

FOR THE STAR & CHRONICLE.  
"He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a bright Spring morning. The warm sun-beams revelled everywhere so joyously, they seemed almost to mock the sorrow that lay like a leaden pall over our village. There was to be a funeral that day. One of our Volunteers had died, far in the sunny South, and they had brought him back to his childhood's home, to sleep through that starless night whose darkness can be broken only by the Resurrection morn. At an early hour, our little church was filled to overflowing. All eyes were turned, tearfully, to the long, narrow coffin, that stood on the table in front of the pulpit, and to the solitary mourner that occupied the front pew—for "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Oh! it was pitiful to see the poor mother's agony. She sat through the singing, prayer, and sermon, with her stony gaze fixed on the coffin, in hopeless, despairing anguish. At last, they bore the coffin to the door, and laid back the lid. One by one we passed out, and paused at the threshold to gaze on these many features so still in death. The widow moved not until a friend came and led her out to take a last look at her dead boy. She held her pale face against his within the coffin, but not a tear fell from her burning eyelids—yet her heart was shedding tears of blood over hopes withered and dead. They closed the coffin, screwed down the lid, and the procession began to move. How fearfully solemn seemed the slow strokes of the bell, as they rang out on the still air! With measured tread, we passed slowly along through the long dead grass, and reached the open grave. Gathering around, we looked with pity on the mother, as she watched them place the coffin on the ropes, and lower it to its resting place. Then came the handful of straw, and the shovelful of earth. As the dirt struck the coffin, the fearful, shivering sound, seemed to pierce her very heart. With a scream, she sprang forward—then, starting back, she pressed her hands tightly over her heart, as if to still its wild beating. Kind friends gently led her away—but she stayed not from him long—for, now, another grave is made, and the mother sleeps beside her heart's idol.

"In silent grief, erst was—  
'Tis here thy victim lies."

## TO THE PUBLIC!

**F. S. CALDWELL'S**

MAMMOTH DRUG STORE

I OFFER the greatest variety of

**COAL OIL LAMPS,**

Of the Finest Styles, and at the very Lowest Rates.

SHADES FOR LAMPS,  
of Beautiful Patterns, very cheap.

PUREST COAL OIL,  
warranted not to explode, and comparatively free from smell, at only

FIFTY CENTS PER GALLON!

I offer also, at greatly reduced prices,  
an elegant assortment of

**PERFUMERY!**

**EXTRA COLOGNE.**

**PURE BAY RUM.**

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STORES.

LYON'S KATHAIRON,  
KOMA SOTAR,  
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WOODS and  
BURNET'S.

**SOAP! SOAP!!**

Nicely Perfumed, cheap!

**Trusses! Trusses!!**

The largest assortment, suitable for Men, Women and Children, at the very lowest prices.

**BROWN'S TROCHES!**

The Great Remedy for Coughs.

**BURNET'S KALLISTON,**  
For Beautifying the Complexion.

**GLASS! GLASS!!**

Of almost any size and quantity.

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ral; Sine's Tar, Wild Cherry and  
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**Pills! Pills! Pills!**

Wright's,  
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EXPRESSES Daily to and from any portion of the United States or Canada. Office at Caldwell's Drug Store, Lewisburg.

Dental and Surgical Instruments.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS  
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**F. S. CALDWELL'S.**

Lewisburg, March 28, 1862. 3m

## PIANOS, MELODIONS,

ALEXANDRE ORGANS,  
Sheet Music, Music Books, Music Merchandise, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

**IRON FRAME PIANOS**  
are justly pronounced by the Press and Music Masters to be superior Instruments. They are built of the best and most thoroughly selected materials, and cost only one-half. The tone is very deep, rich, and clear, and the instrument is well balanced, and will warrant for three years. Prices from \$125 to \$200. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains—prices from \$10 to \$100.

**Horace Waters' Melodeons,**

Revolving Cases, Tuned to Equal Temperament, with the Patent of Dr. S. C. Swell and Zahl, etc.

No. 1—4 octaves, serial logo. from \$10 to \$20. No. 2—5 octaves, serial logo. from \$20 to \$30. No. 3—6 octaves, serial logo. from \$30 to \$40. No. 4—7 octaves, serial logo. from \$40 to \$50. No. 5—8 octaves, serial logo. from \$50 to \$60. Two books of keys, \$10 to \$15.

These Melodeons require no tuning, and Melodeon warranted for three years.

**The Alexandre Organ**

is a good instrument, corresponding in power and compass to the ordinary 16-voiced Organ.

In second case, 5 stops, \$100.

Stop, with pedal, \$10.

Stop, with pedal, and expression, \$15.

A liberal discount to Clergymen, Clerks, Sabbath Schools, Teachers, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on credit.

**Horace Waters, Agent,**

43 Broadway, New York.

**THE DAY SCHOOL BELL**

A New Singing Book for day schools, called the Day School Bell, is now ready. It contains one hundred songs, Rounds, Canons, Hymns, Tunes, Quartets and Choruses, many of them written especially for the schoolroom. The book is bound in cloth, and is well printed, and the music is clearly marked. The ordinary teacher will find these exercises useful in instructing even young scholars to sing and play upon the instrument. The instrument is a Melodeon, which has a variety of lively, attractive, and soul-stirring music and exercises that the teacher will be compelled in introducing his scholars to go with him in singing, dancing, playing, and singing, and in giving pleasure, happiness, and delight to every schoolroom. The schoolroom is a happy place, and the schoolroom life is a happy life. In company of its instruments in variety and variety of its exercises, the schoolroom becomes a happy place, and the schoolroom life is a happy life.

**Horace Waters' Pianos & Melodeons**

and ALEXANDRE ORGANS, and T. Gilbert & Co.'s celebrated Violin Plates, are the finest instruments for the schoolroom. The schoolroom is a happy place, and the schoolroom life is a happy life.

These instruments are well calculated to interest the children, and to develop their minds, and to give them a sense of duty and pleasure.

It is composed by HORACE WATERS, author of "Schools and Schoolmen," and with him have the entire musical library of 200,000 pieces. Price, \$100. Sheet Music, Music Books, and all kinds of Music, Mandolin, Violin, and other instruments.

**Horace Waters, Publisher,**

43 Broadway, New York.

**SOAPS! SOAPS!!**

Nicely Perfumed, cheap!

**Trusses! Trusses!!**

The GRAVE OF ELISHA KENT KANE.

Be it known that Schuyler's plain steams

Scolded in a wild, sequestered shade,

Where, through the trees, the sun scarce sheds a beam

Of radiant light, the hero's curse is laid.

From the cold rock, his hallowed grave

Attracts the notice of the passer by;

No longer with art adorns it; save

On the coffin—that, Art could not deny.

A rugged pathway leads to his tomb;

No sculptured monument meets the boulders view;

But the sweet and flowers beautify his home.

The impious chisel of Art abhors.

Like some lone, anticipated scene, it seems,

The tree, short, thorny shrub, and not

A single review, where the sun's bright beams

May enter in, is laid upon the spot.

Not even a letter from man, has told

To those who, wandering, stop and gaze,

The name of him, whose deeds alone unfold

His fame, and make a grateful world to praise.

Here rests the man, whose science minded;

Led him to the Polar ocean to explore;

Whispered, through his lonely seas, and wintry wind,

To bid him on to some other shore.

Earth Science mourns the loss of one great,

Who, in his deeds, made him a matchless fame;

And though he never sought a high estate,

Yet great nations shall remember his name.

J. G. W.

**NEW ORLEANS**—"Picayune Butler"

created some squirming by an order that females insulting civil Union soldiers

should thereafter be treated as women of the town." The "sensitive" Rebel Mayor, a Mr. Monroe, wrote a saucy letter about it: Butler deposed him, and ordered him to Fort Philip: Monroe explained, apolo- gized, and was released, "wiser if not better."—The Rebel Council professed "the freedom of the city" to a French naval officer: whereupon, Gen. Butler reminded the Council that they were no longer master, but virtually servants, and had better attend to their only proper duties, which were very deficient: upon which hint, the Council subsided, gave up their "free drunk" with the French, and set 300 poor men at work upon the streets.—Gen. Beauregard's wife, and her mother, were in New Orleans, and are not molested.—Jacob Barker, the noted financier, advises the Rebels to save their cotton, go back to the Union, and try the ballot-box, the Constitution to be altered so as to vote directly for President, (giving up the three-fifths vote!)—Nearly a million of Confederate funds were found, which a Consul was trying to smuggle away—and considerable munitions of war were secured by Butler.—Recruiting for the Union has commenced.—They threaten to assassinate Butler, but he coolly tells them that Gen. Phelps, who would be his successor, is a worse Abolitionist than he is!—He is stopping Secession money and customs, to a happy extent, and trade is reviving.

Gen. Seigel, on reaching Washington, was surrounded, and made a speech to an immense crowd, in which he said, "The American people desire right, and that somebody should get hurt. They would rather see a bad retreat than a good stand- ing still. There will be no rest until free speech and a free press are secured, North as well as South." These were his lead- ing ideas.

Coal oil applied with a brush where bedbugs gather, is death to them. Rubbed slightly on gilt frames, chandeliers, &c., it is said to drive away flies.

Gen. Grant says he never voted but once—that was for Buchanan—and if he can be forgiven for that, he is satisfied.

**F. S. CALDWELL'S.**

Lewisburg, March 28, 1862. 3m

## First of the Season!

### NEW SPRING GOODS, FROM PHILAD. AND N.Y.

#### NEW GOODS

#### NEW GOODS

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#### FOR SPRING AND SUMMER, 1862

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