Lewistown Gazette.

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Auditor's Notice.

Robert M'Manigil, Esq., Sheriff of Mifflin county, now for the United States of America, vs. James Potter.	In the Common Pleas of Mifflin county, *vend. exp.* No. 30, April T., 1850. Property sold March 30th, 1850, for $2530.

THE subscriber appointed auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Mifflin county to distribute the above proceeds of sale, appoints SATURDAY, the 27th day of JULY next, at his office, in Lewistown, to hear the parties interested, when and where they are hereby notified to attend.
WM. M. HALL.
Lewistown, June 28, 1850 4t*

Lancaster County, ss.

L.S. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of Lancaster county, GREETING:

WE command you that you attach John Kelley, late of your county, by all and singular his goods and chattels, lands and tenements, in whose hands or possession soever the same may be found in your Bailiwic, so that he be and appear before our Judge at Lancaster, at our Common Pleas Court for the County of Lancaster, there to be held on the THIRD MONDAY in August next, to answer John W. Smith of a plea in Debt on Note under seal. And have you then there this writ.

WITNESS, the Honorable Ellis Lewis, President of our said Court, at Lancaster, the twentieth day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty.
HENRY STOEK, Proth'y.

A Copy—JACOB FOLTZ, Dep'y. Sheriff.
Lancaster, June 4, (14) 1850 6t

Poetry.

HARVEST HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

God of the year! with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.
In early spring time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming,
And its sweet tresses day by day
Rose quickening in their blessed ray.

And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang from every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches bending low,
Seemed bowed in thankfulness to Thee!
The earth, with all its purple isles,
Is answering to thy genial smiles,
And gales of perfume breathe along,
And lift to Thee their voiceless song.

God of the seasons! Thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours!
Praise, praise to Thee! Our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense—breath of love,
Go off in their bright home above.

Miscellaneous.

CONFESSIONS OF A GAMBLER.

BY MAJOR NOAH.

In almost all occupations and pursuits there are degrees in the downward tendencies of life, if we could only keep the run of them, and understand the moral. The dashing beauty, who has made the first false step, and all around whom is gay, flattering, and convivial, does not see in perspective the strides that reach the bottom—how she sinks by degrees, like the barometer in an approaching storm.

Stepping into a popular *Cafe*, a few days since, for a cooling drink, we heard the rattling of billiard balls, and saw two lads in fashionable attire, with cigars in their mouths and coats off, playing at one of the tables, and an old fellow whose countenance was familiar to us, keeping game for them. We remember him in the prime of life as a gentleman gambler. We make that distinction between a professional gambler, who cheats at cards, and one who plays skilfully but honorably. He had had some consideration in society, for his occupation was not generally known. He had respectable acquaintances; gentlemen nodded to him in a friendly way; his manners were always correct; and his dress was neat, without being flashy. He led the life of a gambler, however—to-day rich, to-morrow poor—with all the phases and changes incident to that calling. We saw at once that in his descent he had got as low as a billiard marker, and could not throw off his early habits, although he had no longer any money to sport with.

"Well," said we, "here you are yet! Always at a game of chance, or a game of skill. You look as if fortune had dealt hardly with you."

"I don't complain—why should I?" he replied, "I never had any certainty in my professional life. If I had thousands one day, I was without a dollar the next. Now I am sure to get seven dollars at the end of the week, and I am contented."

"Do you know," said we, taking a seat alongside of him on the cushioned settee, "that I have a curiosity to learn what was the largest sum you ever won at cards at a sitting?"

"One night I won thirty thousand dollars at brag!" was his answer.

"Prodigious! Thirty thousand dollars did you say?"

"Yes. I played all night, and lost it all back excepting eight hundred dollars. I should have lost that, but it was Sunday morning, and I heard the bells ring for church; and recollecting that I had promised my wife to go to hear the bishop preach, I washed my hands and face, smoothed my hair, and, with downcast looks and pious features, joined in the litany and chaunted the psalms."

"From the gaming table to the church?"

"Yes: and I am not the only one who underwent that transition. It is not very unnatural or unreasonable. If you win, you have something to give thanks for: if you lose, you can pray for better luck in future." This is the consolation of the gambler's life!

"Did you never forswear gambling?" we inquired.

"Oh! frequently; but always broke my oath. One night I lost three thousand dollars—all I had in the world—and went home quite melancholy with a friend. It was past two o'clock, and I invited him to drink a glass of brandy and water. I swore all the bitter oaths I could remember that I never again would handle cards. While I was thus swearing, I felt in my pocket for a little tobacco, and found a bank-note of one hundred dollars rolled up in a corner. All my gambling propensities revived in an instant. 'Let's go back,' said I, 'and try our luck once more with this hundred. I may win five thousand.' We went back, and I lost the note in five minutes! So much for the virtuous resolutions of a gambler. Human nature is not to be trusted."

"The gambling houses of the present day," said we, "are rather on a higher scale, my old friend, than in your time."

"Everything on a similar scale is the same. We are a progressive people.—Houses of a questionable character used to be in nooks and corners, where no lamp burned—now they blaze out in splendor quite near Broadway, and the lady abbess rides in her own carriage."

"Do you ever visit any of the extensive gambling saloons in the city?"

"Only to carry a note or to inquire for some gentleman," he answered. "I am quite lost in the splendor which surrounds me. I smell the rich viands of the kitchen as I ascend the staircase. I enter the suites of apartments, where the festooned hangings, the rich Turkey carpets and Persian ottomans, the tall and elaborately carved and gilt mirrors, the ormula lamps and candelabras, the paintings of Venuses and Danaeas in gorgeous frames, the silken draperies which vie with ancient magnificence, the rich wines and delicate viands on the table, and the plate and attendants, all have the appearance of an enchanted castle—of what we read of Paradise. It is hell, where the senses are intoxicated with liquor and the pockets picked!"

"Are you acquainted with any of the keepers of these splendid establishments?"

"Who would know a brother of the order of *faro* and *rouge et noir* in a seedy coat and shocking bad hat? Yet I know them by instinct—by their bushy and well-trimmed beards, the oily smoothness of their hair, the richness of their garments, their watch chains and diamond breast pins, their easy lounging gait, and the finely flavored cigars in their mouths."

"Do our rich merchants, extensive brokers and millionaires, patronise these extensive establishments?"

"Not to any extent. They spread their nets for strangers—for the rich planters and factors with which our city and fashionable hotels abound."

We are glad to hear that the bulk of victims were not our own townsmen; and yet there are too many of such who lose their money at cards, and throw a melancholy pall over the happiness of an entire family. Night after night the poor wife sits alone, waiting the return of her truant husband. Each knock at the door—each jar or jingle of the bell—alarms her, until she becomes nervous from solitude and watchfulness. The chirping of the cricket on the hearth, or the moaning of the wind through the casement, serves only to make night hideous. The midnight bell tolls, and still he comes not. The hour of two strikes—sometimes it is three in the morning—ere his step is heard; and then he enters, pale, haggard, tormented with passion and despair, wild with disappointment, without a kind word, a soft look, or an endearing caress for her whose love he should prize above all earthly jewels. For every pang thus wantonly inflicted on a tender wife and mother, a whole life of penance can scarcely atone.
—*Sunday Times.*

SARCASTIC SENTENCE.

Old Elias Keyes, formerly Judge of Windsor county, Vt., was a strange composition of folly and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence, it is said, was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow convicted of stealing a pair of boots fron Gen. Curtis, a man of considerable wealth in the town of Windsor:

"Well," said the Judge, very gravely, before pronouncing sentence of court, undertaking to read the fellow a lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before a court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you—and how dare you, being poor, have the imprudence to steal a pair of boots? Nobody but rich people have a right to take such things without paying! Then they say you are worthless—that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done you; all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now, you, being so worthless, was a fool to steal, because you might know you would be condemned. And you must know that it was a great aggravation that you have stole them in the large town of Windsor. In that large town to commit such an act is most horrible. And not only go into Windsor to steal, but you must steal from that great man, General Curtis. This claps the climax of your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had, or could get, and then you would have been let alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act. For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great General Curtis, the court sentences you to three months' imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat!"

THE LEHIGH COUNTY BANK.—At the last session of the Lehigh County Court, the Grand Jury, upon legal proof being brought before them, found an indictment against MOSES Y. BEACH, of New York, as owner and operator of the Lehigh County Bank—a famous Locofoco swindling shop, with the individual liability principle fastened on its charter—which exploded a few years ago, and whose money he circulated. In pursuance of the indictment, Governor JOHNSTON has sent an officer to New York, demanding of Governor FISH, to deliver up the said Moses Y. Beach to the proper authorities of Pennsylvania.

The Great Salt Lake---Captain Stansbury's Expedition.

Capt. Stansbury, sent out by Government to make an examination of the Valley of the Salt Lake, writes home:

"From the knowledge gained by this expedition, I am of opinion that the size of the lake has been much exaggerated; and from observation, and what I have learned from the Mormons, who have made one or two excursions upon it in a small skiff, I am induced to believe that its depth has been much overrated. That it has no outlet, it is now demonstrated beyond doubt; and I am convinced, from what I have seen, that it can never be of the slighest use for the purpose of navigation. The water, for miles out from the shore, wherever I have seen it, is but a few inches in depth; and if there be any deep water, it must be in the middle. The Utah river)or the Jordan, as the Mormons call it) is altogether too insignificant and too crooked to be of any use commercially. The greatest depth of the Utah Lake that we have found is sixteen feet; so that, for the purposes of a connected line of navigation, neither the river nor the lakes can be of the slighest utility. Such, at least, is my present impression. Further examination of Salt Lake may, perhaps, modify this opinion with regard to the latter. The river connecting these two lakes is 48 miles in length."

He found that the whole western shore of the lake consists of immense level plains of soft mud, inaccessible within many miles of the water's edge to the feet of mules or horses, being traversed frequently by meandering rills of salt and sulphur water, which apparently sink and seem to imbue and saturate the whole soil, rendering it miry and treacherous. These plains are but little elevated above the present level of the lake, and have, without doubt, at one time, not very long since, formed a part of it. The plains are, for the most part, entirely denuded of vegetation, excepting occasional patches of Artemesia and "grease-wood." In an estimated distance of one hundred and fifty miles, on one part of the route, fresh water and grass were found *only in one spot.*

"In the latter portion of this first desert we crossed *a field of solid salt*, which lay encrusted upon the level mud plain, so thick that it bore up the mules loaded with their packs so perfectly that they walked upon it as if it had been a sheet of solid ice, slightly covered with snow. The whole plain was as level as a floor. We estimated this field to be at least ten miles in length, by seven in width, and the thickness of the salt at from one-half to three-quarters of an inch. A strip of some three miles in width had been previously crossed, but it was not thick, nor hard enough to prevent the animals from sinking through it into the mud at every step. The salt in the solid field was perfectly chrystalized, and where it had not become mixed with the soil, was as white and fine as the best specimens of salina table salt. Some of it was collected and preserved.

"After crossing the field of salt, we struck upon a fine little stream of running water, with plenty of grass, lying at the foot of a range of mountains, which seemed to form the western boundary of the immediate valley of the lake.

"We were, as I have ever reason to believe, the first party of white men that ever succeeded in making the entire circuit of the lake by land. I have understood that it was once circumnavigated by canoes, in early times, by some trappers, in search of beaver, but no attempt by land has ever been successful."

YOUNG LADY STATISTICS.—We learn that during the last year, five hundred and forty young ladies fainted away on various occasions. More than two hundred of them fell into the arms of young gentlemen; forty were caught by their aunts and grandmothers; and only one had the misfortune to fall on the floor; she, however, picked out a soft place to fall upon, and was providentially received by an ottoman.

The citizens of Boston consummated another work of benevolence on the 3d instant, in the formal dedication of the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary—a spacious and complete edifice, costing $60,000. The institution throughout is on a scale and of a character to do honor to the name of Boston.

The Newburyport Herald, in a notice of Mr. Webster's Maine letter, makes an odd comparison, as thus—"The condensed power of the style is worthy the attention of every student of the English language. In his lofty bearing, his simple and massive grandeur, and stately steppings, Mr. Webster is certainly the Elephant of the Great National Menagerie."

PINE LUMBER.—The Buffalo Courier understands that a contract has been made at Oswego, for freighting 53,000,000 feet of pine lumber to Albany from Canada; only 13,000,000 feet came from the same section to Oswego last year. The proposition in the Canadian Reciprocity bill, now before Congress, is to admit Canada lumber free of duty hereafter.

A live alligator, measuring eight feet in length, was recently killed in one of the streets of New Orleans.