

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. PRYSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2754.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII. No. 19.

**Lewistown Post Office.**  
Mails arrive and close at the Lewistown P. O. as follows:

ARRIVE.	
Eastern through,	5 33 a. m.
" " through and way	4 21 p. m.
Bellefonte " " "	10 38 a. m.
Western " " "	2 30 p. m.
Northumberland, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays,	6 00 p. m.
CLOSE.	
Eastern through	8 00 p. m.
" " and way	10 00 a. m.
Western " " "	3 30 p. m.
Bellefonte " " "	8 00 "
Northumberland (Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays)	8 00 p. m.
Office open from 7 30 a. m. to 8 p. m. On Sundays from 8 to 9 a. m. S. COMFORT, P. M.	

**Lewistown Station.**  
Trains leave Lewistown Station as follows:

Westward.		Eastward.	
Baltimore Express,	4 40 a. m.	Philadelphia " "	12 20 a. m.
Fast Line,	6 25 p. m.	Fast Mail,	10 38 "
Mail,	4 21 "	Through Accommodation,	2 35 p. m.
Emigrant,	9 12 a. m.	Through Freight,	10 20 a. m.
Fast " "	3 40 a. m.	Stock Express,	5 00 "
Express " "	11 00 "	Coal Train,	12 45 p. m.
Stock Express,	5 00 "	Local Freight,	6 45 a. m.
Local Freight,	6 45 a. m.		

\*Galbraith's Omnibuses convey passengers to and from all the trains, taking up or setting them down at all points within the borough limits.

**GEO. W. ELDER,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties my26

**DR. J. LOCKE,**  
DENTIST.  
Office at 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. my31

**DR. J. I. MARKS**  
OFFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and the surrounding country. Office in the Public Square opposite the Lewistown Hotel. jan13-6m

**Large Stock of Furniture on Hand.**  
A. 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 at Valley street, near Black Bear Hotel. feb 21

**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 storehouses and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands. Plaster, Fish, and Salt always on hand. sep2

**Lock Repairing, Pipe Laying, Plumbing and White Smithing**  
THE above branches of business will be promptly attended to on application at the residence of the undersigned in Main street, Lewistown. jan10

**BRAIDING AND BRAID STAMPING**  
Done on the most fashionable patterns by **MRS. MARION W. SHAW.**  
Lewistown, Sept. 23, 1863-

**Kishacoquillas Seminary AND NORMAL INSTITUTE.**  
THE Summer Session of this Institution will commence on **MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1863,** and continue twenty-one weeks.  
Cost for Board, Furnished Rooms and Tuition in the English Branches, per session, \$60.  
Day scholars, per session, \$12.  
Music, Languages and Incidentals extra.  
In order to secure rooms in the Institute application should be made before the opening of the school.  
For further particulars, address, S. Z. SHARP, Prin. Kishacoquillas, Pa. jan13

**Mt. Rock Mills. ORDERS FOR FLOUR, FEED, &c.,**  
CAN, until further notice, be left at the Store of S. J. Brisbin & Co., or at the Hat Store of W. G. Zollinger, at which places they will be called for every evening, filled next morning, and delivered at any place in the Borough. no18

**G. LEHR.**  
English Lever Full Jeweled, Detached ditto, Cylinder Escapements, and all kinds. War prices, at PATTON'S.

## THE MINSTREL.

**WOUNDED.**  
[The following splendid lyrics were written by Rev. Wm. E. Miller, of the Methodist Protestant Church, residing at Tompkins' Cove, New York. It was published in the columns of the Southern Methodist Protestant.]

Let me lie down,  
Just here, in the shade of this cannon-torn tree—  
Here, low in the trampled grass, where I may see  
The surge of the combat; and where I may hear  
The glad cry of victory; cheer upon cheer!  
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!  
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;  
On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,  
With the foe under foot and the flag overhead:  
Oh, it was grand!  
Weary and faint,  
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah! how can I rest  
With the shot-shattered head and saber-pierced breast  
Comrades! at roll-call, when I shall be sought,  
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,  
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!  
Right thro' the dread host tore shrapnel and shell;  
Through without falling—clear through with yell—  
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,  
Like heroes we dashed, at the mandate of doom!  
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!  
Some things are worthless and some others so good  
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;  
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part;  
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart.

Dying at last!  
My mother, dead mother, with meek, tearful eye,  
Farewell! and God bless you forever and aye!  
Oh, that I now lay on your pillow, breast,  
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest!  
Dying at last!

I am no saint!  
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins,  
'Our Father' and then says, 'forgive us our sins';  
Don't forget that part—say it strongly; and then  
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say Amen!  
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark! there's a shout!  
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!  
Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!  
Ah! there flies the flag with its star spangles bright—  
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!  
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!  
Oh, God of our fathers! our freedom prolong,  
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!  
Oh, land of earth's hopes! on thy blood-red-dened sod,  
I die for the Nation, for Union and God!  
I'm mustered out!

## MORAL & RELIGIOUS

From the Sunday School Times.  
**Visit to a Contraband School.**

Our camp being situated but a short distance from Portsmouth, I started one bright Sabbath morning to visit the celebrated contraband Sabbath school, under the charge of Mr. H. S. Beales. It is held in the Methodist church, a substantial brick building of moderate size. It would be a novel sight to a Sunday-scholar in the North to look upon such a school. There is every shade of color in the host of little faces that meet your gaze; and no little variety in the kind and style of clothing worn by the little ones. Among the boys the soldier's blue is the prevailing color. But one thing would astonish you, and that is the intelligence that lights up those dusky faces. I have never seen more earnestness or enthusiasm in any Northern Sunday school.

Several familiar hymns, such as 'Happy Day,' 'Around the Throne of God in Heaven,' &c., were sung as an opening exercise. All who have had any experience in teaching the contrabands bear witness to their great love of music, and their surprising quickness in learning the hymns and songs that are taught them. The singing was followed by the reading of the Scriptures, the scholars repeating the words in concert after the superintendent. The 23d Psalm was repeated by them most beautifully. Prayer was offered by a colored teacher. It was the eloquent pleading of a fervent heart. Three-fourths of an hour were devoted to the lessons. In most cases this was a simple exercise in reading the Testament. Many who have had very limited advantages have made most astonishing progress; and all are exhibiting an eagerness to learn and a capacity for knowledge that is most gratifying to the teachers and friends of the school.

But two of the citizens of Portsmouth have given Mr. Beales any assistance in teaching. He has to rely mainly upon colored teachers. Some of these seem to be earnest and efficient helpers. The packages of old Sunday school papers that Mr. Beales distributed among the scholars were most eagerly received. Those who wish to do the freedmen good, can do much by making donations of interesting books and papers. The newly awakened mind of the contraband is grasping after knowledge, and of course the printed page must be the medium through which it comes.

Previous to the singing of the last hymn, a few minutes were given for the reciting of verses. This was an exercise they seemed to enjoy. At the close of the school I learned from the superintendent some facts in regard to the condition of the school, that I will mention for the good of the cause. The school numbers as high as seven hundred. Five hundred is the average attendance. Many are obliged to stay at home for the want of suitable clothing. This want is confined mainly to the girls; for the boys are supplied by the cast-off garments of

the soldiers. But the want of warm winter clothing for the girls is very pressing.

Dear Sunday school teachers and scholars of the North, will you not remember these impoverished and ignorant thousands of this so long despised colored race, whom God is now bringing out of darkness into light—out of bondage into the precious enjoyment of freedom. Mr. Beales' address is, H. S. Beales, Portsmouth, Va. Barrels or boxes of clothing and other necessary supplies sent to him for the use of the freedmen, will be most thankfully received and judiciously applied.  
NORFOLK, VA. E. E. R.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Pennsylvania Railroad.**

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad was held on Tuesday, February 16. The board of directors made their annual report, which is very full, setting forth that during the year 1863, the earnings between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh were from—

Passengers, first class	\$2,202,778.83
Emigrants	72,577.90
U. S. troops	514,693.10
U. S. Mail	75,599.20
Expresses under contract	75,735.00
Extra Express freight	187,393.82
Freight	8,502,201.97
Miscellaneous sources	100,194.00
Total earnings	\$11,891,412.93

The expenses for operating the line, such as new buildings, motive power, machinery, new locomotives, &c., were \$6,780,000.95—leaving net earnings \$5,111,412.74.

The gross revenues of the line this year are equal to \$33,216 per mile of main line of road (385 miles,) and exceed in the aggregate those of 1862, \$1,587,121.99. This is made up by an increase of \$544,144.58 for passengers and emigrants, \$135,299.97 for troops, of \$8,824.77 for U. S. mails, of \$933,812.12 for ordinary, and \$116,276.86 for express freights. A decrease occurs in miscellaneous receipts of \$143,266.31.

The whole number of passengers carried over the road during the year was 1,707,886, averaging a distance of 64 6-10 miles for each passenger.

The number of tons of freight moved (including 188,913 tons of fuel and other material, transported for the company) was 2,454,325, embracing 903,199 tons of coal. The increase in the coal traffic is 68,053 tons, and in the whole tonnage over that of last year 231,275 tons. To meet the increase of traffic there has been expended for new locomotives, new cars, second track sidings &c., \$1,647,803.84, all of which has been charged to the expenses of operating the road. There was expended on similar objects in 1862, \$1,221,779.09.

**McClellan's Griefs.**

The Green Bay (Wisconsin) Democrat, an unquestioned democratic paper, in an article on this subject, takes a view which will strike people of common sense as remarkably apropos to this officer, whose publication in a war report of abusive letters of the Secretary of War, and ill-timed and injudicious advice on political matters to the President, is without parallel in our history. The public however by this time is satisfied that no man in this war can play the politician as well as General—or if he does, no matter what force he may have at command, he will accomplish nothing. Read what that paper says, compare the course of Hooker, Burnside, McDowell, Rosecrans, Foster and others, with that of McClellan, and judge for yourselves whether the latter is pursuing the right path:

"What matters it here, in this time of peril, whether McClellan's or somebody else's plans and theories, in 1862, were better? It is precisely of as much consequence as the question of Grouchy's fidelity at Waterloo. It is a matter with which his story has to deal—not we here in the trenches, resisting an assault upon the life of a nation.

"Suppose McClellan to have been badly treated. Shall the earth and the sun stand still until he is attended to? Give him a court martial, or a committee of inquiry, if he wants it; shoot him or Stanton, whichever is found to be in fault; do anything in reason that he wants done, but let us go on, meanwhile, with more pressing and important matters.

"Joe Hooker had as good a right to growl and grumble and hump himself up. Did he do it? Go and ask him, down there in Tennessee, good-naturedly smoking his cigar under the shadow of Lookout Mountain. John Pope, as brave a fighting man as ever lived, never had the hindrest part of the time, the favor, the patient waiting which was given McClellan to do something with the Army of the Potomac. Did he fall back, glum and cross, and demand that

nothing should be done until he was avenged?

"He came from the command of a great army to a mere Indian border war as gaily as though it were a holiday excursion. Burnside did not cope with Longstreet at Fredericksburg, and was summarily sent away; but he sought another trial, and gave him hard knocks at Knoxville. McDowell, the earliest victim of ill-luck, has been vainly urging ever since, not the endorsement of his plans at Bull Run, but a command to lead once more at the rebel army Rosecrans, the beloved of all, who was blown out after the battle of Chickamauga as you would blow out a penny candle, referred to the druggist instead of the Government, about the opium question. Even Scott, the greatest general living, who was set aside gently but firmly, takes his morning walks in the Fifth avenue, and if he doesn't encourage, he doesn't discourage the attempts we are making to save the country.

"Up to the advent of Meade, every General who has had command of the Army of the Potomac has been relieved from it under circumstances which they probably did not regard as flattering. But of them all there has been only one who has undertaken to inflict his wrongs—if they were wrongs—upon the country. That one was George B. McClellan. He asks the country to take notice that not only his military plans, but his ideas as to the politics of the war, are different to those which have been pursued. He publishes old letters to the President. He charges Stanton, the existing Secretary of War, with having connived at his defeat and the destruction of the army. He advocates the election of a man to the Governorship of Pennsylvania who declares that the draft is unconstitutional. And he permits himself to be named as the Presidential candidate by Fernando Wood, the Vallandigham, and all other dead weights hanging on this war. It is one of the fatalities which seem to attend that class of politicians, that they are making a candidate of that kind. So long as they keep control of the Democratic party so long will it be defeated."

**The End of a Sad Story.**

When Lieutenant Colonel Fremantle of the English Coldstream Guards, passed from Matamoras over to Brownsville, last year, he says—in his book recently reviewed in our columns—that he was received very pleasantly at the rebel headquarters, where he found a number of charming gentlemen who offered a hearty welcome and unlimited whiskey. He says that they are a little rough; they swore a good deal—had some other vices—but then Colonel Fremantle is a man of the world, and did not expect to find saints in camp. Among these Southern gentlemen, in whose company he relates that he spent some pleasant days, was one whose name he cautiously represents by a —. He was a general soul, a little fond of whiskey, and somewhat rude in his manners, which last mentioned fact was brought to the English officer's attention by a story freely talked about at headquarters, of which Captain — was the hero.

Colonel Fremantle found this story too atrocious for belief, until the gallant — told him with his exulting lips. It was the history of how — and some other good fellows caught a loyal Texan officer, a respectable gentleman, Captain Montgomery, had taken him as a prisoner of war some miles out of town, and there coolly assassinated him. — boasted that if the story was doubted his English friend might satisfy himself of its truth by a visit to the body, which had not been buried, but only half covered; but he must go quickly as the wolves were at it. The same day the Colonel was riding out with a friend, when they came upon the body of Captain Montgomery. They found it slightly buried, with the head and arms above ground—the rope still about the neck, and the other end dangling over the boughs of the tree to which it had been hanged. Dogs and wolves had been at the body.

The English Colonel was a little shocked at this—but he remarks that these men, though in the main good fellows, are probably not a little hot tempered. So were the mutinous Sepoys, though the reflection does not appear to have occurred to him. He thinks so well of the rebels that he easily gets over this and other evidences of barbarism.

Captain Montgomery was a gallant and loyal Texan, a regular commissioned officer of the United States forces. He made his way into Mexico over a year ago, for the purpose of recruiting there some troops for our army among the large number of American citizens who had been forced to fly from Texas to save their lives. His business was to gather them together and transport them to New Orleans, where they were to become part of our army. While staying at Matamoras he was captured by a party of rebels, who invaded the neutral territory of Mexico for the purpose, and was left, as Colonel Fremantle's friend facetiously put it, in the manner he had described in his pages.

A private letter from Brownsville, dated December 14th, tells the remainder of his sad story.

Yesterday, on requisition, the Governor, Serna, arrested and sent to this side a man named Hamilton, charged with being one

of the assassins of Captain Montgomery. On Friday a party went down fifteen miles to where Captain Montgomery was hung, to bring up his remains, in order to bury them near the flagstaff at this place. They found the bones of his right arm suspended in the fork of the tree from which he was hung; and the rest of his bones (except the skull which had been carried off as a trophy,) buried about a foot deep under the tree. They put the bones together with his shoes, which were tied, and contained the skeleton and mould of his feet, into a sack and brought them to town.

"On Saturday night I happened to call at Col. B's room (Col. B. is a Texan, a neighbor of C. pt. Montgomery, and is raising the 1st Texas Regiment for the Corps d'Afrique) and on my questioning him about the remains, without first replying, he drew out the bones up on the floor. You can well imagine what were my feelings when I saw what remained of a brave and loyal man—one personally well known to me, thus suddenly brought beneath my eye."

We trust the United States authorities will look to it that justice is done upon the perpetrators of cold blooded assassination. They must be well known among the inhabitants of the border, for they appear to have been given to boasting of this and other like deeds. And what can Christian men think of an English officer—presumably a gentleman—who does not scruple to speak of his pleasant companionship with such assassins?—N. Y. Post.

**The Romance of the War.**

**A Brooklyn Girl Killed in the Battle of Lookout Mountain—Strange Hallucination.**

We have just been put in possession of the facts of a sad case of monomania, which had a terrible termination. A young lady residing in Brooklyn, New York, about nineteen years of age, about a year since became inspired with the idea that she was a second Joan of Arc, called by Providence to lead our armies to certain victory in the contest. The hallucination was a strong one, and a change of scene being suggested by her physician, she was brought to Ann Arbor in this State. Her mania, however, increased until it was found necessary to confine her to her apartment. She, however, succeeded in making her escape, came to this city, and joined the drum corps of a Michigan regiment, her sex known only to herself, and succeeded in getting with her regiment to the Army of the Cumberland.

How the poor girl survived the hardships of the Kentucky campaign, where strong men fell in numbers, must always remain a mystery. The regiment to which she was attached had a place in the division of the gallant Van Cleve, and during the bloody battle of Lookout Mountain, the fair girl fell pierced in the left side by a Minnie ball, and when borne to the surgeon's tent her sex was discovered. She was told by the surgeon that her wound was mortal, and he advised her to give her name, that her family might be informed of her fate. This she finally, though reluctantly, consented to do, and the Colonel of the regiment, although suffering himself from a painful wound, became interested in her behalf, and prevailed upon her to let him send a despatch to her father. This she dictated in the following manner:

"Mr. — No. — Willoughby street, Brooklyn:—Forgive your dying daughter. I have but a few moments to live. My native soil drinks my blood. I expected to deliver my country, but the fates would not have it so. I am content to die. Pray, Pa, forgive me. Tell Ma to kiss my daguerretype. EMILY.

"P. S.—Give my gold watch to little Eph." (The youngest brother of the dying girl.)

The poor girl was buried on the field on which she fell, in the service of her country, which she fondly hoped to save.—Detroit Advertiser.

**A Nice Girl.**

There is nothing half so sweet in life, half so beautiful, or delightful, or so lovable as a 'nice girl.' Not a pretty, or a dashing, or an elegant girl, but a nice girl. One of those lovely, lively, good tempered, good-hearted, sweet faced, amiable, neat, happy, domestic creatures met within the sphere of home, diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness like the essence of sweet flowers.

A nice girl is not the languishing beauty, dawdling on the sofa, and discussing the last novel or opera, or the giraffe-like creatures sweeping majestically through a drawing room. The nice girl may not even dance or play well, and knows nothing about 'using her eyes,' or coquetting with a fan. She is not given to sensation novels, she is too busy. At the opera, she is not in front showing her bare shoulders, but sits quietly and unobtrusively—at the back of the box most likely. In fact, it is not often in such scenes we discover her. Home is her place.

Who rises betimes, and superintends the morning meal? Who makes the toast and the tea, and buttons the boy's shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and brightens up the parlor and sitting room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the elegante? Not a bit of it—it's the nice girl.

Her unmade toilet is made in the short-

est possible time, yet how charmingly it is done, and how elegant her neat dress and plain color! What kisses she distributes among the family! No presenting a cheek or a blow, like a 'fine girl,' but an audible smack, which says plainly: 'I love you ever so much.' If I ever coveted anything, it is one of the nice girl's kisses.

Breakfast over, down in the kitchen to see about dinner; always cheerful and light-hearted. She never ceases to be active and useful until the day is done, when she will polka with the boys, and sing old songs, and play old tunes to her father for hours together. She is a perfect treasure, is the 'nice girl,' when illness comes; it is she that attends with unwearied patience to the sick chamber. There is no risk, no fatigue that she will not undergo, no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a 'nice girl' is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is always associated in my mind with a high collar, plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the neatest little brooch in the world. I never knew a 'nice girl' who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses or a splendid bonnet.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a 'nice girl.' She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous, but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

**The Notorious Bill Harper Killed.**

Most of our readers have heard of the notorious guerrilla and bushwhacker Bill Harper, who has been a terror to the loyal people of Randolph, Tucker, Pendleton, and adjoining counties, ever since the breaking out of the rebellion. Well, Bill Harper is no longer in the land of the living. A few days ago, Captain Sampson Snyder, of the Randolph Home Guards, hearing that Harper was stopping at the house of Leonard Harper, a relative, who resides in Pendleton county, took a squad of his men and went over to capture him. They surrounded the house and demanded a surrender. Harper refused to surrender, when he was fired upon and wounded. He still fought desperately, even after he was down upon the ground, and is said to have cut Snyder a severe gash upon the arm. When finally conquered and subdued, it was discovered that some thirteen or fourteen balls had been lodged in his body by Snyder's squad. Harper is said to have murdered more men, stolen more property than any other single individual in the State. He was a man of most desperate and determined character, and always had about him a gang composed of men of similar mould.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

**Only a want of Culture.**—An exchange tells a story of an old usurer who went one day to see a former borrower, who had since grown from poverty to independence. They went into the garden. Passing along a walk flanked with flowers of great beauty and variety, the visitor made no remarks until he came to a potato patch, when he exclaimed:

"My friend, you'll have a fine crop of potatoes there!"

"That's just like you," said the proprietor, "when gentlemen and ladies pass through my garden, they look at the flowers, but when a darned good comes in, all he can see is potatoes."

**Old Marm G.**—was never regarded as a paragon of neatness; and if cleanliness is next to godliness, as St. Paul asserts, it is to be feared that the old lady never attained to the latter state. Not only was she anything but neat herself, but she showed a sovereign contempt for it in others. Speaking of neat people, one day, she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particular men in the world.

"Why," said she, "he threw away a whole cup of coffee, the other morning, because it had a bed bug in it."

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was the only fault he had.

"Fault, madam," said one, "how can you call that a fault?"

"Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in form of besady."

A tender hearted widower fainted at the funeral of his third beloved. "What shall we do with him?" asked a friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish bystander, "he'll soon re-live."

A Dutchman's heart-rendering soliloquy is described thus: "She loves Shon Mickle petter as I because he has got a couple tollars more as I has."

**Fast People.**—If husband and wife are fast, there is great danger in their case, as in that of a fast team, that the coupling will break.

Tom, who did you say our friend B. married? "Well, he married forty thousand dollars—I forgot her other name."