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Communications recommending persons for office, must be paid in advance at the rate of 25 cents per square.

Choice Extracts.

The juvenile portion of our community were much delighted some time ago with the songs taught them by Mr. MARVIN, a gentleman who appeared to possess the happy faculty of gaining the good will of all classes. A few weeks since we gave a favorite song called "We'll not give up the Bible"—this week we give another which is occasionally sung on the streets with much gusto by the youngsters:

THE MOWER'S SONG.

When early morning's ruddy light
Bids man to labor go,
We haste with scythes both sharp and bright
The meadow grass to mow;
We mowers, dal de ral day,
We cut the lilies and ha ha ha, ha ha ha,
Hey dey dey, yes, hey dey dey,
We cut the lilies and hay.

The cheerful lark sings sweet and clear,
The black bird chirps away,
And all is lively, sprightly here,
Like merry, merry May,
We mowers, dal de ral day,
We roll the swaths of green ha ha ha, ha ha ha,
Hey dey dey, yes, hey dey dey,
We roll the swaths of green hay.

The maidens come in gladness train,
And skip along their way,
Rejoiced to tread the grassy plain,
And toss the new mown hay,
The maidens, dal de ral day,
They rake the lilies and ha ha ha, ha ha ha,
Hey dey dey, yes, hey dey dey,
They rake the lilies and hay.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

How softly the tear of sympathy falls on the heart bruised and broken with sorrow! It assures the sad and weeping soul that it is not alone in a wilderness of cold hearts; that there are those who can feel for the troubles of others; and oh! what is more cheering to an aching heart than such a thought? The desire to be loved is human nature in its purity. It is the first impulse of the opening heart—and it lives and breathes in the bosom of all until the hour of death. A look of love, a word of kindness, a tear of sympathy costs nothing—why then withhold them from those who would prize them as blessings winged with the fragrant dews of heaven? To give them costs us nothing; but it often costs us an effort—a silent pang at the heart, did we but confess it—to withhold them; for he must indeed be a misanthrope whose heart does not delight in going forth to bless and be blessed.

The tear of sympathy never falls in vain. It waters and fertilizes the soil of the most sterile heart, and causes it to flourish with the beautiful flowers of gratitude and love; and as the summer clouds weep refreshment on the parched earth and leave the skies more beautiful than before, with the rain-bow of promise arching in the cerulean dome, so the tear of sympathy not only refreshes the heart on which it drops, but it elevates and beautifies the nature of him from whom it springs. A sympathizing heart is a spring of pure water bursting forth from the mountain side. Ever pure and sweet in itself, it carries gladness and joy on every ripple of its sparkling current.—*Willis Geist.*

Miscellaneous.

KATHARINE OF RUSSIA.

Dark and dreadful was the night of the 25th of November, 1689, and heavily fell the snow flakes; but darker were the prospects, and heavier was the heart of the poor Livonian, as he reached the skirts of the dense forest surrounding the town of Marienburg. Misfortune had compelled the indigent peasant to sever the endearing relations that bound him to his favorite haunts of sacred memory, and seek among strangers that which was denied him in the midst of his friends.

Accompanied by his first born, a sprightly youth of fourteen, and bearing in his weary arms a tender infant, the express image of her whom he had lately consigned to the silent tomb, he had well nigh completed a faithful journey through a black and inhospitable region. A violent storm of snow and wind (peculiar to that dreary country) fiercely raged, bearing destruction and desolation in its progress, and producing terror in the minds of the unsheltered wanderers. Overcome by the severity of the cold, and unable longer to sustain his precious charge, he carefully deposited it upon a bed of snow, and went in quest of assistance and a kind retreat from the howling of the storm. But he returned not again. The early dawn had discovered a frozen corpse to the astonished tenants of an obscure cottage in the outskirts of the quiet village.

"Great God! what do I hear?" ejaculated the pious minister, Skovrovski, as its subdued cries of distress, falling upon his eager ear, during a temporary cessation of the storm, attracted his attention to the frozen embankment upon which rested the deserted infant. He hesitated not to reflect upon the cruel misfortune that had befallen the infant of paternal protection; nor did he waste time in the fruitless endeavor of discovering those who had abandoned their offspring to the peltings of the storm. But, content to acknowledge the mysterious agency of "Him who doeth all things well," and "heareth the young ravens when they cry," he fled with winged footsteps to the rescue. Wrapping it in his ample cloak, he hastened to reach his humble home, that he might minister to its relief ere the spirit had fled to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Arrived at the peaceful cot, he consigned his tender charge to the care of his kind-hearted housekeeper, and again sallied forth in search of other objects for his benevolence. He had not proceeded far before his attention was called to the melancholy scene before noticed.

Papers were found upon the unfortunate stranger which induced the good minister to believe that he was the parent of the infant which he had rescued from the ruthless elements of the night before; and no sooner was he impressed with the idea than the resolution was taken to adopt the tender babe as his own daughter, and to bring it up in the path of duty, and in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Ordering that the last tribute of respect be paid to the remains, according to the rites of the Greek Church, he took charge of its effects for the benefit of his youthful protegee.

Years passed away, and, under the affectionate care and protection of the good pastor and his benevolent companion, Katharine, (for such she was named by her foster-parents) increased not only in personal beauty and loveliness, but as she grew in years, developed those peculiar graces and dispositions which become an amiable and grateful daughter. And soon she was enabled, by assiduous attention to the wants of their declining years, to testify her appreciation of their self-sacrificing devotion to her infant days.

The Czar of Russia, not content with his widely extended dominions, and desirous of the conquest and annexation of the province of Livonia—had already marched his forces upon its chief city. Katharine had attained her sixteenth year when his formidable cannon announced to the inoffensive inhabitants the bombardment of their quiet town. With a view to her safety, she was separated from the aged pastor and sent to his sister, Alexia. The patriotic Skovrovski remained to assist in the defence of his native city. But the efforts of the besieged proved fruitless, and they were compelled to surrender captives of war and subjects of the Emperor of Russia.

The humiliating news spread like lightning, and no sooner did it reach the eager ears of Katharine than she determined to return and share the fate of her benefactor.

The dusky shades of evening were just closing in as a horse, reeking with foam, and almost ready to sink from exhaustion, reached the border of the wood nearest the gates of Marienburg. Emerging from the shade of the trees, its progress was suddenly arrested by a soldier seizing the bridle, and rudely demanding—

"Where are you going?"
"What is that to you?" was the pre-emptory reply. "I am in haste, and pray you allow me to pass unmolested."
"Impossible!" replied the sentinel, "thou art a Livonian, and now Livonia belongs this day to Peter I. of Russia. You are, therefore, my prisoner, and must be conducted before our general."

Arrived at the general's tent, she threw herself at his feet, and demanded the privilege of seeking her protector among the slain. Moved at the sight of her youth, and astonished at her courage, the general granted her request on condition of her returning to him when she had completed her search.

The night was dismal, and the undertaking a fearful one, but the difficulties daunted not the resolute Katharine. She soon came upon a field covered with dead by the unequal contest, while the groans and cries of anguish told that many still survived the slaughter.

Intent alone upon discovering her more than father, she did not discover the presence of a young Cossack officer, who, struck with her charms, and admiring her boldness, had accompanied her to the gory field.

"The evening air is chilling, and this is no place for woman; pray return, and leave me to seek your wounded kinsman."
Astounded at the sound of a human voice, she turned and recognised in the stranger the sentinel who had impeded her progress without the city walls. Refusing his generous offer, she permitted him to aid in her errand of mercy and love.

Long and tedious was the search, but unavailing, and at an early dawn they returned to the city, having failed to find the remains of the good old minister.

Katharine religiously kept her word,

and, surrendering herself a prisoner of war, demanded the protection of the noble general.

Bereft of her preserver and benefactor, she was now alone in the world, and there were no ties to bind her to earth, and she longed to join her pious and devoted guardian. A prisoner, she was treated with marked courtesy and respect by the general-in-chief, who ordered her well furnished apartments and every attention to her comfort and pleasure. She also received many kindnesses from the youthful Cossack, who at length became enamored of her charms, and proved the strength of his attachment by procuring her release from confinement, upon parole of honor, and personal security for her safety. His assiduous attention to her wants, and earnest efforts in her behalf, were not without reward; for she soon came to regard him as her hope, her refuge, and lord of her affections.

The general and the young officer, who appeared from his dress to be but a "simple lieutenant," were the only occupants of the tent, and Katharine was employed in superintending their domestic affairs.

One day as she was engaged in serving their customary meal, their conversation turned upon the merits of their fair maid, and the young officer addressed the former in tones laudatory of her courage and beauty, and concluded with the inquiry—
"General, will you sell your prisoner?"
"And what will you do with her?"
"Marry her," replied the Cossack.

"What say you, Katharine?" said the general turning to the blushing damsel.

Her hesitating response was, "I would rather be the wife of a soldier than the servant of a great general."
"Bravely spoken!—from this moment you are mine," he rejoined; "but we must obtain the permission of the Czar. I will immediately go to the Emperor's tent, and receive his sanction to our union. Remain here, while I seek an audience of his majesty."

In a few moments a young lieutenant advanced to the general's tent, and said—
"The Czar, Peter, commands the presence of Mademoiselle Katharine."
With a quick, though trembling step, she followed, and, on entering the magnificent tent, discovered a throng of officers surrounding one who was seated, and whom she recognised as her affianced husband.

"Where is the Emperor?" demanded Katharine of her conductor.

"There!" replied he, pointing to the soldier who was seated.

"That is my husband."
"He is thy husband, and Czar of Russia likewise," broke out the Emperor, (for it was he,) and presenting her to his officers, bade them acknowledge the humble Katharine as the future Empress of Russia.

A STORY OF THE HIGHWAY.

Not many years ago, an Irishman, whose finances did not keep pace with the demand made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was immensely unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to an extremity, and took to the highway, determined to rob the first man he could most conveniently, who was likely to have a heavy purse.

A jolly old farmer came jogging along, and Pat put him down instantly as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting the pistol, he ordered the agriculturalist to stand and deliver.

The poor fellow forked over some fifty dollars; but finding Pat somewhat of a greenhorn, begged a five to take him home—a distance of about half a mile, by the way. The request was complied with, accompanied with the most patronizing air. Old Acres and Roods was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? Sowl, an' it's that same thing I'll be after doin'. What will ye be after givin' for it?"

"Done! an' done's enough betwixt two gentlemen. Down with the dust, and here's the tool for yer."

The bargain was made by immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the petronel, he ordered Pat to shell out; and pointing the pistol, threatened to blow his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with comical leer, and buttoning his breeches pockets, sung out:
"Blow away, old boy! I—take the bit of powder's in it."

We believe the old man never told the last part of the story only once, and that was by the purest accident. Pat moved off, and "once away, forever away," has since been his motto.

The iron safe which was lost from on board the steamer *Orline St. John*, at the time she was burned, has been recovered, and all the valuable papers and a large amount of money contained in it, found to be safe. A package of gold dust belonging to a gentleman of Petersburg, Va., valued at \$8,460, was also recovered in the safe.

TREATMENT OF BUTTER.

This is an article of domestic food, more of which is consumed in the United States than in any other country on the face of the globe. Good sweet butter, oh how delicious! It very often happens among families in our towns, that they will purchase good sweet butter at stores, and which in a day or two becomes vitiated in taste. This is owing either to the manner in which it is salted and packed, or the manner in which it is kept after it is purchased. Much butter is spoiled from using salt containing lime and other substances which hasten its decomposition. Salt can easily be purified by pouring upon it a little warm water and allowing it to drain; it dissolves and takes out the lime and other extraneous substances, and leaves the salt nearly pure. The quantity usually added to butter is one ounce to the pound. After butter has become rancid, it can be restored and made nearly sweet by a very simple process. This is, to wash it well in cold water, often changed, and after pressing out the water, salt it anew and add a little sugar, say half an ounce to the pound. This will be found to render it much more palatable, although it may not entirely restore that delicate flavor peculiar to new and sweet butter, which once lost can never be restored.

THE WEBSTER CASE.—The Boston Transcript of Saturday has the following in reference to the Webster case:

REMOVALS.—Our readers will not be disappointed, we trust, that we have not noticed the rumors afloat in regard to the student who broke in upon Prof. Webster at the moment of the supposed murder.—The story seems to be founded upon a hypothetical case which some clergyman saw fit to put to the Attorney General.—We doubt if there is anything in it worthy of notice; and we may say the same of the thousand and one rumors afloat in regard to the unhappy convict. They are many of them mere idle fabrications, got up to minister to a morbid appetite for the horrible, which every person of sound mind should subdue as he would any vitiated taste. The report that Prof. Webster has selected the Rev. Mr. Albro, of the Shepard Congregational Society, Cambridge, for his spiritual guide, and that he declined receiving the visits of a Unitarian clergyman, is, we believe, true. With regard to the reports, that he has written an anonymous letter to his counsel about the Cavis letter; that he has made a confession of his guilt, &c., they are not entitled to credit.

POWDER EXPLOSION.—The power magazine at Andover Mine, in Sussex, New Jersey, exploded on Tuesday of last week, in consequence of the ignition of powder, at the mouth of the magazine, from a cigar in the hands of some careless boys. Two boys, sons of Mr. Wm. S. Johnston, one 12 and the other 14, were instantly killed, being blown to atoms. The building containing the powder was entirely scattered over the surrounding country; not a stone of it is left upon the spot where it stood. The trees in the vicinity show the violence of the shock; some are rent in twain, one or two uprooted, and numerous limbs torn off in all directions, near and remote.—About 300 dollars worth of powder, or 120 kegs, were in the magazine at the time of the explosion.

THE PHILADELPHIA BOARD OF TRADE, at a stated meeting on Monday evening, adopted a memorial to Congress in favor of a reduction in the present rate of letter postage to two cents each, for all inland postage, to be pre-paid, and recommended a free circulation of similar petitions among the citizens, to be sent to their Representatives in the State Legislature. The Board expressed the opinion that the proposed reduction is for the interest of all, rich and poor, old and young, in every section of our country, in a commercial, social, moral, literary and political point of view.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?—Three wild muldarks were recently captured by a young divine, and brought into Sunday School in New York.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Dan," replied the untaught one who was first interrogated.

"Oh, no, your name is Daniel; say it now."

"Daniel."

"Yes; well Daniel, take that seat."

"And what is your name?" was interrogated of number two.

"Sam," ejaculated the urchin.

"Oh dear, no, it is Samuel! sit down, Samuel, and now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow?" said he, turning to the third.

With a grin of self-satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young catechoman boldly replied: "Jim-uel, your honor."—*Spirit of the Times.*

"You have broken the Sabbath, Johnny," said a good man to his son. "Yes," said his little sister, "and mother's long comb, too, right in three pieces!"

Items of News.

The New York canals are expected to be in good navigable order by the 17th.

The farmer's daughters of Massachusetts sold straw hats and bonnets last year of the value of \$1,646,596.

The wife of Senator Dawson, of Georgia, died at the United States Hotel, Washington, on Saturday last.

The Amesbury manufacturing company have purchased a library of six hundred volumes of valuable books, for the use of their operatives.

A FATAL DOSE.—A few days ago an Irishman came to his death in Harrisburg, Pa., from the effects of drinking one quart of brandy, which he had been recommended to take for the ague and fever.

A child of John Turner, of Camden, of 7 years, fell from a fence a day or two ago on a sharp stick, which penetrated to his bowels and caused his death after some hours of excruciating pain.

Hon. Abbott Lawrence minister of the United States at the Court of London, has taken the house of Lord Cadagan, at \$10,000 per annum, just \$1,000 more than his salary.

The family of Dr. Parkman paid on Saturday last, voluntarily to Littlefield, the sum of \$3000, offered by them for the discovery of the remains of the late Dr. Parkman.

The past winter has been more than usually severe in Berkshire county, Mass. The sleighing, which commenced on the 3d of December, was continued without intermission, for one hundred and nineteen days.

HEAVY FAILURE.—The failure of Messrs. Richmond & Carr, Calico Printers, Providence, R. I., is announced. They commenced business three years ago, with a capital of between one and two hundred thousand dollars.

The shower of flesh and blood lately in North Carolina, the Wilmington Courier solves by the supposition that some turkey-buzzard, having overloaded its stomach from a carcass, found it necessary to disgorge on mounting into the air.

Two members of the late House of Representatives of Louisiana, Mr. McCranie, of Jackson, and Mr. Livingston, of Morehouse, were seized with cholera on their way home after the adjournment of that body, and both died before they reached their residences.

The gaming law of Kentucky makes it a penitentiary offence to play at cards. The severity of the punishment has heretofore rendered the statute wholly nugatory, and in consequence gambling has been since practised with perfect impunity.

Saddler & Son's Jewelry Store, in Baltimore street, Baltimore, was entered on Saturday evening, and robbed of \$6000 worth of jewelry and fancy goods. Among the property stolen were 100 gold watches. The thieves are supposed to be from New York.

Eleven Camels were imported into Baltimore last week from the Canary Islands. They are intended for the Far West, to test whether they can be raised and acclimated. Some persons entertain the idea that the camel would be a valuable beast of burden for the Western plains and deserts, and, with the true Yankee enterprise, no sooner is the idea broached than we find individuals preparing to test the matter by practical experiments.

SINGULAR TRIAL.—A trial is now before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts which involves the question whether a clergyman has the right from the pulpit to charge with crime any one of the congregation, even though the church directs to do so in the administration of the church discipline.—The case was a woman who was read out of church because suspected of a violation of the seventh commandment. The action is for damage for libel.

BEAUTIES OF FREE TRADE.—The Miner's Journal learns that the Reading Railroad Company are actually supplying their workshops in that city with *Newcastle or British Coal*, for the very good reason that they can purchase it, delivered, from four to five cents cheaper than the *American article* (!) Here is a new demonstration of the beauties of the Loco British Tariff of 1846. In the early history of this country, paying tribute to Great Britain was stoutly resisted by all but the Tories. Now a party claiming to be the especial friends of the "working classes" are not only willing, but "dead set" in their determination to uphold British at the expense of American interest. Then a ship load of tea, upon which we were asked to pay tribute, aroused the young nation to resistance. Now every port is filled with vessels loaded to the gunwale with iron and coal, and other great American staples, and Locofocoism looks on, and commends the policy which has brought about this state of affairs.

FANCY SOAPS.—Almond soap, Marsh Mallow soap, Amandine soap, Transparent soap, Military soap, Tooth Balls, Almond Shaving Cream, Rose do. do, Amandine for chapped hands, &c., &c., for sale by J. B. MITCHELL, Lewistown, march 22, 1850.

Bank of Discount and Deposite.

LONGENECKER, GRUBB, & CO. Cash Capital Paid in \$70,000. LONGENECKER, GRUBB & CO. have established at Lewistown, Pennsylvania, an Office of Discount and Deposite, for the transaction of the regular business of banking. Drafts and Notes payable in the commercial cities will be discounted at all times, and deposits of current money will be paid, on demand, in *par funds*. Every facility will be afforded to business men in their negotiations with the Eastern and Western cities. Notes offered for discount must lie over one day. The aggregate Capital of the establishment exceeds half a million of dollars. DAVID LONGENECKER, JOHN MILLER, M. D. A. BATES GRUBB, CHRISTIAN BACHMAN, JOHN CRIST, H. FREELAND, BENJAMIN EISELMAN, W. RUSSELL, Cashier. W. H. IRWIN, Solicitor and Confidential Agent. Lewistown, August 25, 1849—tf.

WALTER LILLEY

RESPECTFULLY announces to his old friends, and as many new ones as can make it convenient to call, that he has just received his

Fall and Winter Stock of Goods, which he is prepared to dispose of at as reasonable prices as Mr. Johnston Thomas, and he sells about twenty per cent. lower than any Store in the East Ward. My stock consists of a general assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS, viz:

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Queensware, Glassware and Hardware,

BOOTS AND SHOES, TOBACCOS AND SEGARS, and Spices of the purest kind.

Together with all the articles usually found in a country store. As we do not feel able to occupy the newspapers with an advertisement of two or three columns, we just say to our friends to call and see us, and if you don't purchase from us we will not grumble. Lewistown, Dec. 22, 1849—tf

CHOICE LIQUORS.

PERSONS in want of REAL GOOD LIQUORS can be supplied at C. L. JONES'. His assortment of *Fine Brandy, Wines, &c.*, never was equaled in this place. Fine French Dark Brandy, at \$1.00 per qt. do. do. do. at 75 cts. per qt. do. do. Pale do. at \$1.00 per qt. do. do. do. at 62½ cts. per qt. Common Brandy 12½, 25, and 37½ cts. per qt. Old Monongahela Whiskey, (30 yrs. old) 62½ cts. per qt. do do do 31 cts per qt. Superior Irish Whiskey, 75 cts. per qt. Superior Holland Gin, 50 cts. per qt. do do do 37½ cts. per qt. Blackberry Brandy, a very superior article and extensively used in Philadelphia, for complaint of the bowels, &c. The ablest Physicians recommend good Liquors in all such complaints. Superior Port Wine, 75 cts. per qt. Superior Madeira Wine 75 cts. per qt. do do do 37½ cts. per qt. Sweet Malaga Mountain Wine, and Lisbon Wine at C. L. JONES' ap5 celebrated new cheap cash store.

BONNETS! BONNETS!

C. L. JONES has received a very large assortment of Bonnets, embracing all the New Fashions, to which he asks the particular attention of the ladies. The stock consists of over 200 Bonnets. Florence Braid Cottages, fine corn col'd Lace do English Tulip Braid; Misses fine fluted Pettico; col'd English Albion; Extra French Lace Colts; Fluted Straw; Albion Straw; Colored Zephyr Pannels; Brilliant & Lace Colts; Straw and Satin Colts; Excelsior Lace; Rice Pearl; col'd Hair Lace; Chip Cottages; White Chips; Florence Braid; Col'd Swiss Straws; fine white Lace; American Gimp; fine silk trimmed; Pearl and Jenny Lind; Fine Pearl and Coburg; Misses col'd Lawns. C. L. JONES' ap5 New Cheap Cash Store.

W. H. IRWIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, HAS resumed the practice of his profession in this and the adjoining counties. Office at the Banking House of Longenecker, Grubb & Co. Jan. 20, 1848—tf.

GEO. W. ELDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lewistown, Mifflin County, Pa. OFFICE two doors west of the True Democrat Office. Mr. Elder will attend to any business in the Courts of Centre county. August 25, 1849—tf.

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. June 16, '49—ly.

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—tf.

PALMER'S Business Men's Almanac, for sale at this Office.