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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad space and Rate. Includes rates for 18 lines, 1 time, 2 times, 3 times, 4 times, 5 times, 6 times, 7 times, 8 times, 9 times, 10 times, 11 times, 12 times, 13 times, 14 times, 15 times, 16 times, 17 times, 18 times, 19 times, 20 times, 21 times, 22 times, 23 times, 24 times, 25 times, 26 times, 27 times, 28 times, 29 times, 30 times, 31 times, 32 times, 33 times, 34 times, 35 times, 36 times, 37 times, 38 times, 39 times, 40 times, 41 times, 42 times, 43 times, 44 times, 45 times, 46 times, 47 times, 48 times, 49 times, 50 times.

Poetry.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

SERENADE.

Look out upon the night, lady,
'Tis sweetest in life's hours;
The loving moon is kissing now
The little loving flowers—
The air goes whisp'ring by, lady,
And murmurs to each tree
As softly with its perfumed breath
As I would fain to thee!

YANKEE DECISION.

Sometime between the years 1812 and '14, when considerable animosity existed between the people in Canada and the United States, and when some of the British subjects who were "dressed with a little brief authority," looked upon the yankees as but little better than brutes—the following is said to have taken place at the Custom House at St. Johns:

A Yankee of considerable dimension entered the office and informed the officer that he wished to enter the land and receive a passport. The officer cast a sarcastic look at him, and said that it was customary for people when they entered his office to receive passports to take off their hats, and requested him to do so immediately.

"No, I thank yer," said the Yankee, "I gin four dollars and a half for that hat to keep my head and ears warm."
"You impertinent puppy," said the officer, working himself into considerable of a passion, "how dare you insult me! Off with your hat immediately."
"No, sir, can't do it, keeps my head proper warm."

After several orders of a similar kind accompanied with curses and threats which met with no better success, he stepped up to him and gave his hat a blow which sent it to an adjacent corner of the room. The Yankee paid no attention to this, but waited patiently until he had received his passport, folded and safely deposited it within his wallet, and was ready to pursue his journey, when, turning to the officer, he requested him to pick up his hat and put it on his head.

The officer, who was wroth, ordered him to leave the office, or he might get into trouble—for he did not waste words with men of his description.

"I say, mister," said the Yankee, "you must pick up my hat, and that in one minute's time, or you shall feel the weight of these mauls," shaking his fists nearer to his lordship's face than was agreeable.
The officer raved and swore all to no effect, and then threatened to cane him, if he did not depart.

"Mister," said the Yankee, "time passes considerable kinder fast," and at the same time beginning to unbutton his coat, "and you had better be going after that hat."
After several more threats, which had the desired effect upon his opponent, and the time being nearly expired, he sneaked off for the hat, and offered it to the owner, but he was not satisfied with that, and ordered him to put it on his head, precisely as he found it. The officer hesitated, but seeing the determination of the Yankee, he set it upon his head, and was about to depart when he was collared and ordered to place it as he found it.

"Here," said the Yankee, "tuck this hat under, pull it down near in front, stick under that left ear," etc., all of which orders the officer reluctantly fulfilled. "That, sir, that's about right," said the Yankee, "and now, my friend, before I leave, I'll gin you a small word of advice—never meddle with a yankee's hat, unless you are prepared to take a peep into futurity.—Good morning, sir."

Speech of Lot Doolittle, On the Bill for the Protection of Hen Roosts.

Mistur Speaker—I've sot here in my seat and heered the opponents of this great national measure expextorate agin it, till I'm purty nigh bursted with indignat comotions of my lacerated sensibilities. Mistur Speaker, are it possible that men can be so infatuated as to vote agin this bill? Mistur Speaker, allow me to picture to your axcited and denuded imagination some of the heart-rending evils which arise from the want of protection to hen roosts, in my vicinity, among my constituents. Mistur Speaker, we will suppose it to be the awful and melancholy hour of midnight—all nature am hushed in repose—the solemn wind softly moans through the waving branches of the trees, and nought is leered to break the solemnly stillness, save an occasional grunt from the hog-pen! I will now carry you in imagination to that devoted hen-house. Behold its peaceful and happy inmates, gently declining in balmy slumbers on their elevated and majestic roosts! Look at the aged and venerable and highly respectable rooster, as he keeps his silent vigil with patience and unmitigated watchfulness over those innocent, helpless hens and pullets! Just let your eyes glance around and behold that dignified and maternal hen, who watches with tender solicitude and paternal congaulation of those little juvenile chickens who crowd around their respectful progenitor, and nestle under her circumambulant wings.

Now I ask, Mistur Speaker, am there to be found a wretch so lost and abandoned as will enter that peaceful and happy abode, and tear those interesting little biddies from their agonised and heart-broken parents? Mistur Speaker, I answer in thunder tones, there am! Are there anything so mean and sneaking as such a robbery? No, there are not! You may search the wide universe, from the natives who repose in solitary grandeur and superlative majesty under the shade of the tall cedars that grow upon the tops of the Himalah mountains in the valley of Josophat, down to the degraded and barbarous savages who repose in obscurity in their miserable wigwags on the rock of Gibraltar in the Gulf of Mexico, and then you will be so much puzzled to find any thing so mean, as you would to see the earth revolve around the sun once in the twentyfour hours without the aid of a telescope.

Mistur Speaker, I feel that I have said enough on this subject to convince the most obstinate member of the unapproachable necessity of a law which shall forever and everlastingly put a stop to these fowl proceedings, and I propose that every convicted offender shall suffer the penalty of the law as follows:

For the first offence, he shall be obliged to suck twelve rotten eggs, with no salt on 'em.

For the second offence, he shall be obliged to set on twenty rotten eggs, till he hatches 'em.

Mistur Speaker, all I want is for every member to act on this subject according to his conscientiousness. Let him do this, and he will be remembered everlastingly by a graceful posterity. Mistur Speaker, I've done. Where's my hat!

The eloquent gentleman, according to the Boston Post's report, here donned his sealcap, and sat down, apparently much exhausted.

What Are You Looking For?

A man was angry with his wife, as was often the case, either because she talked too much or contradicted him, or for some other reason; in short he was out of humor with her, and resolved not to speak a single word to her for a long, long time. He kept his resolution for a few days very strictly.

One evening, he is lying in bed, and wishes to sleep; he draws his night-cap over his ears, and his wife may say what she will, he hears nothing of it. The wife then takes a candle, and carries it into every hole and corner; she removes stools, and chairs and tables, and looks carefully behind them. The husband sits up in bed, and gazes inquiringly at her movements; he thinks that the dim must have an end at last.

But he is mistaken. His wife keeps on looking and searching. The husband loses patience and cries—

"What are you looking for?"
"For your tongue," she answers, "and now that I have found it, tell me why you are angry?"
Hereupon they become good friends again.

POETICAL.—In a city well known to every body, (if they can find out the name,) a poetical genius was hailed before a magistrate for kissing a girl and kicking up a dust, and the following dialogue ensued:

Magistrate—Is your name John Jay?
Prisoner—Yes, your honor, so the people say.
Magistrate—Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm?
Prisoner—Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm.
Magistrate—You rascal! did you come here to make rhymes?
Prisoner—No, your honor, but it will happen sometimes.
Magistrate—Be off, you scamp, get out of my sight.
Prisoner—Thank'ee, your honor, then I'll bid you good night.

SNOORING.—"My uncle P—— was an awful snorer. He could be heard further than a blacksmith's forge, but my aunt became so accustomed to it that it soothed her repose. They were a very domestic couple, and never slept apart for many years. At length my uncle was required to attend a court, at some hundred miles distant. The first night after his departure my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same manner, without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and would possibly have died had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant girl; she took the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber, and ground her to sleep at once.

THE LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING.—Q. What lane do the ladies like best to walk in?
A. Mouseline de laine.

Q. What lane do the ladies like best to walk out of?
A. MAIDEN LANE.

The last resource to raise the wind is that of a shrewd and unscrupulous yankee, who bought a bushel of shoe pegs and on discovering they were made of rotten wood, sharpened the other end and sold them for oats!

RELIGIO MEDICI.—At a parish examination, a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptized.
"No, sir," was the reply "not as I know of, but I've been waxinated."

A man was boasting about his knowledge of the world when, a wag in company asked him if he had ever been in Algeria. "I cannot exactly tell," said he, "but I think I once passed it on the coach."

The Ultraist Coalition.

We have noticed more than once the extraordinary combination which unites the Nullifiers of the South and the Abolitionists of the North in a harmonious agreement upon the subject of disunion. "A continuance in the Union, as it is," say the Nullifiers, "will ruin us politically and pecuniarily, and corrupt us morally." The Abolitionists chime in with beautiful concord. "We confess," such is their language, "that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country; we call upon you to do likewise."

It is kind in these gentlemen, having such formidable intentions, to give the country notice of their designs. We have no doubt but that they truly deplore the necessity they are under of trampling upon the Constitution, and would avoid such an unpleasant extremity if they could do so consistently with their sense of solemn obligations. The fly sitting upon the ox's horn was not more distressed at the idea of his being oppressive to the ox, apologising in the most polite manner for persisting in such a liberty, than are these friends of man, under the self-imposed persuasion that they are bound to disserve the Union and destroy the Constitution. A painful duty, especially to the tenderhearted!

But since the thing must be done, the sooner the agony is over the better. It is annoying, and to nervous persons extremely worrying, to live in the constant apprehension of a great catastrophe; as, for instance, to go to bed, night after night, not knowing but that they may wake up in the morning and find the Union broken and the Constitution trampled under foot.

Willing to know the worst, rather than continue in a state of deplorable uncertainty and alarm, we venture to suggest to the amiable philanthropists of the North and the inflammable fire-eaters of South Carolina, that agreeing as they do in their high and solemn purpose of destroying the Union, they should meet together in Convention, and fix upon some system of co-operative action, by which their great cause may be forwarded, and be put in the way of a successful consummation. We undertake at once to invite them to meet in the city of Baltimore—a central point, easy of access, and known to be a hospitable place. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Garrison might fraternize here with loving sympathy, and to the great edification of surrounding spectators. There are many convenient structures in our city where the Convention might hold its sittings; but in view of its great design, and with an eye to proper accommodation, we might mention the top of the Washington Monument as admirably adapted to the purpose proposed. The municipal authorities will probably have the city clean by the time the Convention meets, so that, altogether, the delegates may expect to have a very good time.

A MAIDEN LADY'S SOLILOQUY.—'Tis wondrous strange, how great the change since I was in my teen; then I had a beau and a billet-doux, and enjoyed the gayest scenes. But lovers now have ceased to vow; no way they now contrive to poison, drown or hang themselves—because I'm thirty five. Once, if the night was ere so bright, I ne're abroad could roam, without—"The bliss, the honor, Miss, of seeing you safe home." But now I go, through rain or snow—fatigued and scarce alive—through all the dark, without a spark because I'm thirty five.

George Selwin once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said lady G——. Selwin soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when, after her signature, stood—"P. S. Who was right now, you or I?"

SATISFACTORY DEFINITION.—A little girl asked her sister, "what was chaos, that papa read about?" The elder sister replied, "why it is a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it."

A "single man" advertising for employment, a maiden lady wrote to inform him that if he could find nothing to do he might come and marry her. He did so, and touched twenty thousand pounds.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court a short time since, that the wearing of whiskers was unprofessional. "Right," replied the friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

A TEST.—"Tom, stand out of the way of that gentleman."
"How do you know he is a gentleman?"
"Because he has got on striped trousers."

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.—A clergyman told an Indian he should love his enemies. "I do," said the latter, "for I love rum and cider."

"If you say another crooked word I'll knock your brains out," said a blacksmith to his tennant wife. "Ram's horns, if I die for it!"

"An honest man's word is as good as his bond," is a trite maxim. So is a rogue's in nine cases out of ten.

Choice Extracts.

A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

He envied not the pomp and power
Of kings in their triumphant hour,
The deeds that win a lofty name,
The songs that give to bards their fame.
He sighed not for the gold that shines
In Guinea's brooks, in Ophir's mines;
He stood not at the festivals
Of nobles in their gorgeous halls.
He walk'd on earth as wood-streams pass,
Unseen beneath the freshened grass;
His were pure thoughts, and humble faith,
A blameless life, and tranquil death.

Think of it, Reader.

In a few short years—perhaps a year or a month—perhaps to-morrow—you may be called hence, and forced to part with all your fine possessions. You may lay down your pride—for Death humbles all—you must resign your wealth, and take up your little abode among the worms! What a humiliating thought that the millionaire—the proud beauty—all the envied of earth—may to-morrow be food for worms! Isn't that an extremity, reader? If people would think more, there would be less vanity and more real happiness on earth. The richest man is as poor as the beggar—aye, a thousand times poorer, when death knocks at his door—for all his wealth cannot prolong life an hour. Who is rich, then? The man of millions? No. The beggar? No. Who, then? He who fears God, and loves his neighbor as himself. Neither money nor position can make man happy.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY ADDISON.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than that of the perpetual progress of the soul towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going in its strength, to consider that she is to shine with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity, that she will be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Metinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to the human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to one another, for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to HIM who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY THE STEAMER CAMBRIA.

From the intelligence brought by this steamer, we select the latest items of news published in the city papers:

ENGLAND.—There has been no further debate in Parliament relative to the affairs of Canada. Lord Clarendon, who had been on a visit to London, has returned to Dublin.

Nothing has transpired to induce the belief that the Irish State prisoners, under a sentence of death, will be pardoned.

Extreme misery still pervades unhappy Ireland. Such is the destitution in one particular district, that a corpse recently washed ashore, was seized and greedily devoured by the starving inhabitants.

The cholera has made its appearance in London, and prevails also in many parts of the country.

FRANCE.—The dissolution of the French National Assembly took place on the 26th, and passed over without tumult. The new Legislative Assembly met for the transaction of business on the 28th, and on the 30th was the scene of one of the most violent debates that ever occurred in any deliberative body. The French Expeditionary forces are still encamped outside of Rome; M. Lesseps, the envoy, having totally failed thus far to persuade the Romans to admit the French either as friends or as enemies.

Upon a close analysis of the election, it appears that about two hundred and ten,

or at most two hundred and forty ultra democratic members have been returned, which is something more than double the number that they were expected to elect, and will give them a vastly greater influence in the present, than they possessed in the old Assembly. There are rising of 500 members elected by the various other parties, but they are so split up and divided in sentiment, that it is considered doubtful about their being able to unite upon leading questions of public policy.—Personal disputes among the leading members of the several parties, would seem to give small promise that the President will be able to select a ministry strong enough to carry on the Government with that degree of firmness so much to be desired.

VENICE.—The Austrians are making tremendous efforts to take the fort of Malgher, but as yet without success. Upwards of 500 shells are thrown every day, but they bury themselves generally in the sand, and do no harm. General Haynau having sent an order to the consuls that all foreign vessels of war were to leave Venice, these gentlemen have replied that they can receive no orders from an Austrian general, but that they want instructions from their governments. Food is becoming very scarce in Venice.

A difficulty has occurred between the Austrians and Americans at Leghorn.—The American ships before Leghorn took upon themselves to save the greater part of the compromised persons, or leaders of the revolution of Leghorn—some say, as Brother Jonathan always does, as a mercantile speculation.

THE PAPAL STATES.

London, June 2.—We have letters from Rome to the 23d ult. They state that the armistice between the French and Romans, which would expire on the 25th, had been extended for ten days. The Austrian General, Aspre, was advancing on Rome at the head of between 12,000 and 15,000 troops; but General Oudinot had forwarded a dispatch to the imperial officer, requesting him to suspend his march for the present. The defeat of the Neapolitans, on the 19th, at Velletri, is confirmed. The Minister of War and Marine of Rome, Joseph Avezzana, publishes two bulletins signed by Roselli, Commander in Chief of the Roman troops sent against the Neapolitans; the first, dated from head quarters under Velletri, at one o'clock after midnight on the 20th, stating that the Neapolitans, 6000 in number, sallied from Velletri on the 19th and attacked the Roman vanguard under Garibaldi, but were repulsed with the loss of 30 prisoners and many dead and wounded; the main body coming up under General Roselli, then attacked Velletri, and the fire lasted till dark. The second bulletin is dated from Velletri itself, at half past nine a. m. of the 20th, and announces that the advanced detachments, sent forward to reconnoitre, discovered that the town had been evacuated during the night by the Neapolitans. The Romans were in the act of entering it at the time stated by the bulletin.

Letters from Naples dated the 22d ult., confirm in every way the Roman accounts of the defeat of the Neapolitan force at Velletri.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.—Accounts from Venice, dated May 28, announce officially that the fortress of Buda was taken by assault on the 21st. The Vienna Reform of the 29th May states that the principal officer was killed; all the Croatian officers and soldiers were put to the sword, the castle and some private houses were pillaged. The major who commanded the troops from the frontiers, occupying the fortified bridge with 200 men, ordered them to blow up the bridge; but he was not obeyed. He then himself set fire to the mine under the bridge but failed, and the building suffered no injury. The major alone was killed.

The Hungarian Republic was proclaimed at Kaschau on 27th of April. All the Servians, from 15 to forty years of age, were on the 15th pressed at Neusatz into the Magyar army.

The defeat of the Servians by Gen. Perzel and the entrance of the latter into Pancsova, is confirmed. After levying a contribution upon the inhabitants, he retired.

The fortresses Ofen, Temesvas, Arad, and Carlsburg, are besieged by the Hungarians; and it would appear that the latter three have already surrendered.—Such at least are the rumors given by the ministerial papers of Vienna.

The Victory in the Rothenthurm Pass.—The Democratic Pacificque has private and authentic advices from Hungary, which confirm the reported victory of Bem over the Russians in the Rothenthurm Pass in Transylvania. The reason why there is any doubt or obscurity with regard to recent movements in Hungary is that the Austrian authorities take all possible means of suppressing intelligence from that quarter.

The Democratic affirms positively that the Russian advanced guard suffered a check near Jabunka, some thirty miles from Cracow, in consequence of which a division laid down its arms, abandoning its artillery, with horses and equipage, its baggage, munitions and materials of war.

In the defiles of Eperies Dembinski has beaten the Russians, and driven the whole body which was advancing by that route

Miscellaneous.

NEWSPAPER PATRONAGE.

This thing called newspaper patronage is a curious thing. It is composed of as many colors as a rainbow, and is as changeable as a chameleon.

One man subscribes for a newspaper and pays for it in advance; he goes home and reads it with the proud satisfaction that is his own. He hands in an advertisement, asks the price and pays for it.—This is newspaper patronage.

Another man says please to put my name on your list of subscribers; and he goes off without as much as having said pay once. He asks you to advertise, but says nothing about pay for it. Time passes, your patience is exhausted and you dun him. He lies in a passion, perhaps pays, perhaps not.

Another man has been a subscriber a long time. He becomes tired of you and wants a change. Thinks he wants a city paper. Tells the postmaster to discontinue, and one of his papers is returned to you marked "refused." Paying up for it is among the last of his thoughts; besides he wants his money to send to a city publisher. After a time you look over his account, and see a bill of "balance due." But does he pay it cheerfully and freely? We leave him to answer. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another man lives near you—never took your paper—it is too small—don't like the editor—don't like the politics—too Whiggish, or too something else—yet goes regularly to his neighbor and reads his by a good fire—finds fault with its contents, disputes its positions, and quarrels with its type. Occasionally sees an article he likes—saves half a dime and begs a number. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another sports a fine horse, or perhaps a pair of them—is always seen with whip in hand and spur on foot—single man—no use for him to take a newspaper—knows enough. Finally he concludes to get married—does so—sends a notice of the fact with a "please publish and send me half a dozen copies." This done, does he ever pay for notice or papers? No, but surely you don't charge for such things! This too is newspaper patronage.

Another man (bless you, it does us good to see such a man) comes and says the year for which I paid is about to expire, and I want to pay for another. He does not, and retires.

Reader! is not newspaper patronage a curious thing? and in that great day when honest men get the reward due to their honesty, which say you, of those enumerated above, will obtain that reward? Now it will be seen that, while certain kinds of patronage are the very life and existence of a newspaper, there are certain other kinds that will kill a paper stone dead.