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**Rates of Advertising.**

One square, 18 lines, 1 square, 6 mos. \$5.00	1 year 8.00
2 times 75 "	1 column, 3 mos. 6.00
3 " 1.00 "	6 " 10.00
1 mo. 1.25 "	1 year 15.00
3 " 2.50 "	1 column, 3 mos. 10.00
6 " 4.00 "	6 " 15.00
1 year 6.00 "	1 year 25.00
2 squares, 3 times 2.00 "	Notices before marriages, &c. \$12.
3 mos. 3.50 "	

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

## NEW SPRING & SUMMER GOODS!

HAVING taken several additional rooms for the use of our store, we are enabled this spring to increase our stock of goods very much, and we now offer our friends a very large and desirable assortment of

## DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES & BONNETS, Carpets, Hardware and Groceries,

and think we can't be undersold in any of them. A great part of our stock has been purchased at auction, at regular catalogue sales, where nothing but fresh and warranted goods are offered, and by which we save from

**15 to 20 per cent.,** and we feel confident that we can sell a great many articles LOWER than those who buy only of the jobbers, as for instance—

**CLOTHS AND CASIMERES, CARPETINGS, BOOTS, SHOES, BONNETS, &c.** We invite our friends, and the public generally, to call and look at our goods, and if they afterward think they can buy for less elsewhere, we will charge them nothing for showing. WATSON & JACOB. Lewistown, April 12, 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 which 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 Cashmerettes; Tweeds, Mohair Cordes, Drillings, Velvet Cordes, French Cassimeres, Doe Skin do., white and fancy Marcellines, &c.** A splendid assortment of

## Ladies' Dress Goods.

Grode Naps, Satin du Chenes, an elegant assortment of striped, figured and plain Silks, Bareges, Challie, Muslin de Laines, Alpacos, Lustres, Gingham, Lawns, Mulls, Jacquets, Bombazines, striped and plaid Muslins, &c. He has also an extensive variety of the

## CHEAPEST CARPETING

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

## HARDWARE, 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.

## TIN WARE! TIN WARE!!

**J. B. SELHEIMER,** At his old stand, on MARKET street, Lewistown, six doors east of the public square, south side, informs the public generally, that they will always find at his establishment, a

## Heavy Stock of Made Up TIN WARE.

of almost every variety, and offering great inducements to purchasers. To COUNTRY MERCHANTS, who may wish to lay in a stock for sale, he will make such reduction in price as will prove advantageous to them.

Thankful for the encouragement he has thus far received, he will endeavor to deserve and hopes to receive a continuance of the same. A good practical knowledge of his business, and all work being made under his own personal superintendence, warrants him in assuring the public that they will nowhere find better or cheaper. (March 22, 1850—1st)

**DR. GREEN'S LINIMENT,** for Rheumatism, Swellings, Bruises, &c. &c.—one of the best remedies now in use for almost all the ailments of man. Price 37 1/2 cts. per bottle. For sale at **A. A. BANKS' Diamond Drug Store.**

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

## Poetry.

### OLD MEMORIES.

Oh, who would lose the memory  
Of childhood's early day?  
Would wipe a mother's tenderness,  
A father's care away?  
A dear, dear brother's earnest love,  
A gentle sister's smile,  
The joyous friend of early years,  
When life was glad the while?

Oh, who would roll the Lethean wave  
Above the early youth,  
When earthly light seemed all undim'd,  
And all unsullied truth?  
Nay, nay! amid life's later scenes,  
Amid its cares and tears,  
There are green spots to which we turn  
Through all our after years.

There's many a light from by gone days  
Around our pathway cast;  
There's many a treasure gathered in  
The unforgotten past.  
Then unmolested let me dwell  
From present scenes apart,  
And glean from memory's treasure house  
A lesson for the heart.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE BORROWED SHAWL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

'What does this mean?' said Ann Ellery, addressing her friend Juliet Carryll, whom, on entering her apartment, she found diligently engaged in packing a travelling trunk. 'I am going to Hightonville to make the Hightons a visit, who have invited me to spend several weeks with them. You know that my mother is a distant relation to the Hightons.'

'No, I was not aware of that; but I have often heard them mentioned. They are very rich and a very proud family, are they not?'

'They are rich, without doubt,' replied Juliet, 'and have the reputation of being proud and haughty, and this makes me wonder why they invited me to visit them. I at first wished to decline the invitation, but mother thought I had better accept it.'

'This is your best shawl, I believe,' said Ann, unfolding one that was lying on a chair and examining it.

'Yes,' replied Juliet. 'It is hardly passable, I am afraid, but I have not the means to procure a better.'

'It will never do for you to appear among the Hightons with such a shawl as this; you shall have one of mine.'

'Oh, no, I should not like to borrow a shawl,' said Juliet.

'No person will know that this is a borrowed one, unless you tell of it yourself. I have one which I have never worn yet—when I go home I will send it to you.'

'What kind of a one is it?'

'A cashmere.'

'I had rather you would send me one of your old ones.'

'I shall do no such thing. Juliet Carryll, my dearest friend, is not going to be scorned by the Hightons on account of a shabby shawl. One thing, however, I shall exact of you, and that is this: for you to promise not to tell them it is a borrowed one. Will you promise?'

'Certainly—I of course, shall not be anxious to have them know it. I hope it is not a very high priced one.'

'Oh, no,' said Ann, carelessly; and turning the conversation to another subject, the shawl was not again alluded to while she staid.

It was about sunset when Juliet arrived at the splendid mansion of the Hightons, which, being situated on the most elevated piece of ground in Hightonville, looked proudly down on the humbler dwellings. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Highton and their two daughters, Faustina and Euphrasia, with at present the addition of a young man by the name of Philip Neville. They were all assembled in the drawing room when Juliet entered.

Mr. Highton welcomed her politely enough, yet with an air that plainly showed that he remembered that she was the daughter of a poor widow. Mrs. Highton evidently intended that her reception of the young guest should be kind in the extreme, and for this purpose she over-acted her part, and exhibited a degree of patronizing condescension, as ludicrous to the observer as it was oppressive to its object. Faustina's manner towards her was marked with a cold and haughty civility, while Euphrasia, who had predetermined, as she told Philip Neville previous to her arrival, that Juliet should be to her the cause of an infinite deal of mirth, winked at Neville, and with some difficulty suppressed a giggle when her mother introduced them to each other. Philip, with a want of reflection natural enough in a young man of three and twenty, who had broken away from the city with a determination to receive amusement from whatever source might offer, had entered into Euphrasia's plan of deriving mirth from the appearance of Juliet, whom he had pictured to himself as remarkably plain and awkward; but when he saw a beautiful girl of seventeen, whose manners were superior to either of Mr. Highton's girls, he felt so rebuked and was so much taken by surprise, that all the awkwardness was on his part.

Euphrasia soon found that Juliet Carryll was not a suitable subject to call into play her ill-natured facetiousness, the few shafts

of ridicule which she had ventured to send in that direction having invariably rebounded upon herself. Faustina also found that the haughty demeanor she thought fit to assume did not appear to inspire her with that awe and deference which it was right and proper for the daughter of a poor widow to feel towards a daughter of the wealthiest man in Hightonville. Even Mrs. Highton was surprised at the difficulty which she found in maintaining a dignified superiority, tempered with condescension, in her intercourse with Juliet, and what she intended for an amiable and fascinating familiarity towards Philip Neville. What was still worse, Philip was evidently more charmed with the sylph-like form of Juliet than Faustina's Juno-like figure, and her soft hazel eyes possessed greater power over him than the blue sparkling orbs of Euphrasia.

But the hour of their revenge was nigh. A walk was proposed one day after tea, and, as in consequence of a morning shower, the air was uncommonly cool for the season, shawls were thought necessary.

Juliet had never examined the shawl which Ann had loaned her, and when she now unfolded it she was struck with its richness and elegance. She at once felt that it was a more expensive article than it was proper for her to wear, though she was far from estimating it at its real value. If anything had power to thaw Faustina's cold reserve, it was the sight of some elegant article of dress, and the moment Juliet entered equipped for the walk, she exclaimed,

'What a superb shawl!'

'Oh, it is beautiful,' said Euphrasia. 'What was the price of it?'

Juliet felt her cheek crimson as she answered she could not tell exactly.

'It is a handsome one of better quality than yours, Faustina,' said Mrs. Highton, taking hold of a corner of the shawl and examining it. 'It must at least have cost a thousand or twelve hundred dollars.'

'Oh, no,' said Juliet quickly, 'certainly not so much as that,' for she remembered Ann's answer when she asked if it was a high priced one.

'You are mistaken,' said Faustina to her mother, 'in imagining that such a shawl could be obtained for a thousand dollars. Mine was as much as that, and it does not look fit to be seen compared with it,' and that they might have a better opportunity to judge, she took up her own shawl and held it by the side of Juliet's.

'I should much sooner think it cost fifteen hundred dollars,' said Euphrasia. 'Come, Juliet, you may as well own what you gave for it as not.'

'Really,' said Juliet, becoming much embarrassed, 'I cannot tell what the price was exactly—as I didn't—that is, I forgot to inquire.'

'Oh, I understand—it was a present,' said Faustina.

'Yes, that's it,' said Euphrasia. 'Is the donor's name a secret?'

'It is not a present,' said Juliet.

'Not a present, and yet you cannot remember how much you gave for it!' exclaimed Euphrasia. 'I wish that Pa could afford to fill my purse so liberally as to make fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars appear as a trifle not worth remembering.'

'You can at least tell where you purchased it,' said Mrs. Highton.

Juliet's embarrassment began to give place to anger at this being unmercifully questioned, and even had she not promised Ann not to tell that the shawl was a borrowed one, it is doubtful whether she would have felt disposed to explain the matter to their satisfaction.

'I cannot tell where the shawl was purchased,' said she, 'neither shall I answer any more questions on the subject,' and without saying more she left the room.

'What do you think of her now?' asked Euphrasia, with a smile of exultation to Philip, who had been a silent spectator to the scene.

'I think,' answered he, 'that the Miss does not wish to answer any more questions, or give a particular account of the shawl.'

'Your remark shows a great deal of acuteness,' said Euphrasia, gliding into the recess of a window, and half concealing herself behind the folds of the curtain.

'There is something wrong about it, at any rate,' said Mrs. Highton, 'and I expect nothing but that she will bring disgrace upon us. I hope that Mr. Highton will see now, that his generosity was quite misplaced in insisting on her being invited to make a visit here. He said that he owed her mother's family some obligations when he was young, and as Mrs. Carryll is very poor, having nothing to depend on but a small annuity, he thought it would be a deed of charity to give her daughter a few weeks' board, to say nothing of the advantage it would be to her to spend the time in a genteel family.'

Philip could not help smiling at this remark, for he thought if there had been any advantage it had been conferred rather than received by Juliet, in whatever related to manners. The attention of Euphrasia, who had retired to a window, appeared to be absorbed in the perusal of a letter or note which she kept screened from view as much as possible by means of the curtain. While her sister had been engaged

in comparing the quality of the shawls, she had observed a piece of paper pinned near one edge of Juliet's, which had probably escaped her notice when she unfolded the shawl. It was from Ann Ellery, and ran thus:

'I forgot, my dear Juliet, to mention the price of the shawl, which I insisted on lending you, if, like some I have seen, the ladies you are going to visit have the curiosity to know the price of every article in a person's wardrobe. Such shawls sell for fifteen hundred dollars, though my father, who has extensive dealings with an importer of such goods, had it for a trifling sum. After I went home, we held a family consultation on the subject, and as mother and I have shawls enough without it which are equally handsome, we agreed that I could afford to make you a present of this. My parents join with me in begging your acceptance of it. If you refuse, and the secret of its being a borrowed one should transpire, I am afraid that you may be compared to the bird in the fable which decked itself in borrowed plumes. You must not let your friends detain you longer than the time specified in their note of invitation.'

ANN ELLERY.

'What are you reading with so much attention, Euphrasia?' said her mother.

'Nothing of consequence,' she replied, and as she spoke she hastily thrust the note into her pocket. In a minute afterward, Philip Neville left the room, and Euphrasia then showed the note to her mother and sister.

'How lucky,' said Faustina, 'where did you find it?'

'It was pinned to the shawl, and must have escaped her notice. If we are only discreet, we can turn the affair to our advantage.'

'Yes, I understand,' said Faustina, 'to a certain gentleman, who more than once since he has been here, might as well have said in so many words, that he was remarkable for the delicacy of his moral sense, little things will appear great ones. If it can only be made to appear to him that our fine lady has prevaricated a little about the shawl, her influence over him will be at an end, yet whether it will be the means of your regaining yours or not is another question.'

'No matter, I am determined that she shall not have him at any rate.'

'Are we going to be cheated out of our walk,' asked Faustina.

'No indeed,' replied Euphrasia. 'There stands Phil, drawing figures in the gravel walk, and he will, of course, offer to go with us, even though Miss Juliet has thought proper to assert her dignity by withdrawing her company, and going to the solitude of her own apartment.'

'What are you doing, Phil?' said she, as she and her sister entered the gravel walk.

Philip, who was so deeply engaged with his own thoughts that he did not notice their approach, started at the sound of Euphrasia's voice, and slightly colored as he turned towards her.

'I ask your pardon for interrupting you,' said she, 'as for aught that I know to the contrary, you were busy with some magical diagram which would have thrown some light upon the mysterious conduct of Miss Carryll relative to the shawl.'

'Why is her conduct mysterious?' he asked.

'Because she denied that it was a present, when I happen to know, from information, that can be depended on, that it is. Now if I had received so handsome a present, nothing would have given me more pleasure than to acknowledge it.'

'Perhaps it was from her beau,' said Faustina, 'and she may have particular reasons, just now, for not wishing to be considered as engaged, or she may possibly be ambitious of having two strings to her bow.'

'I cannot think that Juliet is a coquette. Then what can be her motive for denying that the shawl was a present? Her denial gives us a right to put an unfavorable construction upon the affair.'

Much more was said on the subject with a view to prejudice Philip against Juliet, in which they partially succeeded, though, at the same time, by disclosing unamiable traits, which he had before unsuspected, they created a still stronger prejudice against themselves.

The next day, as Juliet was walking by herself, in a retired place, some distance from the house, she met Philip. The meeting, which she imagined to be accidental, had been pre-concerted by him, for he secretly hoped that she would be induced to make some explanation relative to the unpleasant affair of the shawl, which would exonerate her from the invidious implications of Faustina and Euphrasia. He therefore requested permission to accompany her. She did not refuse his request, for she valued his good opinion so highly that she had determined to make a full explanation to him of every circumstance with regard to her borrowing the shawl, the first opportunity. While thinking in what manner she could best introduce the subject, Euphrasia suddenly emerged from a side path. She cast upon her a supercilious glance, and then quickly turned in an opposite direction. At the moment of her passing she drew her

handkerchief from her pocket, which unperceived by her, was followed by the note which she had surreptitiously obtained. 'There was a fresh breeze, which wafted it to the feet of Philip. As he stooped to pick it up, he saw that it was directed to Juliet.'

'This appears to be intended for you,' said he as he handed it to her.

'Why, this is Ann Ellery's writing,' said she, 'where could it come from?'

'Some good fairy, or an invisible Ariel, must have dropped it into your path,' said he. 'Perhaps when you come to read it you will be able to judge if your friend employed so dainty a messenger.'

'Here are pin marks though no post-mark,' said she, as she commenced unfolding the letter.

The following postscript, which had escaped the observation of the Hightons, explained its mode of conveyance:

P. S. I have been thinking that if you do not happen to see this note, the effect would be rather ludicrous, should you appear abroad with it, as it might be mistaken for a placard. A. E.

'Will you do me the favor to read this?' said Juliet, handing the note to Philip when she had finished perusing it.

It immediately recalled to his mind the circumstance of his having seen Euphrasia in a recess of a window engaged in reading what appeared to be a letter, directly after Juliet withdrew. He could not now entertain a doubt that she had removed it from the shawl, as Juliet assured him that this was the first time she had ever seen it.

'Being ignorant of my friend's generous intention,' said she, 'I of course considered the shawl a borrowed one, and would have gratified their curiosity by telling them so, had they shown themselves less arrogant; for, although Miss Ellery, when she insisted on lending it to me, desired me not to mention it, her motive in doing so was only to exempt me from embarrassment.'

Euphrasia had in the meantime returned home.

'What did you do with that note?' said the sister, as she entered the drawing room.

'I put it in my pocket—why do you ask?'

'Because, as Miss Ellery may allude to it when she writes, and Juliet said she was expecting a letter from her by the next mail, I think, in order to prevent unpleasant surmises, you had better drop the note in a corner of her chamber. If she finds it she will naturally think it fell from the shawl when she unfolded it.'

'It will be a good plan,' said Euphrasia. 'I will throw it under the table, and she will think that it was carried there by the wind.'

Saying thus, Euphrasia started to go to Juliet's room.

'Stop a minute,' said Faustina, 'let me look at it.'

Euphrasia felt in her pocket and found it was not there.

'It is not here,' said she, 'what can have become of it?'

'Perhaps you left it in your room,' said Faustina.

'No, I never took it out of my pocket after I first put it there.' She reflected a moment or two, and then said, 'I must have pulled it from my pocket accidentally with my handkerchief,' and it was with no enviable feelings that she remembered having taken it thence, about the time she met Philip and Juliet. She put on her bonnet and instantly set out for the spot, for as they were walking in an opposite direction from herself, she did not feel very apprehensive that they had found it. She searched a long time, of course unsuccessfully, yet she would not believe that it had fallen in their way. There was nothing in the appearance of Juliet or Philip when they returned from their walk, to induce such a belief, but a few hours afterwards she was thought nothing of at another time, produced much doubt and uneasiness.

Neither Mrs. Highton nor her daughters were surprised, when after tea Juliet informed them that she would start for home in the morning. She at first thought she would make no allusion to the shawl before her departure, but as she was about to leave, she could not resist the temptation of letting them know that she was aware of the meanness one of them had been guilty of, in stealthily possessing herself of the note. The presence of Philip gave to her words pungency which they did not possess of themselves, and which it may be hoped proved salutary, if subsequently, either of them was beset with a similar temptation.

'I am glad she is gone,' said Mrs. Highton, an expression of gratification which received a hearty response from both of her daughters. Their feelings were somewhat different when in three days afterwards, Philip discovered that it was indispensable for him to return home. According to an opinion that they freely discussed among themselves, Juliet had inveigled him into a promise of marriage. They were sorely tried upon the subject, so much so, that they came to the conclusion that it was Mr. Highton's duty to write to Philip's parents, in order to apprise them of their apprehensions. Being naturally dilatory, however, six weeks had glided

away before she executed her intention by writing as follows to Mrs. Neville:

'DEAR MADAM:—I have too long delayed performing what I consider a duty, by giving you a hint respecting a girl by the name of Juliet Carryll, who, at the suggestion of Mr. Highton, was invited to make us a visit, and who unfortunately came when your son was our guest. With a tolerable face and a great deal of art, we have reason to fear that she succeeded in making an impression on the susceptible heart of that excellent young man, who is worthy to connect himself with a daughter of one of the first families in the State, instead of a poor widow. Sincerely hoping that you may feel disposed to profit from this warning,

I remain Yours, &c.,  
HESTER HIGHTON.'

In a few days the subjoined answer was received:

'DEAR MADAM:—Your letter came too late to answer the purpose for which it was intended. Philip, with the full concurrence of Mr. Neville and myself, having already sought and obtained the promise of Juliet Carryll's hand. That you may suffer no more anxiety from an apprehension of her unworthiness, my husband and I beg leave to assure you that, according to the assertion of those whose veracity can be depended on, they being uninfluenced by any selfish motive, her mental and moral qualities are fully equal to her personal beauty.

Claiming your congratulations, rather than your pity, I remain Yours, &c.,  
LUCY NEVILLE.'

'I always knew,' said Mrs. Highton, after she and her daughters had read the letter, 'that Mr. and Mrs. Neville were very odd and independent people. They would let their son marry a beggar, if they got it into their head that she possessed superior moral and mental qualities.'

'Who cares,' said Euphrasia. 'Philip Neville is not the only young man in the world who is rich, handsome, and accomplished.'

'No,' said Faustina, 'but the worst of it is, they are, like him, unattainable.'

## PRESERVING GATHERED FLOWERS.

For the benefit of our lady readers, we copy from an eastern paper the following recipe for preserving the beauty of gathered flowers:—

'Procure a flat dish of porcelain, in which pour water; place upon it a vase of flowers, and over the vase a bell glass, with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell glass, is constantly moist with water, that arises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed it runs down the side of the bell glass in the dish, and if means be taken to enclose the water on the outside of the bell glass, so as to prevent it from evaporating into the air of the sitting room, the atmosphere around the flowers is continually damp. The plan is designated as the "Hoopan Apparatus." The experiment may be tried on a small scale, by inverting a tumbler over a rose bud in a saucer of water.'

'I say, Clem,' cried two disputing daries, appealing for decision to a sable umpire, 'which word is right—dy-zactly or de-zactly?'

The sable umpire reflected a moment, and then, with a look of wisdom, said—'I can't tell per-zactly.'

'Have you ever broken a horse?' enquired a horse-jockey. 'No not exactly,' replied Simon, 'but I've broke three or four wagons.'

WITNESS BOX.—A place where a person is obliged to receive every species of verbal insult, without being able to resent it.

In moral feeling there is a presentiment of eternity. I know nothing more sublime and profound than the saying in the New Testament: "Our life is hid in Christ with God."

The more a man knows, the less he is apt to talk—discretion allays his heat, and makes him coolly deliberate when and what he is fit to speak.

## A NEW MEDICINE!

**BROWN'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.**

A VERY valuable preparation for persons recovering from fever, or other diseases, a few drops imparting to the stomach a glow and vigor equal to a glassful of brandy, or other stimulants, without any of the debilitating effects which are sure to follow the use of liquor of any kind; and it is therefore especially applicable to children and females. To the aged it will prove a great comfort; to the dyspeptic, and to those who are predisposed to gout and rheumatic affections, it gives great relief; and to those who are constantly craving the noxious liquor, it is invaluable—giving tone to the digestive organs, and strength to resist temptation, and is consequently a great agent in the cause of temperance. For sale by

J. B. MITCHELL,  
Lewistown, March 22, 1850.

LEDGE MOULDS, 16 to 25 lbs., for sale by  
S ma 74 F. G. FRANCISCUS.