Whole No. 2671,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST, 6, 1862.

New Series --- Vol. XVI, No. 40.

### THE RELIEF FUND.

S the action of the Relief Board does not A seem to be fully comprehended, frequent applications for relief being made in person or by letter to the undersigned, he deems it proper to state that payments will be tem-perarily renewed to those formerly on the list on presentation of certificate signed by not less than three known taxpayers, stating ing that the applicant has not received suffienable her, together with her own industry, to make a living for herself and family, and giving reasons for such inability. This is intended for the benefit of all really in need, and for no others.

The orders issued under this regulation are continued only until the troops are again paid off. Blank certificates can be procured from

Phose who have heretofore distributed orders.

GEORGE FRYSINGER, Secretary of Relief Board. Lewistown, June 18, 1862.

#### Kishacoquillas Seminary, AND

#### NORMAL INSTITUTE. THE third Session of this Institution wile

commence April 24, 1862. Encouraged by the liberal patronage receivduring the previous Session, the proprietor has been induced to refit the buildings and grounds to render them most comfortable and convenient for students.

He has also secured the assistance of Rev S. McDonaid, formerly tutor of Princeton University, and well known in this part of the country as an able scholar and devoted Christian. A competent music teacher has

also been engaged.
mh26 S. Z. ShARP, Principal.

#### 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 care ful captains and hands.

Stove Coal, Limeburners Coal, Plaster, Fish and Salt always on hand. Grain can be insured at a small advance on

cost of storage. no22

## **AMBROTYPES**

melainotypes, The Gems of the Season.

THIS 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.

#### WILLIAM LIND, has now open

A NEW STOCK

# Cloths, Cassimeres

VESTINGS.

which will be made up to order in the neat-est and most fashionable styles. ap19

#### Lewistown Mills. NEW FIRM.

THE undersigned having entered into a copartnership for the purpose of carrying on the above Mills, are now prepared to pay HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR WHEAT, AND ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

or receive it on storage, at the option of those having it for the market. They hope, by giving due and personal ats, to merit a liberal share of

public patronage. PLASTER and SALT always on hand WM. B. McATEE, WALTER B. McATEE.

#### TIN WAIS 198 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, 1862-1y. DB. J. LOCKE,

DESIGE OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown,

Store. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office the first Monday of each month to spend the my31 100 DOZEN Coal Oil Chimneys, Wicks, Brushes, &c., for sale at city whole-

sale prices to retailers, by
mh12 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

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

May Forks, Rope and Tackle Blocks, at my? F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

CHASE county Shoulder and Sides, for sale by

# THE MINSTREL,

WE'RE MARCHING DOWN TO DIXIE.

Good news. good news, from Dixie's land,
From Dixie's land, from Dixie's land,
The rebel cause is at a stand,
And treason's going down.
The rebels sing another song.
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land;
They find they've pitched the first one wrong,
And treason's going down.
We've struck the poison snake a blow,
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land;
Secession stock is running low,
And treason's going down.
O, we're marching down to Dixie's land,
To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land;
Our flag shall wave to the Rio Grand,
And treason shall go down.
Dupont and Sherman took a sail

And treason shall go down.

Dupont and Sherman took a sail.

To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land;

With little stores of iron hail;

To put rebellion down.

They called tr see Miss Caroline,
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land;
Found Beaufort harbor mighty fine,
To put rebellion down.

With shot, and shell, and Yankee trick,
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land,
They put the rogues to double quick,
And treason shall go down.

O, we're marching, &c.

O, we're marching, &c.

They sent two envoys, plenipo,
From Dixio's land, from Dixio's land,
To Johnny Bull and John Crapeau,
Lest treason should go down;
They rowed about from shore to shore,
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land,
Till John Bull lent a helping oar,
Lest treason should go down.
A 'galliant' plucky commodore,
From Yankee land, from Yankee land,
Just caged them both, though John Bull swore,
But treason shall go down.
O, we're marching, &c.

O, we're marching, &c.

O, we're marching, &e.

John Bull is in a growling mood,
For Dixie's land, for Dixie's land,
He'd help the rebels if he could,
Lest treason should go down.
We've whipped him twice, if he'll call again
On sea or land, on sea or land,
He'll find us stocked with pluck and men,
And treason must go down.
John Bull we'll meet as friend or foe,
On sea or land, on sea or land,
We love his smile, we dare his blow,
But treason must go down.
But treason must go down.

O, we're marching, &c.

O, we're marching, &c.

A valliant man is General Bragg,
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land,
He fondly thought to trail our flag,
And capture Col. Brown.

With shot and shell he blazed away,
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land,
But soon ne found it sorry play,
That flag would not come down.
Old Harvey Brown cut short his fun,
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land,
And boasting Bragg cut stick and run,
And treason shall go down.
O, we're marching, &c.

O, we're marching, &c. March on, march on, our cause is just,
To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land,
With loyal hearts, and God our trust,
To put rebellion down.
The blood of martyred brothers cries,
From Dixie's land, from Dixie's land,

Avenge, avenge our secrifice,
And put rebellion down.
The trumpet sounds, the war cry rings.
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land,
'Mid clashing steel, each brave heart springs,
To put rebellion down. O, we're marching. &c.

### MISCELLANEOUS,

From the Cleveland Herald, May 26. A Romantic Story of Love and War.

The Course of True Love never did run Smooth,' but 'All's Well that ends Well.'

Many of those who on Thursday morning last stopped to admire the handsome faces among the cartes devisette hung up at the entrance of Ryder's photographic gallery on Superior street must have noticed the likeness of a young and strikingly beautiful lady attired in mourning, and those of them who stopped later in the day for the purpose of again looking at that attractive face, noticed its disappearance. With that portrait and its withdrawal from exhibition a very romantic, but true story is connected, of which we are at liberty to

give the outlines. About a year ago the original of the portrait lived with her father, a 'well-to-do farmer of the Grand river valley, Michigan, these two constituting the entire family .-The old man rapidly failing in health, was desirous that his daughter should be married to a neighboring young farmer who passionately loved her. The girl, however, had already given her heart to a young man whom she had frequently met, while he was sincerely attached to her. The lov er was not in a position that would justify his pressing his suit, and therefore the engagement was kept a secret.

The old man finding himself gradually failing in health became more urgent in his wish that his daughter would marry his neighbor, but she pleaded for delay on various pretexts. By some means the father at length became possessed of the secret of the attachment, and without communicating the fact of his knowledge to his daughter, he wrote a letter to the Detroit lover, pointing out the hopelessness of his suit and stating that the lady was shortly to become the bride of a young farmer for whom she had been for years destined. He ad-ded that an attempt to change this decree would be giving the lady needless pain.

Immediately, on the receipt of this cruel blow to all his hopes, the young man enlisted in a Michigan regiment under orders to leave for Washington, and wrote the lady a brief note, announcing the fact and begging her to forget him, and bidding her farewell forever. The regiment almost immediately went to Washington.

The sad 21st day of July, 1861, followed, and when the fainting and disheartened soldiers returned from the fatal field of Bull Run to the defence on the line of the her madness and folly, will force the issue Potomac, the young Detroiter was not among them. Nothing definite was heard from him and he was supposed to have been killed. The sorrowful news in time reached the young lady, and she secretly mourned the transfer of the country perish! I am for sustaining this country perish! I am for sustaining this is the transfer of the country perish! I am for sustaining this country perish! I am for sustaining this country perish!

and lay on his death-bed. Some days before his death he again pleaded with his daughter in behalf of the young neighbor, urging that if he could see her properly cared for in marriage he could die in peace. There being no longer any reason for refusal, her consent was given, and the marriage solemnized two days before the death of her father.

The lady's wedded life was short. Her husband, who was very kind to her, and endeavored to win her from her double sorrow, was attacked by typhoid fever about a month after marriage, and died after a few days' illness, leaving the young widow possessed of considerable property.

As soon as possible, she set about dispo-sing of her property at the West, in order that she might join her friends in New England. During all this time nothing had been heard to contradict the story of the death of her former lover at Bull Run. Her affairs were, after some delay, finally settled, and she made a round of visits to friends in the West, previous to going to settle for life in New England. Last week she arrived at this city on her way east, and spent a few days with a lady friend residing on the west side.

On Wednesday last, the young widow, accompanied by her friends, visited Ryder's photographic gallery for the purpose of having some card likenesses taken, and this proved to be an important step in her history. The picture was so admirable a likeness that Mr. Ryder solicited and obtained the privilege of placing a copy in his case at the street entrance. On Thursday morning the likeness made its appearance there, and, as we have before remarked, attracted considerable attention.

On that morning a number of Michigan soldiers, taken prisoners at Bull Run, and set at liberty on parole after nine months' incarceration in southern prisons, arrived from Washington, and remained in the city until the departure of the Detroit boat in the evening. During the day they amused themselves by strolling around the city. One of them, seeing a group of people gathered around the steps near the Merchant's Bank, stepped up to learn the cause, and like the others turned to examine the photographs. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise, looked closely at the portrait of the young widow, and then rushed up stairs to find the artist .-Mr. Ryder being pointed out to him, the soldier brought him down and begged to know how he became possessed of the picture, and an explanation was given. In a few hurried words the soldier stated the cause of his interest, obtained the picture from the case, and declared his intention of finding the lady if she was anywhere to be found.

Fortunately Mr. Ryder knew the lady who accompanied the young widow, and at once went with the soldier to her residence. Both ladies were at home. No sooner did the young widow see the soldier than she shricked and fell in a fainting fit. for her lover, whom she had supposed dead, stood before her. He had been taken prisoner at Bull Run instead of being killed, but had refused to write to any person, and his comrades in prison knew nothing of his friends or previous history, so that the fact of his captivity remained known to but few, if any. Mutual explanations followed the happy meeting, and there is every indication that all obstacles having been removed, the sorrows and sufferings of the pain will be terminated by a happy marriage at no distant day. At all events the widow's visit to the East has been indefinitely postponed, and she has returned to Michigan, the now happy re-united couple having first sent to Ryder for a pair of large photographic portraits, and taking his own portrait with them as a souvenir of the joyful meeting caused by a picture from his camera.

A Fatal New Disease .- A New York correspondent writes to the Philadelphia Despatch:

We have got a disease that is going about amongst us that is almost too insignificant in appearance to be worth attention, and yet often kills in twenty-four hours. It is called the 'malignant pustule.' It first appears in the shape of a small pimple about the mouth or nose, and, no matter how treated, rapidly runs into the most frightful exhibitions of grangrenous sores defying all remedy, and carrying off the patient instanter. Several persons have died recently, in this city, of this terrible disorder, and more in Brooklyn. I have witnessed one alarming instance myself.— The physicians stand aghast. The public grows alarmed. Those attacked give up in despair, and those who escape it are in constant apprehension.

Parson Brownlow, in accepting an Union Association, a few weeks ago, says

'Southern man as I am, if the South in ed for her lover as among the slain. Short- jugation,' or what is worse, the annihila- If all but myself were blind, I should through the lines, after knocking down have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

Beyond the Mountains.

The little child was dying. His weary limbs were racked with pain no more.-The flush was fading from his thin cheek and the fever that had been drying up his blood for many days was now cooling rapidly under the touch of the icy hand that was upon him.

There were sounds of bitter but suppressed grief in that dim chamber, for the dying little one was very dear to many hearts. They knew that he was departing, and the thought was hard to bear; but they might not disturb the last moments of their

darling. The father and mother and the kind physician stood beside dear little Arthur's bed, and watched his heavy breathing .-He had been silent for some time, and ap peared to sleep. They thought it might be thus he would pass away; but suddenly his mild blue eyes opened wide and clear, and a beautiful smile broke over his features. He looked upward and forward at first, and then turning his eyes upon his mother's face, said in a clear, sweet voice:

'Mother, what is the name of that beautiful country that I see away beyond the mountain-the high mountain?"

'I can see nothing, my child,' said the mother; 'there are no mountains in sight of our home.'

'Look there, dear mother,' said the child, pointing upward, 'yonder are the mountains. Can you not see them now?" he asked in tones of great astonishment, as his mother shook her head. 'They are so near me now-so large and high, and the people are so happy-there are no sick children there. Papa can you not see be-yond the mountains? Tell me the name of that land?

The parents glanced at each other, and with united voice, replied: 'The land you see is Heaven, is it not,

my child?' 'Yes, it is Heaven, I thought that must be its name. Oh, let me go-but how shall I cross these mountains? Father, will

you not carry me, for they call me from

the other side, and I must go?' There was not a dry eye in that chamber, and upon every heart fell a solemn awe, as the curtain which concealed its

mysteries were about to be withdrawn. 'My son,' said the father; 'will you stay with us a little while longer? You shall cross the mountain soon, but in stronger arms than mine. Wait-stay with your mother a little longer; see how she weeps at the thought of loosing you!" 'Oh, mother! oh, father! do not cry,

but come with me and cross the mountain -oh, come!' and thus he entreated, with a strength and earnestness which astonished all.

The chamber was filled with wondering and awe-stricken friends. At length he turned to his mother with a face beaming with rapturous delight, and, stretching ou his little arms to her for her last embrace, he cried:

'Good-bye, mother, I am going; but don't you be afraid—the strong arm has come to carry me over the mountains!'

These were his parting words; upon his mother's breast he breathed his last; and they laid the little fair boy down again upon the pillow and closed the lids over the beautiful blue eyes, over which the mists of death had gathered heavily, and bowing by the bedside, praying with sub-missive, though bleeding hearts, and said: The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!'

### Plenty.

In the midst of the gloom of our national troubles, a kind Providence has vouchsafed to us an abundance of all the necessaries of life. From all the loyal States comes news of the most abundant crops. The wheat crop has been safely harvested, and was never better, take the country through. Corn is promising finely; and of fruits there never was a better prospect. Prices are reasonable-not too low for the producer, nor too high for the consumer. What great reason we have for thankfulness in all this. While those who brought this war upon the country for the purpose of overthrowing and destroying the Government are compelled to pay the most exorbitant prices for the actual necessaries of life, and in many cases are suffering from want of food, while their country is desolated and the business of their towns and cities destroyed, we, who are laboring and fighting for the maintenance of our Government, are blessed with the greatest abundance of everything, our fields are richly laden with bounteous crops, and the business of our towns and cities scarcely feels, as yet, any inconveni-ence from the war. Is there not something invitation to lecture before the New York more than accident in all this? Is not the same beneficient hand that strengthened and guided the patriot fathers in the establishment of this Government now bestowing its blessings on those who are striving to maintain it?—Chillicothe Ga-

Franklin very truly observes-The

# WAR NEWS

THE UNITED STATES NAVY. Work of the Year.

The Secretary of the Navy in his last annual report, said:

"Most of the public armed vessels being of such size and draught of water that they could render only imperfect blockading service, immediately measures were taken by the department to carry into effect the policy of the Government, in advance of the special session of Congress, by contracting for the construction of twenty three steamers which should be of light draught, but heavy arma ment. Congress, at the regular session, had authorized the building of seven screw steamers, and as there were four yards, in each of which two might be built, the department in the aviation of the contract of the c partment, in the existing emergency, and in anticipation of the action of Congress when it should convene, directed the construction of eight, dividing them into two classes of about one thousand and fourteen hundred tons, respectively. At the special session, Congress not only sanctioned the action of the department in the construction of these thirty-one steamers, but it authorized the further construction of twelve side-wheel steamers of light draught, and of six of larger capacity, to be modeled and built specially for speed."

The original plan for building the new vessels has been departed from in some respects, and a number of iron-elad gunboats, not alluded to in the report, have also been built.

The following is a brief summary of the new steamers constructed especially for the United States Government within the last twelve months:

Wooden gunboats (by contract)
Wooden gunboats (by the Department)
Side-wheel steamers (by the Department)
Steam frigates (by the Department)
Iron-elad gunboats (by contract)
Rams Iron-plated vessels

Of these, all save the iron-clads and the four steam frigates, are affoat and finished. The addition to these vessels makes the the following difference between the Reg-

isters of 1861 and 1862: 1861. Sailing ships-of-line Sailing frigates Sailing corvettes Sailing brigs First class screw steam frigates 10 Sailing ships-of-line
10 Sailing ships-of-line
Sailing frigates
20 Sailing corvettes 1
Sailing brigs
First class scrow steam
7 First class steam cor6 vettes y Second class side-wheel steamers Third class screw steamers Third class side-wheel Storeships
Permanent (anchored) steam tenders Iron-class steamers Iron-class Steamers Iron-class Steamers Iron-class Steamers Iron-class Steamers Iron-class mird class screw steamers
Third class side-wheel
Storeships
Permanent (anchored)
storeships
Steam tenders
Iron-clad frigates
Iron-clad gunboats
Rams
2 storeships
Steam tenders
Iron-elad frigates
Iron-elad gunboats

Total in 1861

Purchased vessels Total in 1862 292 It will be observed that in one year we we have constructed alone (78) within ten vessels of the entire number of ships on

the Naval Register of 1861 (83). THE CASUALTIES OF THE YEAR. The following are the names of the vessels blotted off the books of the De-

partment for the causes assigned: Casuality. Sunk at Norfolk. Sunk at Norfolk. Vessel Rate Pennsylvania Liner Liner Columbus Sunk at Norfolk. Delaware Liner Supposed Burnt. Scuttled Norfolk. New York Liner United States Frigate
Raritan Frigate Scuttled Norfolk. Sunk by Merrimac Scuttled Norfolk. Frigate Congress Plymouth Corvette Scuttled Norfolk. Germantown Corvette Cumberland Corvette Sunk by Merrimac Lost at Sea. Scuttled Norfolk Levant Corvettee Perry Dolphin Brig Brig Scuttled Norfolk. Steam Frig Stolen by Rebels. Steam Cor. Stolen by Rebels. Merrimac Fulton Stevens' War Stm'r Iron Ship not Approved.

An attempt is being made to raise the vessels scuttled at Norfolk, and they may figure on some future register.

Outbreak at Camp Douglas. Chicago was wild with excitement last Wednesday night, owing to startling rumors which prevailed at every street corner, and every public place, that the whole Rebel throng of prisoners of war had made an outbreak at Camp Douglas. The meager accounts, conflicting at first, were magnified and exaggerated as they passed from

had taken them prisoners, and were busily preparing for a capture of the city. At the City Railway offices the real facts were first received. A conductor on one of the down-coming ears reported that two companies of the Rebels had made a rush at some of the sentries, but were repulsed with loss. There had been some firing on the part of the garrison, and the long-roll was beat, after which the prisoners became

person to person, so that at 11 o'clock it was generally believed that the whole 8,000

prisoners had fallen on the little garrison,

quiet and order was restored. A courier was now dispatched to the camp, to inquire into the affairs, and bring

back a true statement of the facts The facts of the case, as near as could be ascertained, are that two companies of look down upon the grave of an enemy and eyes of others are the eyes that ruin us. prisoners made a desperate attempt to break | not feel a compunctious throe that he should

lied, and succeed in driving a portion back. A few made their escape. One cannon and a few muskets were fired into the crowd, and a number of the prisoners were killed and wounded. It was undoubtedly an attempt to execute a bold and concerted plan for a general stampede, and, had it proved successful, it would be difficult to conceive of the disastrous results which might have followed. It is evident that such a plan has been in contemplation for some time among the prisoners, as several attempts have been made, within the past three weeks, to force the guards, but without success. It shows the desperate nature of the prisoners, and a reckless determination to effect their release even at the sacrifice of life.

The following letter we take from the Valley Star, and publish by request: BATTLE GROUND OF FAIR OAKS, }

June 5, 1862. }
DEAR FRIEND-I write in haste—scarcely having time to write a word. I was in the battle on Sunday last. On Saturday, at 3 o'clock, we crossed the Chickahominy, and arrived at the ground of that day's fight about 11 o'clock at night. We slept on the ground in the rain, and within 100 yards of a Rebel Brigade, the rest of the night. At last daylight appeared, and a beautiful day it was. The sun rose in all its beauty, upon a day on which it was predestined that there should be blood enough shed to write the history of the war. About 6 o'clock a regiment moved forward into a woods on our left; others soon followed; at last we are ordered forwardwe move into the woods about 900 yards, and are ordered to halt—but, hark! what sound is that we hear? Tis the roar of musketry. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer it comes—at last a bright flame starts up in front of us, bringing down many of our brave boys. We return the volley, and then blaze away as fast as we can. The ball has opened, and many have already chosen Death for their partner. All our troops are now engaged, the fight is at its height, the noise is terrific, the scene awfully grand—thus the fight continues for four hours—nothing is heard but the roar of musketry and the heard but the roar of musketry and the groans of the wounded and dying. All of a sudden the musketry ceases, and the roar of artillery is heard in its place. The enemy are repulsed at every point, their columns broken and defeated, and they are now in full retreat. The day is ours, and our own Division (Richardson's) has whipped the army that whipped our two Divisions the derivations. my that whipped our two Divisions the day before. We were then drawn out of the woods, into an open field. A few minutes later, Generals McClellan, Sumner and Richardson rode by. We gave them cheer upon cheer: The news then reached us that we

flower of the Rebel army.

We received heavy reinforcements last night and to-day. There is no danger of an attack from the Rebels now. They have got Your friend,

What the Democratic Papers Say. The Ashland Union in speaking of the

Union army uses the following language: "Hired Hessians, going to the sunny southern soil to butcher by wholesale, no foreigners but good men, as exemplary Christ tians as any of our men, who believe they are fighting for God-given rights." The Crawford County Forum, in speak

ing of the present Administration, says:

"If the Devil himself had been elected and inaugurated in the place of Abraham Lincoln, with instructions to utterly ruin the Government and people of the United States in the shortest possible time, we do not know what he could have done that has not been done by the Republicans." Again, the Union in speaking of the war

" This is a damned Abolition war. We believe Abe Lincoln is as much of a trailor as

We give these extracts without comment.

Got His Dues .- J. J. Jacobs, the editor of the Ashland (Ohio) Union, who said that this war was 'a d-d abolition war, and that Abe Lincoln was as much a traitor as Jeff Davis,' and has on various occasions preached treason, recently got beautifully thrashed by a lieutenant in one of the Ohio companies. Jacobs was belching forth his treason to a crowd, when the lieutenant approached him and remarked that 'the government paid \$120 per month to lick just such miserable cusses,' turned in and 'wiped out' the traitor editor. That lieutenant should be detailed for service in this direction.

Appalling Tragedy in Canada.-The Quebec Chronicle gives an account of a horrible tragedy which took place in Stanford Township. A woman named Bourett, who has manifested symptoms of insanity, gave a viellu at her house on Sunday night, and the next morning, on a married daughter calling at the house, she found it fastened, and looking in at the window saw her mother and seven children lying dead on the floor. The house being closely fastened, circumstances point to the fact that the mother must have first murdered her children and then committed

The Grave .- It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but tender recollections. Who can