WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1862.

New Series --- Vol. XVI, No. 23,

### PATENT COAL OIL GREASE.

THIS Grease is made from COAL OIL. THIS Grease is made from COAL OIL, and has been found by repeated tests to be the most economical, and at the same time the best lubricator for Mill dearing, Stages, Wagons, Carts, Carriages, Vehicles of all kinds, and all heavy bearings, keeping the axles always cool, and not requiring them to be looked after for weeks. It has een tested on railroad cars, and with one soaking of the waste it has run, with the cars, 20,000 miles! All railroad, omnibus, livery stable and Express companies that have tried it pronounce it the ne plus ultra.

It combines the body and fluidity of tallow, beeswax and tar, and unlike general lubricators, will not run off, it being warranted to

tors, will not run on, it being warranted to stand any temperature.

I have it in boxes 2½ to 10 lbs. Also kegs and barrels from 30 to 400 lbs, for general use and sale. The boxes are more preferable; they are 6 inches in diameter by 2½ inches deep, and hold 21 lbs net; the boxes are clean, and hardly a carman, teamster, expressman, miller or farmer, that would not purchase one box for trial. F. G. FRANCISCUS. Lewistown, February 12, 1862.

### BARGAINS! DRY GOODS AT COST.

HE undersigned, being about to close out his choice and well assorted stock of Goods on hand, invites attention of persons desirous of purchasing to the advantages thus afforded in these times, when economy becomes a necessity, as well as a duty. The

Dry Goods & Queensware is therefore for sale at cost and carriage, offering inducements which are nowhere else offered.

The stock embraces Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings for Gent'emen's wear, Silk, Woollen and Cotton Goods for Ladies' wear.

He has Muslins, Gloves, Hosiery, Trim mings, and a great variety of other articles usually kept for sale.

To any one desiring to go into the business at a well established stand, with a permanent and substantial class of patrons, he would dispose of the entire stock, at a price and upon terms that would prove an object. No better opportunity for a safe and paying investment can be found.

R. H. JUNKIN, Surviving Partner of Kennedy & Junkin.

# **AMBROTYPES**

## MELAINOTYPES,

MIIS is no humbug, but a practical truth. The pictures taken by Mr. Burkholder are unsurpassed for BOLDNESS, TRUTH-FULNESS, BEAUTY OF FINISH, and DURABILITY. Prices varying according to size and quality of frames and Cases. Room over the Express Office. Lewistown, August 23, 1860.

New Fall and Winter Goods. F. ELLIS, of the late firm of McCoy with a choice assortment of

Dry Goods and Groceries,

selected with care and purchased for cash, which are offered to the public at a small advance on cost. The stock of Dry Goods embraces all descriptions of

# Fall and Winter Goods

suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with many new patterns. His

### Groceries

comprise Choice Sugars, Molasses, Java, Rio and Laguyra Coffee, superior Teas, &c. Also, Boots and Shoes, Queensware, and all other articles usually found in stores—all which the customers of the late firm and the public in general are invited to examine.

R. F. ELLIS.

Country Produce received as usual and the full market price allowed therefor. Lewistown, November 6, 1861.

NOTICE! MY creditors will take notice that I have applied for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this Commonwealth, and that the 6th day of April, 1862, has been fixed for a hearing, at the Court House in Lewistown, in open Court. ELI PRICE. Lewistown, March 5, 1862.

Carpets, Groceries, &c. WOOLEN, Linen and Cotton Carpets V cheap—Queensware, Hardware, Glassware and Earthenware, with a good stock of Groceries, as cheap as our neighbors. Please call and see for yourselves.
sep18 JAMES PARKER.

COAL OIL. DOWN again! Best No. 1 at 9 cts. per HOFFMAN'S.

RIO Coffee, extra, at 20 cts per lb, at feb26 HOFFMAN'S.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS. EVERY description-Prints, Ginghams, Delaines, Black and Colored, Black and White, and Second Mourning Calicos, Broche, Osmanle and Paris Lustres, Ormbra Cashmeres, Gray Plaids, China Madonas, Alpaca Plaids, Black and Colored Dress Silks, and all kinds of Dress Goods. Flannels, Ticking, Nankeens, Crapes, Linens, Brilliants, and Bleached and Unbleached muslins. Shawls, Balmonel Skirts, Hooped Skirts, all prices, Shaker Bonnets, Cloth Cloaks, new style, Bonnet Ribbous, Dress

## THE MINSTREL,

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

BY 'STELLA,' IN TUNKHANNOCK DEMOCRAT.

He reached the homestead gate, and turned, To where, for him, the love-fires burned; And—twas too much! his check grew wet; I see him standing, tearful, yet, Beside the little, unlatched gate, He paused, to share a soldier's fate.

I see him walk with dauntless tread— He dare not turn, again, his head: One farewell look—only one more, Towards the shadowy, open door! But no! his earthly die is cast: He may not trust another last.

His patriot firmness might not shake,
And yet—there's life and love at stake.

\* \* \*
Yet one more tender farewell—one
That leaves his life without a sun,
Without a star to light his soul,
Up the dark steep, to heaven's goal.

Up the dark steep, to heaven's goal.

Oh, ye who love, and cannot part,
May guess the anguish of his heart,
When the last word, the last glance fell,
On the sweet girl he loved so well!
There leaped no moisture to his eye,
(Some tears too deep for weeping lie;)
He only sighed, with love's despair,
To hear her solfs—her broken prayer;
And yet again, insanely pressed
Her closer to his heaving breast,
And murmured, passionately low.
'A moment more, and I must go!'

And yet he loitered—lingered still,
Between his duty and his will;
An hour—a golden hour or more,
Beside her, at the half-closed door;
And then his strong step, weak at last,
From the dear threshold slowly passed,
And two lives, circled by one shore,
There parted, no'er to mingle more.

There parted, ne'er to mingle more.

\* \*

He lieth in a household grave,
Our boy—so gentle, yet so brave;
And in the sunset's mellow glow
We watch a maiden come and go,
With dark eye, glistening tearfully,
And soft step, moving wearily;
She seeks her soldier-bridegroom's grave,
Tis all her poor heart, now, would crave.

We know her life is waning fast. And he will claim his bride at last; And two young hearts, to exile driven, Shall meet, with fond embrace, in Heav

# MORAL & RELIGIOUS

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide: We are out on the ocean sailing, To a home beyond the tide. Cnoxus—All the storms will soon be over,

Then we'll anchor safe in harbor We are out on the ocean sailing. To a home beyond the tide; We are out on the ocean sailing. To a home beyond the tide

Millions now are safely landed Over on the golden shore; Millions now are on their journey, Yet there's room for millions more

Come on board, O! 'ship' for glory, Be in haste—make up your mind: For our vessel's weighing anchor, And you'll soon be left behind.

You have kindred over yonder, On that bright and happy shore, By-and-by you'll swell the number, When the toils of life are o'er.

Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes Gently waft our vessel on; All on board are sweetly singing-

When we all are safely anohored. We will shout-our trials o'er We will walk about the city, And we'll sing for evermore.

## No Sabbath.

In a 'Prize Essay on the Sabbath,' written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, there occurs the following striking passage;

'Yoke-fellows! think how the abstrac-

tion of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified! Think of the labor thus going on in one monotonous, and continuous, and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever plying, the eyeballs forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming! Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merryheartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature it would exhaust, of the aspirations it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture Trimmings, &c. Cash buyers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the block. (sep18) JAMES PARKER.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

A Southern Character.

An officer of Gen. Hooker's division, now on the Maryland side of the lower Potomac, wrote on the 25th of February to Hon. W. D. Kelly, M. C. from Pennsylvania, a letter, from which the following is extracted:

Col. M-, as he is called, in accordance with the general custom here of giving every man some title, and not, I be-lieve, from any military rank he may have held (though I am not sure,) is a man about 45 years old, of considerable intelligence and wealth, and, as I am informed, has traveled both in this and other countries. He is a rather good looking man, somewhat larger than the average size of our people. He lives on what is called Stump Neck, a peninsula between the Mattawomen, Chicamoxin, and Potemac rivers. directly across to Cockpit Point, on the Virginia side of the latter river. Stump Neck contains someting over 1000 acres of good land, and is, as a farm, kept in better condition than most of the farms about here, though it will not compare with what you would call a good farm in Pennsylvania. He resides about the centre of the farm, in a small frame house, such as any of our northern farmers who were at all in a thriving condition would be ashamed to live in. By the side of it are two log houses, in which live his slaves, as I suppose I must call them, according to the laws of Maryland. His barns are better than his houses. This place is entirely away from any road, and therefore seldom visited. The Colonel is unmarried, but as the divine declaration, that, 'it is not good for one to be alone,' holds good in relation to him as well as others, he has four female slaves who fulfil the duties of wives to him. Now the Colonel in his patriarchal relation likes variety, and so he has them of various hues and shades, from a negro up to a light quadroon. By these women he has had twenty-five or thirty children, but as the mothers differ in complexion, so do the children, only with a most decided im-The Colonel is also somewhat con-

provement in the lightness of the shading from mulattoes up to pass anywhere for white-the children of the quadroon woman, wife or slave, whichever you choose, having light flaxen hair, and dark hazel scientious in his attention to their dress, the dark skinned having very coarse cloth ing, without such luxuries as shoes or stockings, while there is a regular gradation to the lightest color-they having both shoes and stockings and very decent clothing. On a visit to the place sometime since, the children were asked as to their paternity. They all said their mothers lived there, pointing to the log Louse; but when asked who was their father, one of the darkest boys said, 'got no father,' and one of the whitest children said, pointing to the frame house, 'he lives there Colonel is also a good farmer, and knows that it, will not do to keep on hand too large a stock of cattle, &c., and so he regularly sells off the increase of his farm as soon as it is ready for market-horses, mules, cattle, pigs and-children. These last, however, are the most profitable, or rather have been so; God grant it may be so no longer. Dr. Woodhull, formerly the assistant Sur-

geon of the 5th New Jersey Volunteers, now Surgeon of the 9th New Jersey Volunteers, was called upon to attend the quadroon wife in her last confinement, and learned many particulars in regard to them. He was very favorably impressed with her appearance, and considers her a very intelligent woman. Now I do not know that I have in the least exaggerated in this description, but, on the contrary, have softened it very much. It is not an exceptional case, but a fair specimen of what can be seen everywhere throughout the southern States. It has made almost every man in the brigade a determined foe to slavery .-

until they had the fact thrust into their face that it was impossible to doubt it.

That a man would sell his own children

they had thought one of the abolition lies,

Japanese Curiosities. Among the many enrious things imported from Japan since that country was opened to commerce, perhaps the most curious were sent by the Tycoon to Wheeler & Wilson, in acknowledgment of a sewing-machine sent out with the returning Embassy. These are finely colored pictures, which, hanging up on the wall and seen at a little distance, appear like very well executed paintings upon canvas. Several of them represent domestic fowls, cocks, hens and chickens, exactly resembling such as we may see in our own farm-yards, and in one there is a sheaf of golden grain that bears a nearer resemblance to 'chess' than any grain cultivated in this country .pon a closer inspection of these pictures they appear to be webs of woven silk, and under the impression that they were woven, a good many persons skilled in the weaver's art have tried to discover the secret of their manufacture. Every theory, however, found in some part of the work a fact that upset the calculation.

At length, by a strongly magnifying glass, we discovered that no part of the a year's labor to each picture of about six- hatchet by his side !'

teen inches square, and nowhere can be Another Speech by Parson Brownlow. discovered a fault of a single stitch in position or color. It is curious to find that the gold threads are not combined with any fibre, but are flat ribbons of pure metal. As works of curiosity or art, these altogether exceed similar things done by the Chinese, and as they are open to the publie, those who may be curious in such matters can inspect these works of a people we have been in the habit of regarding as 'barbarians.' There are also several pieces of curious uncut velvet which show the state of silk manufacture in Japan, and the very peculiar fashion of style and color that prevails there, which may interest some of the American weavers of fine velvet who only fancy colors of a sombre hue. Evidently that is not the taste of the Japanese ladies.

The Hon. Townsend Harris states in his letter accompanying these acknowledgments | God's beautiful earth. They are honest from the Tycoon for the sewing machine, that the Japanese found no difficulty in working it, and that it was operated at the palace by the widow of the late Tycoon, where it excited much interest; and one of the high Ministers of State expressed his I am no candidate for popular favor-I want desire to Mr. Harris to have such a machine. Mr. Harris also says to Wheeler & Wilson: 'I think a few of your machines might be sold here, but I cannot encourage you to send a large number, as they will be immediately copied by the Japanese, and at prices far below what you could afford to sell yours at in this country.'-This is very high testimony to Japan ese ingenuity and industry, as it requires here very ingenious and complicated engines to ment, but still not entirely so, inasmuch as manufacture sewing machines .- New York

A Singular Incident. Almost a Catastrophe.-There is a popular superstition that a cat, if allowed the opportunity, will 'suck the breath of a child;' though how this is accomplished is not apparent. Cats are subjected to much suspicion, and, indeed, no animal petted by man is at once so much admired and detested. A circumstance came to our knowledge recently which seems to indicate that the numerous charges made against the feline race are not altogether unfounded. The other evening, at a residence only a few miles from this city, a cat was discovered sitting upon the chest of a litly very much absorbed in the operation .-An effort was made to drive the cat away, by speaking sharply to her. She paid no and by such despicable rattention to this, and was equally unmindful the Southern Confederacy. of a series of blows with a stick. The cat her down stairs. The cat was instantly made, and was naturally somewhat frightened. He did not seem to be injured.

· Though no harm was done, evil might have ensued had not the cat been discovered and removed. Her weight on the child's chest would necessarily reduce the quantity of air inspired, and tend to cause suffocation, while the child would inspire only carbonic acid gas, as taken from the ears. mouth of the cat. The two causes might produce death even. They may have originated the superstition that a cat 'sucks the breath of a child.' The case is interesting and novel, and may serve the purpose of eliciting inquiry and putting some parents on their guard against the treacherous and stealthy pets with which their children play.—N. Y. Com.

### Heroic Chaplains

We proudly gather several reported instances of heroic devotion on the part of stances. We doubt not that a weekly record longer than this, and as conspicuous, could be presented, if we only could know the facts of the life of our chaplains.

At the battle of Roanoke Island, the Rev. Mr. James of Worcester, Mass., when the officers were shot down around a gun, sprang forward, encouraged the men, and worked in the midst of them as a gunner.

The Rev. John L. Lenhart, the chaplain of the Cumberland, remained at his post with the surgeons among the wounded, and went down with his ship, nobly dying at the post of duty. Brother Lenhart was a Methodist minister, and has been in the navy since 1847. He was greatly beloved by the officers and crew of the Cumberland. The Rev. Orlando N. Benton, chaplain of the New York Fifty-first, fell at the battle of the Neuse, near Newbern. He was a Presbyterian pastor at Apalachin, Tioga and revived by baptism in the glorious libcounty, New York .- New York Examiner.

The Oswego Times says that at a recent wedding in that city, the bridegroom, being an army officer, were his side arms that can be found on the face of the earth at the nuptials. A little wide awake To liberate a people oppressed and defraudbrother of the bride was attracted by the display of weapons, and as he has another sister whose 'true love' is a carpenter, he web is woven; it is all the patient work of boldly inquired: 'Ma, when J -- comes needle, and probably required not less than to marry Milly, will he wear his saw and

'Parson,' or more properly Patriot Brownlow, delivered another speech in Cincinnati on Saturday a week, on the occasion of a

meeting of the Pioneer Association. At the suggestion of the president of the ociety, Mr. W. B. Dodson, the meeting adjourned to the Council Chamber, as their room was not large enough to accommodate the crowd assembled to hear the Knoxville

Mr. Brownlow said: My mind has been variously exercised while I have been sitting here. This is not a society of young men and boys, but a society of old men; men who are true to the backbone-loyal, faithful, patriotic men, who, old as they are, would lay down with eager joy a life almost worn out under the beneficent protection of the best Government ever established on men-none of your mean, pitiful, swindling, God-forsaken, rascally demagogues, who have used the strength God endowed them with to endeavor to overturn His most sacred institution-our Government. no office, although I did take a tilt against Isham Harris. [Laughter.] I am not adapted for an office, and, as I said before, don't want one; but I am a Federal, and believe in a strong Government-one that has the power and the ability and the er traitors; and in short, gentlemen, to take care of itself. I think that our present Government is the right kind of a Govern it is hardly in earnest enough in the stu pendous work it is now occupied in ; but I hope and believe that, with God's help and our backing, that Government will soon put

down the most diabolical treason that has ever been seen in any part of the world. I have fought many battles; religious battles, political battles, and every other kind of battles; and I have encountered the devil, Tom Walker, and the Southern Confederacy, [laughter and applause;] and it has gone hard with one to be called after and pointed at so long as a traitor by all the miserable, sneaking, cowardly rascals who have torn and rent this glorious Union apart. My father was a volunteer in my country's army, and my uncle lived and died in the service of his country, and, tle boy four years of age, her mouth placed thank God, their graves are still in possesclose to the child's lips, and the cat evident- sion of the Federals. My mother's relatives also shed their blood at their country's call at Norfolk, and yet I am called a traiter, and by such despicable men as compose

Mr. Eggleston alluded to the crushing was finally fairly pushed off the body of the child and off the bed. She was then fice from which came the last sheets in depushed out of the room and down the stairs. fence of the Union ever published in Knox-She could not be driven in the usual way ville was cleaned out and converted into a She had a bewildered and wild look all the workshop for repairing and altering all the time, and exhibited a sign of ferocity by arms stolen by that accomplished thief and springing on the servant, who was forcing runaway Floyd. All my ambition now is to go back once more to Knoxville to es killed as a warning to all cats not to be too tablish another office; once more to spread intimate with sleeping children. The lit- abroad the glorious truths of the Union; tle boy woke up during the noise which was and once more take from a drawer in my house the flag which so long waved defiantly in the breeze, while these hell-hounds were longing, and yet not daring, to tear down and trample it in the dust.

I would never have taken down that flag but for the females in my own house, who besought and entreated me to do so, lest the house should be torn down about their

One day a crowd surrounded my house and threatened to tear down my flag; but I warned them that they would have to do it in the face of six loaded muskets, which would be used by men who would never flinch from their duty. They took sober second thought, and marched away, but presently about fifteen came back again, drunker than ever, led by a young officer, who was desired to tear the d-d thing of a flag down. In the meanwhile, I had left my house and gone to the office, leaving my wife in charge. She came forward chaplains. They are not exceptional in- and expressed her intention of shooting the first man who attempted, to haul down the flag. The officer was slightly scared, and said:

' Madam, you won't shoot, will you?' 'Go on, go on " shouted the crowd, ' she daren't shoot!'

She instantly drew from her pocket one of Colt's revolvers, and coeking it, leveled it at the officer's head. 'Never mind her she's only a womam,' cried the mob. 'By G-d! look at her eye,' said the officer, as he made a low bow, scraped the ground, and toddled off, followed by the whole crowd. The gentleman who addressed me, expressed his regret that my paper is stopped and my office is closed, and I reply to him that all my ambition is to go back to Knoxville and resurrect my old paper. To go back with new presses and erty of the Northern States.

And also I want to go back there and repay a debt of gratitude I owe to about 150 of the most unmitigated scoundrels ed by the most Satanic conspiracy ever consummated-defrauded and duped by Southern Confederacy bonds-bonds having on one side the full length portrait of Jeff Dayis, and a picture of a hen roost on the other, bearing these words: 'I promise to pay, six months after the declaration of peace between the Southern Confederacy and the United States of North America,

Some time since, I stood alone amid 2,-000 rebel soldiers, and I said in my address to them: 'It is you of the south that are to blame. The north have not precipitated this war on us; it is you who have done it. You complained of an infringement of Southern rights when there was no infringement. You complained of Northern encroachments when there were none, and you have rushed into a war of the most wicked kind, without the shadow of a reas-

But, gentlemen of Ohio, I do not and cannot exonerate the North, and I say in brief to you, that if, fifty years ago, we had taken one hundred Southern fire eaters and one hundred Northern abolitionists and hanged them up and buried them in a common ditch and sent their souls to hell, we should have none of this war. [Immense applause.] I am speaking too long. [Cries of 'no! no!' 'Go on!' 'Don't allow that talk.'] But on looking around on this assembly I notice that time has written its mark unmistakably on the countenances of a large proportion of this audience. Many are growing gray; I am getting old myself, and I know not how soon the span of our existence may be shortened, and the spirit has the power and the ability and the end take its flight to realms of eternal joy and ergy to put down treason—to crush out happiness or everlasting misery. It betraiters and in about restaurant to the hooves us all, then, to see to it, that we are prepared for this change wherever and whenever it may come, and may God, in his infinite mercy, bless and keep us all.

Arrest of Surgeon Coxe, of the Third New Jersey Regiment.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Times makes the following startling statement:

I have mentioned the case of Surgeon Coxe, of the Third New Jersey, arrested on a charge of treason. The ficts are said to be these: Since the evacuation of Man-assas by the rebels, a military paper purporting to be a report of the rebel General, was found in the wreck there by one of our officers, with something like this endorse-

'Information as to the position and strength of the army, furnished voluntarily by Surgeon Coxe, of Third New Jersey.

This document contained statements to the effect that recruiting was played out in the North; the national army must decline for new enlistments; that the number of troops in Gen. Kearney's brigade, to which the Doctor's regiment belongs, were so and so, and bereabouts were so many more, etc. This document was sent to headquarters at Washington, and to that the Doctor's arrest is mainly attributed. He was taken prisoner to Washington on Monday last. It. appears that the Doctor had been in the habit of absenting himself from the camp at night frequently, sometimes alone, and at other times accompanied by a few soldiers, always on the pretense of scoutings. Repeatedly he lost two or three men on these excursions.

In October last he lost two or three men, and next day took a flag of truce to recover their bodies. It was on this occasion that the information was given contained in the above mentioned report. Dr. Coxe related, on his return to camp, the incidents of his visit within the rebel lines; said he had been questioned, and that he had lied as well as he could to deceive the enemy. Coxe conducted himself in a very jubilant manner at his boasted success. He was away so much from his camp as to neglect the duties of his office past forbearance. Col. Taylor at last approved and forwarded charges against him for inefficiency. About the same time, I understand, this rebel document came to the knowledge of the Col., but independently of that document, suspicions were gathered against him, and the Doctor was put under arrest and kept in his tent. He resigned his office as Surgeon of the regiment. His resignation and the charges were sent to Washington together, and he immediately followed them as a prisoner. Dr. Coxe is, I believe, a resident of Philadelphia. His grandfather was a celebrated physician of that city, and he himself enjoyed excellent professional opportunities abroad, in London and Paris. It may be he is wrongfully charged, but I give the alleged grounds of his arrest.

The above is precisely in consonance with the programme laid down in the Michigan conspiracy, an account of which we published last week. We have never doubted the existence of organized gangs of Breckinridge tories in all the northern States, and although of late apparently inactive, they are but waiting an opportunity of showing their devotion to the traitors south.]

SELLING off all kinds of Tin Ware, at wholesale prices at retail. Those in want of tin ware will do well to call here before purchasing elsewhere. F. G. FRANCISCUS.

NAILS.

OWING to the advanced prices of coal and metal, the prices of Nails have advanced to \$3 20 per keg. A liberal discount to dealers. A full stock in store and for sale by F. G. FRANCISCUS. Agt. Harrisburg Nail Co.