

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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Jacob C. Blymyer & Co.,  
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Flour and Grain of all kinds purchased at market rates, or received on storage and shipped at usual freight rates, having stores and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands.  
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OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown, adjoining F. G. Francis's Hardware Store. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office the first Monday of each month to spend the week.

**DR. A. J. ATKINSON,**

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.

**Dr. Samuel L. Alexander,**  
Has permanently located at Millery and is prepared to practice all the branches of his Profession. Office at Swinehart's Hotel.

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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.

FRANKLIN PRATT, Gun-barrel Welder, wishes employment, please address box 634, Philadelphia Post Office, stating where he may be found.

## THE MINSTREL.

### A NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

BY RALPH RANDOLPH.  
Yankee Doodle came to town  
To view 'the situation.'  
And found the world all upside down--  
A tramping in the nation.  
He heard all Europe laugh in scorn,  
And call him but a noodle;  
"Laugh on," he cried, "as sure's you're born,  
I still am Yankee Doodle!"  
Chorus--Yankee Doodle, &c.

He found the ragged Southern toons  
A-tramping like tarnation,  
They'd stolen all his silver spoons,  
And rifled his plantation;  
"I'll wait awhile," he quietly said,  
"They may restore the plunder;  
But if they don't, I'll go ahead,  
And thrash them well, by thunder!"  
And then the lovely Queen of Spain  
Told him in honeyed lingo,  
That she had courted--not in vain--  
A dandy in bouffant;  
"My dear," said she, "if you will roam  
With all the male creation,  
Pray don't come here--I can't at home,  
Allow amalgamation!"  
The British lion stily eyed  
His tales of Southern cotton--  
"Dear Yankee Doodle," soft he cried,  
"That stuff is slave-cotton!"  
"A brother's tears have bleached it white,"  
It speaks your degradation,  
"But I must have it, wrong or right,  
To keep away starvation!"

"Hands off! hands off!" good cousin John,  
Said quiet Yankee Doodle.  
"I'm no braggart cotton Don,  
Who'll heat the system fonder;  
I've heard you praise in Exeter Hall,  
Of sin and slave pollution,  
For I have lots of Yankee boys  
You love the institution!"  
"Fuss words and devil, too high and low,  
Bring righteous retribution,  
And, cousin John, mayhap you know  
The fugate constitution?"  
She took to him a sassy beat,  
But I have half a notion  
To set her once again afloat,  
And drive you from the ocean!"  
"And if, in league with her of Spain,  
You dare to lift the hand of Cain  
In aid of old King Cotton,  
Be sure you guard the costly boys  
You call your broad dominions,  
For I have lots of Yankee boys  
You love your bidding nations!"  
I trust in God and in the right,  
And in this cause would freely fight  
The whole combined creation;  
For when in time a war-polar zone,  
The nations are reviewed all,  
I know the yankee of honest praise  
Will rest on Uncle Doodle!"

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### The Cat Bird.

This is a very common and numerous species in the United States, and one as well known to all classes of people as his favorite berries or blackberry bushes. In spring or autumn, on approaching thickets of brambles, the first scituation you receive is from the cat bird, and a stranger, unacquainted with his note, would instantly conclude that some vagrant orphan kitten had got bewildered among the briars and needed assistance, so exactly does it call of the bird resemble the voice of that animal. He is unsuspecting and extremely familiar, for whether in the woods or in the garden, where he frequently builds his nest, he seldom allows you to pass without paying his respects to you in the usual way. The nest is composed of dry leaves, weeds, small twigs, and fine dry grass, lined with fibrous roots. The birds show no great solicitude for concealment, though few are more interested for the safety of their nest and young. The eggs are four or five, of bluish green color.

The cat bird is one of our earliest songsters, beginning generally before break of day, and hovering from bush to bush with great sprightliness, when there is scarcely light enough to distinguish him. His notes are more remarkable for singularity than melody. They consist of short imitations of other birds and other sounds, but his pipe being rather deficient in clearness and strength of tone, his imitations fail where these are requisite; yet he is not discouraged, but seems to study certain passages with great perseverance, uttering them at first low, but as he succeeds, higher and more free, no ways embarrassed by the presence of a spectator, even within a few yards of him. On attentively listening to him for some time, you can perceive that he introduces into his performance all the odd sounds and quaint passages he has been able to collect. Upon the whole he merits a place among the most agreeable of our general performers.

Few people in the country respect the cat bird. On the contrary, it is generally the object of dislike, and the boys of the United States entertain great prejudice and contempt for his bird, its nest and young.

The principal cause of this dislike seems to be some similarity of taste and clashing of interest between the bird and the farmer. The cat bird is fond of large ripe garden strawberries; so is the farmer, for the good price they bring in market. The cat bird loves the best and richest early cherries; so does the farmer, for they are sometimes the most profitable of his early fruit. The cat bird has a particular partiality for the finest ripe mellow pears; and these are also particular favorites of the farmer. But the cat bird has frequently the advantage of the farmer by snatching off the first fruits of these delicious productions, and the farmer takes revenge by shooting him down with his gun, as he finds old hats and scare crows are no impediments in his way to these forbidden fruits, and nothing but this resource can restrain his visits. The boys are now set to watch the cherry trees with guns; and thus commences a train of prejudices

and antipathies, that commonly continue through life.

The cat bird measures nine inches in length; at a small distance he appears nearly black; but it is of a deep slate color, and the tail-coverts are deep red. The female differs little from the male.

### The Scarlet Tanager

Is one of the most beautiful of American birds, having a plumage of the richest scarlet, with wings of jet black. He is spread over the United States, and is found even in Canada, and South America. He rarely approaches the habitations of man, unless perhaps the orchard, where he sometimes builds; or to the cherry trees in search of fruit. There, among the thick foliage of the tallest trees, his simple, and almost monotonous notes of chip, churr, repeated at intervals in a pensive tone, may be occasionally heard, which appear to proceed from a considerable distance, though the bird is immediately above you; a faculty bestowed upon him by the beneficent Author of nature, no doubt for his protection, to compensate in a degree for the danger to which his glowing color would often expose him. Besides this usual note, he has, at times, a more musical chant. His food consists of large winged insects, such as wasps, hornets, and humble bees, and also of fruit. His nest is built on the horizontal branch of a tree, sometimes an apple tree, and is but slightly put together; stalks of broken flax, and dry grass, so thinly woven together, that the light is easily perceptible through it, from the repository of his young. His manners are modest, easy, and inoffensive. He commits no depredations on the property of the husbandman; but rather benefits him by the daily destruction of many noxious insects; and when winter approaches, he is no plundering dependant, but seeks in a distant country that sustenance which the severity of the season denies to his industry in this. He is a striking ornament to our rural scenery, and none of the meanest of our scenery, and none of the meanest of our rural songsters. Such being the true traits of his character, we shall always with pleasure welcome this beautiful stranger to our orchards, groves, and forests.

When you approach the nest, the male keeps cautiously at a distance, as if fearful of being seen; while the female hovers round in the greatest agitation and distress. When the young leave the nest, the male parent takes a most active part in feeding and attending them, and is then altogether indifferent of concealment.

## MORAL & RELIGIOUS.

### The Right Sort of Religion.

We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late--keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and floor mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs; projects the honey-moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not on the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin,' but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, otter from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk cans, and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one-half a pair of shoes of good leather and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall rebound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash.

It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool break to the yard stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard-wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvage to selvage, nor all wool delaines and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of woolen rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars a thousand into chimneys it contracted to build of seven dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where

boards ought to join, nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window blinds of slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that are to be looked at but on no account to be touched--That religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to the gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.--Congregationalist.

The Golden Rule.--It is said of an Indian, that when he got into a bad place in a swamp, where the ground was too wet for safety, he put up a stake to mark the place. Thus he not only avoided the danger himself, but kept others from falling into the same snare. Might not every Christian learn a lesson from this rude son of the forest, not only to guard against his own fal steps, but as he prays, 'lead us not into temptation,' to be careful to remove temptation out of his brother's path?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Who Began the War.

A few of our readers at the South are blaming us for supporting the United States Government in what they characterize 'its unholy war upon the South.' If we know our own hearts we wish to do justice to all concerned, and we will simply ask those of our Southern readers who feel aggrieved because we support the Government, 'who began the war?' This is an important question; and should not be answered except by reference to stubborn facts. We will state a few which cannot be denied. During the Administration of James Buchanan, the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, of Virginia, began the work of depleting the United States arsenals in the Northern States, and he transferred from a single arsenal 114,000 muskets to Southern arsenals. We have this on the authority of a Richmond paper.--These United States arsenals were seized by the State authorities, and the guns put in the hands of the State militia, in many instances while the States in question were in the Union. Large sums of money were appropriated to arm those States--and for what purpose? Will any sane man deny that the object was to use them against the Federal Government? If so let facts speak for themselves.

In reference to the forts, Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, acting Secretary of War, in his letter to Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, who came to demand the retrocession of Fort Sumter to that State, says on behalf of the Federal Government, 'We are equally opposed to the coercive policy practiced by South Carolina, and after reducing the pretensions of the Federal Government to the lowest standard, we are constrained to hold that the United States have at least as much right to be left in the undisturbed occupation of that which she holds in contravention of the legal title vested in the Federal Government.'

We believe all will acknowledge that, so far as the legal title to that fort was concerned, it was vested in the Federal Government.

The next fact which brings us to the immediate point of war, is found in the correspondence of Beauregard and Major Anderson. At 11 o'clock P. M., April 11, the former addressed the latter, inquiring 'the time at which you will evacuate Fort Sumter, and agree in the meantime you will not use your guns against us unless ours shall be employed against you.' Major Anderson replied at 2 1/2 o'clock on the morning of April 12th that 'I will if provided with the necessary means of transportation, evacuate Fort Sumter by noon on the 15th, should I not receive prior to that time, controlling instructions from my Government, or additional supplies, and that I will not in the meantime open my fire upon your forces, unless compelled to do so by some hostile act against this Fort or the flag of my Government.' Who began the attack? Is it not a fact that Gen. Beauregard opened fire upon the Fort in two hours from the date of Anderson's reply? Who can deny this fact? Certainly no one. How was this attack received by the Government at Montgomery? Mr. Davis was not able to answer the call of the multitude; but his Secretary of War, Walker, used the following language:--'No man,' he said, 'could tell where the war now commenced would end; but he would prophecy that the flag which now flaunts the breeze here, would float over the dome of the old Capitol at Washington before the first of May. Let them try Southern chivalry; and test the extent of Southern resources, and it might float eventually over Faneuil Hall itself.'

Secretary Walker says the war was commenced, April 12th, and of course he had reference to the attack on Sumter. He furthermore says, and as a high officer at the head of the War Department, the intimation had a marked official significance, that he would prophecy the capture of Washington, for certainly no one could ever sup-

pose that he ever expected to have the Confederate flag float over the Capitol without first driving out the Federal Government, and this could not be done without carrying the war to that city. Furthermore, if it should ever float over Faneuil Hall it could only be by the subjugation of Boston, to say nothing of any other portion of the North. The proclamation of the President was not issued until three days after the attack on Fort Sumter, and yet in the face of such facts as the foregoing, our Southern friends say we are making unholy, wanton warfare upon them. We ask them in all candor, if it would not appear upon the face of history one of the most cowardly things in the world to see a free people tamely allowing their Government to be driven from place and power without an effort to save it?

### Union our only Safety.

From a late number of the Cincinnati Commercial, one of the most ably conducted papers in the West, we copy the following concluding remarks of an editorial on the importance of unity among the people of the loyal States in support of the Government. We commend it to the notice of our readers, and more especially to those in our midst who have Southern or 'secession proclivities.' In these stormy times the partizan should be merged in the patriot, and all good citizens should unite most cordially in maintaining the supremacy of the Government which protects them in their persons and property, and without which we should have no security in the present or hope for the future. Those who sympathize with secession and give utterance to sentiments little better than treasonable, assume a fearful responsibility and will live to repent of their folly if the danger so strongly depicted by the Commercial should prove to be one of its 'bitter fruits.'

It is the solidity of the North that has rolled the scenes of war far from its borders, so that no state, city or neighborhood has yet heard the firing of a hostile gun. The sympathizers with secession among us, are directing their energies to bring the worst calamities of civil war upon us. If the efforts of party wire workers, to make political capital out of the stormy elements around us, were responded to, we should have feuds in neighborhoods, and war to the knife in our streets.

There is no security or hopes for the preservation of life and property now but in the unity of the people in support of the government. Those who would thrust partism into the strife and inflame the old animosities of party men, know not what they are doing or are reckless of blood and the devastations of the torch of the incendiary. We must support the Government in its struggle with rebellion, or no citizen can long be sure his property is his own, or that his home is a place of refuge for his family. The rebellion of which Jeff. Davis is the head must be crushed out, or the revolution will sweep throughout the land and the Republic will perish in a deluge of blood and a tempest of fire. The men who are miserably aiding and comforting treason for the sake of partizan and personal advantage which they deem possible, are inviting (though they darkened understanding may be incapable of the recognition of the fact) the horrors of a revolution as terrific as that of France.

### Perils of Teaching Grammar to Young Damsels.

Mr. Editor:--I have been sending my daughter Nancy to a schoolmaster in this neighborhood. Last Friday I went over to the school just to see how Nancy was getting along, and I see things I don't like by any means. The schoolmaster was learning her things entirely out of the line of eddycashun, and as I think improper. I stayed awhile in the school house, and heered one class say their lesson. They was a spellin', and I tho't spelled quite exceedingly. Then cum Nancy's turn to say her lesson. She said it very spry. I was sho't! and determined she should leave the school. I have heered that grammar is an uncommon fine study, but I don't wan't any more grammar about my house. The lesson that Nancy said was nothin' but the foolishest kind uv talk, the ridiclest love talk you ever seed. She got up, and the first word she said was 'I love!' I looked at her rite hard for doin' so improper, but she went rite on and sed, 'Thou lovest, he loves!' and I reckon you never heerd such a rignarole in your life--love, love, love, and nothing but love. She said one time, 'I did love.'

See I, 'who did you love?' Then the skolars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and I sed: 'Who did you love, Nancy--I want to know--who did you love, Nancy?' The schoolmaster, Mr. McQuillister, then put in, and he said he would explain when Nancy finished her lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nancy got on with awful uv talk. It got wud and was every word. She said 'I might, could or would love.'

I sto't her agin, and said I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The schoolmaster tried to interfere, but I wouldn't let him say a word. He said I was a fool, and I knocked him down and made him holler in short order. I taulkt the strait thing to him. I told him I'd show him how he'd learn my

daughter gramer.

I got the nabers together, and we sent Mr. McQuillister off in a hurry, and I reckon that be no more gramer teachin' in these parts soon. If you know of any rather oldish man in your region that don't teach gramer, we would be glad if you would send him up. But in the future we will be keerful how we employ men. Young skoolmasters won't do, especially if they teaches gramer. It is a bad thing for morals. Yours til death,  
THOMAS JEFFERSON SOLE.

### How an Old Hero Fell.

The Philadelphia Press, speaking of the battle of Manassas, says:

Among those who fell was one old man whose head was white with age, and whose story is a romance of war. He had been thirty years in the regular service as a private soldier. He had followed the Indians through the everglades of Florida, bivouacked upon the sides of the Rocky Mountains, chased the Comanche and the Apache through New Mexico, stood before the fire of Buena Vista, charged upon the heights of Chapultepec, and followed the victorious flag of his country along the plaza of Mexico and into the halls of the Montezumas. His arm was covered with chevrons, six blue stripes indicating six consecutive enlistments, and two red battle stripes, typifying Florida and Mexico; and with these simple insignia he felt prouder than ever did the white-plumed Murat at the head of his gaudy cavalry. He fell in the heat of battle.

### Death of Warren.

On the day of the memorable engagement at Buake: Hill, Gen Joseph Warren, then in the prime of life, joined the American rank as a volunteer.  
'Tell me where I can be the most useful,' said he, addressing himself to Gen. Putnam.  
'On the redoubt,' was the reply, 'there you will be covered.'  
'I came not to be covered,' answered Warren, 'tell me where I shall be in the most danger--tell me where the action will be the hottest.'

At a meeting of the committee of safety, previous to the battle, his friends earnestly strove to dissuade him from exposing his person.  
'I know there is danger,' replied Warren, 'but who does not think it sweet to die for his country?'

When Col. Prescott gave the order to retreat, Warren's desperate courage forbade him to obey the order. He lingered last in the redoubt, was slowly retreating when a British officer demanded him to surrender. Warren turned his face to the foe, receiving a fatal shot in the forehead, and fell dead in the trenches.

Death of Catharine Hayes.--In the death of Catharine Hayes the musical world will find no ordinary loss. This lady was a native of Ireland, born at Limerick in 1820, and died near London on the 12th inst., in the forty-second year of her age, after a brief illness, caused by the breaking of a blood vessel. Her musical career extended over twenty years; in opera she first appeared in Marseilles in 1845; in 1849 she visited London, with a first class continental reputation, and at once acquired a high position. Her visit to this country in 1851, is well remembered; here her success was only second to that of Jenny Lind. She then visited California, the Sandwich Islands, and India, and returned to England in 1855. In 1857 she married Mr. Bushnell, her professional agent in this country.

Catharine Hayes was not a great operative vocalist. It was her beautiful ballad singing that charmed half the world. In this special class of vocalism she was unsurpassed; to the spirit of Irish melody she gave eloquent expression, and in her native land no singer was ever more popular. Her private life was as honorable as her public career was brilliant.

A Child of Four Years in the Delirium Tremens.--The St. Joseph (Mo.) Journal says: 'One of the most remarkable cases of delirium tremens was related in our hearing a few evenings since by a physician of extensive practice and observation. He was called in to see a boy of some four years of age. The symptoms indicated delirium tremens, but the age of the patient induced the practitioner to doubt his own judgement until he had made an inquiry into the case. The facts deduced, together with the breath of the child, convinced the physician that the case was clearly made out as stated. Upon questioning the father, who kept a saloon, it appeared that he had been in the habit of giving the child draughts of spirits, until it had acquired a taste for it, and would imbibe when no one was present to control its appetite. The result was a clear case of delirium tremens.'

Business affairs have assumed a more cheerful aspect in Rhode Island. The woolen manufacture, which has long been of great importance in that State, and which has latterly greatly increased, is now pretty fully occupied. The demand for army clothing and the falling off in importation have opened a great market for domestic production.