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SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849.

New Series—Vol. 3—No. 28.

Rates of Advertising.

One square, 18 lines, 1 time 50	2 squares, 6 mos. \$5.00
" " " " 2 times 75	" " " " 1 year 8.00
" " " " 3 " 1.00	" " " " 2 mos. 6.00
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Communications recommending persons for office, must be paid in advance at the rate of 25 cents per square.

W. H. IRWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAS resumed the practice of his profession in this and the adjoining counties. Office in Main street, Lewistown, opposite to the Town Hall. Jan. 20, 1848—4.

W. J. JACOBS,
Attorney at Law,
WILL attend promptly to business entrusted to his care in this and adjoining counties. Office one door West of the Post Office. my27—1y

MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE.
CHRISTIAN HOOVER,
Justice of the Peace,
CAN be found at his office, in the room recently occupied by Esquire Kulp, where he will attend to all business entrusted to his care with the greatest care and despatch. Lewistown, July 1, 1848—4f.

M. MONTGOMERY,
Boot & Shoe Manufacturer,
MARKET STREET LEWISTOWN.

CONTINUES to manufacture, to order, every description of BOOTS AND SHOES, on the most reasonable terms.—Having competent workmen in his employ and using good stock, his customers, as well as all others, may rely upon getting a good article, well made and neatly finished. Lewistown, Jan. 22, 1848—4f.

Better Bite than Gum it.
Dentistry.

DR. S. F. GREEN, has again resumed the practice of his profession. He will be happy to wait upon all who desire his professional services. He may be found at the drug store of GREEN & BANKS. Lewistown, April 29, 1848—4f.

Samuel Hopper,
CARPENTER,
Is ready at all times to build the best Houses, and can do that very thing. Residence No. 5 Hiale street, Lewistown. March 31, 1849—4f

TIN WARE ESTABLISHMENT.
THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed his establishment to the stand lately occupied by Joseph M. Cogley, in MARKET STREET, where he is now on hand a large assortment of

TIN WARE
of every description, at very low prices. He is also prepared to manufacture to order any quantity of Tin Ware, Sheet Iron Ware, and Spouting, made of the best materials, on as low terms as can be procured anywhere.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS and persons in want of articles in his line, are invited to give him a call. JOHN B. SELHEIMER. Lewistown, April 7, 1849—3m.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!!
"A penny saved is a penny earned."
The undersigned beg leave to inform the public that they continue to manufacture, at their old stand, at Marion Furnace, near Perryville, in Armagh township, Middlebury county, their superior

Horse Power and Grain Threshers.
Their horse power, &c., his long stood the test, that it would seem needless to add their recommendation. It is an improvement on the much esteemed Burrell & Milton plan, and has the merit of accomplishing a great deal of work with less power and labor than any other now in use. A trial will not fail to give satisfaction. We also continue the manufacture of PLOUGHS, of all patterns, and will agree to warrant satisfaction to the purchaser in every instance, or the article may be returned, and no charge will be made.

Repairing will be done promptly, and upon reasonable terms. Grain of all kinds will be received in exchange for work—also Doves, and old metal, if delivered at the shop. SHIRES & BARGER. Marion Furnace, March 31, 1849—2m.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

WE have always on hand a fine stock of the following articles, which we are prepared to sell Wholesale, at a small advance on city rates, having been "well bought," purchasing almost strictly for Cash: Drugs, Patent Medicines, Glass, Oil, &c. Spices; Coffee, Sugar, Tea, &c. Tobacco and Segars, Fish and Salt Nails, and almost every article in Hardware Saddlery-ware; Candles, Nuts, &c. Cotton Laps and Cordage All kinds of PAPER, and Blank Books Cooking Stoves; Hats and Caps; Matches. F. J. HOFFMAN. Lewistown, March 31, 1849.

FARMERS' ATTENTION.

Now's the chance to sell your grain if left at the STORE of

William Marks & Son,
Forwarding, Commission & Produce Merchants,
WHO are prepared to receive and store all kinds of grain and produce at that large, convenient, and well known store house, on the canal, known as STERRETT & POTTER'S, are-house. All kinds of grain and produce stored with us will be promptly forwarded at the earliest opportunity, by our own boats, which are commanded by safe and experienced Captains. The grain and produce will be sold to the best advantage to the farmer, and the money arising from the sale of the same paid over to the owner or owners as soon as remittances can be had from the city. We shall always endeavor to pay the farmer in the very best manner that is adroit. Liberal cash advances made on all produce deposited in store.

WILLIAM MARKS & SON,
Lewistown, Middlebury Co., Pa.
N. B. Salt, Plaster, Fish and COAL, always on hand

REFERENCES:
Hon. A. S. Wilson, Dr. T. A. Worrall, Joseph B. Ard, E. L. Benedict, Esq., Ephraim Banks, J. W. Shaw, Messrs. Wattson & Jacob, Jos. Milliken & son, Mr. F. McCoy, R. F. Ellis, James Turner, Samuel Frank. Lewistown, Pa. Lewistown, Jan. 1, 1849—6mcs.

CORDAGE, & CO.
WE have constantly on hand a fine assortment of Twines, Bed-cords, Clothes Lines, Ropes, Cotton Laps, Carpet Chain, &c. F. J. HOFFMAN. Lewistown, March 24, 1849.

Leather, Morocco, and Shoe Findings.
A large assortment always on hand, and for sale by F. J. HOFFMAN. Lewistown, March 24, 1849.

Wall Paper in sets.
AND **Window Paper** by the piece or quantity, for sale by F. J. HOFFMAN. Lewistown, March 24, 1849.

GROCERIES!
GROCERIES.—A very large assortment of prime groceries, on hand. Fine Tea, from 50 cts. to \$1.00 per pound. Extra syrup Molasses, at 50 cts. per gallon: for sale by F. J. HOFFMAN. Lewistown, March 24, 1849.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
WE have always on hand a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, Glass, Dye Stuffs, &c., which we are prepared to sell, at retail or wholesale, very low for cash. Pure White Lead, \$2.00 per keg; Jersey Glass 8 by 10, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per box; Turpentine and Varnish, low. Turpentine, at 16 cents per quart. Paint brushes, and all other kinds, at reduced prices: a great variety of Patent Medicines. F. J. HOFFMAN. Lewistown, March 24, 1849.

Paper. Paper.
JUST received, an extensive assortment, consisting of Ordinary, Fine, and Extra Cap Do. do. and French Letter, And Writing and Wrapping. PRINTING PAPER, 22 X 32, at \$5.00 per bundle. Lawyers, Printers, and Merchants, who need paper by the ream, will find we can supply them at LOW PRICES for cash. F. J. HOFFMAN. Lewistown, March 24, 1849.

New Hardware Store!!
AT F. J. Hoffman's will be found a most extensive assortment of Hardware, at low CASH PRICES; viz: SADDLERY-WARE; Coach-ware; Steel A general assortment of Steel Springs Hoop and Sheet Iron; Wagon Boxes Cut and Wrought Nails; Sad Irons; Hinges Locks of all kinds; Screws; Springs Latches; Knobs; Bolts; Forks; Spades Shovels; Pans; Shovels and Tongs Knives and Forks; Table and Tea Spoons Hand Saws; Planes; Hatchets; &c. Also, all kinds of shoe findings. F. J. HOFFMAN. Lewistown, March 24, 1849.

SONGS OF THE BAKERS.—The Parting Requiem, the mountaineer's Farewell, Where can the Soul Rest, Hurrah for the Sea Boys, the Funeral of an Odd Fellow, the Crimson Banner, the Burial Lover, the Hymn of Time is Now, the New Congressional Song of Eight Dollars a Day, Away Down East, The Death of the Well, He led her to the Altar, or the Rich Young Man's Wedding, the Newfoundland Dog. All of the above are for sale at the book store of C. C. SPOTSWOOD. Lewistown, April 28, 1849.

NOTICE.
THE partnership heretofore existing between D. C. FREEBURN & Wm. SHIMP, in the quarrying and flating of stones, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st day of March last. The books and accounts are in the hands of Wm. Shimp, who will settle all accounts of said firm. Wm. SHIMP, D. C. FREEBURN. Lewistown, April 26, 1849—4f.

Favorite Airo.

THE WATCHER.
BY MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.
The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by;
A watcher, pale and fearful,
Look'd forth with anxious eye;
How wistfully she gazeth—
No gleam of morn is there—
Her eyes to heaven she raiseth
In agony of prayer.
Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
A precious child—her only—
Lay moaning in its pain;
And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be—
But, O! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me.
A thousand lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not mourning there.
O, young and joyous creatures!
One lamp from out your store
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.
The morning sun was shining;
She heeded not its ray—
Beside her boy reclining,
The pale, dead mother lay.
A smile her lips was wreathing—
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing,
There's light for us above.

Miscellaneous.

A STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.
In the fall of 1846, I was travelling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburgh over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified, and polished; and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes, so lately filled with the light of mild intelligence, beamed wild, restless, and anxious; the mouth twitched spasmodically and the forehead was beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex. I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became somewhat more composed; but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain and descended to the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he with a bland smile and gentle inclination of the head, to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow travellers also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."
"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.
"On the contrary it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.
Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveller thus proceeded: "At the age of eighteen, I was light of heart, light of foot, and, I fear, (here he smiled,) light of head. A fine property on the right bank of the Ohio acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage coach like this, only more cumbersome. The other passengers were few—but three in all—an old grey headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature about seventeen, and his son about ten years of age. They were just returned from France, of which country the young lady discoursed to terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

"The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other—she was a talker, I was a listener—that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the coach windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I knew how night passed us. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and roar by turns through the forest trees.

"I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice—I could see at intervals, huge jutting rocks far away down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for the safety of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breaths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels—a tiny billet of wood—a stray root of a tempest torn tree

—a restive horse or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublimity existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm! There is something so grand among the winds, when fairly loose among the hills. I never encountered a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the Jura, recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"
"Yes, we have begun the ascent."
"Is it not said to be dangerous?"
"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.
"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But Jean Marie! what's that? and she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder burst, and with the deep moaning of an animal in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears. I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

"Louisa, my beautiful fellow traveller, became pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father hurriedly remarked—
"We are on the mountains!"
"I reckon so," was the unconcerned reply.
"With instant activity I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the heavy booming of an agonized animal, borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louisa's voice faintly articulating in my ear the appalling words—
"The coach is being moved backwards!"
"God in heaven! Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at that coach door and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, whilst the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain, that the coach was being moved slowly backwards!"

"What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seems to me like a frightful dream.
"I rushed against the door with all my force but it mocked my utmost efforts.—One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper and deeper, and I knew from the desperate plunges against his traces that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage, as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter, standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Louisa turner ashy cheeks and superb eyes towards me as if imploring protection, and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll—a desperate plunge, as if of an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harsh, grating jar—a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louisa firmly with one hand around the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

"I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted, but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion."
The traveller paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did when we were on the mountain; he pressed his hand across his forehead as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting story.

"On a low couch, in a lumber room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, and joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness. Gentle hands soothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a time all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a girl about fifteen, who refused for several days to hold any discourse with me. A length one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.
"You were discovered," said she sitting on a ledge of rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the girls face with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.
"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."
"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.
"Were both crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below the place where my father and uncle Joe

got you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave, close by the clover patch down in our meadow ground.

"Poor Louisa! poor orphan! God pity you?" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.
"God pity her, indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied.
"I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful-sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her grief; but briefly acquaint you, that I at last succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home in the sunny south, and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night, she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hour of darkness in solitary prayer. 'As for me,' added the traveller, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, 'as for me, that accident has reduced me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice.'"

"But the driver," urged our lady passenger, who had attended the recital of the whole with great attention—"what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"
"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same dash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

"The traveller here fell into a musing attitude, as if all further allusion to the subject would be unpleasant to him. Shortly after this, we reached the railroad station, where I parted from the nervous gentleman with feelings of profound esteem.

"The Lower Classes."
The lower classes—who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inventor, the producer? No, far from it! These are Nature's nobility—God's favorites—the salt of the earth. No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pel, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely the "upper circles" in the order of nature, whatever the fictitious distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, decree. It is not low—it is the duty, privilege and pleasure, of the great man and the whole-souled woman, to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architect of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low, and in fact the middle classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. If there is a class of human beings on earth who may be properly denominated low, it is those who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without doing anything in aid of themselves.

KEEP GOOD COMPANY.
There is a certain magic or charm in company, for it will assimilate and make you like to them by much conversation with them. If they be good company, it is a great means to make you good, or confirm you in goodness; but if they be bad, it is twenty to one but they will corrupt or infect you. Therefore, be wary and sly in choosing and entertaining, or frequenting any company or companions; be not too hasty in committing yourself to them; stand off a while till you have inquired of some (that you know by experience to be faithful) what they are; observe what company they keep; be not too hasty to gain acquaintance, but stand off and keep a distance yet a while, till you have observed and learned touching them. Men or women that are greedy of acquaintance, or hasty in it, are often snared in ill company before they are aware, and entangled so that they cannot easily get loose from it when they would.

Chide a man for being angry when he is angry, what will you get by it, save some of the foam of his overflowing rage cast upon you? As God is said to have come down in the cool of the day to reprove Adam, so likewise we should come in the cool season of a man's passions, when all is quiet and temperate within, for then there is the greatest probability of rightly influencing him.

Some men who know that they are great, are so very haughty withal and insufferable, that their acquaintances discover their greatness only by the tax of humility which they are obliged to pay, as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveller, which he discovers to be turn-pikes only by the toll.

If you don't love flowers yourself, don't quarrel with those who do. It is a defect in your nature which you ought to be sor-

ry for, rather than abuse the one who are more gifted. Of what possible use is the rainbow, we should like to know! And yet a wiser Being than you did not think the world complete without it.

BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.—A rather singular case of forgery has just occurred in New Orleans. A young French girl, who had recently arrived with her mother and sister from Paris, was reported to have a large amount of gold on deposit with a city banker. She was fair and of course had many admirers, among them a verdant young merchant, whom she married.—On the day following the marriage the happy bride groom deposited with a banker a note for \$10,000, signed by one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. This note, which he had received from his young and beautiful bride, he desired to have collected, and a draft for the amount remitted to him at New York for which destination the happy couple took their departure the same evening. The note was not discovered to be a forgery until several days after they had sailed for the North. The credulous husband with his artful spouse are now enjoying their honey moon trip at the North, but the news of the affair which must come, when the money does not, will surely interrupt their matrimonial bliss.

A BRIEF LITANY.
To be read on all convenient occasions by all classes.

From all 'bores,' inquisitive people, false faced, hollow hearted evil doers and evil thinkers, deliver us.
From long winded, prosy, leaden essays, harangues, and hail storms; from high winds of adversity, 'east winds,' and rich relations, deliver us.
From politics in religion or religion in politics; from demagogues of all sorts and calibre, deliver us.
From rainy days and paper soled shoes; from long cold winters and stone-coal—especially at six dollars per ton, deliver us.

From whimsical wives and pet dogs; from fashionable daughters and \$100 shawls, deliver us.
From other people's babies and their mint sticks; from harangues about smart children and their capers, deliver us.
From Italian operas, parched-pea coffee, fashionable modes, form, and fashionable boarding houses, deliver us.
From tax collectors and sheriff's officers; from rents, duns, printer's devils and lawyers; from toothache, deliver us.
From all sorrow and grief, which shorten man's life; from vexation and losses, skimmed milk and sandy sugar, deliver us.
From the hands of the doctor and surgeon, the loss of good repast and daily occupation; from cold sweats, consumption, and delinquent subscribers, LORD, DELIVER US ALL.—Merchant's Ledger.

"ANSWER ME THESE."—If 4 scruples make one dram, how many will it take to make a drama?
If 24 inches make 1 nail, how many will make a screw?
If 8 feet make a yard, how many will make a garden?
If 63 gallons will make a hogshead, how many will make the whole animal?
If 12 inches make one foot, how many will make one leg.

"What under the sun can be the cause of that bell ringing to day?" said young Sam to his friend, as they approached a country village.
"If I was to express my opinion on the subject," returned Isaac, solemnly, "I should say it is my deliberate conviction, that somebody was pulling the tops."

SPRING STYLE OF PANTALOONS.—This is described by a Philadelphia paper as follows: "The hue is a cross between that of pea soup and dirty water, with a stray touch of the green scum of a frog pond; and the proud wearers go up and down Chestnut street like so many bullfrogs out on a pleasant excursion."

LYKENS VALLEY COAL.
THE Lykens Valley Coal Company will be prepared to deliver Coal, on and after the 25th inst., at the Depot, Millersburg, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, (at the head of the Wisconsin Canal, 12 miles from Clark's Ferry,) at the following prices CASH:
Lump, broken and screened, \$2.60 per ton.
Nut, 1.75 do.
do. mixed, 1.57 1/2 do.
do. small, 75 do.
WILLIAM HAWKINS, Treasurer.
April 14, 1849—aug1.

Dissolution of Partnership.
TAKE NOTICE, that the partnership heretofore existing between A. B. LONG and Geo. H. LONG, under the firm of A. B. LONG & CO., in the manufacture of stoves, and the partnership of A. B. LONG & BROTHER, in the manufacture of iron at Hope Furnace, are now (April 12, 1849), dissolved, by mutual consent of the parties, and all claims in favor or against said partnerships will be settled by A. B. LONG.
A. B. LONG.
GEO. H. LONG.

April 21, 1849—4t.
PERFUMERY, a fine assortment, for sale by Green & Banks.