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

Poetry.

From the National Era.

KNOW YE THE LAND.

Know ye the land where the Forest and Prairie
Spread broadest away by the Cataract's fall—
Where the harvests of earth the most plentifully vary,
And the children that reap them are happiest of all—
Where the long rolling rivers go mightily trending,
With wealth on their billows through many a cline—
Where the lakes 'mid the woodlands like seas are extend-
ing,
And the mountains rise lone in the centre sublime?

Know ye the land where a Royal Oppressor
Made the Burglers and Husbandmen bow to his will—
But they fought the good fight, under God, the Redressor,
And the heart of humanity hearkens to it still—
Where the lakes, mountains and plains keep inspiring or solemn,
Their tales of that strife, and its monuments be
The statue, the tablet, the hall and the column—
But—best and most lasting—the Souls of the Free!

Know ye the land where fair Freedom's dominion
Stands proudly than any the earth ever knew,
When Greece flashed like fire through the East, or the
pion
Of Rome's dreading war-bird with victory flew—
Where, high as the haughtiest, she lifts up her banner,
By crime unshaken, unshaken by defeat,
While the gales of two oceans blow brightly to fan her,
And waft the full breath of the world to her feet?

Where she bends, Great Protectress, to greet the pale
strangers,
The pilgrims of many a realm, who prefer
To the mercies of tyrants, her seas and her dangers,
To their birthplace the exile that waits them to here—
Whence, far as the breezes and billows, her warning
Is heard on all shores, by their slaves and their kings;
"I will come, I will come, like the march of the morning,
And the healing of nations go forth on my wings!"

Oh, that land!—Yes, we know it—its luminous story,
Its wealth of all Nature—America's land!
We would die for that land of our love and our glory!
We live to sustain it, heart, spirit and hand!
And thus, brothers, friends, we salute it—Oh, never,
That proud Constellation made less by a star!
All hail it, perpetual! still brightening for ever—
The fond hope of millions, in peace or in war!

'Till the hard Rock of Plymouth be worn by the ocean,
And 'Christietown's tall Obelisk be dust on the shore,
And dear Old Dominion, thy noisiest Jealousie
And the gift of thy Christianity thought of no more—
Shall this bond, long our glory, still bind us together,
One people from Maine to the Mexican Indies,
From the Chesapeake's wave to the Cape of Good Hope,
From the Palm of the South to the Cataract's Pines!

Miscellaneous.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

LOVE versus FASHION.

BY PAUL CRETTON.

'Be candid with me now, Hiram,' said Mr. Atherton, addressing his gay nephew; 'and tell me how long before you intend making the amiable Sophia your wife?'

Hiram looked serious, perplexed. Hiram heaved a sigh. At length, scratching his ear, he answered in a low tone—

'Never.'

The old gentleman echoed the word in astonishment.

'Never! In the name of reason tell me why! I know she loves you.'

'She does—I do believe!'

'And you—'

'There is no occasion to deny this truth,' said Hiram. 'I love her dearly. She is good and affectionate, and true. I shall never find a person to love better—more purely.'

'Then explain this paradox! You have taken no foolish oath to live a bachelor—You are not vainly ambitious of marrying a fortune?'

'No, no, uncle. But—I am almost ashamed to confess my feelings—you know—'

'Well! well! what is it?'

'If I must speak it—I desire a wife to make a little more show in the world, than Sophia.'

'Boy!' exclaimed the old gentleman, with a gesture of impatience.

'She is not—not exactly—fashionable,' murmured Hiram, blushing.

'Insane!' ejaculated his uncle.

'Too retired—too careless of appearances—too—in short—too—'

'Too sensible! I know it! Too good for a vain fellow like you!' cried Mr. Atherton, sternly. 'I am glad you know it. Her feathers are not gaudy enough to compare with yours—you insipid peacock!'

'Uncle!' interrupted Hiram, his lips quivering, 'you are severe.'

'And who has a better right! You would have no patience with a man who talks such nonsense as you do—if you had had my experience. I mean to be severe—I always will be severe—I always will be savage on this argument. No, I won't either. I will tell you a story. Sit down. I want your entire attention. You are well aware that, in my day, I have had some domestic trouble?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'Well, sir; I'll tell you about that. Forty years ago I was a single man—young, gay, and foolish as yourself. From my childhood, I had loved the best, the most amiable of God's creatures. Unworthy as I was, she loved me with an exalted affection. I believe she would have laid down her life to make me happy.

'For five years,' pursued the old gentle-

man, 'she had held possession of my heart. All my dreams of future happiness had been inspired by my affection for her. She was indeed a portion of my existence. But—I went into the world. I became infatuated with fashion; I learned selfishness, vanity, deceit. Julia was never quite forgotten; but after a separation of a few months—when I had acquired a taste for gay dissipation—I began to fear that she would not compare favorably with the brilliant company into which I had become introduced, and the admiration which I courted.

'Although a future union had always been considered, as a matter of course, by both Julia and myself, we had never made a formal engagement to each other. The greatest folly—the greatest crime I ever committed—was the mean advantage I took of the peculiar nature of our agreement, to break the contract which our hearts had made—the solemn contract, which, (I whispered my conscience) was not binding, because it had not been made in the set terms of speech.

'Loving Julia still—knowing that she loved—feeling that I could never love more strongly, or be more devotedly loved, I at the same time sacrificed everything to my fondness for fashion—I broke the unuttered oath of love which my heart had solemnly made.

'To be brief, I married another!' exclaimed Mr. Atherton, in a tone of bitter self-reproach.

'You loved her, of course,' suggested Hiram.

'That other? Evelina? Yes; oh, yes! I loved her very well; she was such a fine lady—such an excellent match! I was so fortunate, it was said, to win the hand of such a magnificent creature! But how different was my second love from my first! It was composed of passion, admiration and pride. I adored Evelina; I thought it a condescension in her to love me. But where was the purity, the unselfishness, the deep devotion, to which my heart had not, formerly, been a stranger? Alas! where was my first love?'

'Julia was not forgotten. I said to myself—I love her a little yet; but it was impossible for me to marry her.' Then my heart was so puffed with congratulations and flattery, on the occasion of the grand wedding which came off, that I had scarcely room in it for anything but vanity.

'Well, I was married. I had the satisfaction of knowing that fifty fashionable fellows envied me the possession of so fair and accomplished a bride. I knew, too, that I had gained an influence, an importance, in society—all through the instrumentality of my fashionable wife.

'And she loved me, too, as well as people of fashion usually love. I had nothing to complain of on that score. Much as everybody admired her, I had no occasion for jealousy.'

'Then,' said Hiram, timidly, 'you must have been satisfied with the match?—You should have been happy.'

'Perhaps I should. And for a long time I was. I could afford extravagance—I had time for dissipation—and I led a gay life for five years. But gradually I grew thoughtful. Day after day I felt more and more that I was drinking the cup of my folly. A wrinkle in Evelina's brow frightened me. Every gray hair which silvered the darkness of my locks, cost me a thousand sighs. Age appeared to me dreadful. My feelings on this subject convinced me of the truth what conscience had so often whispered that my weary heart was sinful. I said to Evelina—'Let us give over this butterfly's existence, in which only the youthful should indulge.' She sighed, and repaired her fading beauty with powder and rouge.

'Then I saw the necessity of the peace of home to the heart of man. I felt hungry for the happiness of the household hearth. But Evelina had no sympathy with my longings. She answered my sighs with hollow laughter. Home possessed no delights for her. She led me in the same cheerless chase after gaudy, when I was weary—wary—wary nigh unto death!

'We lost our only child. Heart-broken, humble, dying for want of sympathy in my desolation, I prayed Evelina to withdraw with me from the world, and from that time of sorrow, to know its hollow and heartlessness no more. She could not deny herself! The intoxication of what is falsely called pleasure, was necessary to her existence. From that time I led a life of lonely wretchedness.

'The next crisis in my existence I will pass over briefly. Evelina's health failed her. But she kept up and struggled with the strength of the destroyer until one fatal night. She took cold coming from a ball. In one week she was—'

'I was a widower,' said the old gentleman, coughing. 'A sad widower, too— one whom affliction had taught a terrible lesson. I was plunged deep in despondency, when I heard from—Julia.'

'People told me she was ill. Some said she was dying. I had not seen her in twenty years—my affection for her had smouldered in ashes—she had become like a sweet vision of which I had some times dreamed but dimly—yet when the news of her illness came to me, all the past came with it, and my heart strings vibrated with

passionate sorrow—with the sadness of lost love.

'I hastened to see her. I arrived in time to hear from her own lips, so cold and pale, that her heart had been faithful to me ever—that cruel as I had been, she had never ceased to love me. I arrived in time to know that my folly had cost me a priceless jewel—the pure love of a true-hearted woman. I arrived in time to confess my faults with heart-breaking sorrow, and to be forgiven—in time to see her—die!'

'It was that grief which knows no consolation, that had worn out her life. She had rejected the best offers of marriage, because, loving me, she could love no other; and without loving, she could never marry.'

'Ah, my nephew! I have no words to express the bitterness, the sharpness of my regrets, remorse, grief, despair urged me near to the grave—but—I have lived to remember and mourn!'

'And I tell you more!'

'And with trembling fingers, the old gentleman brushed a tear from his eye; while Hiram, pale, thoughtful, agitated, regarded him earnestly.

'No,' murmured the young man, in a deep voice, as he pressed his uncle's hand. 'I am convinced. There is no true happiness in married life, except that which crowns the domestic hearth. Fashion is folly—worldly show is hollow—you have proved it to me. I will be weak and vain and foolish no longer. God bless you, uncle!'

A few weeks later, the old gentleman attended a wedding; and he was happy in the thought that his sad experience had been the means of uniting the youthful Hiram and his true hearted Sophia.

A Dream Realised.

Some time during the past summer, a stranger stopped at one of the watering places on the mountain south of Waynesboro, Franklin county, in this state. After his arrival there he was taken sick, and for several days apparently deranged. On his recovery he informed the proprietor of the house, that during his illness he had dreamed for three nights in succession that he had discovered at a certain distance in the mountain, under a rock, an earthen crock, containing a large amount of silver. At this the worthy host expressed his surprise, and spoke of it as a mysterious dream. Afterwards, however, they were walking together in that direction, when the dream was again adverted to by the stranger, and the proprietor at once proposed an examination, to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after carefully brushing away the leaves it was moved and to their utter astonishment there sat a crock full of silver. They took it out and conveyed it secretly to their house, and on examination it was found to contain \$400, (all in half dollars) which was divided equally between them. The day after the discovery, the stranger was about to take his leave of the mountain, and complained to his friend, the proprietor of the springs, of the inconvenience of carrying silver, when an exchange was proposed and made, the stranger receiving bankable paper for his silver. It was not long after his departure, however, till the proprietor had made another discovery—his four hundred dollars in silver was counterfeit, and he had thus been ingeniously swindled out of two hundred dollars.

'These facts we have gathered from a reliable source, and that they are correct there is not the shadow of a doubt.—Waynesboro' Bee.

A Supernatural Well.

One of the most remarkable narratives that we have seen in the papers of late relates to the mode in which Cooper's Well—a somewhat famous watering place in Mississippi—was discovered. A pamphlet detailing the facts of the case has been published.

From this we learn that the proprietor is, or was, the Rev. Preston Cooper—a preacher of character in the Methodist church. It appears that in 1837, Mr. Cooper purchased a tract of land on which the well was discovered. He built himself a house, and went to work to obtain water for its use. He commenced digging a well. At the depth of thirty feet a hard rock was struck, when the labor was abandoned, and a spacious cistern substituted for it. Mr. Cooper, after providing for his family, proceeded to Vicksburg, where he had charge of a church. One night he had a dream. The figure of a man, of a familiar face, commanded him to resume the digging of his well, and told him that it was all important. The same figure came again within a few subsequent nights and repeated the injunction, and thus it came week after week for five months, at the end of which period, doubtless impressed by the apparition, the digging was resumed. The second effort carried the well through a stratum of rock nine feet in depth; but further progress was checked by another and harder stratum. The work was again abandoned. Two months then passed, and the ghostly visitor again appeared in Mr. Cooper's visions with the same command to proceed with the well. It came nightly until the work was begun the third time.

After digging thirty feet further, without effect, it was again stopped. A year passed away, when the same ghostly man in the dream came back with sterner injunctions to continue the well. The fourth digger was engaged. He commenced work on the 13th of September, 1841, and on the 16th, three days afterwards, the water came gushing forth in a copious stream. Thus the well was begun and continued through the depth of 101 feet, of which 75 were solid rock.

In the last dream which led to the acquisition of water, Mr. C., saw the digger employed, and dreamt also that the water was got and that this man as it rose to the surface uttered the words: "I have got water, but it stinketh mightily, so that you can never use it." The same words were actually repeated by this man when, after digging the last time, success attended his labor.

The water was examined and found to be of estimable medical properties for diarrhoea, dyspepsia, dropsy, gravel, diabetes, general debility, &c., and within the last three years, not less than \$50,000 have been spent by visitors who have sought it.

There can be no doubt that this strange narrative has the authority of Mr. Cooper himself. For the rest we say nothing. In these days of general spiritual manifestations, it is hardly discreet to doubt anything. Mr. Cooper's character, too, is such that one can hardly question his good faith in the matter. If the story was intended merely as a puff it would be very clever; but as it is, it acquires another sort of importance.—Mobile Herald.

A Sucker.

There is a definition of this term, so commonly applied, that is not found in either Johnston or Webster. A sucker is a being who may be found hanging about bar-rooms, watching for the entrance of an acquaintance who, from mistaken liberality, will ask him to eat oysters, drink a toddy or smoke a cigar, a favor or courtesy which your sucker is never known to reciprocate. The sucker generally speaking, if a married man, is a shiftless, idle fellow; and his poor wife is compelled to work her fingers to the bone, to support a family of children, who, though they have a father, never receive his provident fatherly care; or if your sucker be a single man, his luggage is very light, and easy of transportation, and he gets five, or six, or seven weeks' board out of the poor widow, who depends upon the money to pay the rent, butcher's and grocer's bills, exigencies predominant in the keeping of a boarding-house.—He also loafs about a printing office or editorial room, until a favorable opportunity is afforded the editor for kicking him out. Your sucker, about lunch time, is always found going into the provender, provided somebody asks him to eat, drink, or smoke, through pity or a mistaken kindness. Sium a sucker; or, if you would get rid of him, lend him a dollar—no more—and he will cease to trouble for a time, at least. This animal abounds in every community, and is peculiar in every clime.

JOY AND CONTENT.—There are two kindly flowers in the garden of human life, germinated upon the rosiest happiness, and watered by the running brook of love. Happy he who shall be able to cult them without being wounded by the thorns! These leave their sting behind, and the beautiful flowers become metamorphosed in the hand of the gatherer, to sorrow and discontent. The thorns differ, and those keenest are jealousy and doubt. These produce a lurking pang, and change the fresh hue of the flowers of joy and content into the warm color of sorrow and discontent. Consolation, hope and confidence, are the herbs from which is prepared the balsam, and that alone is capable of extracting the poison from the serpent's sting.

Fresh Arrival of WESTERN PRODUCE.
THE regular monthly Packet Section Boat, Wm. C. Porter, Capt. Price, has just arrived from Pittsburgh, laden as follows:
150 barrels Rectified Whiskey.
25 barrels Water and Sweet Crackers.
150 boxes Ohio Cream Cheese.
75 boxes Pittsburgh Mould Candles.
2500 lbs. Patent Brown Soap, only 6 1/2 c. a lb.
7 barrels old Monongahela Rye Whiskey, 8 years old.
10 barrels Lake Trout.
50 dozen Corona Brooms.
250 pieces Ohio Stone Ware—Jars and Milk Pans.
Country merchants can supply themselves by applying to the subscriber, at reasonably low rates.
JOHN KENNEDY.
Lewistown, Nov. 21, 1851.

SINGLES.—LAPP and JOINT SHINGLES. kept constantly on hand and for sale by
W. P. MILLIKEN.
Lewistown, Nov. 21, 1851.

AT COST!
THE undersigned offers to the public, a forcing first rate BARGAINS, his entire stock of
Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, at COST. Having taken the National House and Stage Office, I find that I have too many irons in the fire to keep them all going, and therefore give the people this opportunity to buy cheap.
J. THOMAS.
Lewistown, October 31, 1851.

JOHN CLARK. HENRY ZERBE.
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.—tt.

HARDWARE, of all kinds, at unusually low prices, for cash, at
oct 24 F. G. FRANCISCUS'S.

30 TONS of Valentine & Thomas' best iron, for sale by
oct 24 F. G. FRANCISCUS,
Agent for Valentine & Thomas.

1500 LBS. Anvils and Vices, Screw Plates, assorted, 1/2 to 1 1/2 inch, Blacksmith's Belows, from 30 to 42 inches. For sale, low for cash, by
oct 24 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

GILCHRIST'S celebrated American Razors just received. They require no honing or sharpening—each Razor warranted. For sale by
oct 24 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
oct 24 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves.
A LARGE stock of new and beautiful Cooking and Parlor Stoves, Ten Plate Cook, Vernon do., Hatha way do., Keystone do., Universe do., Complete do., Reverse Air-Tight Parlor Stove, Ottoman do., Persim do., Excelsior do., Etna do., Barroom Stoves, Harry Cannon do., Cannon do., Cast Oven do., Russia do., Ben Franklin do.—for wood or coal—all of which will be sold low for cash, at the Hardware Store of
oct 24 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.
Orders for any extra sizes promptly executed.
nov 7

THOMPSON'S VERMIFUGE. Only 12 1/2 cents per bottle. For sale by
MAY 9, 1851. JOHN KENNEDY.

THOMPSON'S INDIAN BALSAM. Only 1/2 by 25 cents per bottle. For sale by
MAY 9, 1851. 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
MAY 9, 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.
Lewistown, May 9, 1851.

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

NATIONAL HOUSE,
LEWISTOWN, PA.

THE undersigned having leased the large and commodious Hotel, known as the "NATIONAL HOUSE," formerly kept by James Turner, and recently by R. H. McCoy, and situated in the Public Square, for a term of years, respectfully informs the public that he has fitted it up and furnished it anew, so as to ensure the comfort of the travelling public. His TABLE will be provided with the choicest productions of the market, and careful, obliging, and attentive waiters will be employed.
His BAR will also be stocked with none but the choicest of liquors.
The STABLING attached to the house is extensive and safe.
He flatters himself that he will be able to render entire satisfaction to all who may give him a call.
J. THOMAS.
Lewistown, August 29, 1851.—tt

GEO. W. ELDIER,
Attorney at Law,
OFFICE in Market street, opposite the Post Office, will attend to any business in the Courts of Mifflin, Centre or Huntingdon counties.
[Lewistown, Sept. 13, 1850—ly

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, Lewistown, August 30, 1850—tt

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. may 9, 1851—tt

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

BRISBIN & DINGES,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
Market street, one door West of Wm. P. Milliken's Store,
Lewistown, Pa.

A large and well selected assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., constantly on hand, which they will sell or make up to order, on reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.
[October 10, 1851—ly.

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

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.
Lewistown, May 16, 1851.

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.
Lewistown, Sept. 12, 1851.

BOOTS, & SHOES,
THE undersigned continues to manufacture celebrated Quilted and French calf Boots, together with all articles connected with his business. AUGUS MONROE'S GALLERY.
Lewistown, August 8, 1851—tt

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.
Men's boots, from \$1 25 to \$6 00
Ladies' shoes, from 50 to 1 50
Misses' shoes, from 25 to 1 00
Ladies' gaiters, from 1 00 to 2 00
according to quality. He is also prepared to make to order all kinds of Boots and Shoes, on the shortest notice and reasonable terms. Repairing done by Mr. Rook in the same place. Persons wanting CLOTHING will find it to their advantage to give him a call, as he purchases his goods for cash, and is enabled to sell cheaper than those purchasing on credit. Call and examine for yourselves, and he will convince you that he sells his goods CHEAP.
Lewistown, October 10, 1851.

JAMES CRUTCHLEY,
Valley street, Lewistown, near Heisler's Candie Factory.
Manufactures every description of
Picture and Looking Glass FRAMES,
SUCH as Gilt, Mahogany, Rosewood, &c. S and can furnish Frames and Glass of any required size.
REGULING, VARNISHING, AND POLISHING of old Frames, and Repairing Work generally, done at short notice and on reasonable terms.
The public are invited to call and examine his stock.
Lewistown, August 1, 1851.

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
J. THOMAS & CO.
Lewistown, Sept. 26, 1851.—tt

LIQUORS FOR SALE.
To Country Merchants, Tavern Keepers, &c.
A LARGE stock of superior liquors, consisting of
Wines, Brandies, Gin, &c., are now offered for sale WHOLESALE and RETAIL at COST, at the Grocery Store on the Canal, opposite the Collector's Office. Dealers and Tavern Keepers will find bargains.
W. M. REWALT.
Lewistown, July 18, 1851.—tt