UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1862.

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"CHRONICLE," established in 1843---Whole No., 938.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY---
Tuesday Morning & Friday Afternoon.

☞See New Advertisements.

☞Lewisburg Academy Advs next week

☞Slifer, Walls, Shriner, & Co., start the "BUCKEYE REAPER" on another tour through our columns this week.

☞Snow, thunder, and lightning, last Sunday. Dubious prospects, Monday, for pleasant "flittings" to-day. Our hearty sympathy to all movers!...List of changes in business stands, as we may be informed of them, in our next.

More Boats!—We learn that Frick, Billmyer & Co. recently launched successfully NINE new Canal Boats. One of them is the largest ever built in the Lewisburg Boat-Yard, measuring 76 feet in length, 17½ feet beam, 9 feet high, about 240 tons capacity, destined to New York.

☞The Shamokin *Register* suggests the name of Col. Thomas A. Scott for Governor, a year from next October—and the Altoona *Tribune* endorses it. The motion being "made and seconded," we hope it will "lie on the table" until the war is closed.

MASONIC.—At a meeting of Crusade Commandery, No 12, of Masonic Knights Templar, in Bloomsburg, 24th ult, the following were unanimously elected:

H S Hoskins, of Williamsport, Eminent Commander.
C Huntsinger, of Bloomsburg, Generalissimo.
C C Green, of Milton, Captain General.
Rev James Kelly, of Williamsport, Prelate.
J W Shoemaker, of Lewisburg, Senior Warden.
G M Hepenstall, of Bloomsburg, Junior Warden.
E P Linn " do Treasurer.
C F Knapp " do Recorder.
F M Yeisley, of Berwick, Standard Bearer.
W V Higgins, of Williamsport, Sword Bearer.
V S Dewitt " do Warder.
H S Arthurs, of Bloomsburg, Sentinel.

Fire in Lewisburg.—About 2½ o'clk on Friday afternoon last, at the old stand on Water street, sparks from the smoke stack of the Foundry, were blown by northerly winds and lodged in a crevice near the roofs of the Tin and Pattern Shops of James S. Marsh & Co. The dry stuffs in its vicinity ignited so freely that the two-storey buildings on the street soon burned to the ground—the best patterns, tools, and ready-made work being removed. The wind favoring, the Foundry and the other buildings of the Company escaped. The dwellings of Jos A. Kreamer and Abner M. Lawshe, in front of the burning building, were so much exposed that water could no longer be thrown upon them from buckets, when the Engine arrived and saved those buildings. The citizens generally—men and women—and the hands from the other Foundry especially—worked hard bringing water to prevent the spread of the flames, and were successful, some wearing proofs of valor in scorched noses. The loss—in patterns, &c.—is probably $3,000, less an insurance of $867. We are glad to add that the damages will not hinder the Firm from furnishing their usual machines and agricultural implements—they have moved the tools of the burnt shop up to the late dwelling of Mrs. Murphy—and a suitable Brick Shop will be erected.

—This is another admonition for our Borough authorities to procure Hose and another Engine. Fires do not always occur in the day-time, nor so near water.

☞The Exhibition of Mr. Randolph's pupils, last Friday evening, was crowded and highly entertaining. Good order was maintained by proper officers. The nett proceeds, after paying expenses, amounted to $22, which the pupils voted to be used for the sanitary benefit of the Slifer Guards, under Capt. Thomas Chamberlin. The following (with Music) was the Order of Exercises:

Prayer by Rev Dr Dickson.
Salutatory—Rosine Youngman.
Poetical Declamation—Good Ship Union—Edwin C Nagle.
Colloquy—Farming with a Jew—Jesse M Reeser, Hattie J Cummings, Bella Boals.
Speech—Our Flag and its Associations—John H Miller.
Poetical Declamation—What I'd do if I was President—Jennie Hollenbacker.
Colloquy—The Heroine of Siberia—Helen L Bank, Sallie M Wilson.
Essay—Ambition and Patriotism—S. M'Cleight.
Colloquy—Re-examining Dixie—Oliver Achenfelter, Edgar W. March, Willie C. Wells, E. M. Wolf, Daniel Gulden, John L. Nagle, Johnson J. Wells, E. M. Beale, Edwin Hayes, Geo. N. Lefever, Frederick S. Dickson.
Colloquy—The Programme Interrupted—P. K. Siver, Teacher I J. Dale Wilson, Pertina D. Bank, Frederick S. Dickson, Wm Wilson, Wm. W. Reese, Chas. S. March, D. W. Cox, Allen H. Dickson, William Seibert, F. C. Houghton.
Essay—The Wealth of Immortality—Ada R. Zeller.
Colloquy—John Bull in a Pet—Cordiane H. Dellbender-ker, Theron Geddes, E. M. Beale.
Speech—The Coming Revolution in Fashion—Jas. C. Leinbach.
Colloquy—The Intruder—Emily E. Hartman, Cordiane H. Dellbender, Anna M Geddes, Marion W. Beaver, Mary H. Shoemaker, Sara R. Campbell, Russel Youngman, Allen H. Dickson.
Speech—Power of Home Feeling—Oliver Achenfelter.
Speech—The Yellow Boys in Breckinridge—Wm T N. Lininger.
Colloquy—Love Applied to Money Bags—Alice S. Billmyer, Ada R. Zeller, Rosine Youngman, William Seibert, Jas. C. Leinbach, Oliver Achenfelter.
Oration—Our National Retrospect for the Past year—Chas. S. Groff.

The English troops are about to leave Mexico. A portion of the Spanish troops returned to Cuba, and the rest go to Orizaba.

Sixty-four thousands four hundred of the present population of Canada are natives of the United States.

The Rebels promised to spend the winter at the North. About 15,000 of them are keeping their pledge.

The large store-room of Wilson Ager, at Rohrsburg, in Columbia county, was burned down one day last week.

"Judge Wilson and T. M. Uttley, have formed a lawful partnership"—in Law—at Lewistown.

Bower, of the Shamokin Register, returns his thanks to the voters for electing him an Inspector.

ARMY LETTERS.

(Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.)

From the Linn Rifles, at Newbern.

CAMP BURNSIDE, ON THE NEUSE,
March 19, 1862.

We are now in the late Rebel barracks, about a mile and a half below Newbern; they are built in a cleared field on a bluff near by where there was a four gun battery, the magazine of which the Rebels blew up before they abandoned it—partly of log huts, and partly of tents, with the never failing scientifically built wooden chimney. But let me tell of how we got here.

Tuesday, March 11th, weighed anchor at Roanoke Island, and stood south under steam and sail. It had rained, but cleared off cool and bright with a strong S. W. breeze. We passed the points we had watched with such interest a month ago, as we moved up slowly to where we knew there would be a severe battle—Stumpy point, Long Shoal buoy—I could not help thinking of those who saw these places, not knowing they would never see them again. Under our thorough going Captain and careful pilot, Mr. Walton, we arrived among the first transports at Hatteras. Mr. Walton ensured himself our more earnest thanks by coming in with an immense mail bag, which intercepted us here. Many received letters—the last.....Wednesday, 12th, was a most delightful day. We woke to see our whole fleet gathered around us. We had left the New York aground on the shoal near Croatan Sound, and the Admiral just below. It was one of the pleasantest rides I ever had—the air clear and bracing, the sun shining bright, the water gleaming in it—it was a luxury to be on deck all day. We stayed there until darkness closed around us, and anchored about half-past seven, in the Neuse river, sixteen miles below Newbern, opposite the mouth of the Slocum Creek. We could see Ocracoke inlet, as we came down, and its (to us) harmless sport, Shell Island light-house, Brant's Island shoals—but, for a long while, we did not know whether we were going up the Pamlico or Neuse. The pilot told us when we entered the Neuse, but still, even when we anchored, there were bets that we were in the Pamlico. When we came into the mouth of the Neuse, we saw Rebel signal fires start up, one after another, and keep ahead of us all the way—the last one, with high pointed flame, bursting up, on the left of us, on a bluff opposite where we landed. There was a most interesting chase, by the *Picket*, after two small sail boats that were scudding along the shore. It was very amusing to see how quick they "*braced up*" as she threw a shot across their bows. I have seen many sunsets in these waters, but none that was equal in the splendor of their beauty to this one. Many thousand men gathered on the decks to watch its quiet beauty, and as the bands of each regiment played national airs, and those that we have heard so often by our firesides sung by our sisters and friends—in which we have so often joined ourselves at social gatherings—each one of us had enough to do to fathom his own thoughts. We had left our surgeon sick on Roanoke Island, and Dr. Clark, of Mass., was detailed to our regiment. The hospital store was in our saloon, and his quiet arrangement of certain kinds of medicine, in the pack that the hospital nurse carries on his back, was rather cooler than agreeable. Then, too, his instructions to the band—who are men that carry off the wounded during the battle, a dangerous and honorable duty—how to lift them, how to place them on the stretcher, were horribly disagreeable. I have faced the music of bullets, twice—I'd prefer to face them fifty times, to seeing the Band armed with their "stretchers" once. They are worse than the wounded and dead. They make my flesh creep whenever I see them. You can appreciate it somewhat, if you ever went to get teeth pulled, and saw the dentist whistle and handle his forceps merrily. Well—we all quietly wrote up our journals, packed our trunks, fixed everything as we would have it were anything.....gave our last directions—they were few, and cheerfully said—and went to bed.

Thursday was dark and lowering. Capt. Bennet had permission to take a picked crew, and one of our Wiard guns weighing some 1600 pounds, into the battle. We were amused, yesterday, when the captain drew them up in line, each armed with cutlass and canvass haversack, to his dress parade, as we called it, on the quarter deck, and told them that if any wished not to go, he wouldn't ask them. Their wasn't a quiver. Little George, the Captain's son, 13 years old, stood at their head, with an American flag. Could one describe the course of that gallant little band during the next two days, it would be one of the most thrilling episodes of war—I have never read anything equal to it, even in Abbot's history of Napoleon. I can see them stand there now—I can see Wilson, as they put the gun into the launch, "Heave heavey ho," as he tugged at the ropes. The gun-boats shelled the woods just opposite where we were. It was awful to hear the reports of the pieces—to hear the crash and roar of bursting shell and falling tree. They then moved further up, some two miles, and were cannonading there for a long while. We knew there must be a rat's nest there, or they would not be at it so long. The launches with the howitzer moved off first to the Picket, near to shore. The Pautuxent and other boats, took the troops, the gun-boats belching over their heads where they were landing. Then the piles across the mouth of Slocum's Creek were knocked out, and the Alice Price ran up the creek and landed the troops. Col. Hartranft with three Companies landed first. We landed under Lieut. Col. Bell, and reached an open field, where five out of each Company were detailed to assist Capt. Bennet. Here were barracks for cavalry, but they had evidently left in haste. We had come one mile along the sandy shore, which was very trying; we were well blown before we reached the field. But it was nothing to what was to come. We passed a little field with a cabin, and were greeted with the sight of a peach tree in full bloom. Next for five miles we went through a marshy wood. It began to rain. Six heavy howitzers, and Capt. Bennet's Wiard. Whew! what a time. Once we came to a ravine. The howitzers were locked and dragged down. Along came Capt. Bennet. Some one suggested locking. Stroud, captain of the gun, former boatswain, shouted to Wilson to "let her rip." Some one said she would overset. "It can't go over, we can go under," says Stroud, and away they went. A half dozen contrabands had hold. The mud hole at the bottom was nearly waist deep. Away they went, the mud flew, the men yelled, "souse" into it, buried up to the axle, two of the contrabands disappeared—but, after the piece had passed, came rooting out like alligators—we nearly split with laughter. Stroud with his red cap and shirt looked like a devil. They got her through, and we pushed on. Half the time we were knee deep in the black mud. We thought it tough, but tougher was to come yet. After five miles of such work, we got on to the main road which was solid, and we thought times would be easier. Capt. Bennet, ploughing through the mud, would say to our boys, whenever they were in a tough place, "Boys, if you want my heart to break, leave me." His heart wasn't broken—they stuck to him.

We were met by an aid, who told us the Rebels had abandoned the first intrenchment. Here's where the gun boats were prinking so long. We came up with the marine howitzer battery, and also with orders for our Regiment to pull the guns. One had a yoke yoke of oxen to them. The rest were dragged by men. These poor oxen will be famous as long as the battle of "Woods' brickyard" lives in history, if their story is told. I will try and tell it. We came along to the Rebel intrenchment. We were amazed at its extent and formidable character. At the road was a fortification for guns—but they had not been mounted or were taken away. For nearly three miles, an embankment at least five feet high, and a ditch as deep, extended. We had never seen anything like it. We thought, if they abandoned that, where would they stand? But we had not yet known how much labor had been expended. Here the howitzer battery had to be manned by a new relief, and Company H took hold. I have only to say that the labor was beyond description. Sixty rounds of ammunition, (forty in the box and twenty in our pockets)—guns slung on the back—blankets soaked with rain, haversacks full—roads of a stiff heavy clay, that pulled our shoes off, (more than a half dozen of our men went into battle the next morning in their stocking feet, and fought it through until Rebel stores supplied them.) We came to where the Railroad crossed the wagon road, when we met Lieut. Beaver with orders for the rest of our Regiment to follow up the Railroad. But we would not leave the cannon. Many of the men had picked up chickens and turkies, but, as they became weary, they threw them away in disgust. Capt. Bennet appropriated the ox team, (and kept them until they laid down to die after the battle, all riddled and stripped with bullets.) About nine o'clock, that night, we stopped at a cross roads, built fires, made coffee, and lay down in the rain and mud and slept until

Two o'clock, *Friday*, when we started again. Capt. Bennet came in with his ox team, and stopped awhile, and that was the last we saw of him or the cannon, until we saw it across the Rebel entrenchment a few days after the battle. If roads were bad before, we had come over the best of them. The clay was stiffer, mire deeper, but we plodded on until about five in the morning, when we came to a field and house, and found Burnside and Reno in bed asleep. Lt. Col. Bell reported he had brought the cannon, and Gen. Burnside said he would never forget the 51st Pa. for that. We turned into the field, and, beside a ditch, bivouacked, made coffee, and laid down. My legs ached so that I could not sleep, shoulders sore carrying a blanket, and we were all wet. Perhaps it was seven o'clock when we were ordered to fall in. I could not get my boots in order for some time. We had been given new Enfield Rifles a few days before, and the rain had swelled the stocks so that their rammers could not be drawn. It was a pretty go, but it couldn't be helped now, and the most I heard consoling themselves that if they could only get a chance with their bayonets they didn't care about their rammers. We formed and marched thro' the wood to the Railroad, where we found the other two Companies had bivouacked, and were happy to meet Lt. Beaver with his cheerful "good morning." We formed on the Railroad, discharged our pieces, re-loaded, sat down, and smoked a pipe. We were soon ordered to move on up the Railroad. You all know what it is to walk on these ties—how unsuited it is to your step. Then just place the ties six inches closer together—have a dozen cannons playing on your right and left, with lots of musketry in front—have it so foggy, you can't see a hundred yards ahead—hear an occasional crash through the woods of cannon ball or shell, close by, (I counted some twenty lying along there afterwards)—you can't look up, or you'd miss your footing—you are too far away for any excitement to cheer you—having traveled all the day before, and all night, in a way that would have killed you at other times—then perhaps you can have some idea of our march along the Railroad. About a quarter of a mile from the Rebel entrenchment, we turned over to the left. We smashed in at a double quick, and formed about five hundred yards from the ravine, on the other side of which the Rebels lay. The Col. stopped the right wing, and formed it—each Company, as they formed, lay down. We kept our noses close to the ground—the bushes, ab't two feet high, were swayed by the balls—out of the tree tops, cannon balls showered down—we were reeking with perspiration. Lts. Morris and Reno came up with us, lay down awhile, then went off to the right: we were on the extreme left of the line. Capt. Neal came up in front, and, as the balls barked the trees all around him, very politely invited Col. Hartranft to form his Regiment directly in rear of the New Jersey 9th. Moving up within a hundred yards of them, we were ordered to lie down, where we saw the New Jersey 9th peppering away at the Rebels as coely as if they were deer hunting. We could see clear down a hollow of the ravine, but were exposed to a cross-fire, the Rebel entrenchments on the hill circling in half-moon shape.

The battle had now lasted some three hours. Our men were impatient, but the regulation was that any man who fired without orders should be shot. Artillery firing had ceased for want of ammunition. On the right wing of our brigade, the 21st Mass. had made a charge, were repulsed; the New York 51st had suffered heavily; and the New Jersey 9th were suffering, also. As we hear, Gen. Foster sent word to Gen. Burnside he hadn't gained a foot. Just then, Gen. Reno sent orders for the left wing of the 51st Penn. to move up. We arose, faced to the left, marched to the rear, then to the front, down a little hollow—came down with a yell, the 51st N.Y. cheering us on—rose on the crest of a hill, and fired a volley, loaded and fired a second volley, when Gen. Reno, who was standing among us, gave the order to stop firing, and charge. The bullets rattled like hail against our bayonets. With shouts, we rushed down, across a ravine about a hundred yards wide, swamp below, and forest trees felled across, forming an almost impassable abattis. How we got over, I am hardly able to tell, after looking at it next day—I remember Tom Grier and I were on a big pine tree that ran about ten feet above all the rest, when I remarked to him it was rather perchy—at any rate, we charged across—stormed the battery, two iron cannon with their black throats full open on us, and loaded as we afterward discovered—entered, and about 150 Rebels surrendered—the day was ours.

J.M.L.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., March 17.—The new and splendid Presbyterian Church, unoccupied, as well as the old church, in the vicinity, were burned last night. The loss is $26,000; insured for $18,000.

At a station 12 miles from Manassas were found 52 freight cars loaded with commissary stores worth $20,000. The rebels had kindled a fire under them, which failed to burn.

A gentleman from Williamsport writes to Mayor Kepner, of Harrisburg, that he was robbed of $66 at the Pa. R. R. depot in Harrisburg, Friday night, and another gentleman of $90.

The Philadelphia M. E. Conference passed the whole of their Union resolutions, unanimously. Two ministers desired to be excused from voting—not granted—whereupon they voted Aye!

John Bell, afraid of "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws," has fled into Mississippi. He tried to get into Lincoln's Cabinet last Febuary a year!

The Secession organs boasted of "their tremendous reaction" *going to* come off in New Hampshire. But they have not yet told their dupes how the Election went!

Chief Justice Taney is 80 years old.

Latest News

Pensacola, Forts and all, seem to be abandoned by the Rebels, and with th whole State of Florida.

Union forces are said to be in possession of Columbia, Tenn. Others, it is published, crossed Cumberland Mountain, and 5,000 Union troops were within 25 miles of Knoxville.

A dreadful explosion took place in the Government Cartridge Factory, Fourth and Reed Sts., Philadelphia, Saturday morning last. Five persons were blown into fragments almost indistinguishable, and 45 or 50 others were more or less wounded—principally young females, employed about the establishment.

We have little news from the Army of the Potomac, except of a "splendid review" of 70,000 soldiers.

Gen. Burnside has taken Beaufort, N.C., without resistance. Ft. Macon is completely surrounded by his men.

Gen. Sumner penetrated as far as Warrenton Junction, south, the Rebels retiring before him.

Bayard Taylor is Secretary of Legation for Gen. Cameron at the Court of St. Petersburg.

The Pennsylvania Legislature voted to adjourn Friday, 11th April.

It is stated the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will be reopened for use the first week in April.

It is believed that Beauregard and 70,000 other Rebels are concentrating at Corinth, a railway connection in Norther Mississippi, for another "last ditch."

Geo. Cadwallader of Philad. is appointed a Major Gen. of Volunteers.

Com. Porter's mortar fleet sailed from Ship Island for the Southwest Pass on the 14th. Com. Farragut's gunboat fleet, which is to co-operate with Com. Porter, left on the 17th for the same place.

Both Houses of the Rebel Congress had passed a resolution advising that no cotton should be planted this year.

From Memphis we learn that the new Tennessee levies are disbanding, refusing to fight with pikes.

By the break of an axle, several cars ran into each other on the Railway N. W. of Chicago, killing ten of the 3d Wisconsin Cavalry, and wounding several others.

☞The follwing, from the Rochester *Union & Advertiser*, refers to the contemplated Exhibition at Independent Hall in Lewisburg, Saturday afternoon and evening of this week:

"Last night, we witnessed the great Panorama of the War, by A. J. Russell, and must admit that, notwithstanding the great reputation of the artist, and the much we had heard about this work of art, we had formed too low an estimate. Such wonderful effect we have seldom seen on canvas. It transports one from the picture to the realities of nature, speaking in a language that will arouse and carry spectators to the battle-field, and enter into the spirit of the fight. They can not but sympathize with the wounded and dying, and honor and respect those who are rushing onward to do or die. The burning of Gosport Navy Yard struck us as particularly fine—those old monarchs of oak sending up long tongues of flame, high against the lurid heavens, lashing the huge, dense clouds of ascending smoke into a thousand circling columns of terrific sublimity; little jets of flame clinging and creeping silently up the tall masts, and hanging like thousands of serpents from the many ropes and cords, severing them from their fastenings; everything partakes of the glare of destruction; the water, the docks, the sky, the distant city of Norfolk, in fact, it is of itself a picture of a whole evening's entertainment. In conclusion, we can not help noticing the encampment of Gen. McLellan. A moonlight view of exquisite loveliness, the far-off distance dim and hazy, the dim impressive fore-ground, white tents of the soldiers reflecting long lances of silvery light through the mellow atmosphere of the middle distance, the camp fires casting their floods of light on shurbs, trees, rocks, and groups of soldiers bivouacked around them little heeding the all momentous results, of daring deeds of the morrow. There are many other scenes worthy of note, and we are sorry that we can not devote a greater space to their merits."

MARRIED.

By Rev. E. E. Ellis, 23d ult., WM. CHUMP, of Tioga Co. Pa., and Miss ANNA M. KINT, of Turbut Tp.

Died.

Released from long suffering, in Lewisburg, 29th ult., Mrs. JANE HUSSEL, wife of John P. Miller, aged about 26 years.

In Milton, 23d ult., Mrs. MARY wife of Tho. Merrion, in her 44th year. And on the 24th, LAURA R., their daughter, aged 3 weeks.

In Northumberland, 22d ult., aged about 60 yrs. JOSEPH WALLIS, formerly a Commissioner of the County.

In Delaware Tp, North'd Co, 13th ult., JOHN TROUT, aged 67½ years.

In Rush Tp, Northum'd Co., 23d ult., Mrs. CHARITY WOLVERTON, in her 61st year.

In Selinsgrove—22d ult., infant Daughter of Col. A. C. Simpson. 27th ult., ALICE, daughter of Prof. C. Baughman, in her 4th year.

In Sunbury, 23d ult., WILLIAM, son of M'Clay and Rosanna Gearhart, aged about 2 years.

In Selinsgrove, 30th ult., ALEXANDER CUMMINGS, late of Mifflinburg, aged about 45 years.

Lewisburg Market.

Corrected Weekly

Wheat	$112	Eggs	$ 12
Rye	55	Tallow	8
Corn	40	Lard	8
Oats	25	Ham	—
Flaxseed	1,50	Shoul'd Side	—
Dried Apples	$1,25	Cloverseed	$4.00
Firkin Butter	10	Potatoes	40
Fresh Butter	14	Country Soap	4 & 5

$25! EMPLOYMENT 75!
AGENTS WANTED.

We will pay from $25 to $75 per month—and all expenses—to active Agents, or give a Commission. Particulars sent free. Address "Erie Sewing Machine Company, E. JAMES, General Agent, Milan, Ohio." 8w3

If *Hoofland's Balsamic Cordial* will not cure, in the last stages of Consumption, we know from experience it will afford great relief.

Dyspepsia is a difficult disease to cure, but HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will soon overcome it. Read the Advt in another column.

Time-Table---Lewisburg R.R. Station.

MOVING NORTH.

Freight & Accom'n passes Lewisburg		7.55 A M
Mail Train	do	4.08 P M
Night Express	do	11.18 P M

MOVING SOUTH.

Mail train	passes Lewisburg	9.48 A M
Freight & Accommodation	do	3.00 P M
Night Express	do	11.20 P M

REMOVAL.

L. B. CHRIST, Esq., has removed his Office to the building of Bowman Sorber, North of the Court House, and immediately opposite the Buffalo House, where he will attend in all manner of business at his office with dispatch and promptness in his line of business. (Speaks both English and German.)
April 1, 1862. L. B. CHRIST.

A CARD.

THE undersigned take this opportunity to return their thanks to their employers and the citizens who rendered such timely assistance at the fire that accidentally occurred at their works, yesterday.

The Ladies worked with a will worthy of them. The Clergy and Professional men, the students and all classes forsook for the time being their usual avocations to render efficient assistance in time of need, doing all that nature had given them ability to do.

By such perseverance and with the flames were confined almost wholly to the destruction of the two buildings and their contents which were quite war before discovered. We regret that any were burnt by the flames, but it exhibited merit worthy of the men.

Though the Government has taken from among us many "brave volunteers," we have yet left us brave, determined and daring hearts to meet a common enemy as those who do battle with the sword. And should every leger man be called by his country, our homes are safe in the hands of such ladies as exhibited their will and valor yesterday at the fire.

JAS. S. MARSH & CO.
Lewisburg, March 29, 1862.

FIRE INSURANCE.

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA—Philadelphia.
(Incorporated, 1794)

Capital - - - - - $500,000.00
Assets, Jan. 1861 - - 1,254,719.81

ARTHUR G. COFFIN, President
CHARLES PLATT, Secretary

☞Buildings annually or perpetually, Merchandize, Grain, Furniture, &c., insured, at current rates of Premium.

JOHN B. LINN,
931m3 Agent for Union county, Pa.

BUCKEYE ALL RIGHT

For the Harvest of 1862!

The most approved Agricultural Implements now in the Market!

MANUFACTURED BY
SLIFER, WALLS, SHRINER & CO.,
Lewisburg, Pa.

Buckeye Reaper & Mower.

THE unprecedented success of the "Buckeye" is the strongest proof of its superior excellency. The BUCKEYE has caused a complete Revolution in the Manufacture of *REAPING AND MOWING* Machines, and its reputation is so well established that it is scarcely necessary to particularize its advantages. We would, however, call the attention of the farmers to a few of its merits.

The TWO DRIVING WHEELS—the Pawls and Springs, by which the machine may be thrown out of gear, or be started without releasing the horses—the Steel Cutter Bar—the Wrought Iron Guard, with Hardened Steel Face or Cutting Edge—the Double-Hinged Joint, by which the Cutter Bar may be Folded—the Long Crank Shaft—the Steel Spring and Wheel, by which the Cutter Bar may be raised and lowered, so as to cut as low to the ground as may be desired—the Steel Pitman and Brass Box—the Light Draft—(no side Draft)—no weight on the horses' necks—backs as easily as a cart—all of which form a combination of advantages which no other machine possesses.

No Gearing on the Driving Wheels.

A team of horses weighing 900 lbs. each, will cut an acre of grass an hour with ease.

The machine is furnished with two Cutter Bars—one for cutting grass, and the other for cutting grain (each expressly adapted to the use intended).

No effort will be wanting to maintain the Buckeye in the enviable position it now occupies, that of being the

Best Machine in the World!

—The subscribers return their sincere thanks to their friends for the generous support they have received in introducing the celebrated Buckeye Reaper and Mower into Central and Northern Pennsylvania, and are much indebted to them for their warm greetings and kind offices in recommending it to their friends and neighbors.

For Certificates, &c., see Circulars, which may be had of any of their Agents.

They also manufacture **Meyer's Patent Piston-Grain Drill**, which is acknowledged to be the BEST SEED SOWER IN USE, and the only one which

SOWS OATS PERFECTLY!

Also, the **Keystone Clover Huller**, which cleans thoroughly, without injuring the seed. Will clean more in the same time than any other machine in use.

They also manufacture and keep on hand for sale *Dorling's Tread Power and Thresher; Telegraph Fodder Cutter (two sizes); Cooking Stoves*, among which is the celebrated—Connubial;" *Parlor and Office Stoves*, and all kinds of Cast and Wrought Iron and Brass Work. SLIFER WALLS SHRINER & Co.

General Foundry, Lewisburg, Pa.
March 17, 1862.

Estate of John Whittaker, dec'd

LETTERS of Administration de bonis non, with the Will annexed, on the estate of JOHN WHITTAKER, late of East Buffaloe Tp, dec'd, have been granted to LORINDA LOW. All persons having claims against said estate will present them forthwith to *George Merrill*, Attorney for the Administratrix.
April 1, 1862.

UNION COUNTY, SS:

[L.S.] The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Jacob Whittaker, Mrs. Whittaker, Widow of William Whittaker, dec'd, who was one of the sons and heirs at law of John Whittaker, dec'd, and their issue, if such there be. To ——— Bickle, son or daughter of Catharine Bickle, dec'd, late Catharine Whittaker, one of the daughters and heirs at law of said John Whittaker, dec'd. To Mary Jane Bickle, wife of Joseph Bickle, late Mary Jane Whittaker, one of the daughters and heirs at law of John Whittaker, dec'd—heirs and legal representatives of John Whittaker, late of East Buffaloe township, Union county, dec'd, Greeting:

WHEREAS, a Petition has been read and remains on file in the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, praying a decree for the specific performance of a written contract for the sale of the real estate of said John Whittaker, dec'd, situate in the township, county and State aforesaid. You and each of you are hereby cited to be and appear at the next Orphans' Court to be held at Lewisburg, for the county of Union, on Monday, the 12th day of May next, to show cause, if any you know, why the prayer of the petition should not be granted, and a conveyance in fee simple made in pursuance of the same to the purchaser.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, at Lewisburg, the 27th day of March, A. D. 1862. SAMUEL ROUSH, Clerk.
April 1, 1862w4

TAKE NOTICE.

HAVING bought, at constable's sale, of D. P. Sanders, Lewisburg, the following property, viz:

2 Tubs, 1 Cooking Stove, lot of Tinware, 12 Chairs, 1 Rocking Chair, 2 Tables, 2 Beds and Bedding, 1 lot of Window Blinds, 1 Wash Stand, 1 Clock, a lot of Rag Carpet, 25 yards Carpet, 1 set Dishes, and lot of Carpenters' Tools—

And having loaned said property to said Sanders during our pleasure, we hereby caution all persons not to interfere with it.

EVANS & COOPER.
Lewisburg, March 24, 1862.

INSURANCE.

WEST BRANCH Insurance Company, of Lock Haven, Pa.

Insures Property in both Town and Country on as reasonable Terms as any other good Company.

The large increase of Premium Notes makes it a reliable Company to insure in.

Amount of Premium Notes now in force, $250,000.00

J. W. CHAPMAN, Sec.——G. C. HAVEY, Pres

LARISON PROSS, Agent, Lewisburg
Dec 16, 1861]

SAPONIFIER! SAPONIFIER!

☞The FAMILY SOAP-MAKER.

All Kitchen Grease can be made into good SOAP by using *SAPONIFIER*.

☞Directions accompanying each Box.

SOAP is as easily made with it, as making a cup of Coffee.

Manufactured only by the Patentees—

Penn'a Salt Manufacturing Company,
No. 127, Walnut St., PHILADELPHIA.
Feb 10, 1862y1

M. GERHART, *DENTIST*, has removed to South 3d street, four doors from the Town Clock, LEWISBURG, PA

New Stand---New Goods!

JOSEPH L. HAWN having taken the rooms under the Telegraph and Chronicle offices, refitted them, and filled in an extensive variety of

Hats, Caps, Gentlemen's Clothing, &c.

Also a large and splendid stock of CLOTHS CASSIMERES, &c, which he will *make up to order*, as he still continues the Tailoring Business. He is prepared to execute all work entrusted to his care, to the satisfaction of the customer.

N. B. Cutting and Repairing ☞ done to order. [Lewisburg, April 10, 1861

NOTICE!

HAVING bought at Public Sale, as the property of JOHN L. RENN, of Union Tp, Union Co, a bay mare, a gray horse, a sorrel mare, a sorrel colt, two red cows, 2 heifers, 2 sets harness, a single harness, a lot of hay, 5 sheats, a waggon, a buggey, a plow, a harrow, 2 breakfast tables, a looking glass, a coal stove and pipe, a cooking stove and pipe, a dresser, 2 beds and bedstead, a bedstead, 17 yards of carpeting, a chest, a meat vessel, a churn, 2 tubs, an arm chair, 9 chairs, and his interest in 18 acres of wheat in the ground—all of which I have loaned to and left with said Renn during my pleasure.

WM. H. KLECKNER.
New Berlin, Feb. 27, 1862 pd

NATRONA COAL OIL!

warranted NON EXPLOSIVE, and equal to any *KEROSENE*.

Why buy an explosive Oil, when a few cents more per gallon will furnish you with a perfect Oil? Made only by

Penn'a Salt Manufacturing Company,
No. 127, Walnut St., PHILADELPHIA.
Feb 10, 1862y1

J. M. MOYER,
Attorney at Law,
LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA.

CONSULTATIONS had in the English and German languages.

Office at the Law Office of Wm. Jones, Esq.
Lewisburg, Jan. 4, 1862.

A NEW TOP BUGGEY

FOR SALE LOW, or exchange for a good Horse, by KREMER, M'CLURE & CO.
January 7, 1862.

TAKE NOTICE.

HAVING loaned to John Sortman and John Sortman, Jr., near Union Furnace, the following personal property—

Four Horses, a lot of Harness, seven head of Horned Cattle, one Wagon, two Ploughs, two Harrows, one Cultivator, a lot of Forks and Rakes—

I hereby caution all persons against interfering with the above-named property, as I have loaned them during my pleasure.

WILLIAM BROWN, Jr.
Lewisburg, March 24, 1862. pd

☞Mr. STAHL—**Book Binder**—has returned to his Shop in Lewisburg, again to attend to all kinds of work in his line. Bring along your Books, Magazines, Newspapers, &c., for the Book-Binder.

SUPERIOR COAL OIL LAMPS for sale at J. Baker dec'd's Drug Store—also the Portland Coal Oil.

Paper Rec'd