

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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Lewistown, August 23, 1860.

**DR. J. LOCKE,**  
DENTIST.  
OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown, adjoining F. G. Francis' Hardware Store. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office the first Monday of each month to spend the my31

**DR. A. J. ATKINSON,**  
HAVING permanently located in Lewistown, offers his professional services to the citizens of town and country. Office at Market St., opposite Eisenbise's Hotel. Residence one door east of George Blymyer. Lewistown, July 12, 1860--1f

**Dr. Samuel L. Alexander,**  
Has permanently located at Milroy, and is prepared to practice all the branches of his Profession. Office at Swiney's Hotel. my3-1y

**EDWARD FRYSENGER,**  
WHOLESALE DEALER & MANUFACTURER  
OF

**CIGARS, TOBACCO, SNUFF,**  
&c., &c.,  
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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

**NEW REMEDIES FOR SPERMATORRHOEA.**  
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA. A Special Institution established by special Endowment for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Spermatorrhea, Gonorrhoea, and especially for the Cure 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. SKILLMAN HAYDON, Medical Association, No. 28, Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. je6

**A. FELIX,**  
HAVING in connection with his Grocery and Notion business, commenced the  
**Manufacturing of Confectionery,**

in his 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.

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

**1000** STONE Fruit Jars, best in use, at prices cheaper than has ever been offered, at Zerbe's Grocery and Stone-ware depot. jy10

**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. fe21

**FRANKLIN PRATT,** Gun-barrel Welder, wishes employment, please address Box 624, Philadelphia Post Office, stating where he may be found. aug7-3t

## NATURAL HISTORY.

**The Great American Shrike.**  
The form and countenance of this bird bespeak him full of courage and energy; and his true character does not belie his appearance, for he possesses these qualities in an eminent degree. It is not yet decided whether it be the same as the cinereous shrike of Linnæus; its habits and manners appear to be the same.

This bird frequents the deepest forests; builds a large and compact nest, of dry grass and moss, in the upright fork of a small tree. In his manners he has more resemblance to the pie than to birds of prey, particularly in the habit of carrying off his surplus food, as if to hoard it for future exigencies; with this difference, that the pie conceal theirs at random in holes and crevices, where perhaps it is forgotten; while the shrike sticks his on thorns and bushes, where it shrivels in the sun, and soon becomes useless to the hoarder. One of these birds had once the temerity to pursue a snow-bird into an open cage which stood in a garden; and before any one could arrive to its assistance, had already strangled and scalped it, though he lost his liberty by the exploit. In confinement he sticks up not only insects, but flesh, and the bodies of such birds as are thrown to him, on nails and sticks fixed up for the purpose.

The character of the American butcher-bird is entitled to no small degree of respect. His activity is visible in all his motions; his courage and intrepidity beyond every other bird of his size, (the king-bird excepted,) and in affection for his young he is surpassed by no other; he associates with them, the whole family hunting in company. He attacks the largest hawk or eagle in their defence, with a resolution truly astonishing, so that all of them respect him, and on every occasion decline the contest. As the snows of winter approach, he descends from the mountainous forests and from the regions of the north to the more cultivated parts of the country, hovering about our hedge-rows, orchards, and meadows, and disappears again early in April.

**The King Bird or Tyrant Flycatcher.**  
This bird, sometimes called the field marten, is a well known bird in the United States. The name king, as well as tyrant, has been bestowed on this bird for its extraordinary behavior in breeding time, and for the authority it assumes over all other birds. His extreme affection for his mate, nest, and young, makes him suspicious of every bird that comes near his residence, so that he attacks every intruder without discrimination; his life at this season is one continued scene of broils and battles, in which, however, he generally comes off conqueror. Hawks and crows, the bald eagle, and the great black eagle, all equally dread a rencontre with this merciless champion, who, as soon as he perceives one of these last approaching, launches in the air to meet him, mounts to a considerable height above him, and darts down upon his back, sometimes fixing to the great annoyance of his sovereign, who, if no convenient retreat be near, endeavors, by various evolutions, to rid himself of his merciless adversary; but the king bird is not so easily dismounted. He teases the eagle incessantly, sweeps upon him, and remounts, that he may descend on his back with greater violence, all the while keeping up a shrill and rapid twittering. The purple marten, however, is sometimes more than a match for him; and the red-headed woodpecker is seen to amuse himself with the violence of the king bird, and play bo-peep with him round a rail, while the latter, highly irritated, makes every attempt to strike him, but in vain.

He annoys the farmer very much by his partiality to bees. He plants himself on a post of the fence near the hives, and makes great havoc among these industrious insects. But the cultivator may be assured that this bird is greatly his friend, in destroying multitudes of insects and their larvae, which prey upon the harvests of his fields. He often takes his stand in fields of pasture, on the tops of mullen and other rank weeds, near the cattle, and makes sweeps after passing insects, particularly the large black gad-flies, so terrifying to horses and cattle.

His eye moves restlessly about him, traces the flight of an insect, then that of a second, and even a third, till he sees one to his liking, when with a shrill sweep he pursues it, seizes it, and returns to the same spot to look out for more. He hovers over the river for a considerable time, darting after insects, snatching them from the surface of the water, and diving about in the air like a swallow; for he possesses, at will, great powers of wing. His flight is much like that of a hawk. Beside insects, he feeds on various sorts of berries, particularly blackberries, of which he is extremely fond.

The general color of this bird is a dark slaty ash; the throat and lower parts are pure white; the plumage on the head, though not forming a crest, is frequently crested, and discovers a rich bed of orange color, called by the country people his crown; when the feathers lie close this is concealed.

The Guinea Pig is one of the cleanest of the animal creation.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Edited by A. SMITH, County Superintendent.

For the Educational Column.

**Whispering in School.**  
There is perhaps no greater evil against which teachers have to contend at the present time than that of whispering. While all admit its being an evil, no one has yet been able to lay down a rule by which it may be suppressed, nor shall we attempt to do so after its having been so thoroughly discussed at the late teachers' institute. We might add, however, that it seemed to be the general conclusion of the teachers present that it is the imperative duty of all concerned to use their best endeavors to suppress it.

The teacher should adopt such measures as will secure the comfort and best interest of his pupils as far as practicable, and be ever guided by the principle of doing the greatest good to the greatest number. It is scarcely necessary to state further that whispering is extremely annoying to the teacher, often taking him from an exercise requiring his undivided attention, besides constantly interrupting pupils during their studies. Knowing the annoyance, confusion and waste of time occasioned by this evil, we think no sensible mind ought to object to its total suppression, but rather aid the teacher in his efforts to do so. We have good authority for saying that the County Superintendent will spare no efforts to introduce a better system into our common schools in regard to this matter, but unless aided by teachers, directors, and parents, his efforts will be fruitless. It is only in united action that any good may be accomplished, and I hope all concerned will consider the matter in time and go earnestly to work.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### CAPTURE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA FORTS.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

We steamed out of Hampton Roads in fine style. The weather was beautiful and the sea smooth. It was about the hour of two in the afternoon, and the sun shone forth in all the splendor of the tropics. The evening drew on with a steady breeze from the southeast. The Monticello took the lead, while the Adelaide, not being armed with large guns, immediately followed. No one but those especially authorized knew of our destination and object. It was understood that we went out under sealed orders, which would be opened at the proper time.

We soon passed Cape Henry, although the speed of the leading steamer was limited to a certain point. As the night advanced, a mild August moon rose to light our passage, while the winds continued to blow gently and the waves were smooth. The troops on board the Adelaide suffered but little from seasickness, and the night passed pleasantly away.

As the morning broke, we were opposite Cape Hatteras, and the Adelaide, Pawnee, Lane and Peabody were in sight of each other. No lights greeted us along the whole coast from Cape Henry to Hatteras—a proof of the dangerous condition in which secession has left the coast.

On Tuesday morning, the 27th, as the morning advanced, and the part of the fleet already off Hatteras gathered together, following the Monticello in toward shore, the Minnesota and Wabash were in sight, and afterwards the frigate Cumberland, Captain Martin, was signalled coming up. The Wabash bore down to her and took her in tow towards a point for which the Minnesota was steering.

It was now announced that our destination was Hatteras Inlet, and that our purpose in coming on the coast of Secession, with such a force, was to destroy certain rebel fortifications erected there, and perform certain other duties for the welfare of the Union; but the day had now so far advanced, and the ships Fanny and Tempest not having arrived, it was decided to lie by for the night and carefully complete all our preparations for an attack in the morning. All night the sea remained as smooth as a summer lake; the swell was regular and slow; the moon came out again with unwonted beauty, lighting up the sky with splendor. The squadrons lay silent at its post through all the watches of the night.

On Wednesday morning, the 28th, the day broke upon us beautifully, indeed, and the glassy calmness of the sea still continued. The Fanny and Tempest having arrived the previous evening, the squadron was now all mustered, with the exception of the Susquehanna, soon to arrive. Orders were issued for the disembarkation of troops on the beach to the east of Hatteras Inlet.

It was now discovered that there were two forts and one camp at the inlet and vicinity. The first is called Fort Hatteras, the second Fort Clark, after the Governor of North Carolina, while Camp Gwin is at the end of a clump of trees near by.

The landing was effected in the following order: Hawking on the right; the Regulars, Union Coast Guard and Marines in the centre; Max Weber on the left.

The advance to effect and protect the landing was a splendid sight—such a one as it is worth going to see. It was now a little after eight o'clock. We steadily and firmly advanced towards the two forts, which were in plain sight on the point of Hatteras Inlet, with the disunion flag flying on a small staff.

Fort Hatteras, the principal fort was erected in June last; Fort Clark within a few weeks past. They are composed of rude materials. The number of guns are as follows: Fort Hatteras, twelve mounted guns, 32 pounders; some eight inch shells. Fort Clark, five mounted guns, 32 pounders; some eight-inch shells. The number of troops in the forts and camps was nearly 700.

The Susquehanna has now arrived and prepared to join the action. It is near 9 o'clock, on Wednesday morning. The fleet continues to advance in battle array. The most perfect silence prevails. Everything is done by signals from the flag ship. The entire squadron is in the field. Each ship is in her place—slowly, calmly advancing. The morning continues beautiful, and the usually rough sea of Cape Hatteras is in perfect calm. It is wonderful to see such weather here at such an hour. It looks as if the finger of the Almighty was laid directly on the billows, and had bound them into quiet. The flag, embankment, barracks and tents are now merging into view each moment, and the silence is perfectly awful.

Ten o'clock, a. m.—The following signal appears on the flag ship: 'Prepare to disembark the troops.'

Ten and a quarter o'clock.—The first gun has just boomed from the Susquehanna. It passed directly over the Fort, but elicits no reply. A gun follows from the Wabash. The sand flies over the beach in all directions where the shot strikes. The firing now commences from all the ships in regular order. The Harriet Lane has led the way ahead of all the rest, her drums beating to quarters, the Adelaide, with the troops, following closely at hand. The firing has now become rapid, and continues for some moments, the thunder and boom of cannon, and the bursting of shells in the air over the forts, presenting a startling scene to the thousands who are looking on.

Ten and a half.—Gen. Butler now appears on the wheel-house of the Harriet Lane, close by the Adelaide, and pointing to the selected spot, shouts the command, 'Land the troops?' The preparations are now going forward with great rapidity. The men and arms are made ready, and the tows swing for the shore. There are no signs of movement in the fort, though it has replied with a few guns, all the shots from which fall far short. Not a vessel is hit. The sound of the guns alarms the cattle in the woods, who rush down to and along the beach in large droves—a kind of 'powder-horn artillery' that will meet a hearty welcome.

Eleven o'clock.—The firing of the fleet has increased with terrible rapidity, and the forts reply with great spirit. Their gunnery is remarkably good. The troops are now landing with artillery, in the order proposed.

Eleven twenty.—The Susquehanna now changes her place in the line of battle, and fires a gun that makes a terrific echo. Her aim is direct, and the result is at once seen at the parapets.

Twelve o'clock.—The Minnesota opens her ports from the centre. Her firing is most powerful and effective. The wind has now increased in a singular manner, so as to keep us clear from smoke, and show the fortifications to advantage, while the men on the parapets are enveloped in clouds. The men in the fleet are thus unobstructed.

Twelve fifteen.—The Pawnee commences firing into the woods, where it is supposed the secessionists may be lying in ambush to interfere with the landing of our forces. The Harriet Lane and all the remainder of the fleet are now firing on the forts. The sound of the guns and the appearance of the smoke are sublime at times. A score of cloud balloons, formed in wreaths by the explosion of shells, are seen in the air at the same moment, floating in the sky over the trembling land.

Two o'clock.—The troops are now on the shore forming into line, bearing the beautiful banner of our glorious Union. It is a pleasant sight in the old North State.

Three to five o'clock.—The bombardment continues at intervals. Not one of the vessels have yet been hit, though the forts have fired with the utmost animation.

Six o'clock.—The sky for the first time grows lowering toward the sea. It is evident that the secessionists are disappointed as to their fire, and their only hope now is that a gale may speedily arise and scatter the fleet, but there is a mutual disappointment—with us in the ships a very disagreeable one; and those in the forts very disagreeable.

Nine o'clock at Night.—The sky is all clearing off. The sea continues wonderfully calm to the astonishment of all old sailors in the fleet. The moon again appears in all her silvery beauty, and smiles down on the scene.

Thursday morning, 29.—Another splendid day is before us. It is the day that decides the battle and gives us the victory. Precisely at the hour appointed the firing commenced. Secession troops had been landed at the forts during the night,

brought down the sound, and the guns were worked with new ardor and skill.—The firing on the part of the fleet was now at a still better range, and the first morning gun of the Susquehanna told with a fearful effect. The shells continued exploding over, around and directly in the forts, with a fearful havoc. The inner fort—Fort Clark—appeared to have been silenced, as the flag had disappeared. Our troops on shore were again moving toward it at double quick. The guns from the outer Fort Hatteras grew faint and fewer. The Monticello, with great courage, advanced far beyond any other ship and poured her fire directly into the battery. One of her boats was knocked from her davits, and the ship was hit in two places. She reports the result of her observations to the flag-ship, and the shells now exploded more rapidly than ever directly within Fort Hatteras. Fort Clark was silenced. Our troops continue to advance along the shore, and the American flag was soon waving in triumph from the parapets of Fort Clark. Fort Hatteras continued to reply to our fire, but at slow intervals without effect. The Harriet Lane approached still nearer and discharged one of her large guns with destructive results. The Susquehanna then plunged a large shell directly into the spot where the disunion magazine was found to be, and in a few moments a white flag appeared on Fort Hatteras, and it was surrendered.

The Union men were now seen advancing along from Fort Clark, and forming into a line, with the old Stars and Stripes just in front of the fallen secession flag. The victory was won.

### General McCulloch's Report.

The Richmond Enquirer acknowledges its indebtedness to the Confederate Secretary of War for a copy of the telegraphic report made to that functionary by Gen. McCulloch of the battle near Springfield, in Missouri. We copy the document:

SPRINGFIELD, (Mo.) VIA LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas, August 13, 1861.

HON. L. P. WALKER: The battle of Oak Hill has been fought, and we have gained a great victory over the enemy, commanded by Gen. S. Lyon. The battle was fought ten miles from Springfield. The enemy were nine or ten thousand strong; our force was about the same. The battle lasted six and a half hours. The enemy were repulsed and driven from the field, with the loss of six pieces of artillery, several hundred stand of small arms, eight hundred killed, one thousand and wounded, and three hundred prisoners. Gen. Lyon was killed, and many of their prominent officers. Our loss was two hundred and sixty-five killed, eight hundred wounded, and thirty missing. We have possession of Springfield, and the enemy are in full retreat towards Rolla.

BENJ. McCULLOCH, Brigadier General Commanding.

Gen. McCulloch, being in command of the Confederate troops which have invaded the State of Missouri, thus reports directly to the Confederate Government. Gen. Price, in command of the secession troops of Missouri, addressed his report to Mr. C. F. Jackson, the lately deposed Governor of that State. He stated the strength of his command, including officers and privates, at 5,221 men, and his loss in the battle near Springfield at 156 killed and 517 wounded. Gen. McCulloch states his force at about 10,000, and acknowledges a loss of 265 killed and 830 wounded and missing.—Summing up the casualties stated in the two reports, they show a Confederate loss of 1,768 men. The loss of the national forces was but little more than half what it is stated to have been by McCulloch. The official report gives it as follows: killed 223, wounded 721, missing 291, making a total of 1,235, which is much less than the Confederates, who had four times as many troops in the field as the Unionists, the force of the latter being only about 5,300 men.

### Locking up of the Tower of London.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from the foes without and treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually afoot. Immediately after 'tattoo' all strangers are expelled; and the gates once closed, nothing short of such an imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness, can procure their being reopened till the appointed hour next morning.

The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious, and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of 11—on Tuesdays and Fridays, 12—the head Warden (Yeoman Porter,) clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother Warden carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and calls out in a loud voice, 'Escort keys!' At these words the sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, turns out and follows him to the 'Spar' or outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass his post: 'Who goes there?'

'Keys.' The gates being carefully locked and barred—the Warden wearing as solemn an aspect, and making as much noise as possible; the procession returns, and the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before. Arriving once more in front of the main

guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party:

'Who goes there?'

'Keys.'

'Whose keys?'

'Queen Victoria's keys.'

'Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all is well.'

The officer on duty gives the word, 'Present arms!' the firelocks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions, and the Yeoman Porter marches majestically across the parade alone to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings.

The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but those within furnished with the countersign, any one who unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprotected with this talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses.

### The Army Mechanics.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin has the following in its 'Sharp Shooter's column': 'The regiments of the Northern army, it is well known, contain practical mechanics of every branch of trade, as well as artists, merchants, clerks, and men from every walk of business; so that when a commander wishes a bridge built, a locomotive repaired, or a pair of boots mended, he finds a ready response to his order of 'Carpenters to the front!' 'Machinists, two paces forward—march!' 'Shoemakers to the front and centre—march!'

In an army composed of such material, the branch of trade from which such companies have been drawn will be indicated to the shrewd observer by their style of expression toward the enemy. For instance:

Printers—Knock him into 'pie.' Smash his 'form.' 'Lead' him well. At him with a 'dash!'

Carpenters—At him full chisel. Shave him down.

Tailors—Sew him up. Give him a good 'basting.'

Sailors—Smash his top-lights. Run foul of him. Sink him.

Shoemakers—Give him a welting. Peg away at him. Close him up.

Fisherman—Split him and salt him. Hook him in the gills.

Blacksmiths—Let him have it red hot. Hammer it into him.

Painters—A little more lead. Lay it on to him. We're just the size for you.

Barbers—Our dander is up. Now for a good brush. Give him a good lathering.

Cutler—Polish him down. Give him a keen edge.

Baker—He (k) needs working over. Let's do him brown, boys.

Glaziers—Smash the awful set. Let's do our putty.

Lawyers—Be brief with him. Get his head in chancery. Stick him with the costs.

Machinists—Set his running gear in motion. We'll start the driving wheel, and he shan't break the connection again.

Bill Posters—Stick him to the wall.

Musical Instrument Makers—His notes are all spoiled. String him up.

Jewelers—Chase him well. Show him your metal, boys.

Stage Drivers—Whip him into the traces. Touch up his leaders with the string.

### A Curious Proclamation.

The Memphis Argus of August 24th publishes the following proclamation from the Mayor of that unhappy city:

To the Citizens of Memphis.

Applications have been repeatedly made to me, as executive officer of the city, for protection against disaffected parties who are sent out to impress citizens into service against their will on steamboats. Many of these men have been dragged from their beds, wives and children, but never has there been a man taken who had on a clean shirt. I hereby notify any citizen who may wish a pass within the city of Memphis to call on me, and I will furnish the same, and will see he will be protected. One poor man being shot yesterday by one of these outlaws, as they may be called, causes me to give the above notice.

Aug. 24, 1861. JOHN PARK, Mayor.

This confirms the truth of the statement that the disunionists have been impressing men into their service. The operation did not attract the Mayor's attention, it seems, until a poor man happened to be shot.

### Ancient Manuscripts.

Rev. Dr. Leyburn, in writing from the Holy Land to the Presbyterian, says that an ancient manuscript copy of the Pentateuch, which has been owned in Nazareth, has recently come into the possession of Prof. Livishon, an eminent Oriental scholar, which he has ascertained from an inscription upon it is at least two thousand three hundred and sixty years old. It is endorsed as having been in the hands of Zerubbabel, who built the second temple. There is another ancient manuscript called the Sauritan Pentateuch, still older than this. Though it has been carefully kept from the eyes of scholars, Professor Livishon was permitted to examine it, and found on it an inscription placing it beyond all doubt that this identical parchment copy of the Pentateuch was made by a great grandson of Aaron, and the great grand nephew of Moses.