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FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21, 1851.

New Series—Vol. 6—No. 5.

Rates of Advertising. One square, 18 lines, 2 squares, 6 mos. \$5.00...

GEO. W. ELDER, Attorney at Law, Office in Market street, opposite the Post Office...

J. W. PARKER, Attorney at Law, Lewistown, Mifflin co. Pa.

DR. E. W. HALE Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown. He can be consulted at all times at the Bee Hive Drug store...

DR. JAS. S. WILSON, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Newton Hamilton and vicinity.

DR. A. W. MOSS Offers his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity. Office with Dr. Hoover, one door East of F. Schwartz's store.

MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE. CHRISTIAN HOOPER, Justice of the Peace, CAN be found at his office, in the room recently occupied by D. W. Huiing, Esq. where he will attend to all business entrusted to him with the greatest care and despatch.

NEW Tailoring Establishment. JAMES A. LILLEY has commenced the Tailoring Business, in Market street, next door to Judge Ritz's, where he invites his friends and the public to give him a call.

Latest Fashions, and having had considerable experience in the business, he feels confident he can give satisfaction, in point of workmanship, &c., to all who may favor him with their custom.

JOHN CLARK & CO. Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, 4 doors west of Eisenbise's Hotel. ALL KINDS OF BOOTS & SHOES made of the best materials and in the best manner cheap for cash.

BOOTS, & SHOES, &c. THE undersigned continues to manufacture celebrated Quilted and French calf Boots, together with all articles connected with his business.

BILLY JOHNSON'S Cheap Boot, Shoe, & Clothing Store. HAVING returned from the city with a large stock of the above mentioned articles, he is prepared to sell at the lowest cash price.

JAMES CRUTCHLEY, Valley street, Lewistown, near Heisler's Candle Factory, Manufactures every description of Picture and Looking Glass FRAMES, SUCH as Gilt, Mahogany, Rosewood, &c. and can furnish Frames and Glass of any required size.

The National Restaurant, In the basement of the National Hotel, is now open, and refreshments of all kinds will be served up as called for, on the European plan, by THOMAS & CO. Lewistown, Sept. 26, 1851.—1f

REMOVAL.—The Diamond Drug Store has been removed to the office of E. Banks, Esq., in West Main street, opposite the shoe store of Moses Montgomery, where a large supply of fresh Drugs, Medicines, Dye-stuffs, Perfumeries, Fruit, nuts, &c., &c., have just been received.

Fish, Salt, and Plaster, FOR sale by JOHN STERRETT & CO., June 27.—1f At the Lewistown Mills.

HARDWARE, of all kinds, at unusually low prices, for cash, at F. G. FRANCISCUS'S.

30 TONS of Valentine & Thomas' best Iron, for sale by F. G. FRANCISCUS, Agent for Valentine & Thomas.

1500 LBS. Avails and Vices, Screw Plates, assorted, 1/4 to 1 1/2 inch, Blacksmith's Bellows, from 30 to 42 inches. For sale, low for cash, by F. G. FRANCISCUS.

GILCHRIST'S celebrated American Razors. A small lot of those splendid Razors just received. They require no honing or sharpening—each Razor warranted. For sale by F. G. FRANCISCUS.

50 KEGS pure White Lead, \$2 per keg; 100 boxes Window Glass; 100 gallons Flaxseed Oil; 100 lbs. Putty, Spirits of Turpentine, Paris Green, Chromes of different colors, with an assortment of all kinds Paints, Paint Brushes, Sash Tools, &c., for sale by F. G. FRANCISCUS.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves. A LARGE stock of new and beautiful Cooking and Parlor Stoves, Ten Plate do. from 22 to 32 inches; Air-Tight Cook, Vernon do., Hathaway do., Keystone do., Universe do., Complete do., Revere Air-Tight Parlor Stove, Ottoman do., Persian do., Excelsior do., Etna do., Barroom Stoves, Harp Cannon do., Cannon do., Cast Oven do., Russin do., Ben Franklin do.—for wood or coal—all of which will be sold low for cash, at the Hardware Store of F. G. FRANCISCUS.

Hammered Iron. FARMERS, Blacksmiths, Machinists, and others, are respectfully invited to examine a new and superior article of HAMMERED IRON, made of the celebrated Freedom Blooms, by Messrs. John A. Wright & Co., Lewistown, Pa. This Iron for quality, toughness and evenness of finish is unsurpassed by any Hammered Iron in the State. All sizes of Wagon and buggy tire, small and large sizes of Bar—square, flat, oval, 1/2 round—Plough Irons of all kinds, Sledge Moulds, Crow Bars, &c., for sale, for cash, by F. G. FRANCISCUS.

THOMPSON'S VERMIFUGE. Only 12 1/2 cents per bottle. For sale by JOHN KENNEDY.

THOMPSON'S INDIAN BALSAM. Only 25 cents per bottle. For sale by JOHN KENNEDY.

Coffee, Coffee. IT is generally acknowledged, by both saints and sinners, that Kennedy's is the cheapest and best Coffee in Mifflin county, and that neither Jew nor Gentile can sell goods as low as Sept 12 JOHN KENNEDY.

Fever and Ague Powders. THOMPSON'S Fever and Ague Powders are a certain cure for that disease, as many in Lewistown can testify. They need no puffing. Price 50 cents per box. For sale by JOHN KENNEDY.

50 KEGS DUNSMON NAILS, at only \$3 25 per keg. 50 KEGS Pittsburgh Nails, at \$3 25 per keg. For sale, a full assortment of Nails, at the above prices. Mechanics and Farmers read and come and see them at the cheap store of Aug. 29, 1851. JOHN KENNEDY.

Petroleum or Rock Oil. 10 DOZEN bottles Rock Oil, raised by steam 700 feet from the bowels of the earth. It is highly recommended by physicians for the cure of a great many obstinate diseases, such as coughs and inflammation of the lungs, pains in the limbs and back, burns, bruises, &c. For sale by JOHN KENNEDY.

Trout! Trout!! JUST received, 3 barrels Mackanzw Lake Trout, 25 boxes Ohio Union dairy cream Cheese, 5 do Cincinnati adamantine Candles, 25 do New York yellow Soap, at 6 1/2 cts, 3 tierces Evans & Surr's Sugar cured Ham, at 12 cts per lb 350 gallons fine Lard Oil, equal to sperm. Call at Kennedy's if you want to buy 20 per cent. below any store in Lewistown. sep19 JOHN KENNEDY.

CLARK & ZERBE, Brown Street, between Market and Third, LEWISTOWN, PA. INVITE public attention to their large and well-finished stock of CARRIAGES, embracing a general variety, from the most fashionable to plain make, which will be disposed of for cash lower than any that have ever been offered in Lewistown. They were all manufactured under their immediate superintendence, of the best materials that could be procured, and are fully equal to custom work. Among them are a number with BEST FELLOWS and BENT SHAFTS, now in such general favor, Leather and Canvas top BUGGIES, single and double seat ROCKAWAYS, &c. Feeling assured that our present large and superior stock will afford a choice to purchasers not heretofore offered in this place, we invite a call from persons in this and the adjoining counties. Two apprentices to the above business will be taken if application be made soon. Lewistown, Feb. 28, 1851.—1f

SPECIES of all kinds, fresh and pure, at April 11 A. A. BANKS'S.

Poetry.

OH WOULD THAT SHE WERE HERE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS. 'Oh would that she were here, These hills and dales among, Where vocal groves are gayly mocked By echo's airy tongue:— Where jocund nature smiles In all her boon attire, And roams the deeply-tangled wild: Of hawthorn and sweet briar: Oh would that she were here— The gentle maid I sing, Whose voice is cheerful as the songs Of forest-birds in spring. Oh would that she were here, Where the free waters leap, Shouting in sportive jousness, Adown the rocky steep, Where zephyrs crisp and cool, The fountains as they play With health upon their wings of light, And gladness in their way. Oh would that she were here, With these balm-breathing trees, The sylvan daughters of the sun, The rain-cloud and the breeze. Oh would that she were here, Murmuring the drowsy hum of bees, And fragrant with the flowers— Where heaven's redeeming love Spans earth in mercy's bow, The promise of the world above Unto the world below. Oh would that she were here, Amid these shades serene— Oh for the spell of woman's love To consecrate the scene!

Miscellaneous.

THE INDIAN LOVER. A BORDER TALE.

BY DR. JOSEPH HENDERSON.

It was my lot in early life to be cast into the society of some of the first settlers in the valley of the Juniata, and to hear many tales of the "hair breadth escapes" and thrilling incidents, which befel those hardy adventurers, in the desultory and vindictive warfare they had waged with the aborigines of the soil. Holding a title to the land having its origin beyond the reach of tradition; their just claim had been fully acknowledged in all our treaties or transactions of a public character with the Indian tribes—they must therefore have had reason to entertain a jealous alarm at the continued encroachments of the white man upon their rightful inheritance. And depending mainly as they did for subsistence upon the game which abounded in their forests, and for articles of the first necessity to the small traffic in skins and peltry which they carried on with the regular trader; as might be expected they would regard with much distrust and little favor, the occupation of their streams and hunting grounds, by those whose superior means and appliances gave them great advantages over them in the exercise of their own peculiar craft. Quarrels unavoidably arose which repeated aggressions tended to inflame and exacerbate—and a war of extermination was the unhappy consequence. As there were few among the pioneers of the settlement, who had not mourned over some friend or relative fallen beneath the murderous tomahawk and scalping knife, it is difficult at this day, to conceive the bitterness of the hatred engendered in their breasts against their ruthless foes—who, in their turn, for the wrongs too often inflicted upon them, had sought an indiscriminate and bloody vengeance. And too often, happy was the lot of the captive whom sudden death had rescued from the most cruel and protracted tortures which savage ingenuity could invent or vengeance inflict. And yet there were not wanting many instances wherein these vindictive feelings gave place to the prompting of a better spirit, and the unhappy prisoner destined for the stake and the fagot, was frequently snatched from the flames to supply in some lone heart the place of a lost son, or a beloved daughter. How beautiful a trait of Indian character is here developed in a custom, that discovers a refinement of feeling, and a sensibility to the finest impulse of our nature, at variance with all our preconceived ideas of savage life, and proves the strength of those holy ties with which these children of the wild wood were firmly bound together. Whilst I have looked upon the spring that bears an imperishable name, near to which once stood the cabin of the celebrated Logan, and have repeated to myself his simple and sublime appeal to the white man, where, in the utter desolation of a broken heart is expressed, with a truth and a pathos that have touched the lowest chord in the scale of human wo: or when the sound of a mighty oak, in the stillness of the wood has recalled to mind the mournfully beautiful words of the dying Pushmata—how have I regretted that so few anecdotes of these noblemen of nature have been preserved, and that many of the most interesting events of border life, which tradition had imperfectly handed down to the last generation, are destined to fade away from that which is to follow. The ensuing narrative, in which I give the substance of what I heard narrated, deserves to be recorded as a rare instance of disinterested love and chivalrous gener-

osity in one of a people we were taught to look upon in our youthful days, more in the light of savage beasts, than rational beings endowed like ourselves with the image and feelings of humanity.

Mr. John Hall, a revolutionary soldier, and one of the early settlers of Huntingdon county, frequently related the following interesting incidents, as having occurred within his own knowledge, and connected with the captivity and escape of a girl by the name of Brotherton, who had been taken prisoner by a predatory band of Seneca Indians, and carried to their settlements of the Northern frontier.

Two trappers on the Mushiannon were driven from their camp, near the present town of Philipsburg, by the advancing war party, and flying to the nearest settlement on the Juniata, forewarned the inhabitants of the impending danger. The fearful tidings were carried by runners from house to house, and all save Brotherton and his daughter sought the protection of the Blockhouse at 'Standing Stone,' (now called Huntingdon.) The father being absent at the time, the heroic girl, resisting every entreaty, resolutely refused to leave the house until his return, which was every moment expected. The rest of the family, consisting of the mother and several small children, with the most gloomy forebodings were reluctantly compelled to leave her behind. Brotherton did not return that night, and early the next morning the barking of the dog apprising her that some one was near, she opened the door, when conceive of her horror and dismay, to find the smile of welcome with which she had thought to have greeted her father, was met by the scowling visage of a savage foe. It was some time before she recovered from the shock of the overwhelming calamity that had befallen her, believing as she did, that a violent death or a fate still more horrible awaited her; and it was not until they had held a short conference among themselves, that she was somewhat reassured by one of the party who gave her to understand in broken English and by significant gestures, that she had fallen to the lot of one who would protect her, and that unless she made an attempt to escape, no one should harm her.

Already suspecting that their approach had been discovered, from the circumstance that several cabins they had visited bore certain evidences of the hasty flight of their late occupants, and loading themselves with the plunder thus acquired, they made a precipitate retreat through the mountains.

They were immediately pursued by all the disposable force at Standing Stone, which Brotherton arrived in time to join. The party was headed by an old hunter, who following the trail with the instinct of a blood-hound, came upon the place of their first night encampment among the laurels of Tussey's mountain. On the following day, in tracing their footsteps over some boggy ground, they remarked with pleasure that the slight shoes of Miss Brotherton—worn through the preceding days march, were now replaced by a substantial pair of moccasins. After this discovery the leader of the party, a man experienced in the warfare and customs of the Indians, proposed a consultation, and addressing himself to Brotherton, the one of the party most deeply interested, advised him as the most prudent course on his daughter's account to give up the pursuit, as it was now evident they meant to treat her kindly, and that if overtaken and finding themselves encumbered with the prisoner, they would most probably put her to death, rather than that she should fall into their hands.

This prudent counsel happily prevailed, and they returned to the settlement. Little is remembered of the adventures of the prisoner and her captors, except the instances she related of their extreme vigilance and caution, to baffle pursuit and avoid surprise: such as when ascending a mountain if a stone was moved they would turn to replace it, and in the stillness of the night if a noise was heard, as the snapping of anything, their pipes were instantly laid aside and their fires put out and not a word spoken until there was light enough to resume their noiseless march.

Our heroine is represented to have possessed much rustic beauty and attractiveness of manner, and although she had scarcely reached the full bloom of womanhood previous to her captivity, more than one aspirant to her hand, had already paid homage to her charms. After remaining upwards of a year in the family of a chief as an adopted daughter, became deeply enamoured of her, and with every demonstration of the most ardent affection, offered her marriage. His suit was mildly but firmly rejected. Some time after, he sought and obtained a private interview, at which he told her he had plainly discovered that the White Dove (a name by which he was pleased to distinguish her,) loved the hills and the valleys of her own "clear stream," better than the lakes and the plains of the Red man; and that she was pining at heart after the friends from whom she had been so rudely torn. That however much the rejection of her suit had pained him, to be the daily witness of her unhappiness,

distressed him still more—and that his object in seeking the present interview, was to propose a scheme for her deliverance.

After enjoining upon her the utmost vigilance, that nothing in her conduct or demeanor might lead to a suspicion of her intended flight, he appointed to meet her at a well known spot, a few miles from the village, on the midnight of a certain day, and to lull suspicion to rest, a few days previous to the appointed time, he intimated an intention of taking his usual hunting excursion of several weeks duration.—Faithful to his engagement, the young chief, provided with every necessary for such an undertaking, set out with his interesting charge on the way to her long regretted home, nor did he relax night or day, in the most unremitting attention to her comfort or convenience throughout this long and dreary journey.

At nightfall, after kindling her fire, he spread her couch of forest leaves with the soft fronds of the withered fern, over which he erected a canopy of hemlock boughs to protect her from the chilly dews of the night. A dressed bear skin and blanket offered her all the comfort required, after the fatigues of the day, to ensure her a night of repose, at once profound and refreshing; secure in the consciousness that her slightest appeal would instantly summon to her side, the bold heart and powerful arm of one, not more distinguished for his great strength and manly proportion, than for daring courage.

After the simple preparations of the night had been completed, he partook with her of the frugal repast which his knapsack and rifle had furnished him, and then with the true delicacy of the most refined feeling, he retired to take the short repose that nature required, at a respectful distance; and brief would have been the reckoning with the luckless intruder that would have dared to disturb the one who slumbered near.

It was near the close of September, on the last day of their weary march, that the Warrior and the Maiden stood upon the summit of a ridge, that overlooked the cottage of her parents, the blue smoke from which could be seen as it curled upwards amidst the trees. Spread abroad before their eyes lay a scene rich in picturesque and quiet beauty. The last rays of the setting sun were resting upon the summits of the hills, whilst the deep valleys between were darkening in the shadows of evening.

The soft low murmurings which rose upon the evening breeze, were sent up from the beautiful Juniata, glimpses of which could be seen as it flashed in light, through various openings amongst the hills, until it was lost to sight in the dark defiles of the distant mountains. Pointing to the residence of her parents, the Indian thus addressed the fair captive. "Oran can go no farther. The friends of the White Dove are still the mortal foes of the Red men. She now stands amidst her native hills, and looks down upon the scenes of her childhood. Oran would not have an unwilling bride, he has, therefore, brought her here that she may make her final choice in sight of the wigwams of her people. Will she return with him to be the happy mistress of his heart and home, or send him forth a lone warrior into the wilderness?" Pointing to the setting sun, he continued. "See, the Great Spirit of Light will soon hide his face behind the western hills, and the world will be dark and sad—but to-morrow he will look again from the east, and all that live will rejoice in his beams. Thus, if the White Dove will hide her face, Oran's heart will be dark and sorrowful, and if she returns not, the sun will again shine, he said, but never more for him."

He then sat down and buried his face in his hands, to await in silence a decision which was to be to him a message of weal or wo—yet firm in his lofty purpose to leave her choice free;—he had said all that became a great warrior to say, and he would no owe to gratitude a boon, which love alone should ever bestow.

Deeply impressed with gratitude for such disinterested love and generosity, in which there was perhaps mingled somewhat of a more tender sentiment; the maiden hesitated between the most conflicting emotions—at one time her inclinations preponderated in his favor, from the strong and natural desire to see her parents, and the deep distress she knew they must have suffered at the indelible disgrace of such a union, first caused her to falter in her choice, and finally to resolve on bidding adieu to her generous lover. Oran heard the announcement of her final decision in silence, nor did he again speak. He tried to speak, she said, but could not; after pressing her hand to his throbbing heart, and pointing to the earth and to the Heavens, he disappeared in the shades of the forest, and she never saw him more.

Miss Brotherton always describes this, the closing scene of her adventures, with many tears. Some years afterwards, when commissioners were appointed by the State authorities, to hold a treaty with the hostile tribes of the Six Nations, for the ransom of prisoners, the father of Miss Brotherton, retaining a grateful remembrance of the generous Indian, and willing to return him

a suitable recompense, ordered a rifle to be made, in the constructing and ornamenting of which no expense was spared, and as Mr. Hall observed, it was just the kind of a trinket an Indian would glory in the possession of.

The rifle was sent out as a present from the young woman to her quondam lover, with a friendly message to the effect that she would ever remember, with the most heartfelt gratitude, his generous devotion, and pray to the Great Spirit, who was the common parent of both the white and the red races, for his prosperity and happiness, and that if they were never to see each other in this world, she trusted that they would meet again in those delightful abodes provided for the good of all nations and colors, in the world to come. But alas! how did she grieve to hear that after his return from the Juniata, his friends were much concerned at his altered appearance and manner, so different from him they had so lately seen rejoicing in the strength of youthful manhood with all its brightest hopes and aspirations. That proud spirit was now bowed down as by some dire calamity. Shunning all companionship with the world, he walked apart in gloomy reflection, nourishing in secret the flame that was fast consuming him, and longing to lay down a burden that had become intolerable, he soon after fell, covered with wounds, in a reckless assault upon a camp of the Hurons, with whom his people were at war.

Loveliness.

Young ladies, it is not your neat dress, your expensive shawl, or your golden fingers, that attract the attention of men of sense. It is your character they study. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation—no matter if you are beautiful as an angel—you have no attraction for them. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by the gewgaws, and the fashionable by showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sap, the good and truly great will love to linger in your presence.

A young gent of Baltimore, at a party the other evening, threw himself into a tragic position before his lady love, and asked her to have him. She laughed at him—he desperately drew a pen knife—forgot one of the blades was open—stabbed himself in the breast—the ladies screamed—tragedian was carted home, where it was discovered that he was more frightened than hurt.

This is a dangerous period of the year for colds—people should be careful—Mrs. Partington says she has got a romantic affection in her shoulders, the neurology in her head, and the embargo in the region of joacular vein; all from the opening of the window, to throw a bottle at a couple of belligerent cats on the shed.

A college professor had a foolish way of commencing every thing he said with, 'I say.' Upon hearing that one of the students had mimicked him in this peculiarity, he sent for the young man, and proceeded to give him an admonition, beginning thus: 'I say! I say! you say, I say, I say!'

If a man expects to meet with any sympathy now a days, he must become a reformed drunkard or a fugitive slave. A decent man might linger out a miserable existence and die of starvation, before he could meet with half the sympathy exhibited for either.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.—Who finds all the umbrellas that every body loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrellas he buys, but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain?

WIDE AWAKE.—A Scotchman who lately put up at an inn in the town of Hudson, was asked in the morning how he had slept. 'Troth, man,' replied Donald, 'nae very well either, but I was muck better off than the bugs, for de'il ane o'them closed an e'e the hale night.'

RECIPE FOR DUELLING.—Let two men quarrel, and be careful publicly to vilify and defame each other—then discharge pistols, no matter about balls, taking care not to 'shoot lower' than the skies—then walk up and shake hands and apologize. Such a process invariably heals wounded honor!

PETER AS GOOT.—'My German friend, how long have you been married?' 'Vel, dis is a ting vat I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems to be so long as it never was.'

Dispeptics are recommended to take a walk once a week to the top of Black Log, through Grauville Gap—a certain cure.