



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE FRYSENGER, LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.

Vol. XXXV.—Whole No. 1832.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1849.

New Series—Vol. 3—No. 30.

Rates of Advertising. One square, 18 lines, 2 squares, 6 mos. \$5.00...

W. H. IRWIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HAS resumed the practice of his profession...

W. J. JACOBS, Attorney at Law, WILL attend promptly to business entrusted...

MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE. CHRISTIAN HOOVER, Justice of the Peace, CAN be found at his office...

M. MONTGOMERY, Boot & Shoe Manufacturer, CONTINUES to manufacture, to order, every description of BOOTS AND SHOES...

Better Bite than Gum it. Dentistry. DR. S. F. GREEN, has again resumed the practice of his profession...

Samuel Hopper, CARPENTER, Is ready at all times to build the best Houses, and can do that very thing...

TIN WARE ESTABLISHMENT. THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed his establishment...

Tin Ware, Sheet Iron Ware, and Spooling, made of the best materials, on as low terms as can be procured anywhere...

ATTENTION, FARMERS!! "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Horse Power and Grain Threshers. Their horse power, &c., has so long stood the test, that it would seem needless to add their recommendation...

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...

TO 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...

Hinges. Hinges. BARN Door and Garden Gate Hinges, with an assortment of all kinds of loose and fast Joint Butts...

Shoemakers' Brushes, BRISTLES, Longstick, Patent Awl Hafts, Rubbers, &c., best assortment of all kinds of Shoe Findings and Shoe Kits...

Brass and Silver Harness Mounting, VERY low this season—8 or 10 different styles can be had at...

Timens & Sons' Shoe Pincers, FROM 00 to 5, hammered Cast Steel Shoe Hammers, from 1 to 4; Shoe Thread, a most superior article...

Silver Tea, Dessert and Table Spoons, AND four pronged Forks, for sale VERY low for cash by...

Forks, Shovels Spades, Rakes, and Hoes, OF the best quality, selected expressly for use, and at lowest cash prices...

Wash Kettles, 25 to 30 gallons, COPPER Kettles, iron enamelled Preserving Kettles, of different sizes...

Steel. Steel. Steel. CAST STEEL, Shear do., English, German, American and Swedes do., Spring do. An assortment from 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches always on hand...

Files! Files! Files! AND 4 square Files, from 3/4 to 1 1/2 inches. Flat, round, and half-round do. Hand Bastard and Smooth, from 4 to 16 inch. Mill Saw, Pill Saw do., all sizes, embracing by assortment some 100 packages, of double-refined cast steel, first cut...

CORDAGE, &C. WE have constantly on hand a fine assortment of Twines, Bedcords, 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! A very large assortment of prime groceries, on hand. Fine Teas, 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...

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.

Poetry. For the Gazette. LOGAN'S LAMENT. BY MARY OF MIFFLIN. Behind the Alleghenia's frowning brow The sun has set—the brightened sky grows dim— The earth is lonely, very lonely now. The wailing night-winds chaunt their mournful hymn.

Along the Juniata's woody shore, I wander, from this cold, cold world apart; No more the chase hath charms for me; no more The voice of kindred cheers this lonely heart.

When budding forests hail'd the coming spring, My life startled the unbroken gloom, While death o'ertook the forest's grizzly king, And smiles welcomed the weary hunter home.

But when the wintry blast was making moan, And from the wind-top'd bough the brown nut fell, The red knife ceased to wake the dying groan, Or silent arrow the triumphant yell.

Dirge passions in this troubled bosom rave; Dark hate pervades where friendship once has been, Since the proud flood lashed back its gory wave, Red with the blood of Logan's murder'd kin.

Their bark was sporting when the waters rush'd, Freighted with innocence, it knew no dread: The white man's aim was true—the bright wave blushed, To see shame's halo darken round his head.

Now when the quivering twilight shadows fall, Like restless sprites, athwart the desert's gloom, The panther's scream, the wild wolf's bloody howl, Is all my welcome to my cabin home.

Ever around my vision-haunted rest, The spirits of the lost are lingering there; Uncov'ring each the bleeding, wounded breast, Then shrieking "vengeance" vanish into air. A sigh—a wail—across the forest flies; A shriek—a groan—the clangless echoes bear: Aye, "vengeance," my storm-stricken soul replies, The willing bow is bent—white man beware! Kishacoquillas Valley, May, 1849.

Miscellaneous. GOOD NIGHT.—"Good night!" In that expression of kindness how sweet and soothing a sentiment is conveyed. The tools of the day are over; the fervent heat of noon is past; that maddening pursuit after gain is suspended; and mankind sunk in the arms of sleep enjoy a temporary asylum from care of mind and enervation of body.

Even from guilt beneficent nature withholds not the solace of repose, and passing through the "ivory gate of dream" the days of youth, of happiness, of innocence in shadowy glory flit before the soul. Insupportable, indeed, would be the heavy tribulation which, in our pilgrimage through life, we must endure, were it not for those intermittent seasons of rest which is alike the privilege of the houseless wanderer and the palaced lord to enjoy.

And night, gentle night, is the tender nurse that woos the toil exhausted frame to steep its cures in calm forgetfulness. The wise provisions of nature indicate the season for repose; and her beneficent laws are revered and obeyed by all save the being for whose comfort and happiness they were chiefly promulgated.

When the sun withdraws from the heavens, and the earth is shrouded in darkness, the labors of industry cease; the flowers, closing their petals, defended from the chilling dews of evening, and that sweet watchman of the grove, the nightingale, thrills forth in wild and varied cadences, the parting song "Good Night, Cynthia, and her glittering train of stars, robed in the grandeur of eternal light, come forth and hover above the earth and its children like fair and holy spirits keeping vigils over mortal sleepers, and preserving them from the influence of the powers of darkness.

INFLUENCE OF CLEANLINESS.—A neat and clean, fresh aired, sweet, cheerful and well arranged house, exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable, and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other! The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and habits of respect for others, and those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce.

On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, and noxious dwelling, rendered still more so by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them brutal and reckless, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others, or for the laws.

Men are like bugs—the more brass they contain the further you can hear them. Ladies are like violets—the more modest and retiring they appear the better you love them.

THE most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

WATCHING FOR A TIGER. The spot I selected was the edge of a tank where a tiger used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village shikaree accompanied me; and soon after sunset we took up our position on a branch about twelve feet from the ground. I should first mention that we fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait.

Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours without moving, it might be eight o'clock, the moon had risen, and so clear was the light, that we could see jackals, at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village, when a party of Brimpassies passing by, stopped to water their bullocks at the tank.

They loitered for some time; and, becoming impatient, I got off the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling them that I was watching a tiger, upon which they started off immediately. I was sauntering back to my post, never dreaming of danger, when the shikaree gave a low whistle, and at the same moment a growl rose from some bushes between me and the tree.

To make my situation quite decided, I saw his, (the shikaree's,) black arm pointing nearly straight under him, on my side of his post. It was very evident, that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty yards of it. There was nothing for me but to drop behind a bush and leave the rest to Providence. If I had moved then, the tiger would have had me to a certainty; besides, I trusted to his killing the bullock, and returning to the jungle as soon as he had finished his supper. It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock when the tiger approached.

He would run to the end of his rope, making desperate efforts to break it, and then lie down, shaking in every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough; but suspecting something wrong, he walked growling around the tree, as if he did not observe him. At last he made a fatal spring, with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant, and the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to the neck, sucking his life blood. I know not what possessed me this moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat.

He started with an angry roar from the carcass when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl.—There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, they had been left on the tree. Then I felt that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life flashed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer, and tried to prepare for death, which seemed inevitable. But what was my peon about all this time? He had the spare guns with him! Oh, as I afterwards learned, the poor fellow was trying to fire my double rifle, but all my locks have bolts which he did not understand and he could not cock it. He was a good shikaree, and knew that he was my only chance, so when he could do no good did nothing. If Mohadeen had been there he would soon have relieved me; but I had sent him in another direction that day. Well, some minutes passed thus.

The tiger made no attempt to come at me; a ray of hope cheered me; he might be dying. I peeped through the branches, but my heart sunk within me when his bright green eyes met mine and his hot breath absolutely blew in my face. I slpt back upon my knee in despair, and a gravel warned me that slight movement was noticed. But why did he not attack me at once. A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves, and while I remained perfectly quiet I had still a chance. Suspense was becoming intolerable. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dared not move a joint. The tormenting mosquitoes swarmed around my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a harsh growl grated through the stillness of the night.

Hours that seemed years, rolled on, I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last came the welcome dawn! and oh, how gladly did I hail the first streak of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose and sulkily stalked away to some distance. I felt that danger was passed and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe. Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain and I only wondered that I survived it. I now sent off the peon for the elephant, and before eight o'clock old Goliath had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead.—Foreign Sporting, in the New Monthly.

Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic. A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the girl to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night." "Do you work for a living?" inquired the astonished girl.

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"My brother doesn't work, and I dislike the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty little nose.

That was the last time the young mechanic visited the young woman.—He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best of women for his wife. The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic, is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grog shops—and she, poor miserable girl, is obliged to take in washing, in order to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of a mechanic—whose brothers do nothing but loaf and dress—beware how you treat young men who work for a living.—Far better discard the well fed pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness, and pomposity, and take to your affections, the callous-handed, intelligent and industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly, who have turned their backs on honest industry. A few years of bitter experience have taught them a lesson. In this country, no man or woman should be respected, in our way of thinking, who will not work bodily or mentally, and who curl their lips with scorn when introduced to a hardworking man.

ACQUITTAL OF MRS. HOWARD.—The trial and acquittal of Mrs. Howard, for the murder of a woman who had supplanted her in the affections of her husband, in Cincinnati, are characteristic and significant events. Upon principles of strict justice, we cannot reconcile the testimony and the verdict; but the variation of the jury from the exact line of legal prescription, should serve as a serious admonition against the invasion of the marital rights and honor. The defence rested upon the plea of insanity, and though legal insanity was not made out, yet a condition of mind was shown to predominate, indicative of infuriated passions. A woman of excitable temperament, deeply wronged, robbed of her children, despoiled of her rightful position, cast forth upon the unpropitious world, and, as she supposed, about to be separated forever from her little ones, mocked, hated, slandered, she conceived and executed a terrible revenge.

It may be, that the guiltiest of the two was not her victim; that was not her fault. The woman was the first she met, and in that meeting the deceased introduced herself as Mrs. Howard. "This," says the real Mrs. Howard, "roused all the demon in me, and I sprang at her and said—'You wretch, you, I am Mrs. Howard!' and then let her have it." Here is the desperation of a defective mind. The moral resources were inadequate to subdue the vindictive sense of wrong; and even after the homicide, the woman is met with the stain of blood upon her knee, in hand, exclaiming, "O, if I could only get hold of him!"

Nothing short of insanity could excuse such a killing as this, although the wrong woman had suffered was one that the law could not effectually redress. But the jury—and juries are but human—seized upon the loop of insanity towards them by the defence, and thus relieved themselves from the responsibility of their oaths. We cannot justify the verdict—but who will condemn it? Let it stand upon the records of the age as a stern admonition to the heartless and the unchaste.

European and American Fighting.—The battle of Novara, where Charles Albert, of Sardinia, lost his crown, is described in the European journals as a severe and destructive affair, in which the Sardinians sustained a bloody loss—to wit, two thousand killed and wounded. The idea of an army of fifty thousand being defeated after a loss of two thousand appears very surprising to us, who are accustomed to the exploits of our little armies in Mexico, which were wont to gain brilliant victories after losing one-fourth of their numbers. If the brave Piedmontese only had some of our officers to command them, old Radetzky would soon find himself as much embarrassed as his old instructor in military tactics, Melas, was by Napoleon's new fashioned mode of warfare, first displayed in the vicinity of Radetzky's recent triumphs.

GEN. JOSEPH AVEZZANA, the leader of the rebellion in Genoa, is said to have been formerly a soldier in South America, and subsequently a trader in New York. He commanded the National Guards of Genoa, before and after the insurrection. One Genoese account, which we find in the Courier des Etats Unis, states that "the municipality of Genoa offered him 10,000 francs, to sustain him during his exile; but he, with a disinterestedness equal to his bravery, refused it, and left Genoa with a sum of money barely sufficient to carry him to the hospitable shores of America.

NECESSITY FOR KNOWING SPANISH.—The adventurers bound to California should acquire some little knowledge of Spanish, or they will be puzzled when they go to the country, where even the mules understand no other language. One of a company who started from Vera Cruz could not get his mule to budge, though he kicked, beat and cursed him in choicest English. The mule only pricked up his ears at the strange sounds. At length a Mexican gave him the word, "mulas, vamos, sst, sst," and away the animal went at the top of his speed. The rider now had as great difficulty to stop him, for he knew no Spanish word, and was obliged to hire an interpreter between him and his mule.

A mouse has been captured at Brecon, in Wales, by Mr. John Walkins, which sings precisely like a bird, imitating exactly the linnets, wood lark and nightingale.

American Enterprise.—At the time the American army left Mexico, in July last, not a single citizen's house existed in Brownsville, (the site of Fort Brown) opposite Matamoros, where now stands a town of 2000 inhabitants.

Mrs. Simpkins has an abominable gait, don't you think so? "No, indeed, I think it quite handsome, especially since it is painted."

Who is the strongest man? The man that can lift his notes every day without borrowing.

SMART BOY.—"Father, what does the printer live on?" "Why, child?" "Because you said you hadn't paid him for two years, and still take the paper." "Wife, spank that child."

SAVE YOUR EGG SHELLS.—Eggs that are to be used for puddings, custards, &c., should be nicely cleaned, before they are broken, with a cloth dipped in strong vinegar. Then, if, after being emptied of all but the white that always remains sticking to the inside, the shells are spread out and dried, they serve as well for clearing coffee as isinglass, or any other substance generally used for that purpose, with the additional advantage, that it costs nothing but a little forethought.

FARMERS, ATTENTION! None'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 SERRATT & POTTER'S Warehouse. 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 calculate to pay the farmer in the very best par money that is afloat. Liberal cash advances made on all produce deposited in store.

WILLIAM MARKS & SON, Lewistown, Mifflin 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. Watson & Jacob, "Jos. Milkien & son, Mr. F. McCoy, "R. F. Ellis, "James Turner, "Samuel Frank. Lewistown, Jan. 1, 1849—6mos.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA, For Sale at E. ALLEN'S Drug and Grocery Store, WHO IS THE ONLY AGENT in this place, for the sale of the GENUINE Townsend's Sarsaparilla!

For the accommodation of those who wish S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, I have a quantity on hand, having ordered a large supply previous to obtaining the agency for Dr. Jacob's Genueve. EDWIN ALLEN Lewistown, April 28, 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 Burman Lover, the Happiest Time is Now, the New Congressional Song of Eight Dollars a Day, Away Down East, He doeth all things Well, He led her to the Altar, or the Rich Young Man's Wedding, the New foundland Dog. All of the above are for sale at the book store of C. C. SPOTSWOOD. Lewistown, April 28, 1849.