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Poetry.

DOUBT NOT.

BY J. M. KNOWLTON.

When the day of life is dreary,
And when gloom thy course enshrouds—
When thy steps are faint and weary,
And thy spirit dark with clouds,
Steadfast still in thy well doing,
Let thy soul forget the past—
Steadfast still, the right pursuing,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

Striving still, and onward pressing,
Seek not future years to know,
But deserve the wished for blessing,
It shall come, though it be slow.
Never turning upward gazing—
Let thy fears aside be cast,
And thy trials tempting, braving—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

Keep not thou thy soul regretting,
Seek the good—spurn evil's thrall—
Though thy foes thy path besetting,
Thou shalt triumph o'er them all.
Though each year but bring thee sadness,
And thy youth be fleeting fast,
There'll be time enough for gladness—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

His fond eye is watching o'er thee—
His strong arm shall be thy guard—
Duty's path is straight before thee,
It shall lead to thy reward.
By thy ill thy faith made stronger,
Would the future by the past—
Hope thou on a little longer!
Doubt not! joy shall come at last!

A Select Tale.

From Sartain's Union Magazine.

A BAD HABIT CURED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

One of the virtues peculiar to society in this country—and, it may be to other countries, for aught we know—is a tender regard for the consciences of others. People are disposed to interpret St. Paul's injunction to the Philippians, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man, also, on the things of his neighbor," after the most literal fashion. We see this manifested in a great variety of ways, but in none more prominently than in the effort to make people pay due regard to the precept, "Of him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

Mrs. Armand was the very personification of this virtue; and she took good care that none in her neighborhood suffered condemnation for lack of a living faith in the precept last quoted, as sundry careful housewives could testify.

Mr. Armand differed with his wife in some matters, and particularly in regard to the morality of borrowing practices, and often recorded his protest against their continuance, the doing of which satisfied him more and more, each time it was repeated, that "when a woman will, she will you may depend on it." A fair sample of the discussion held on the subject may be seen in the following matrimonial passage of small arms which occurred in consequence of the appearance on the table, one morning, of a strange looking Britannia ware coffee pot.

"Where did that come from, Sarah?" was the natural inquiry of Mr. Armand, as his eyes rested upon this handsome addition to the appendage of the tray.

"Kitty melted the bottom off my coffee pot yesterday, the careless thing!" replied Mrs. Armand, "and it is not mended yet; and so I borrowed Mrs. Lovell's for this morning."

"I wouldn't have done that," said the husband.

"Why, wouldn't you?" very pertinently inquired Mrs. Armand.

"Oh! because I wouldn't."

"Give a reason. Men are always fierce enough for reasons?"

"Because I don't think it right to borrow other people's things, when we can do without them."

"We couldn't do without a coffee pot, could we?"

"Yes; I think so."

"How, pray?"

"Rather than borrow, I would have made tea for breakfast, until our coffee-pot was mended."

"A nice grumbling time there would have been, if I had tried to put you off with a cup of tea?"

"I don't think I am such a grumbler as that, Sarah; I believe I am as easily satisfied as most men. I'm sure I would rather drink tea all my life than take coffee from a borrowed coffee pot."

"So much for trying to provide for your comfort," said Mrs. Armand, in a complaining tone of voice.

"I never wish you to do wrong for the sake of securing my comfort," returned her husband.

"Do wrong! Do you mean to say that it is wrong to borrow and lend?"

"It is wrong to borrow on every trifling

occasion, for this is to be unjust to others, who are constantly deprived of the use or possession of such things as are their own."

"I wouldn't like to live in the world as selfish as it would be if made after your model," said Mrs. Armand.

"No doubt it would be bad enough," replied the husband; "but I am sure that borrowers would be scarce."

"But what harm can my using Mrs. Lovell's coffee-pot for a single morning do, I would like to know?"

Mr. Armand answered this interrogatory not, however, conclusively enough to satisfy his wife. Mrs. Lovell's opinion on the subject being much more to the point, will best enlighten the reader, and so we will give that. Mrs. Lovell was preparing to go down to breakfast, when her cook came to her chamber door, and said—

"Mrs. Armand, ma'am, wants you to lend her your coffee pot. She says Kitty melted the bottom off hers, and it ain't mended yet. She just wants it for this morning."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Lovell. "The tone in which it was said, did not express much pleasure. As the girl retired, Mrs. Lovell remarked, in a grumbling way, to her husband—

"And no doubt, Kitty'll melt the bottom off mine before night."

"You are not going to let her have that handsome Britannia coffee-pot?" said Mr. Lovell.

"I have no other and she knows it."

"You might say that you have only one. She will think that in use."

"No, she won't; for she is very well aware of the fact, that we don't make coffee, unless when we happen to have company."

"As you had not the resolution to say 'no,' you will have to take your chance."

"And the chances will all be against me. Of that I am certain. I never loaned Mrs. Armand anything in my life, that it didn't come home injured in some way."

"Then your coffee-pot will hardly prove an exception."

"I'm afraid not. Oh dear! I wish that people would let their neighbors possess the little they have in peace. I've had that set of Britannia ware for five years, and there is not a bad scratch nor bruise upon any piece of it. If Mrs. Armand lets the coffee pot get injured, I shall be too angry."

"Almost hope she will," said Mr. Lovell.

"Why Henry?"

"You will, then, in all probability, fall back upon your reserved rights, and throw Mrs. Armand, in future, upon hers."

"What are your reserved rights?"

"In this case, yours will be to refuse lending what your neighbors should buy; and hers will be to buy what she can't conveniently borrow."

"I don't wish to offend her," said Mrs. Lovell, "but if she does let my coffee pot get injured, I shall be too much put out."

"In other words, you will say something sharp about it."

"Very likely. I'm apt, you know, to speak out on the spur of the occasion."

"Then I shall be very well content to see the spout knocked off, the handle bent, or a bruise as large as a walnut in the side of your coffee pot."

"Henry! Why will you say so!"

"Because I happen to feel all I say.—This borrowing nuisance is intolerable, and its suppression can hardly be obtained at too dear a cost. How many umbrellas has Mrs. Armand lost or ruined for us in the last two years?"

"Don't ask me that question. I've never tried to keep the 'counts.'"

"Half a dozen at least."

"You may safely set the number down at that. But, if I could get off with umbrellas, I'd buy a case, and let her have one a month, and think the arrangement a bargain. The fact is, I have scarcely an article of movable household goods, or wearing apparel, that doesn't show sad evidences of having been used by some one beside myself. You know that dear little merino cloak of Charley's, in which he looked so sweet?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Last Sunday Mrs. Armand had her baby baptized. Of course she had nothing decent to put on it, and of course sent for Charley's cloak. What could I do?"

"You could have declined letting her have the cloak."

"Not under the circumstances."

"Hasn't her baby a cloak?"

"Yes, but it's full of grease spots, not fit to be seen."

"It's good enough for her baby, if she don't think proper to provide a better one."

"All very easy said. But I couldn't refuse the cloak, though I let it go with fear and trembling. Now just look at it!"

Mrs. Lovell opened a drawer, and taking out the dove-colored cloak, with its white and blue lining, slowly opened it.

"Bless me!" exclaimed her husband, as the back of the collar was displayed, and showed several square inches of discoloration. "What in the world could have done that?"

"Perspiration from the child's head.—Charley has worn it twenty times, yet not a spot was to be seen before. But this is not the worst. To keep the baby from crying in church, a piece of red candy was pushed into its mouth."

"Goodness!"

"And as the baby was cutting teeth, the result can hardly be wondered at."

Mrs. Lovell held up the front of the cloak. From the collar to the skirt were lines, broad irregular patches, and finger marks, dark, red and gummy.

"That beats everything!" exclaimed Mr. Lovell.

"But it isn't all," added his wife, as she turned the cloak around, and showed a grease spot half as large as her hand upon the skirt. "After the child was brought home, nurse took off the cloak and threw it upon the table, where one of the children had just laid a large slice of bread and butter."

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Lovell.

"I haven't looked any further," replied Mrs. Lovell, tossing the ruined garment from her with an impatient air. "But isn't it too much to bear?"

"What did the lady say when she bro't it home?"

"She sent it in by one of her girls, who said that there were two or three spots on the cloak, for which Mrs. Armand was sorry; but she thought I could easily rub them out."

"Humph!"

"The cloak is totally ruined. I don't know when I had any thing to vex me so much. And it was such a beauty."

"What will you do?"

"Throw it away. I can't let my baby wear a soiled and greasy cloak. See!" and Mrs. Lovell again went to her drawers, "I've got cashmere for a new one."

"Well now, this is too bad!" exclaimed Mr. Lovell. "Too bad! If I were you, I'd send her the cloak, with my compliments, and tell her to keep it."

"Oh, I don't wish to make her an enemy."

"Better have such persons enemies than friends."

"Perhaps not."

"What's the use of your making a new cloak for Charley? You'll lend it to Mrs. Armand when she wants to send her baby out and the—"

"Beg your pardon, husband dear! But I will do no such thing!"

"We'll see."

"And we will see."

Mrs. Lovell spoke pretty resolutely, as if her mind were, for once in her life, made up not to be imposed upon.

The breakfast bell ringing at the moment Mr. Lovell dropped the subject for the discussion of one rather more agreeable.

The day passed without the return of the coffee pot, about which Mrs. Lovell could not help feeling some uneasiness.—And she had reason; for nothing came home from the hands of the incorrigible borrower that did not show signs of hard or careless usage.

On the next day Mrs. Armand called in to pay her neighbors a visit.

"I haven't sent home your coffee pot yet," said she, during a pause in the conversation that followed her entrance. "I told Kitty yesterday to take ours immediately and get it mended; but I found this morning that she had failed to do so. I never saw such a careless, forgetful creature in my life."

"It's no matter," Mrs. Lovell forced herself to say, at the cost of a departure from the truth.

"Oh, I knew, it was no regularly, because you don't make coffee frequently," responded Mrs. Armand; but, then, I never like to be using other people's things when I can help it. Besides our Kitty is such a careless creature, that every thing she touches is in danger; and I'm afraid it might get injured. I noticed a little dent in the spout this morning."

"Not a bad one?" said Mrs. Lovell, thrown a little off her guard by this admission.—The tone in which she spoke expressed her anxiety.

"Oh no, no!" replied Mrs. Armand quickly. "You would hardly see it unless it were pointed out. But even for so trifling an injury I can assure you I scolded Kitty well. As soon as I go home, I will start her off with my coffee pot, if she has not already taken it to the tinner's."

Days passed, but the coffee pot still remained in the possession of Mrs. Armand. In the mean time, Charley's new cloak of very fine light blue cashmere was finished, and as Mrs. Lovell was a little proud of her baby—what mother is not?—the cloak went out to take an airing, the baby inside of course, every day for a week afterwards.

One afternoon some friends came in, and Mrs. Lovell persuaded them to stay and spend the evening. Shortly after they arrived, a messenger came from Mrs. Armand with a request for the loan of Charley's cloak, as the mother wanted to send her baby down to Jones' Hotel, that a friend of hers, who was passing through the city, might see him.

Mrs. Lovell said, "very well," and took from a drawer the dove colored merino cloak that had suffered so severely at the christening, and handed it to the girl who had come from Mrs. Armand.

In a few minutes the girl returned with the cloak, and said—

"It isn't the one that Mrs. Armand wants. She says, please to let her have the blue one. She'll take good care of it."

Mrs. Lovell took the dove-colored cloak,

and turned with it to the drawer slowly, debating in her mind what she should do. She must either offend Mrs. Armand, or run the risk of having the new cloak, which cost ten dollars, besides her labor, spoiled as the other had been. She did not wish to do the former; but, how could she submit to the latter? Just as, in her doubt and hesitation, she laid her hand upon the new garment, a thought struck her, and turning to the girl, she said—

"Tell Mrs. Armand that she can have the light cloak in welcome; but Charley is going out, and will wear the blue one."

The girl departed, and Charley got an extra airing that day. Mrs. Armand was exceedingly indignant, and wondered if Mrs. Lovell supposed she was going to send her child out in that soiled and greasy thing!

Towards supper time, Mrs. Lovell's cook asked her if she wished coffee made.

"Oh, certainly," was replied.

"Mrs. Armand has our coffee-pot."

"I know. You must go in for it."

The cook took off her apron, and ran in to Mrs. Armand's for the coffee-pot. In a few moments she returned, and said—

"Mrs. Armand can't let you have it before to-morrow. Her's is not mended yet, and Mr. Armand always drinks coffee for supper."

"But go and tell her that I have company and cannot do without it," replied Mrs. L., a little impatiently.

The girl went back. When she returned, the coffee-pot was in her possession.—As she set it down before Mrs. Lovell, she said—

"Mrs. Armand didn't seem to like it much."

"Like what much?"

"Your sending again. She says her husband never drinks tea, and she don't know how she is going to make coffee."

"But that isn't my coffee-pot!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, no. Never!" And Mrs. Lovell took up a dingy looking affair that her cook had brought in and eyed it doubtfully.—She remembered her Britannia coffee pot as a beautiful piece of ware, without a scratch or bruise, and bright as silver. But this was as dull as pewter; and a part of the bottom, had been melted off or turned up; there were several large dents in it; the mouth of the spout had received a disfiguring bruise, and the little jet knob on the lid was entirely broken off! No, no—this was not the coffee pot. But the cook insisted that it was, and soon proved her assertion.

"This was too much for Mrs. Lovell, and the forbearance of that long suffering lady yielded under the too heavy pressure it was called to sustain.

"That my coffee-pot!" she exclaimed with a most indignant emphasis, and lifting it from the table on which the cook had placed it, she set it down upon a tea tray, which contained the other pieces belonging to her beautiful set of Britannia. The contrast was lamentable.

"There!" said she, with a glowing cheek, and voice pitched an octave higher than usual. "Take the whole set in to Mrs. Armand, with my compliments, and say that I make her a present of it."

The cook didn't need to be told her errand twice; but before Mrs. Lovell had time for reflection and repentance, she was beyond recall.

The dining room and kitchen of Mrs. Armand's house were in the same story, and separated only by a door. It happened that Mr. Armand was at home when Mrs. Lovell's cook came in and presented the breakfast and tea set, with the compliments of her mistress. The tone in which the message was given, as it reached his ears, satisfied him that something was wrong; and he was put beyond doubt when he heard his wife say, with unusual excitement in her voice,—

"Take them back! Take them back!"

The girl retreated hastily, and left her in full possession of the tray and its contents.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Armand, as his wife retreated into the dining room, with flushed face and a quivering lip. It was some moments before she could speak, and then she said something in a confused way about an insult. Not being able to understand what it all meant, Mr. Armand sought for information in the kitchen.

"Whose is this?" he said to Kitty, laying his hand upon the Britannia set.

"Mrs. Lovell's," replied Kitty.

"Why is it here?"

"Mrs. Lovell sent it in as a present to Mrs. Armand."

"Indeed!" Mr. Armand looked a little closer.

"Is this the coffee-pot we have been using for a week?"

"Yes sir."

"Humph!" Light was breaking into his mind.

"Abusing, I should have said," he added. "And because the coffee pot has been ruined, and the set broken, Mrs. Lovell makes us a present of what remains?"

Kitty held down her head in silence.

After examining the coffee-pot, and contrasting it with other pieces of the set, Mr. Armand made an angry exclamation, and retired from the kitchen. He did not re-enter the dining room where he had left

his wife, but took up his hat, and going out by the front door, shut it hard after him. In about half an hour, he returned.

"Where have you been?" his wife ventured to ask as he entered the room, where she was sitting in no very enviable mood.

"Trying to repair the wrong you have done."

"How do you mean?" asked Mrs. Armand.

"I've bought a handsome set of Britannia ware for Mrs. Lovell," replied the husband, "and sent it to her with a note of apology, and a request from me, as a particular favor, never to lend you anything again, as you would be sure to injure it."

"Mr. Armand!"

"It's true, every word of it. I never was so mortified by anything in my life. I don't wonder that Mrs. Lovell sent you the beautiful set you had broken. The fact is, this borrowing system must come to an end. If you want any thing, buy it; and if you are not able to do without it."

Poor Mrs. Armand, whose feelings during the brief absence of her husband were by no means to be envied, now burst into tears and cried bitterly. Mr. Armand made no attempt to soothe the distress of his wife. He felt a little angry; and when one is angry, there is not much room left in the mind for sympathy towards those who have excited the anger.

After supper, while Mrs. Armand sat sewing, her face under a cloud, and Mr. Armand was endeavoring to get over the unpleasant excitement he had experienced, by means of a book, some one rung the bell. In a little while Mr. Lovell was announced.

"What in the world can he want?" said Mrs. Armand.

"More about the coffee-pot," replied Mr. Armand, as he laid aside his book.

Mrs. Armand made no answer, and her husband left the room where they were sitting, and entered the parlor. Mr. Lovell, who was standing on the floor, extended his hand, and said with a smile—

"I'm afraid my wife's hasty conduct—for which she is extremely sorry—has both hurt and offended you. And as those are matters which, if left to themselves, like hidden fire, increase to a flame, I have thought it best to see you at once and offer all necessary apologies on her behalf."

"Not hurt in the least!" replied Mr. Armand good humoredly. "And as for apologies, Mrs. Lovell wants no better one than the wreck of her beautiful coffee-pot which I have minutely examined. I'm glad she set it back, just as she did, and for two reasons. It gave me an opportunity to repair the wrong which had been done, and served as a lesson to my wife, such as she needed and will not soon forget. No, no, Mr. Lovell! don't let this make you feel in the least unpleasant."

"But my wife says she cannot think of keeping the beautiful tea and coffee set you sent her."

"Tell her that she will have to keep them. They are hers in simple justice. If she sends them here, they will not be received. So she has no remedy. We want a set, and will keep yours. If a discolored coffee-pot has to be used, let it be by those who are guilty of the abuse.—And now, Mr. Lovell, tell your good lady for me, that if she lends my wife any thing more, I will not be responsible; as I have always disapproved the system, and am now, more than ever, opposed to it."

This last sentence was spoken playfully. After half an hour's good humored conversation, the gentlemen parted. It was some days before the ladies met, and then they were a little reserved towards each other. This reserve never entirely wore off. But there was no more borrowing from Mrs. Lovell, nor any one else; for Mrs. Armand was entirely cured of her desire to make others keep the scriptural injunction, to which allusion was made in the opening of our story.

grave. It is to see everything turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune, and the absolute despotism of crime. It is, in a word, to behold the vanity of life in all the vanities of display.

Gold is the God of this world.— Only whisper the word and its worshippers fall down on their knees. Breathe it in the valley and it is heard to the mountain top. Tell where it can be found, and the millions rush to the spot faster than they would go to Heaven.

TIN WARE ESTABLISHMENT.
THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed his establishment to the stand lately occupied by JOSEPH M. COLLEY, in MARKET STREET, where he has 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.

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.
January 22, 1848—4f.

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; Candies, 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.

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 shod findings.
F. J. HOFFMAN.
Lewistown, March 24, 1849.

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

Steel Springs.
A large assortment, low for cash, for sale by
F. J. HOFFMAN.
Lewistown, March 24, 1849.

White Lead,
PURE, at \$2 per keg, for sale by
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, } PAPER
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.

Groceries!
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.
Pure White Lead, \$2.00 per keg; Jersey Glass 8 by 10, \$4.25 to \$4.50 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.