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 LARGE and small sizes, of beautiful pat-
 terns, at unusually low prices for cash, by
 ap12 F. J. HOFFMAN.

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 ON hand, always, at very low prices for cash,
 at F. J. HOFFMAN'S
 ap12 Hardware Store.

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 ALWAYS an extensive assortment on hand.
 Salt at \$1.50 per sack, or 42 cents per
 bushel, by the quantity.
 ap12 F. J. HOFFMAN.

Leather and Shoe Findings.
 SOLE and UPPER LEATHER, Mo-
 roccos, Lining Skins, Lasts, Boot Trees,
 Pegs, Shoe Kit, &c., &c., for sale by
 ap12 F. J. HOFFMAN.

GREEN'S Celebrated Vermifuge.—This
 Vermifuge, so justly celebrated, is too
 well known to publish anything in its praise.
 For sale at
 ap12 A. A. BANKS' Diamond Drug Store.

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,
 " " Hair Tonic,
 " " Carminative, for sale by
 J. B. MITCHELL.
 Lewistown, march 22, 1850.

DR. GREEN'S LINIMENT for Rheumat-
 ism, Swellings, Bruises, &c., &c.—one
 of the best remedies now in use for fevers
 as well as man. Price 37½ cts. per bottle. For
 sale at
 ap12 A. A. BANKS' Diamond Drug Store.

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

FANCY GOODS.—Port Monnaies, Pocket
 Books, Cigar Cases, Shaving Boxes, Note
 Paper, superior Sealing Wax, Steel Pens, Pen
 Holders, Stamps, superior Percussion Caps,
 Snuff Boxes, Motto Water, superior white
 Envelopes, do. brown do., rolling and pocket
 Combs, superior Shaving Brushes, do. Hair do.,
 Tooth and Nail do., &c., &c., for sale by
 J. B. MITCHELL.
 Lewistown, march 22, 1850.

IT WILL CURE.—When you have a cough
 or breast complaint, get a bottle of Dr. S.
 F. Green's *Sarsaparilla, Tar and Cherry*
Pectoral. It has cured persons in Lewistown
 and vicinity, which can be testified to. It does
 not nauseate the stomach, and is pleasant to take.
 Price only 50 cts. per bottle. For sale at
 ap12 A. A. BANKS' Diamond Drug Store.

Drugs, &c.
 DRUGS, Medicines, Oils, Paints, &c., &c.,
 can be had low at
 F. J. HOFFMAN'S
 ap12 Drug Store.

ALSO,
 Pure White Lead at \$2.00 per keg.
 Fine Copal Varnish at \$2.00 per gallon.
 Good N. J. Glass, 8x10 \$2.12½ per Half Box.

Hams and Bacon.
 THE subscriber has and in-
 tends keeping on hand a large
 stock of HAMS, SHOUL-
 DERS and FLITCH, of prime
 quality, to sell low for cash.
 ap12 F. J. HOFFMAN.

THE PEOPLE
*Know their Interests, and know-
 ing will maintain them;*
 Hence when they want goods at
Uniform Prices,
 and as low as can be bought in the State, they
 go to

NUSBAUM, BROTHERS,
 because every man, woman and child in the six
 counties by this time knows that no one can
 sell lower and live. They have, with their
 usual enterprise, brought up a large lot of
NEW SPRING GOODS,
 and opened them to the gaze of admiring thou-
 sands while most of their competitors were
 sleeping over the piles of Calicoes, Ginghams,
 and a hundred other articles remaining unsold
 from last year's purchases. These goods were
 all selected with an eye to

**Beauty, Fineness, and Dura-
 bility.**
 and bought at prices that throw twenty per
 cent. men into the shades of oblivion. We
 therefore invite our old customers and about
5000 new ones,

(being all that we have room for at present) to
 give us a call, and if we don't please ninety-
 nine out of every hundred in

Beauty, Quality and Price,
 there is no longer any virtue in
Cheap and Elegant Goods.
 There is no need of recapitulating what we
 have, either in the
Dry Goods, Grocery, or any other Line,
 as it is well known that we have everything
 anybody else has, and a considerable sprink-
 ling of neat, useful and pretty matters that

Others have not.
 So let there be no delay among those who
 want the first pick—we are
ARMED AND EQUIPPED
 with an elegant yardstick, which measures
 true, and in conjunction with our clerks, are
 ready to wait on all the ladies and gentlemen,
 whether old or young, ugly or handsome, and
 make them look better than they ever did be-
 fore after being rigged out in the splendid
 goods we have provided for their gratification.
 Lewistown, March 29, 1850.

IT IS EVIDENT
To all discerning minds that
BLMYER has the most
splendid assortment of
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

THAT has been brought to Lewistown this
 season, and withal so cheap that he who
 would undersell it must wake up a little earlier
 than he ever did before. The stock comprises
 in great variety,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets,
 Vestings, Croton Cloths, Cashmeres, and Cas-
 hmerets; Tweeds, Mohair Cords, Drillings,
 Velvet Cords, French Cassimeres, Doe Skin
 do., white and fancy Marseilles, &c. A splen-
 did assortment of

Ladies' Dress Goods.
 Grode Naps, Satin du Chenea, an elegant as-
 sortment of striped, figured and plain Silks,
 Bareges, Challey, Muslin de Laines, Alpaca,
 Lustres, Ginghams, Lawns, Muils, Jaconets,
 Bombazines, striped and plaid Muslins, &c.
 He has also an extensive variety of the

CHEAPEST CARPETING
 that has yet been brought to this place; to-
 gether with a never-ending assortment of
READY MADE CLOTHING,
 which will be sold at prices to suit purchasers.
 Besides this, he has

HAIRDWARE,
Queensware, Glassware,
 and an unparalleled supply of
GROCERIES.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to clothe
 themselves in a becoming dress, such as is
 called for in the course of human events by
 fashion and public opinion, are invited to take
 a look at his stock before purchasing at other
 places. His clerks are ever ready and willing
 to exhibit to all, and if price and quality don't
 suit, there will be no grumbling.
 GEORGE BLYMYER
 Lewistown, April 12, 1850.

WALTER LILLEY
RESPECTFULLY announces to his old
 friends, and as many new ones as can
 make it convenient to call, that he has just re-
 ceived his

Fall and Winter Stock of Goods,
 which he is prepared to dispose of at as reason-
 able 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 oc-
 cupy 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—17

Pure Cider Vinegar.
 FOR sale at the Diamond Drug Store of
 ap5 A. A. BANKS.

Poetry.

LIKE AND DISLIKE.
 Ye who know the reason tell me
 How it is that instinct still
 Prompts the heart to like—or like not—
 At its own capricious will!
 Tell me by what hidden magic
 Our impressions first are led
 Into liking—or disliking—
 Oft before a word be said.

Why should smiles sometimes repel us?
 Bright eyes turn our feelings cold:
 What is that which comes to tell us
 All that glitters is not gold?
 Oh—no feature, plain or striking,
 But a power we cannot shun,
 Prompts our liking, or disliking,
 Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit
 Which protects us—and controls
 Every impulse we inherit
 By some sympathy of souls?
 Is it instinct?—is it nature?
 Or some freak or fault of chance,
 Which our liking—or disliking—
 Limits to a single glance!

Like presentment of danger,
 Though the sky no shadow flings:
 Or that inner sense still stranger,
 Of unseen—unutter'd things?
 Is it—oh, can no one tell me,
 No one show sufficient cause
 Why our likings—and dislikings—
 Have their own instructive laws!

Miscellaneous.

THE LYNCHERS.

CHAPTER I.

PUBLIC ALARMS AND PRIVATE QUARRELS.—

THE ACCUSATION.

During the troubles with the famous
 and daring Chief Black Hawk, when the
 inhabitants on our western frontier were
 never safe from the depredations of his
 tribe and allies, American citizens dwell-
 ing even at a distance from the seat of
 war, were frequently annoyed by unfringed
 visits from the red men of the forest;
 consequently, many families in the eastern
 and northern parts of Illinois, were led to
 desert their homes, and seek safety by
 banding together and retiring to fortified
 places. Few, however, at so great a
 distance from the disputed territory, suf-
 fered from the attacks of the Indians; af-
 ter their panic had in a degree subsided,
 even when struggling bands of plunderers
 were scouring the country, the inhabitants,
 for the most part, returned to their deserted
 homes.

Stephen Moxon was a brave, resolute
 settler, whom nothing could intimidate.
 While many of his neighbors fled to forts
 for security, he calmly went to work to
 fortify his own house, which he was deter-
 mined not to leave. He knew that such
 flying parties of savages never stopped
 to lay siege to a place, and that if he
 and his son, a bold young man of twenty-
 five, could, with the assistance of his
 wife and daughter, keep the Indians at bay
 for a season, there would be nothing to
 fear.

With wife and Mary, he used to say
 "to load our rifles, George and I can pick
 off a few red-skins, I am thinking, before
 they can do much harm to us."

So Moxon and his family remained at
 home, while all his neighbors fled. To
 these, however, there was an exception.
 There was a young man living close by
 who could not think of deserting the neigh-
 borhood and leaving Mary Moxon behind.
 Accordingly, he resolved to remain, and
 would have made the house of Moxon his
 home for the time, had he been on good
 terms with Mary's family. As it was,
 there having been a quarrel between him
 and George Moxon, the brother of her
 loved, he chose rather to shut himself up
 in the house alone, than form any compact
 with the family.

Notwithstanding this difference between
 Richard Watts and George Moxon, Rich-
 ard and Mary were betrothed; for their
 love and confidence in each other were un-
 bounded.

After the first panic, occasioned by the
 red men, had subsided, many who had
 left their homes in the neighborhood, learn-
 ing that Stephen Moxon's family had not
 been molested, resolved to return and fol-
 low his example.

It was then that Richard Watts would
 have made Mary his wife notwithstanding
 her brother's opposition; but she prevailed
 upon him to delay his claims until George
 could be brought to give his consent.
 With regard to Stephen Moxon himself,
 he was neither for or against Richard, but
 left the two young men to adjust their
 own differences, and Mary to do as she
 chose.

Thus time passed on, until, one day, it
 chanced that George and Richard were
 hunting in the same piece of woods, and
 met near the banks of a stream, close to
 a large and deep mill-pond.

We will not describe the interview, nor
 dwell upon its consequences; suffice it to
 say that George did not return home that
 night, and that Richard, although he was
 seen by several of the inhabitants without
 game of any description, was spotted with
 blood, and that he had received a knife
 wound in a shoulder.

On the following morning the neigh-
 borhood was alarmed, and search was
 made for George Moxon. It being in the
 autumn, there were many leaves upon the

ground, which enabled the young man's
 friends to discover, near the mill-pond, a
 spot where a struggle had taken place;
 and where some dead body had evidently
 been dragged away, and thrown into the
 water.

Added to this, the hunting knife which
 Richard Watts was known to possess, was
 found near the spot, crusted over with
 blood.

"This," said Stephen Moxon, turning to
 the friends who accompanied him—and as
 he spoke his eye flashed revengefully, his
 features were pale, and his firm lips com-
 pressed—"This, gentlemen, smells of murder-
 er! My son has been killed!"

"And Richard Watts," added his friends
 with one accord, "is the murderer! Re-
 venge!"

At the time of which we write, and in
 that portion of the country in which the
 scene of our story is laid, but little law
 existed, except the law of force; and indi-
 viduals were but too apt to take upon
 themselves the revenge of their own pri-
 vate wrongs.

The Moxons had powerful friends
 throughout the settlement, many of whom
 were ready to consider the quarrels of that
 family as their own, and to act accord-
 ingly. In consequence of this, as soon as it
 was known that George Moxon had been
 killed, and that Richard Watts was his
 murderer, there was a consultation among
 the friends of the deceased, to decide upon
 the course which should be pursued.

An old hunter named Ford, a shrewd,
 rough, impetuous character, put himself
 at the head of George's friends, deter-
 mined, as he said, to see that the right
 thing was done, and vengeance was taken
 when due.

It was rightly deemed that it would be
 a difficult task to capture Richard in his
 own house; and Ford having given his
 accomplices all necessary instructions,
 proceeded to Richard's residence alone.

The young man met him at the door,
 and greeted Ford as he had always done.
 The latter rough as he was, could play
 the hypocrite, and did so, not desiring that
 Richard should suspect the object of his
 visit.

"Have you heard the news, Dick?"
 asked Ford.

"What news?"
 "That's it; what news? It is hard to
 say it, but I must confess I believe it—"
 "What?" interrupted Richard.

"That George Moxon has been mur-
 dered," said Ford, looking his companion
 full in the face.

Richard turned deathly pale, but soon
 recovered himself and answered calmly:
 "How—and when? I had not heard of it."

Ford described the spot, and added that
 the murderer had evidently tied some
 heavy object to the body and thrown it in-
 to the mill-pond.

"Richard's perturbation was visible."
 "I am sorry to say," replied Ford, "that
 some have thought you—"
 "I!" echoed Richard, with a start.

"The fact is," pursued the hunter, "cir-
 cumstances are against you, and it will be
 necessary for you to explain where you
 were last night, what has become of your
 hunting knife, and how these spots of
 blood came on your dress, considering
 you brought home no game."

"This is a dark piece of business," said
 Richard turning pale. "I am innocent,
 but there may be some difficulty in ex-
 plaining these things to the satisfaction of
 all. I believe you are my friend—what
 would you advise me to do?"

"I would say go at once with me to
 Moxon's house, and give what explanation
 you can on the subject. If you are inno-
 cent, which I should be sorry to doubt, it
 will be easy to prove yourself so."

Decided by this appearance of friend-
 ship in his visitor, Richard resolved to
 follow his advice, and set out to accompany
 him to Moxon's house.

On arriving there, he was surprised to
 find some half a dozen stout, resolute men
 assembled, apparently awaiting his arrival,
 while neither Mary nor Moxon were in
 the room.

"Here," said Ford, "is the place to give
 explanations, and recollect that your life
 depends upon your words. We believe
 you killed George Moxon, and we are his
 avengers."

"Villain!" muttered Richard, turning
 fiercely upon his betrayer, and seizing
 him by the throat; "take that for your
 treachery!"

In an instant the young man was borne
 down by the friends of George, and bound
 like a culprit. Finding resistance vain, he
 submitted patiently to his fate.

apartment, which was chosen as his place
 of confinement.

CHAPTER II.

IMPENDING FATE.—THE PLACE OF EXECU- TION.

Under the same roof with Mary Mox-
 on, Richard was not permitted to see her
 face.

"Does she know I am here?" he said to
 himself. "Does she know that I am ac-
 cused of taking her brother's life—and am
 I a murderer in her eyes? Would I could
 speak with her!"

From this the prisoner fell to reflecting
 on his probable fate.

"That cursed mob! they will lynch me
 before I am proved guilty."

Richard was spirited, and had little fear
 of death; yet the thought of the horrible
 destiny that threatened him, caused him
 to shudder. He could only hope for some
 escape.

He was alone in a distant room, the
 window of which was fastened on the out-
 side as well as within, and the door of
 which was guarded by two of the "aven-
 gers of blood." Richard could therefore
 think of nothing but submission to his
 fate.

When the prisoner was least expecting
 it he had a visitor.

It was Mary Moxon! The friends of
 George had given her permission to see
 him, hoping that she might induce him to
 confess, in order that their proposed deed
 of blood might bear more the appearance
 of justice.

Mary was scarce eighteen, tall, well
 formed and beautiful. On the present oc-
 casion she was very pale, and her eyes
 and fair cheeks showed the traces of re-
 cent weeping.

Richard advanced and would have taken
 her hand, but she repulsed him, not angri-
 ly nor harshly, but with an appearance of
 solicitude and sorrow.

"Touch me not," said she, "until I know
 whether you are innocent of this horrid
 crime or guilty. Tell me now truly,
 Richard," she continued, fixing her dark
 eyes upon his own, "tell me before God
 —did you kill my brother?"

"Mary," replied Richard, folding his
 arms and regarding her with a look of ten-
 derness and pity, "if you do believe that I
 took your brother's life, you do right to
 spurn me—I blame you not if you shud-
 der and grow sick at the sight of me!
 But have you so mean an opinion of me
 as to credit the false reports you have
 heard?"

"Then you are innocent?" said Mary
 eagerly.

"As innocent as yourself!"
 "I knew it, I felt it!" sobbed the girl,
 hiding her face in her hands.

Was it the strength of love that over-
 came every other feeling, or knew she not
 what she did? She who shunned the
 prisoner a moment before, now sank into
 his arms and dropped her head upon his
 bosom.

And Richard strained her to his heart
 forgetting, for the moment, that he was
 charged with shedding her brother's blood!

But the transport was soon passed, and
 Mary recovering her self-possession, asked
 him if he knew nothing of her brother.

"Nothing!" replied Richard more than
 this. "We met in the woods at the spot
 where they say I killed him, high words
 passed between us and blows ensued!"

"O, Richard!" groaned the young girl.
 "In the struggle I dropped my knife
 from my belt. He seized it, and gave me
 this slight wound on my shoulder. I had
 not thought this of your brother, Mary,
 and with a feeling of deep sorrow, I bared
 my bosom, and bade him strike, if I had
 ever given him cause to hate me to death.
 He seemed touched, and flung the knife
 upon the ground, but was too proud to ac-
 knowledge his error. I would not stoop
 to touch the blade that had been used to
 wound, but turned away, leaving him
 there. This, Mary, is all I know of the
 matter, as I swear before the all-seeing eye
 of heaven!"

"Richard," murmured Mary. "I cannot
 but believe you—but—can't you bring
 some proof of your innocence? They
 will not credit your words, but unless you
 can prove what you say—O, Richard! I
 shudder to think of the result!"

At this moment one of the self-styled
 avengers came in and informed Mary that
 her time was up, and led her away re-
 gardless of her tears and distress.

"What did he say to you?" asked her
 father in the presence of Ford and two of
 his companions.

"That he is innocent!"
 "What more?"
 With tears and frequent sobs the poor
 girl went on to tell all Richard had said.

"Ha!" cried Ford, he owns, then, that
 they quarrelled! What a lame evasion to
 say George struck him with a knife, and
 that he did not return the blow! What
 say you, friends?"

"He must die!" was the response of all
 save Moxon, who regarded his agonized
 daughter in silence.

Mary passed a night of unspeakable ac-
 guish, and Richard one of anxiety and
 hopeless sorrow. Yet he was calm, and
 slept several hours before the morning
 stole through his window.

Breakfast was brought into him by Ford,

who at the same time informed him that
 he had but two hours longer to live.
 Such is the rash merciless haste of the
 lyncher!

Two hours passed away.
 It was a beautiful autumn morning, al-
 though there was a pervading melancholy
 breathing in the drowsy, smoky air far
 different from the brightness of a summer
 day. It seemed a morning heaven never
 designed to witness a deed of deliberate
 bloody vengeance!

Yet Richard was led out to suffer pun-
 ishment for a crime he was charged with
 having committed, and it was by the light
 of the morning's sun that he beheld the
 preparations of his execution.

It was on the borders of a grove. On
 the one side was a beautiful woodland, and
 on the other a broad expanse of prairie,
 undulating like a troubled sea fixed with
 all its billows, and stretching