

# Lewistown Gazette.

G. & G. R. FRYINGER, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.

Whole No. 2927.

Wednesday, July 10, 1867.

Vol. 57, No. 27.

**Poor House Business.**  
The Directors of the Poor meet at the Poor House on the 2d Tuesday of each month.

**BENEDICT & CO., BANKERS, LEWISTOWN, PA.**  
Collections and remittances promptly made. Interest allowed on time deposits.

**GEO. W. ELDER, Attorney at Law,**  
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend on Buildings and Personal Property in Town and Counties.

**LYCOMING COUNTY Mutual Insurance Company.**  
Capital, \$2,500,000.

**DR. JOHN J. DAHLER, Practising Physician,**  
Belleville, Mifflin County, Pa.

**H. M. DUNMIRE, DENTIST,**  
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Mifflin county.

**DR. S. G. WELLS, DENTIST,**  
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity.

**MEYERS NEWLY IMPROVED, CRESCENT SCALE, OVERSTRUNG PIANOS,**  
Acknowledged to be the best. London Prize Medal and highest awards in America received.

**MELODEONS,**  
No. 725 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**THE BEST IN THE WORLD!**  
THE UNDERSIGNED IS AGENT FOR THE IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE,

**JAS. A. THOMPSON,**  
HAS taken the Store formerly occupied by John Bunn.

**MRS. M. E. STEWART, FANCY STORE,**  
West Market St., Lewistown.

**LADIES & GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,**  
Gentlemen's Hats, Bonnets, Ladies' Fine Dress Goods and Trimmings.

**Millinery and Dress-Making**  
executed in the most approved style.

**NEW Meat Establishment.**  
THE undersigned has fitted up the building in Brown street, above Frank's store,

**Lewistown Coach Manufactory,**  
Junction 3d & Valley street.

**MOSER & MAYES**  
HAVING ASSOCIATED with the purpose of manufacturing Canned Corn, Beans, Apples, Sultana, Spring Water, etc.

**WILLIAM LIND,**  
has now open A NEW STOCK OF

**Cloths, Cassimeres AND VESTINGS,**  
which will be made up to order in the neat and most fashionable styles.

**H. J. CULBERTSON, Attorney at Law,**  
LEWISTOWN, PA.

**MILROY ACADEMY & SEMINARY,**  
Milroy, Mifflin County, Pa.

**THE Summer Session of this Institution**  
will commence on the 1st May, 1867.

## PATENT MICA ROOFING.

THE NEW YORK MICA ROOFING COMPANY, established in 1850, are manufacturing under Letters Patent the Best Article of Composition Roofing ever offered to the Public.

**Durable Fire and Water-Proof Covering.**  
We particularly recommend its use upon Buildings, Stores, Churches, Factories, Machine Shops, Steamboat Decks, &c.

**MICA ROOFING PAINT,**  
For coating the Ends of Shingle Roofs. It forms a Body Equal to Three Coats of Ordinary Paint.

**Black Lustre Varnish, Tarred Pitt and Roofing Pitch.**  
Discount to the Trade. Circulars and Price List furnished. Rights for counties sold at low rates. Address THE MICA ROOFING COMPANY, 194 Broadway, N. Y.

**Drew's Patent FOR CUTTING BOOTS WITHOUT CRIMPING OR SIDE SEAMS.**

THE greatest improvement of the age, in this line of trade, is it does away with the wrinkles on the instep also, with the worst side seam which has injured so many feet and ankles.

**628. HOOP SHIRTS. 628 NEW SPRING STYLES, "Our Own Make,"**  
embracing every New and Desirable size, style and color, from the smallest to the largest.

**REMOVED. J. A. & W. R. MOKEE**  
HAVE removed their Leather Store to Odd Fellows' Hall, where they will constantly keep on hand a large stock of all kinds of Leather, Harness, Skirting and Upper Leather, Kips, American and French Calf Skins, Moccasins, Linings and Bindings, and a general assortment of shoe Findings, which they will sell cheap for cash.

**500 COARDS BARK**  
wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid in Cash.

**Tailoring Establishment**  
Removed. CHARLES W. GIBBS,

**WHAT'S ALL THIS?**  
Why the Grain Business is Revived at McCoy's Old Stand.

**ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,**  
for which he will pay market prices. Also, he will keep for sale, SALT, PLASTER, COAL and FISH.

**EMPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES.**  
Are superior to all others for FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

**S. S. CAMPBELL & CO. Manufacturing Confectioners,**  
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FOREIGN FRUITS, NUTS, & C.

**20,000 MAJORITY!**  
To the Voters of Central Penna.

**MILROY ACADEMY & SEMINARY,**  
Principal.

## RENEWAL OF THE CONFLICT!

WE HAVE re-enlisted for the season of 1867, and are bound to be on the winning side in

**LOW PRICES!**

**WE HAVE AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK,**  
bought for cash, and can offer extra inducements to all of our old friends.

**THE BIG GUN**  
Will be brought out Loaded to the Muzzle with

**Low Priced Goods!**

**SEE WHAT WAS IN THE FIRST CHARGE:**

**BROWN MUSLINS** from 12 to 20 cents.  
**BLEACHED MUSLINS** from 10 to 25 cts.  
**BALMORALS** from \$1.00 to \$3.00 per piece.  
**COTTON HOSE** from 15 to 20 cents,  
**DE LAINES** from 10 to 25 per yard.

**Hoop Skirts**  
at prices to suit the times.

**FRENCH CORSETS** from \$1 to \$2.50,  
besides a full line of

**CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,**  
Queensware, Groceries, &c.,

**Pratt, Law & Pratt's.**

**REMEMBER THE PLACE, Pratt's Old Corner!**  
the best place in the State to buy

**Dry Goods and Notions**  
of any kind,

**For we Won't be Undersold**  
By Any One.

**COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.**  
Lewistown, June 5, 1867.

## POETRY. THE WEATHER.

It shines, it rains,  
Then shines again—  
What does the weather mean?  
It hangs in doubt—  
The sun comes out,  
With drizzling mists between.

Now dark, now light,  
Like day, like night,  
'Tis changing, fickle weather;  
It mists at times,  
Then rains or shines,  
And sometimes all together.

Oh, now I see!  
It is the me—  
A wise head and a dunc;—  
I fret, I smile,  
Then cry while,  
Then, sometimes, all at once.

I pant, I puff,  
Well pleased I get—  
Both diligent and lazy,  
In my own way,  
In such a day,  
When rainy, shiny, hazy.

## MISCELLANY. A TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS.

Under date of June 10, a correspondent of the Baltimore American gives an interesting account of an expedition through the Indian country, headed by Major General W. S. Hancock, whose Chief of Staff is our fellow-townsmen, Gen. Wm. G. Mitchell, A. G. We make the following extracts:

We take with us one hundred United States infantry, twenty-five wagons for troops and stores, fifteen ambulances, in which the civilians ride, two guides and two Indian scouts, both of the Delaware tribe; one of them named Four Leaf, and the other one, his son, named Two Four Leaf.

In our march General Hancock and Staff took the lead of the train, all of them well mounted and armed; the ambulances containing our civilians came next, whilst the wagons, containing the forage and stores, and the military escort, brought up the rear. The Indian scouts were generally a mile or two in advance of the train, on the look out for Indians and buffalo.

We took along with us various astronomical instruments to take observations, and to make an exact map of the road travelled; also an admiral to measure the number of miles travelled each day, and a practical engineer and draughtsman to observe and dot down the various creeks, rivers, caverns, &c., on our march.

**FIRST DAY ON THE PRAIRIE.**  
We made but thirteen and a half miles to-day owing to the great fall of rain, which had been descending in torrents all day, and which had so swollen Cow creek as to prevent our crossing it. At 3 p. m. we camped on the banks of this creek. The wagons were arranged in the shape of a square, the ambulances being on the interior line. The tents of the General and Staff, and of the civilians, were pitched inside of the square, whilst the tents of the soldiers were located outside of the line of wagons.

We had great difficulty in getting a hot supper owing to the scarcity of wood, and the continued fall of rain. But we found no fault with this, and after partaking of what was in store, we fixed up our beds and lay ourselves for the second time on our soft muddy couches to rest.

**A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.**  
Sunday, the 9th, dawned bright and warm. The whole camp was astir by 5 o'clock, and every one delighted in the cheerful rays of the sun. General Hancock sent his scouts over the creek and ascertained that the stream had fallen, and that a crossing could be made in five feet of water. Immediate preparation was therefore made for a start, and by 8 o'clock the whole train had successfully crossed the stream.

The country through which we travelled to-day was by far the most beautiful of any we have yet seen. The long stretches of prairie, reaching for miles on every side, covered with an uninterrupted carpet of green, dotted all over with flowers of various hues; the clear blue sky, as free from clouds as the earth beneath from trees; the sweet bracing breeze making it pleasant in spite of the hot sun; the music of the birds, all tended to make this a most glorious Sabbath morning.

It is very hard in these vast and boundless solitudes to be surprised by Indians or buffalo. From the top of one of these plateaus, or buttes, the eye can see for five or six miles on every side, until the vision is stopped by the horizon or interrupted by another butte of the same character. The soil is deep and rich, and is destined to make the greatest grazing country in the world.

**THE PRAIRIE DOGS.**  
All along our line of march to-day we passed various villages of prairie dogs, some of them with two or three hundred dog mounds or holes. On the top of many of these mounds we noticed the ever watchful owl seated like a grim sentinel and keeping watch over the little animals within. It is said that wherever prairie dogs are there you will find owls and rattlesnakes. In fact, they all three live together, whether in affinity or whether to feed upon one another, is not known.

One of our party made an attack on one of these little mounds and captured the dog, but failed to find the snake, although a rattlesnake was killed some distance off.

We also saw a large number of mounds inhabited by prairie wolves, but chanced to see but two of the wolves, which scampered over the plains at the sight of our immense train.

**A BUFFALO HUNT.**  
At 2 o'clock, after we had taken our lunch, we descried, about three miles ahead of us, eight or ten black specks, which might or might not be Indians or buffalo. On these vast plains, where there is not a solitary tree to be seen, a moving speck in the distance is like a sail in mid ocean. Our Indian scouts were soon seen making towards the objects at full speed, and we were not long in determining the character of the objects. They proved to be a small herd of buffalo, of some eight or ten. As soon as it was known that Indians were the most intense excitement prevailed amongst the civilians. Every man who could obtain a horse secured one, and rode off in full chase, whilst such as were not so fortunate ran at full speed, with rifle or pistol, in the direction they were coming. The chase and pursuit was most exciting, and the only danger appeared to be in our killing one another and letting the buffalo escape. After a chase of half an hour, in the course of which various flank movements were made by the hunters to get the buffalo cornered, and by the buffalo trying to escape the hunters, some six of them were suddenly halted, and four out of the number killed. Every man appeared to think it a duty to hit a buffalo, whether he was standing or had already fallen, if only to say he had helped kill a buffalo. Your correspondent, however, was not desirous of any such honor, and remained quietly in his ambulance watching the sport, and preparing himself for some good steak for supper.

As soon as the buffalo excitement was over a fresh one was created by several antelope crossing the paths of our valiant and efficient hunters, who immediately gave chase; but the graceful little animals were too fleet for their pursuers and soon led them far over the plains. W. Kennedy of Pittsburgh, who was most anxious for a crack at one of them, continued to follow in their path, and, unmindful of the direction he was going or the distance he was travelling, went far over the plains, and with great difficulty found his way back to camp.

**LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.**  
We camped this evening on the banks of the Smoky river, and within one mile of Fossil creek. Our camp ground was beautifully located, and where we had plenty of wood and water.

The sunset was the most brilliant I ever witnessed; well worth a journey to behold. If some young Bierstadt had been along, he might have seen a picture that would have ravished his soul, and have given him an idea of nature seldom witnessed. Just as the last rays of the setting sun were about to hide themselves behind the buttes of the distant West, our Ethiopian cook called us to supper. And such a supper a Prince might have envied. The steam arising from the hot coffee, and the well-browned biscuit just out of the oven, made our hungry stomachs rejoice with exceeding joy. I never felt so thankful for fresh meat in my life, and then it was such a rarity to eat buffalo steaks, and that within half a mile of where it was shot on its native plains. There was something wild—something that lent such a charm to the whole repast—that to experience it was well worth all our tribulations in reaching it.

**PREPARATIONS FOR AN INDIAN ATTACK.**  
After supper the moon rose clear and majestic. Every star appeared to shine in its brightest glory. The air was still as death. General Mitchell, the right hand man of General Hancock, was observed placing a strong guard around the camp. Word was given that no shots should be fired by any party, and after a while it was whispered around that all this preparation was made to provide against any night attack that might be made by prowling Indians. It was also learned that in the afternoon twenty-five Cheyennes had been seen near Banker Hill, a station on the overland route, about six miles to the east of us, and it was thought they meant to make a raid on our mules at night.

This information caused a great many of our party to keep very shy till bed time. None of us had come out to be killed, and none desired to be scalped. We all wanted to see Indians just as we had seen buffalo, but to run the risk of having our pale faces brought in direct contact with a red skin, unaccustomed as we were to having our scalps cut off—and loth that these same scalps should become an ornament for the wigwag of some brave—was a contingency that we never dreamed would happen. It was at this time that many of us regretted not taking the advice of our friends before leaving home to have our hair cut 'snapper', and it was just at this point that a life insurance agent might have

been able, without much coaxing, to have induced many of the civilians to take a small risk on our precarious existence.

But it was no use regretting what we had not done. The point was to prepare to meet what might come, and to this end we went to bed this night with our rifles and pistols by our sides, our ammunition close at hand, every man ready to do his best when called upon by the long roll. But the night passed quietly, and nothing was heard save the tramps of the sentinel, the regular challenge of the officer of the night, and an occasional bark of a prairie wolf.

**Three Stories of Mr. Lincoln.**  
STORY NUMBER ONE.

One summer, years ago, at the close of a session of the Court at Springfield, Mr. Lincoln proposed to Judge and lawyers a horseback excursion to the comparatively unknown region of Illinois lying to the South and West. They had all been wearied with professional labors, especially with a case or cases which concerned the interference of navigation on rivers by proposed bridges. A recreative trip would be a good thing for all.

The proposition was received with favor, horses were procured, and the party started for the country beyond the Kaskaskia river, I believe, and expected to reach it in two or three days. Mr. Lincoln only was familiar with the region. About the anticipated time they came to a broad sweep of water, and the general expression was that the river was before them. The question arose, how shall we cross what appeared to be the river overflowed? Mr. Lincoln alone knew that it was nothing but a swale, covered with water one or two feet deep, but he acceded to the proposal that it was best (as the horses would probably, they said, have to swim at the deepest part) that all the party should divest themselves of so much of their clothing as would get wet, and fasten the bundles on their backs. So the divestiture was accomplished, the packs fastened, the horses mounted, and the procession, in single file, began to move across the broad waters, with Lincoln at the head. Imagine the group! What a scene for a painter!

Cautiously they move on, watching the slow steps of the horses, with reins securely held, momentarily expecting the plunge when they should go down the submerged bank into the deep water of the river. On they move, half way across, two-thirds across, and the water not reaching the horses' knees; yet not a word was spoken, until as they approached the other side, Mr. Lincoln turned his head about, and addressing the party with mock solemnity, said: "Is it the judgment of the Court that a bridge across this stream would seriously interfere with navigation?"

The expedition was planned and executed by Mr. Lincoln for the sake of holding up to ridicule some lawyer's arguments before the Court on a bridge case.

**STORY NUMBER TWO.**  
In a certain case in court Mr. Lincoln had for his legal opponent a lawyer whose excellent character, thorough knowledge of law and superior logic combined to exert a controlling influence over the jury. This lawyer (whom we will call Judge Jones) had made a speech, and a most able speech it was. It was necessary in some way to dissipate its impression. Mr. Lincoln, in reply, opened his speech substantially as follows:

"May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, we have just heard the learned and masterly argument on the other side. We know how thoroughly versed is Judge Jones in the law, and how upright he is, and we say, really Judge Jones cannot be mistaken in his positions. We also know how true a gentleman Judge Jones is, how irreproachable are his manners and dress; and I presume if I should say to you that Judge Jones had put on his shirt wrong side foremost this morning, you would reply, it is impossible; and yet Judge Jones has put on his shirt wrong side foremost this morning; you can look for yourselves, gentlemen, and so in this case he has got things wrong end foremost, and his whole argument is wrong from beginning to end."

Surely enough, the irreproachable lawyer, while pondering over his coming speech, had dressed himself in the mistaken manner indicated. After the laugh had subsided consequent upon the detection, Mr. Lincoln analyzed the argument of the Judge and won his case!

**STORY NUMBER THREE.**  
Years before Mr. Lincoln was President it happened, at the close of a matter of business at some hotel in which several gentlemen were engaged with Mr. Lincoln, that a Mr. Whitney asked the circle to take something to drink. All assented except Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Whitney urged him, but he declined on the plea that he never drank. Mr. Whitney still pressed him, saying: "Come, Mr. Lincoln, and take a glass of lager, that's a harmless beverage, and it will do you good"—to which Mr. Lincoln finally, in the kindness of his heart, assented. The lager made him very sick.

It was the first and last time the two men met until Mr. Whitney joined the throng on the public reception day to shake hands with the beloved President. Imagine his surprise, as he drew slowly near in the procession that passed in front of the President, to see his long arm stretched out to him, and to hear this recognition:—"How do you do, Mr. Whitney? I have never drank a glass of lager since!" Is not that a good temperance story?

## Children's Column. Letters to Boys and Girls.

**NO. 11.**  
MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

In my last letter I said I did not want you to be a *know-nothing*. There is something else I do not wish you to be, and that is *do-nothings*. By a *do-nothing* I mean an idle, lazy sort of a boy or girl. There are many children who seem to think they were made for nothing else than to eat and sleep. It is hard work for them even to play. They are always the last up in the morning, the last at the breakfast table, the last at school, the last in their classes, and the last in everything—They are always behindhand, and they will be behindhand as long as they live. When they grow up they will be as good for nothing as the fellow I once read about in a newspaper, who was so worthless that some of his neighbors procured a coffin, and putting him in, carried him off, pretending they were going to bury him alive. As they passed along, another neighbor called out: "Who have you there?" "Old Joe," said one of them. "Why, is he dead?" "Oh, no; but he has nothing to live on, and won't work to get anything, and so we thought we would bury him to get rid of him." "Oh, send the man," don't do that; carry him back, and I'll send him a bag of corn. At this Old Joe slowly raised himself up in the coffin, and drawled out, "I a t s h e l l e d?" "No," was the answer. "Then drive on, boys," said he. Now, of course, this story, like nearly all newspaper stories, is not true; but it is true that *lazy boys and girls will make lazy men and women*. Then learn to work now. Make yourselves useful. Do it for your own sake and for the sake of others. Going from market one day a gentleman overtook a small boy carrying a basket that was so heavy as nearly to bear him down beneath it. He remarked, "My boy, you have a heavy load." "Yes," answered the little fellow, "but I'd rather carry it than that my mother should!" Right across the street a highly accomplished young lady was playing the piano, while her mother was washing the windows. Shame on the boys or girls who would suffer a mother to do what they might do for her.

If you do not want to be miserable, useless do-nothings all your lives, go to work at once—begin to act now.—Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. When you work, you play. Never say "I can't." A schoolmaster told one of his smaller boys that he wanted him to write a composition. "O, I can't sir; I don't know how," said the boy, in the greatest trouble. "But you can think, can't you?" said the master. "O yes, sir." "Well, just think about something, and write down what you think, and that will be a composition." "Is that all?" "Yes; and now I will excuse you for a little while, and you may take your slate and go out, and the first thing you find that interests you, think about it—what it is there for, what it is good for, and what will become of it—and write it down, and bring it to me." The little boy went out, and after looking about some time, he at last came across a large turnip, growing behind a barn. He stood and looked at it a few moments, when his thoughts began to come to him in simple rhyme, and he wrote them down thus:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,  
And it grew, and it grew,  
But it never did any harm.  
And it grew, and it grew,  
Till it could grow no taller;  
Then Mr. Finney pulled it,  
And put it in the cellar.

And it lay, and it lay,  
Till it there began to rot,  
And his daughter Lucy washed it,  
And she put it in the pot.  
And it boiled, and it boiled,  
As long as long as it was able;  
Then Mr. Finney took it up,  
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife,  
They both sat down to sup;  
And they eat, and they eat,  
Till they ate the turnip up.

Thus, by trying, this boy succeeded in writing a very good composition, and by trying again and again, as he grew up, he at last became one of the greatest poets of his day. Now, boys and girls, while trying to do something it may not make you all great poets, but will make you good and useful men and women. "So mote it be," is the wish of Your Friend,

**MAZ LYNNE.**

A friend of ours lives next door to a not-over-thriving undertaker. One day our friend's young son rushed into the parlor in a state of wild excitement, exclaiming: "Oh, father, somebody's dead for sure, because the undertaker's children are eating candy!"