly form of Lame Jake, the negro, made his appearance round the corner of the cabin, returning to his breakfast from his early labors in the fields. For a moment he gazed upon the pleasant scene, his eyes glistening with delight and mirth; then he broke out:

'I, golly, massa! Arn't you gwine to kiss ole nig, too, 'fore you goes? Yah, yah, guess you'd better! guess you'd better!'

And Old Jake skook with suppressed mirth at his humorous conceit.

'Go 'long, you black varmint!' answered his master, laughing. 'Git your grub and then stay around the house till I come back; and take good care of your mistress and my little darling here.'

And he patted the golden tresses of his daughter.

'Needn't tell me that, massa! needn't tell me dat. Old Jake look out for dem as long as he got a single bref of life in his ugly ole carcass, dat he will. Lor' bress you, massa, if one of dem ar red debbils come 'round anywhere near ole Jake, dey git fits, now I coax you. If dis ole nig gits one of dese yer claws on him, Ingin gone sure!' And Jake held up one of his mammoth hands. 'Good bye, massa; nebber fear Ingin long as ole Jake's 'round.'

And with these words Old Jake disappeared into the house, whilst the pioneer also turned to depart, waving a last adieu as his manly form disappeared in the depth of the forest.

The sun had reached the meridian; Jake, true to his master's orders, had remained in the cottage, and was now helping to prepare the noonday meal. Jennie, the golden haired daughter of the pioneer, was setting the dishes upon the table, while the matron herself went forth to the little spring, some hundred yards distant from the cottage, to bring the pure, cold water that was to be their beverage. Slowly she approaches the spring, her eyes anxiously cast around to spy any supicious motion of a leaf or bending of a twig, for once or twice during the morning hours she thought or imagined she saw the suspicious movement of the under growth in the forest. She has reached the spring at last. Suddenly she stops. What is that in yonder clump of bushes? It flutters in the air like the gaudy plumage of some forest bird. It is a bird's plume, but it rests upon the head of some painted savage. You would hardly have noticed it; but the eyes of the matron are sharp—for not only her own life, but that of her darling child, depend upon her. Now for presence of mind. She must not let them know she has discovered them, and perhaps she may yet regain the house.

Calmly she fills her pail with water and turns to retrace her steps. Already has she passed over one quarter of the distance between the spring and the house. 'Will she reach there safely?' her heart throbs audibly. When—oh, horror!—a savage and appalling yell strikes upon her ear; too well she knows its import: the savages have started in pursuit! She must reach the house before they do or all is lost. She drops her bucket and starts on the race for life. Terror adds wings to her flight, and she will distance her enemies. No, one burly savage gained her side; but he harms her not, but swiftly continues on toward the house. What means he by that manœuvre? alas! her heart tells her too well—the house once in the possession of the Indians, all are at the mercy of the savage foe.

Loudly she calls Jake to close the door; but the negro stands with the handle of the open door in his hand, fierce determination depicted on his swarthy visage. The matron and the Indian gain the house together, and both cross the threshold at the same moment. But as Mrs. Wood passed the servant, the faithful fellow calls to her:

'Bar de door, missus!' And with one spring he is upon the savage.

Jennie slams to the heavy oaken door as the rest of the Indians dash up to it. One of them, more speedy than the rest, gets his red visage caught between the door and the post, and thus prevents Mrs. Wood from getting the door securely closed; but the matron has, as quick as thought, slipped the bar into its loop in one side of the door, and using it as a lever, presses the oaken barricade tightly against the body of the savage, and holds him there a prisoner, whilst his body protects the door from the assaults of his companions outside.

But how goes on the fight inside.

We left old Jake grappling with the Indian. For once the negro had found his match; and each, clasped in the embrace of the other had fallen to the floor. Now they rolled over and over from one side of the room to the other, and at last it seemed the Indian would be the victor. He had succeeded in getting the negro beneath him, and had drawn his knife to finish his enemy, when, with one great effort of strength, Jake, as the knife of the Indian was about to seek his heart, partially relieved himself and seizing the savage by both arms, held him motionless—the knife suspended in the air.

'Ole nig got you now, you red cuss!' puffed Jake. 'No use yer tryin', yer can't git away! Ole Jake aint much on his pins, dat the truf; but jist luf him git dese yar arms onto anyt'ing and dey hol' tighter nor def to a dead nig—shure!'

And Jake spoke the truth; for though lame and feeble in his legs, his arms were strong enough to lift a ton. But Jake was in a bad fix; for, although he held the Indian immovable, he was himself a prisoner, and for some time he cogitated what to do. Mrs. Wood could not help him, for she had as much as she could do to keep the door closed against the Indians outside. If he had only seized the savage by the wrists, he might have broken them, and so make him powerless; but, unluckily, he had caught hold of him about the middle of the forearm, and with the savage writhing above him, it was impossible to shift his hold with safety. What could he do? A happy thought strikes him. There is a sharp axe under the bed, could he but get that. But, how could he use it? That was the question, and he took a tighter hold upon the Indian, that made him, stoic though he was, writhe with pain.

'I golly! you'll twist worse nor dat, you debbil!' muttered Jake, as another idea worked its way through his wool. Then calling to Jennie: Come here, Miss Jennie. Dosen't git scart, child, he can't git away.'

'I'm not afraid of him Jake,' as she stepped forward, her eyes flashing hate and anger on the savage foe. 'What can I do to help you, Jake? Oh, I wish I could kill him!'

And she shook her little fist at the Indian.

'Ugh! Me kill, scalp you, bymeby, maybe!' growled the savage, as he made another desperate attempt to free himself.

'Maybe you won't, neither,' answered the brave girl. 'But what shall I do, Jake? —what shall I do?'

'I tell you, Miss Jennie,' answered Jake, hope beaming on his dusky countenance. 'Dar's an axe under de bed—mighty sharp one, too. Yah, yah! ole nig sharpen him up yesterday. Didn't know what for do—guess Indian find out, pooty soon. Well, Missie Jennie, you git de axe, cum up behind Ingin, and gib him one good lick in de head and kill him. Dat's what you do.'

For a moment, Jennie shrank in horror from the deed. She was not afraid; but the idea of shedding blood had something horrible in it to the child, even if it was the blood of an enemy. She looked at her mother inquiringly.

'Shall I do it mother?' she asked.

'It is our only hope of safety, Jennie,' replied the matron, after a moment's hesitation. 'Do it, if you can, daughter; it is the only way to save our lives.'

'I can do it, mother, and I will!' answered the brave girl; and she sprang to get the axe.

The Indian had listened attentively to the short conversation. Little as he understood, he knew they were contriving some plan, but what it was he could not make out. The appearance of the axe soon enlightened him on that point; and as he saw the young girl approach with the weapon, his struggles to get away became almost superhuman; and he had nearly succeeded in his object, as the axe decended upon his head. A sudden movement of the Indian rendered the blow partially ineffective, and the axe glanced off, merely inflicting a slight wound. But again the young heroine raised the weapon, and again it descended, this time with fatal effect, and the savage sank dead at her feet. Dropping the axe, Jennie turned in horror from the sickening spectacle. Old Jake sprang to his feet, with a whoop that was audible to the Indians outside, and seized upon the axe.

'I golly! missus,' he shouted 'dat's de way to sarve 'em out!' Then pointing to the savage who, a prisoner in the door, had been a powerless witness to the fate of his comrade, Jake continued: 'Jes' let in dat udder red cuss dar, and we'll serve him off in de same manner. I golly! I t'ink I'll hab a cut at him anyhow.'

And he hobbled toward the door; but the Indian saw him coming, and knowing his fate if he stayed there, he gave a yell, and making one great struggle for liberty and life, he succeeded in releasing himself, but not without leaving a considerable portion of his gaudy dress and painted cuticle behind as the door closed; and Mrs. Wood joyfully fixed the stout oaken bar, that had done such good service in its place. Yell upon yell arose from the savages outside of the house; but suddenly they were drowned by the sharp crack of a dozen rifles, and the hope of rescue sprang up in the hearts of the besieged. Flying to a loop hole in the wall of the cabin, Mrs. Wood looked out. A dozen Indians lay dead on the ground, while the survivors were flying in all directions. And issuing from the forest were some eighteen or twenty hardy frontiersmen, headed by Daniel Wood himself, who sprang across the open space and was welcomed with open arms by his overjoyed wife at the threshold.

The cabin was soon filled with the woodsmen, while Jennie—dear, brave Jennie, was lauded to the highest pitch for her courage. Nor was old Jake forgotten.—The opportune arrival of Daniel and his friends was then explained. It seems that one of the neighbors, while hunting in the woods, discovered the Indians; and watching them, had seen them make toward Mr. Wood's. The man hurried to the station to obtain help, and there found Mr. Wood. A party was soon raised and on the march. Our readers know the rest. But old Jake ever after asseverated:

'Dat if missus had only luf dem red cusis in, one at a time, Missie Jennie and dis ole nig would hab killed dem all off—shur's yer born.'

Surprised.—A Minnesota paper tells this story of the battle of Stone Bridge:

'Adjutant General Sanborn relates that when the Minnesota regiment was drawn up in line of battle opposite to the Mississippi regiment, the wagon master of the Minnesota regiment, our old friend Anson Northrup, was in the ranks with musket in hand. The regiment, practising the Zouave drill, in which Northrup was not very proficient, fell flat on the ground after the first round—every man killed as Northrup thought. Resolved to have another crack at the rebels, Northrup reloaded his musket, and just after he fired, up jumped his comrades and fired another round, so much to Northrup's surprise, he said, as if so many dead men had come out of their graves.'

Edward Everett on the Rights and Duties of War.

Mr. Everett's last paper in the New York Ledger discusses the rights and duties of war, with especial reference to the proper distinction to be observed between the ordinary usages of law and the necessities of military authority in time of war. We copy a part of Mr. Everett's remarks on this subject:

SECESSIONIST JOURNALS.

There are presses, for the most part in the Border States, though some of them are found in cities more remote from the scene of action, which are daily pleading the cause of the enemy, misrepresenting and villifying the Government of the United States, exaggerating every article of unfavorable intelligence, and exerting themselves to the utmost to dishearten the friends and defenders of the Constitution and the Union. But such is the all but superstitious devotion of the people to the liberty of the press that these pernicious journals have, with the exception of a single instance in St. Louis, never been interfered with. It seems to have been thought better by those in authority to tolerate the mischief of these unpatriotic presses than to elevate them to greater importance by prosecution, or to encroach in the slightest degree upon that freedom of public discussion which in ordinary times is justly regarded as one of the great safeguards of liberty. But it is preposterous to sacrifice the end to the means. We should in this respect learn wisdom from the enemies of the Union.

While we regard as unbecoming our Christian civilization that resort to Lynch law by which every expression of opinion adverse to the popular sentiment is suppressed in the seceding States, we ought to remember that in tolerating a traitorous press among ourselves we practice a liberality which awakens no gratitude at home, and is never reciprocated by the opposite party. It is in fact an absurdity in terms, under the venerable name of the liberty of the press, to permit the systematic and licentious abuse of a government which is tasked to its utmost in defending the country from disintegration and political chaos. The Governor of Malta was once censured in Parliament for some alleged severity toward the editor of a journal in that Island, and the liberty of the press was declared to be in danger. The Duke of Wellington said he was as friendly as anybody to the liberty of the press in London, but a free press in the Island of Malta was as much out of place as it would be on the quarter-deck of a man-of war. We suppose the most enthusiastic champion of the liberty of the press would hardly think it right to publish a journal within the walls of Fort McHenry, in which the officers of the garrison should be daily advised to desert and the men be constantly exhorted to mutiny; and whose columns should be filled with persistent abuses of the Government and all engaged in its defence. Why should journals of that description be allowed to diffuse their poison beneath its walls, amidst the excitable population of a large city?

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN DEBATE.

So, too, with reference to the freedom of speech in debate, one of the vital conditions of republican liberty. The late session of Congress has witnessed a magnanimity on the part of the majority in both Houses of a truly romantic cast. The acts and the motives of the Goverment, in the suppression of an insurrection (admitted by one of its most distinguished chiefs to proceed mainly from the disappointment of leading aspirants to office), have been assailed from day to day with a virulence and a persistence which would be harmless in time of peace, but which in time of war can have no other effect on the popular mind than to perplex and dishearten those who are staking life and fortune in the cause of the country. This generosity excites no gratitude on the part of those to whom it is practised, and so far from being reciprocated, the member of the Confederate Congress at Montgomery or Richmond who should assail the conduct and policy of that body as the Government of the United States has been assailed by the sympathizers with secession at Washington, would not reach his hotel in safety. He would swing from the next lamp post.

Not merely is all freedom of speech and of the press prohibited in the seceding States, but the most quiet and the humblest rights of citizenship are interdicted. When the Ordinance of Secession was about to be submitted to the vote of the people of Virginia, a distinguished Senator of that State in Congress; and who in that capacity was under oath to support the Constitution of the United States, published a letter, signed with his name, in which he declared that such citizens of Virginia as did not approve the ordinance must leave the State; a summary sentence of banishment and confiscation against about a third part of the ancient Commonwealth; a sentence which the seceding majority are now attempting to enforce at the point of the bayonet, to illustrate the principle that 'the right of government rests upon the consent of the governed.'

Speech of Hon. John J. Crittenden, at Columbus, Ohio, August 7.

But a few short months ago, said Mr. C., such a calamity as is now shrouding our country in gloom was unthought of among the people. But now that we are involved in it we must meet it like men.

It is not a war that is to be prosecuted for the sake of war, and ought to be conducted with none of the common barbarities of war. It must, nevertheless, be prosecuted by no half-way measures. My friends, we must gather the utmost strength of the country, and gird up the energies of our minds to this most momentous contest. And let it be prosecuted only for the purpose that it ought to be carried on, and concluded for the restoration of our Government and the Union. In any event, it is a war that cannot last long. It will prove itself too oppressive upon all classes of our people to permit of its being long continued.

It becomes, therefore, a duty to maintain this great Government and this magnificent land from the terrible calamity of disunion. This I would aim by all the powers of my life to prevent. Hence it is that I have just come from vomiting millions of money and hundreds of thousands of men in order that the issue may be decided more speedily, and our erring brethren united to us once more.

There was a time when both parties could have adopted measures of peace which were tendered by resolutions; the power of securing peace was then in their hands, but their party pride prevented both from accepting the plan proposed. One insisted upon this, and the other upon that, till between the this and that of parties the present unhappy quarrel has been forced upon us. It is wise for us all to purify our own hearts, and see wherein we have been in the wrong. We cannot expect to carry ourselves along by vaunting either our courage or our cause.—The burden of the contest is too serious for that; and it will rest with the people themselves to end it in a manner satisfactory to themselves. I have the strongest confidence in the general intelligence and virtue of our people, but I think the world has never seen such a degradation of political intelligence as prevailed among partisan leaders when this war began.

To such a degree had this came to pass that our secession friends had concluded that there was no power in the Government, and that they had only to put forth their hand, and, at a single shove, overturn the whole structure.

But the Government thus assailed, though powerless itself, turned to the people, and behold! it was found to be the strongest Government on earth. Even the great Napoleon, in the fullness of his power, could not have raised, from all the legions of France, such an army as Mr. Lincoln has raised, in the brief space of but ninety days, for the defence of the Government. The Government has not been and cannot be overturned. My friends, my failing voice warns me to be brief. But let me add that the world are spectators of this unexpected strife. And we must consider that we are now holding in our hands not only the material interests of the present but also the political interests of all futurity. In this light I look upon the present contest as the most momentous event that history has recorded for a thousand years past. Let us then be wise and be watchful in guarding such mighty interests.

The Administration and the Slavery Question.

[From the Providence Press.]

Hon. Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, having visited our State for a day, for a brief respite from his severe official duties, yielded at a late hour yesterday afternoon to the desire of Gov. Sprague and other prominent citizens, that he would address a Providence audience in the evening, on the solemn issues now thrust upon the American people. A meeting was accordingly extemporized in a very brief space. Mr. Smith, on advancing, was received with tumultuous cheering, and in a clear and with an eloquence of manner that instantly secured admiration, proceeded in a few introductory remarks to speak as follows:

The theory of this Government is that the States are sovereign within their proper sphere. The Government of the United States has no more right to interfere with the institution of Slavery in South Carolina than it has to interfere with the pecuniary institution of Rhode Island whose benefits I have enjoyed to-day.

My friends, I have known the President long and well. It has been my fortune to be selected as one of his constitutional advisers. I have the honor of being connected with the Administration since its commencement, and I tell you to-night that *you cannot find in South Carolina a man more anxious, religiously, and scrupulously, to observe all the features of the Constitution relating to Slavery, than Abraham Lincoln.* Had the people of the South been willing to wait and see whether he would regard that oath which in the presence of the assembled nation he had taken, they would have found that no Administration ever organized in this country would have more concientiously regarded and protected the rights of the South than this Administration would have done. I know I speak the sentiments of the President and his advisers—of those who have controlled the Administration.

But these people, however, were not willing to wait until this test could be applied, and no sooner was this President inaugurated than the tocsin of war was sounded through every Southern State, and the armed strength of the people was summoned to drag down the Administration, to undermine the foundation of the Government, and to crush in ruin this fair fabric of our republican institutions. What, I ask you, could the Administration have done? One after another of the forts of the United States had been taken; one after another had the possessions of the Government been seized; State after State had renounced its allegiance to the nation; in State after State the glorious flag of the nation had been trampled in the dust, and to its place had been lifted the emblem of the pirate and the traitor. What was the duty of the Administration in this emergency? Should we stand by and see, one after another, the pillars of our glorious fabric disrupted and broken? or should we appeal to the patriotism of the American people to sustain the institutions of their fathers? If Mr. Lincoln had not pursued the course which he has, would he not have been unworthy of the confidence that has been so generously placed in him? He has adopted this course, and he has appealed to you, the people of the States, to rally round the standard of our country, and teach the world that Republicanism still lives upon this continent. *My friends, we make no war on Southern institutions.* We recognize the rights of South Carolina and Georgia to hold slaves if they desire them. But, my friends, we appeal to you to uphold the great banner of our glorious country, and to leave the people of that country to settle these domestic matters according to their own choice, and the exigencies which the times may present.

I do not invoke you to engage in this war as a war against Slavery. We are warring for a different principle. But there is an old adage brought down to us from the ancients: 'That whom the gods would destroy, they first madden." They are afflicted by that madness