

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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Whole No. 2668.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1862.

New Series--Vol. XVI, No. 37.

Uncle Sam and Family.
Yankee Freedom is a lad
And Union is his sister;
Uncle Sam he is their dad
And he'll give secess a twist.
For they said Mrs. Sam she died—
We always called her virtue—
But you, Secess, indeed have lied,
And now he's going to birch you.
Yankee and sister, too,
Are bound on retribution;
For our mother they said they knew
Died of broken Constitution.
But Yankee Freedom will now show
Secess to have been mistaken;
Though of necessity he's their foe
Until again they right awaken.
Then secess the tune will find
Was turned as short as this;
While turning to the Coffee Pot Sign,
Which I don't want you to miss!
For your family needs, may be,
A little Tin Ware Solace;
And, indeed, you ought to see,
Then come to J. I. WALLIS,
East Market Street,
Lewistown.

March 5, 1862.]

PATENT COAL OIL GREASE.

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 Gearing, 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 been 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 stand any temperature. I have it in boxes 2 1/2 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 2 1/2 inches deep, and hold 2 1/2 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.

AMBROTYPES AND MELAINOTYPES.

The Gems of the Season.
THIS is no humbug, but a practical truth. The pictures taken by Mr. Burkholder are unsurpassed for BOLDNESS, TRUTHFULNESS, 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.

WILLIAM LIND, has now open **A NEW STOCK OF CLOTHS, Cassimeres AND VESTINGS,** which will be made up to order in the neatest and most fashionable styles. ap19

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

R. F. ELLIS, of the late firm of McCoy & Ellis, has just returned from the city 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 **Spring & Summer GOODS,** suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with many new patterns. His **Groceries** comprise Choice Sugars, Molasses, Java, Rio and Laguayra 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, April 30, 1862.

DR. J. LOCKE, DENTIST.

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

100 DOZEN Coal Oil Chimneys, Wicks, Brushes, &c., for sale at city wholesale prices to retailers, by F. G. FRANCISCUS.

SUNDAY School Books— A general assortment, for sale by J. I. HOFFMAN.

HAY Forks, Rope and Tackle Blocks, at low prices to dealers, &c., by F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

CONFECTIONERY—Nuts, Crackers, &c., at low prices to dealers, &c., by F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

THE MINSTREL.

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.
I knew by the light of his dark, deep eye,
When he heard the beat of the musing drum,
That he never would fold his arms, and sigh
Over the evils that were to come;
I knew that the blood of a patriot sire
Coursed through his veins like a stream of fire;
So I took his hand,
And bade him go,
But he never dreamed
That it grieved me so.
Two fair-haired children he left with me
Who his name at ev'ning—
The very hour when upon his knee
He used to fuddle his pet and bride;
Alas! they may never again be blessed
By a father's care in the old home nest;
And he never again
May hear the tones,
Or kiss the lips
Of his little ones.
I know he has answered his country's call,
That his breast is bared at a high command;
But my heart will break, if a traitor's hand
In the battle's front, by a traitor's hand;
Yet I murmur not, though my tear-wet eyes
Attest the worth of the sacrifice;
'Tis a wife's free gift,
Two lives in one,
In the name of God,
And of Washington.
Perhaps when the maple leaves are red,
And the golden glories of harvest come,
I shall wake some morn to hear his tread,
And give him a warm heart's welcome home;
In shielding his heart
From the rebel's brand,
Who honored the flag
Of his cherished land.

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Hospital Experience.

BY A LADY.
[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

'What shall I do to pass my time pleasantly and usefully?' was the question I put to myself after the last 'good bye' had been spoken, the last kiss exchanged, and the parting words of my husband had died out of the now desolate room, leaving a lingering echo in my heart which sounded like desolation. 'It will never do to sit down here idly, and brood in vain regret his absence; and surely, if he thought I should do nothing but pine and grieve for him, it would add a heavier weight than now rests upon his mind, for then very sore causes for trouble would rest upon him. It is enough, to feel that our dear country calls for him in her affliction, and God go with him in her cause. I should blush for him if he held aloof now, nor offered himself in the full vigor and pride of his young life, as a shield against the arrows of destruction which threaten her, and which have already severed some of the brightest links which united our beloved nation.— And while he has gone forth, brave in defence of right and truth, shall I sit down and cry like a miserable, selfish child, because it cannot have the toy it loves best always in its hand? No, no. That will never do! I should never claim to be a daughter of my proud, beautiful mother, America, could I for one moment be guilty of such a selfish weakness.
So ran my thoughts as I stood beside the window, listening to the last clang and clatter of the bell on the boat which bore him away.
Slowly I put off from the wharf, and then up to God went as deep and fervent a prayer as ever wife breathed, for guidance and safety. His last kiss was warm upon my lips—his last words are ringing in my ears—and soon, perhaps, that voice, with its loving tones, might be forever hushed, and the warm lips cold and mute, under the icy seal of death! Yet not for one moment would I have recalled him, even while I grew sick at heart, and a heavy dread strove to creep into my brain, driving away its usually hopeful and pleasing fancies.
'It is right and just,' I murmured as I turned away, 'and God will go with him. I know what I shall do. I shall go and take care of the poor sick boys up at the hospital.'
To think with me is to act. In a moment my bonnet and cloak were donned, and I was on my way with a light heart. Are there any wives, mothers, or sisters who will wonder how I could feel light-hearted, when I had just sent my husband away to battle, perhaps never to see his dear face again? I will tell you why.— I trusted in God and was yielding to an impulse to good deeds. I say good, because I was animated solely by the desire to render assistance and relieve suffering, and not for what other people think or say of me.
On entering the hospital, I found the attending physician, Dr. L——, there, and introduced myself.
'I have nothing to do,' I said, 'and want you to employ me. Can I render assistance in any way?'
'Yes, madam,' was his prompt response. 'If you will come in sometimes and prepare something nourishing, and talk to them, to keep them in good spirits, we shall be very glad.'
'I shall certainly do so. I am glad if I can be of use.'
I laid aside bonnet and cloak, without further ceremony, and went to the sickest man I saw.

'How do you feel?' I asked, bending over him.
'Weak—ill—nigh to death,' he replied, in a tone so pitiful and full of despair, that I felt the tears spring to my eyes. I sent them back to their source, however, and spoke in a full, firm, yet kind voice.
'Oh, no. You are not near death. You are ill, but you will not die. Uncle Sam has use for you yet, and in a few days you'll be up and ready to shoulder your musk again. Don't you think so?'
His eyes sparkled in their deep sockets, and a momentary flush rose to his pale cheek.
'Oh, if I could only think so! But the time drags so slowly, and here I lie useless, helpless, keeping those who could fight away to take care of me.'
'O well, you need a little rest, any way,' I said cheerfully. 'Now, I want to do something to cure you. Do you want your face bathed?'
'Yes, if it is not too much trouble,' he said eagerly.
'Not a bit. Now be easy, and I'll soon have you feeling nicely.'
I got a basin of water, combs, brushes, sponge and soap, and came back to him.— His large dark eyes rested with child like pleasure on my face, as I carefully bathed his face and hands. He had grown so feeble that he could scarcely connect a sentence without pausing, and lay panting on his pillow from the slightest exertion. After bathing his face, I took the comb and straightened out the snarled masses of long black hair that grew thickly over his brow. I soon found that illness had made him childish, though I at first started at his childish bluntness.
'You're mighty purty,' he said suddenly, and for a moment I did not know what to say, but then I thought 'that I may seem so to him, poor fellow,' and only smiled in reply.
'What's your name?' he next asked.
'S——,' I replied.
'You ain't married, are you?'
'Yes, and my husband's gone to fight as you did at Fort Donelson.'
'Oh dear,' he said fretfully, 'I'm so sorry. What did you get married for?—Never mind, I will put a spider in his dumping when I get well.'
With the last words, a mischievous light broke over his face, and his black eyes twinkled. I laughed merrily at him, and he seemed to enjoy it hugely. Poor fellow! little enough amusement he had.— If he could amuse himself at my expense, I would have no objections.
My next patient was an orphan boy, sixteen years of age. Frank B—— belonged to Birg's Sharpshooters, and a braver heart never beat in the bosom of mortal than that which throbed in his.
While bathing his face, I asked him what induced him to leave his home in Nebraska, to come away and peril his life at such an early age. His reply is worthy to be written by that of a noble Nathan Hale, who regretted having but 'one life to offer to his country.' He said: 'I joined the army because I was young and strong. I have but one life, and that would be worth nothing to me if not offered to my country. Noble boy! How many more like him have fallen like him willing sacrifices!
The next day I carried a basket of apples, oranges, pies, tea, &c., to the hospital. As I went in, several of the men lifted their heads, and nodded pleasantly.
'I'm glad you have come back,' said one, and another thought, 'it looked so home like to see a woman amongst them.'
My 'admirer' with the black eyes clasped my hand when I offered him an orange, and kissed it gratefully.
'If I live,' he said, 'I'll always pray God to bless you. If I die, I'll watch over you from Heaven.'
'Poor fellow! I wonder that if from that heaven to which his spirit has flown, he is watching over me to-night as I pen these lines?
Frankie's blue eyes greeted me with a glad smile before I was near enough to speak to him. When I bent over and asked how he felt, he answered me cheerfully, saying he hoped to be able soon to return to his regiment.
I bathed his face, gave him a cup of hot tea, with some toast, and left him sleeping sweetly.
Those who have never visited the hospitals cannot conceive of the wretched condition in which the men are brought into them. That day twenty-eight were brought in from Donelson and Savannah, and such objects I never saw. Their faces and hands were stiff with cold dust, and burning with fever. Their hair long and matted, beard uncut and full of dirt.
It was a serious task to attempt rendering them comfortable, but I did not shrink from it. On the contrary, I felt grieved at my inability to serve more than one at a time. Oh how I longed for the power to stir some of my own sex, who in that town passed the days in thoughtless idleness, to action, if only for an hour, to assist in bringing these poor sufferers to a comfortable condition.
From morning till noon I toiled faithfully glad from my heart, and thankful for the impulse that had sent me there. I went home and dined, and feeling tired, wanted to lie down to rest. But then I had promised to bring some fruit to the boys in the afternoon, and I could not feel

satisfied till I had done so, that I could rest any time, while they lay tossing in pain and fever, perhaps longing for a cool draught they could not get.
It was four o'clock before I got away again, and then I was really tired. So days merged into weeks, and it became a regular routine. From eight till ten or eleven, and from half past one till four, I took pleasure amongst them, even while pain stirred my heart to see their sufferings. One by one I could see them fading. No care or skill could save them. They had offered their lives to their country, and she had accepted the sacrifice.
Poor little Frank B. daily grew weaker. Nothing could tempt him to eat, and his cough grew worse, while his face became thin and pale. He never lost his joyous spirit, but always seemed hopeful, even when too ill to rise from his berth.
One afternoon I was startled on entering by the most piteous cries, and that they came from my little favorite, generally so brave and patient.
'Why Frankie, what's the matter?' I asked, bending over him.
'Oh, you have come! I did wish for you so much. Oh, I shall die, and I want somebody by who seemed to care for me. You do love me; don't you, dear Mrs. S——? You've been so kind to me. Oh, this pain!—I can't stand it long!
His hands grasped mine nervously, and every fibre of his frame quivered with pain. I saw that the dew of death were standing thickly already on the broad, beautiful forehead over which the fair hair clustered so prettily, and my eyes filled with tears of sorrow deeper than words could express.— I stooped to kiss him, and a glad cry escaped the poor blue lips of the dying boy.
'Oh, kiss me again won't you?—That is like my sister. Do kiss me once more; I feel better. Oh, I wouldn't mind to die if my sisters were here to tell me they loved me. You do love me a little, don't you?'
'Yes, a great deal Frankie; as much as if I was your sister. Don't you think so? I'm sure you're a good boy, and I am sorry to see you suffer so.'
He drew me down toward him, and pressed his face close to my arms. I could endure no more. The poor boy's mute appeal for tenderness and sympathy in his dying hour, far from home, breathing out his young life amid strangers, unwept me. I drew that young bright head to my bosom, and my tears fell fast upon its sunny curls.
Did the gentle sister he loved, have one thought of the scene that was transpiring on that night, while perchance they sat and talked of him, their only and petted brother, in their far off home in Nebraska?
'You will stay with me to night, won't you?' he pleaded again. 'Oh, you won't leave me to die alone!'
'No, Frankie, I'll stay with you.'
He was comforted and became more quiet as I clasped his hands and tried to soothe him. Gradually a purple hue overspread his face. Now his lips became whiter, and the large clear eyes plead for some token of endearment, and each time that I pressed a kiss upon his forehead, a look of deep and earnest gratitude softened the suffering expression of his face.
About nine o'clock he breathed his last, and now every time I look down at my hand and see the little ring of mine he wore before he died, I seem to see the parting look of his great eyes ere they fixed in death. How sad the task to brush back the damp locks from the cold brow, and compose the blue limbs in their last repose! That night I wept and prayed for the sister as I had never wept and prayed for myself, for he was all they had.
A few days after this, another of my patients, who was fast recovering, I thought, had a relapse, and was again confined to his berth. There had been a storm that dashed in the windows, and he got wet.
On Friday, he asked me to write some letters to his brother, sister and his betrothed. I did so, while he dictated, and he had a rich vein of mirth and sentiment pervading his nature. This I soon discovered in his dictations, and was much interested. He showed me the miniatures of his friends, and talked of soon returning home. Bade me say to his sister that he was coming soon. If he couldn't get a furlough he would make one, &c.
Saturday found me almost blind from inflammation of the eyes, and I did not get to the hospital until Monday morning.— Sad faces greeted me. Matron, physicians and nurses, wore serious faces, and the Steward quietly placed letters, miniatures and description roll in my hands. I looked towards Fred's place it was vacant!
Oh, that was a sad task I had to perform! To sit down, three days after writing those pleasant, hopeful letters, and tell them that heart which dictated them was still forever. I wrote to the lady he would have made his wife, and returned her letters. I had rather have performed any other task on earth. The poor father and mother, whose bent forms were fast tottering to the grave—the bright, sweet-faced sister—the loving brother! To all these I must convey tidings that would sting the hardest heart. Yet, such is the fortune of war.

public. Every day, for three or four weeks I witnessed such scenes, performed such tasks as those I have named.
Since that, however, fortune has called me to scenes of more startling nature. I have seen where the conflict raged, the forms of the dead and dying, and amongst those who yet lived, such suffering as the heart could not conceive without the eye having witnessed it. Forms mangled, crushed—to live and suffer for a few days, and then to die in the most horrible agony.
Oh, God! when will it cease? When will the hand of the father fall listless, as he attempts to cleave his son to the earth, and brothers cease to regard each other as foes? Will peace ever be restored? Shall we ever again be united? Alas! will we ever love each other again, or give room in our hearts for other than revengful, bitter feelings?
The Nashville Union copies the editorial of the Richmond Dispatch, exulting over and praising Ben. Wood's late secession speech, printed as if delivered in the House, and says:
'The Union Men of the South feel the deepest anxiety that the loyal men of the North should indignantly spurn those leaders among them who, having long associated with the Southern disunionists, have imbibed all their reasonable, corrupt and despotic feelings.— The most dangerous foes the Republic has are those Northern politicians who cloak their rebel sympathies under the species name of conservative, and devote themselves to warring against the Administration and all its policy, and all its policy, and to proving that our armies must pay strict regard to the "constitutional rights" of traitors who are in arms against us. We invoke loyal men of the North to cast aside all such leaders. They are but waiting for an opportunity to sell themselves to the enemy. Perhaps he has bought them already!'
Instruments of Torture.—The Campanella Gancia, of Palermo, mentions a discovery which has been made in the castle of that capital. On digging up the floor of the storehouse of artillery, three horrible instruments of torture, used under the Bourbons, were brought to light. One was a cap of silence, consisting of two copper hoops, one of which used to be screwed tight around the head, and the other tight around the face. The other instruments were the burning chair, and the foot burner. The former is also of copper, on which the victim was strapped down, while plates of red hot iron were let into a cavity in the back. The other is a kind of metal boot, resting on an iron box, in which a fire was kept up while the prisoner had his foot in it. It was rumored that these instruments were to be sent to London to be shown to the British Parliament.
Mrs. S. A. Douglas is a constant visitor at the Washington Hospital which bears the name of her deceased husband, formed from the block of three magnificent houses erected by him, by Breckinridge and by Rice, of Minnesota. At the recent commencement at Georgetown College silver medals were awarded to the two sons of Judge Douglas, children of his first wife, now under the charge of their step mother.
A Scotch lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon. 'Maybe, ma freen's, ye dinna ken what a phenomenon may be. Weel, then, a'll tell 'ee. Ye've a' seen a coo, (cow) nae doot. Weel, a coo's nae a phenomenon. Ye've a' seen an apple tree.— Weel, an apple tree's nae a phenomenon. But gin ye see the coo gang up the apple tree, tail foremost, to pu' apples, that would be a phenomenon.'
The Negroes of Old Virginia.—The Fredericksburg (Va.) Christian Banner of the 24th of April says that in that quarter of Old Virginia 'the stamped of negroes continues with increased numbers; that on 'last Thursday one hundred and fifty crossed over to the north side of the Rappahannock river; that they are going, going, and will soon all be gone,' and the editor strongly denounces all this as the work of 'the demon of secession, and secessionists feel it, and are drinking the cup to the very dregs.'
The French Army.—Target shooting is now practised universally in the French army; not only the troops on foot, and mounted, who are armed with muskets, take part in the exercise, but also the cavalry regiments, armed with pistols only, such as the lancers.
Sold Out.—The Burnett House, in Cincinnati, has been sold for \$200,000. It is covered by two mortgages, one of \$125,000, held by A. Belmont and another of \$75,000, by other parties. The lessee, Mr. Sanders, is not disturbed in his possession by the sale.
Irish Unionists.—The gallant exploits of the Irish officers and regiments in the American war are eagerly copied by the papers in Ireland, and the birthplace and early life of each hero is proudly narrated. This has already stimulated a powerful Union feeling throughout the entire country.
English Paupers.—It was quietly remarked in one of the recent meetings of the Social Congress in London, that workmen in England must first become paupers before they could obtain treatment for insanity.— Dr. Miller, who made this observation, said it quite seriously.
Strangers in Washington.—There are more persons in Washington just now, from the border States, than there have been at any time since the first breaking out of the rebellion.
Expelled.—The Board of Trustees of Bethany College, at their regular annual session, Thursday last, the 3d instant, unanimously expelled Charles W. Russell, member of the rebel Congress from that district, from his membership in that board.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Correspondence of the Gazette.
TYRONE CITY, July 5, 1862.
Mr. Editor:—Supposing a few items of news from this 'neck of woods' would prove acceptable to you, I hasten to report.
You have doubtless heard of the ancient borough of Birmingham—not that one across the ocean, though it might well rival that in antiquity, but a town three miles southeast of this city, and within two hours ride of your editorial sanctum. Its name would very naturally cause an impression to be made upon the mind that it was a place of much importance and of great extent; but unless we reckon the big hearts of the people and their proverbial hospitality, it narrows down to a village of a few hundred inhabitants, whose chief employment is to live comfortably and pleasantly upon the interest of property and wealth accrued in the past. Formerly this was a point of considerable interest. Before the building of the Penna. Rail Road the business of all that section of country between Huntingdon and Hollidaysburg, and also that of Clearfield county centered here, but since their innovations and as some might say, improvements have been made, Tyrone, Altoona and a multitude of little villages have sprung up, thus drawing the tide of trade in other directions.
The situation of B. is a very peculiar one. It is built on a hill, on the side of a hill, and yet in a hollow. It is quite impossible to get into or out of it without going up or down some hills. Indeed it is amusing to hear some of our city friends lamenting, when getting out of the pleasant rail-car they see before them a steep hill to climb, which their fertile minds at once construe into a mountain.
The principal object of interest in the village is the 'Mountain Female Seminary,' a chartered institution under the supervision of Prof. J. G. Grier.
This is undoubtedly one of the best located, best conducted and most successful of any of the educational enterprises of the day. Its location is at once healthy, picturesque and attractive. The buildings are large and convenient, and are surrounded by a beautiful lawn, while a few hundred feet below, sweeps swiftly along the beautiful 'blue Juniata.' On every side are beautiful hills and mountain slopes, affording fine walks during the greater portion of the year.
The Academical year just ended has been one of much prosperity. About seventy young ladies from different parts of the State have been in attendance, quite a number of them being from your town and county. The yearly examination which was held during the past few days, and which we were privileged to attend, manifested very clearly the character of the institution and the manner and aims of the instructions given. More attention is here given to the mathematics and the other solid branches of study, than in very many of our female seminaries. And though ample opportunities are afforded for engaging and pursuing the ornamental branches, yet especial efforts are made, and it is the principal aim of the instructors, to strengthen the intellect and train and school its powers.
At the request of one of the teachers, we proposed some questions for explanation and solution to the class of the second year, and so prompt, ready and clear were they in their answers to the most difficult ones, that it made us feel as though we had better scour up the rusty hinges of our knowledge box, before we attend another examination here.
The closing exercises were held in one of the village churches. The annual address was delivered by the Rev. Geo. D. Chenoweth of the M. E. Church. After a few remarks from the Principal, the Diplomas were conferred upon the graduating class, seven in number.
This institution is not exclusively sectarian, and every parent or guardian can place their children or wards under such pastoral supervision as they may desire.
We could say much more concerning Birmingham, its Seminary and other attractions, but we desist, having occupied much more of your space and time than we desired. E.

TIN WARE!
TIN WARE!
COUNTRY MERCHANTS in want of Tin Ware will find it to their advantage to purchase of J. B. Selheimer, who will sell them a better article, and as cheap if not cheaper than they can purchase it in any of the eastern cities. Call and see his new stock Lewistown, April 23, 1862-ly.

BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
A large assortment, at HOFFMAN'S.

HAMS—An excellent article at 10 cents per lb., for sale by MARKS & WILLIS. Lewistown, April 30, 1862.

WALL PAPERS, Window Blinds, Queensware, Umbrellas, Cutlery, Willow and Wooden Ware, as usual, at ap30 GEO. BLYMYER'S.

FINE York State Cream Cheese, for sale wholesale and retail, by my7 A. FELIX.