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Poetry.

From Graham's Magazine.

LOGAN'S VOW.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

It was not by the war-fire's light,
With bright flames upward wreathed
Into the cloudless sky of night,
My battle row was wreathed;
It was not while the warriors flew,
With scalp-locks flung on air,
The mazes of the war-dance through,
My spirit poured its prayer.

Nor while the battle's stormy strife
Shook the deep forests wide,
And tomahawk and scalping knife
Flashed in their gleaming pride.
Alone I stood, amidst the dead,
When the spirit of repose,
That long had clasped my heart, had fled
And vengeance woke her throes.

The dead were round me; yes, my own,
The beautiful, the young;
Their calm looks waked the anguished tone
From Logan's spirit wrung.
Then, only then, the wild flame woke,
And waved its scorching wings,
That, curbs in its frenzy, broke
My spirit's slumberings.

The silence of the midnight hour,
Unbroken by a sound,
Hung over all, with spell-fraught power
Beneath its stillness bound;
I stood, as stands the forest's pride,
When all its leaves are strown,
Swept by the whirlwind wild and wide,
In desolation lone.

Changed in an hour, the white man's friend
Gleamed in his war array;
The league forever at an end,
And lighted hatred's ray,
Dark records traced by widow's tears,
And wailings sad and low,
Have borne wild tales to other years
Of Logan's vengeful vow.

Miscellaneous.

OLD MOSES.

Mr. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business, especially in grain. One morning, as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf with their various commodities for sale, he stepped over the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress; and he accosted him with—

'Hey, man, what is the matter with you this morning?'

'Ah, massa, I see in great trouble.'

'What about?'

'Kase I see foteht up here to be sold.'

'What for? What have you been doing?'

'Not much, massa.'

'Have you been stealing, or did you run away or what?'

'No, no, massa, none o' dat; it's because I didn't mind the aude's.'

'What kind of orders?'

'Well, massa stranger, I tell you.—Massa Willum werry strick man, and werry nice man, too, and ebry body on de place got to mine him; and I break trow de rule; but I didn't tend to break de rule doe: I forget myself, and I got too high.'

'It is for getting drunk then, is it?'

'O no, sah, not dat nother.'

'You are the strangest negro I have seen for a week. I can get no satisfaction from you. If you would not like to be pitched overboard, you had better tell me what you did.'

'Please, massa, don't frow de poor flicted nigger in de water.'

'Then tell me what you are to be sold for.'

'For prayin, sah.'

'For praying! that is a strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?'

'O yes, sah, he let me pray easy, but I hollers too loud.'

'And why did you holler so loud in your prayer?'

'Kase de Spirit comes on me, and I gets happy for I knows it, den I goue; can't trol myself den; den I knows nuthin bout massa's rule; den I holler if ole Satin hisself come wid all de rules de de quisi-tion.'

'And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?'

'O yes; no help for me now; kase when massa Willum say one ting, he no do anoder.'

'What is your name?'

'Moses, sah.'

'What is your master's name?'

'Massa name Colonel Willum C—.'

'Where does he live?'

'Down on de Easin Shoah.'

'Is he a good master? Does he treat you well?'

'O yes, massa Willum good; no better massa in de world.'

'Stand up and let me look at you.'

'And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and as Mr. B. stripped up his

sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

'Where is your master?'

'Yander he is, jis comin to de wharf.'

As Mr. B. started for the shore, he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Col. C. did. He introduced himself and said:

'I understand you wish to sell that negro man yonder on board the schooner.'

Col. C. replied that he did.

'What do you ask for him?'

'I expect to get seven hundred dollars.'

'How old is he?'

'About thirty.'

'Is he healthy?'

'Very; he never had any sickness in his life except one or two spells of the ague.'

'Is he hearty?'

'Yes, sir, he will eat as much as any man out, and it will do him as much good.'

'Can he work?'

'Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew.'

'Why do you wish to sell him?'

'Because he disobeyed my orders. As I said, he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any time I might want him, I built his quarter within a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning, that his horn did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarter every night and morning; and when he began his prayer, it was impossible to tell when it would stop, especially if (as he termed it) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and all my brothers and sisters and their children, and our whole family connection to the third generation; and sometimes, when we would have visitors, Moses' prayer would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry, and the children would cry, and it would send me almost frantic; and even after I had retired, it would sometimes be nearly daylight before I could go to sleep; for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbade him praying any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never to whip, but whenever a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of my orders.'

'You spoke of Moses' quarter; I suppose from that he has a family.'

'Yes, he has a woman and three children—or wife, I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got religion he asked me if they might get married, and I presume they were.'

'What will you take for her and the three children?'

'If you want them for your own use, I will take seven hundred dollars; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the State.'

'I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the fourteen hundred dollars.'

Mr. B. and Col. C. then went to B.'s store, drew up the writings, and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B., approaching the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, seemingly wrapped in meditations of the most awful foreboding, said—

'Well, Moses, I have bought you.'

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied—

'Is you, massa? Where is I gwine, massa? Is I gwine to Georgy?'

'No,' said Mr. B. 'I am a merchant in the city here, and yonder is my store, and I have purchased your wife and children, too, that you may not be separated.'

'Bress God for dat! And massa, kin I go to meeting sometimes?'

'Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on the Sabbath, and every night in the week; and you can pray as often as you choose, and get as happy as you choose; and every time you pray, whether it be at home or at the church, I want you to pray for me and my wife, and all my children, and single-handed too; for if you are a good man, your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you may pray for everybody by the name of B. in the State of Maryland. It will not injure them.'

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed right out with gladness, exposing

two rows of as even, clean ivories as any African can boast, and his hearty response was, 'Bress God, bress God, all time, and bress you too, massa! Moses neber tink about he gwine to have all dese commodatons, it make me tink about Joseph in de Egypt.'

And after Moses had poured a few blessings on Col. C. bidding him a warm adieu, and requesting him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants, he followed B. to the store, to enter on the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was standing at the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognised him as Col. C. They exchanged salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened, and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently, and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Col. C.'s singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed, and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs, he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor down upon one knee, with his arms around the Colonel's waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife and all his children had been converted to God.

Moses responded: 'Bress God, massa C., do I way up hea, I neber forgot you in my prayers—I always put the old massa side de new one. Bress God! dis make Moses tink about Joseph in de Egypt again.'

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt, God overruled to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses, who eventually proved the instrument of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own; and I suppose sings and prays and shouts to his heart's content.

'Can You Reach them Pertaters?'

Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at Boston hotel, one of them asked Mr. M., a gentleman who sat opposite—

'Can you reach them pertaters, sir?'

Mr. M. extended his arm towards the dish, and satisfied himself that he could reach the 'pertaters,' and answered—

'Yes, sir.'

The legislator was taken aback with the unexpected rebuff from the wag; but presently recovering himself, he asked—

'Will you suck my fork into one on 'em, then?'

Mr. M. took the fork, and very coolly plunged it into a very finely cooked potato, and left it there? The company roared, as they took the joke, and the victim looked more foolish than before; but suddenly an idea struck him, and, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph—

'Now, Mr. M., I will trouble you for the fork.'

Mr. M. rose to his feet, and with the most imperturbable gravity, pulled the fork out of the potato, and returned it, amidst an unconquerable thunder-storm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentleman from B—.

The man who keeps four dogs, six cats, two parrots, a monkey, two foxes, a bear, and three grey squirrels, says he can't afford to dress his children well enough to go to school—neither can he afford to take a newspaper. The same man says he is economical; he only drinks four glasses of liquor a day; his tobacco don't cost him over \$5 a year, and he always buys second class tickets when he attends concerts or other amusements.

Some cure scolding wives by ducking them; but the gentle methods are best. The new mode of rubbing them down with soft soap and tickling them under the chin with a feather is more consonant with the enlightened age in which we live.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches nearly every Sunday.

Death of the Hon. J. R. Poinsett.

The death of the Hon. J. R. Poinsett, of South Carolina, in his 73d year, is announced in the Charleston Mercury. Mr. Poinsett was one of the distinguished men of the South, and a strong Union man. He was of French parentage, and educated in Europe, over which he travelled extensively, and while at St. Petersburg was offered a place in the military service of the Emperor of Russia. From Russia, in Europe, Mr. Poinsett passed into Asiatic Russia, Persia and Armenia, and the country of Calmuc Tartary. While on an excursion into the territory of the Khan of Kouban, his life was placed in great jeopardy by a troop of Calmuc Tartars. In 1812, he was offered, by our government, the mission to South America, to ascertain correctly the state of the revolution which had just occurred there. He was received at Buenos Ayres with great distinction, and made some important commercial arrangements with the Junta then in office. He then crossed the Andes to Chili, where he was also received with flattering welcome; but in Peru a different state of things led to some acts against the United States, among which was the capture of several whale ships. He obtained from the government of Chili the aid of a small military force, of which he took the command in person, and liberated the American vessels.

On his return to South Carolina, Mr. Poinsett was elected a member of the House of Representatives of that State, where he originated the first system of internal improvement in that State. In the year 1821 he was elected to Congress, and took a prominent part in all the important debates. In 1822, President Monroe offered him the mission of Minister to Mexico, to ascertain the true situation of the newly-established government. The post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to that country was offered him in 1824. It was whilst on this mission, that Mr. Poinsett's decision and intrepidity of character was very strikingly displayed in that gallant act in which he covered the person of the widow of the former viceroy of Mexico, with the American flag. In 1829, he was recalled by President Jackson, after concluding a treaty, settling the boundaries between Mexico and the United States, and negotiating a treaty of commerce. He then retired to private life in his native State; was subsequently elected State Senator, and when President Van Buren was at the head of affairs, he appointed Mr. Poinsett Secretary of War, where he served very efficiently.

DEATH OF THE FOUNDER OF THE WATER CURE.—Priessnitz, the celebrated founder of Hydropathy, died at Grafenberg on the 26th of November, at the age of 52. In the morning of that day, Priessnitz was up and stirring at an early hour, but complained of the cold, and had wood brought in to make a large fire. His friends had for some time believed him to be suffering from dropsy of the chest, and at their earnest entreaty he consented to take a little medicine, exclaiming all the while, 'It is of no use.' He would see no physician, but remained to the last true to his profession. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th, he asked to be carried to bed, and upon being laid down, expired.

DEATH OF MARSHAL SOULT.—The death of Marshal Soult, whose name is connected with many of the hard-won victories of Napoleon, is announced in the French papers. He was born in 1769, in the same year as the Emperor Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, George Cuvier, Chateaubriand, and Walter Scott, and was consequently in his 82d year. With Marshal Soult is extinct the last and highest illustration of a period so fruitful in great things, and in great souvenirs. Marshal Soult entered the army sixty-seven years ago as a private soldier, and rising rapidly through the intermediate grades, closed his public career as Minister of War under Louis Philippe.

Indian Light Biscuit.

A quart of sifted Indian Meal.

A pint of sifted wheat flour.

A very small teaspoon full of salt.

Three pints of milk.

Four eggs.

Sift the Indian and wheat meal into a pan, and put in the salt. Mix them well. Beat the white and yolk of the eggs separately. The yolks must be beaten till very thick and smooth; the whites to a stiff froth that will stand alone of itself. Then stir the yolks gradually (a little at a time) into the milk. Add by degrees the meal. Lastly, stir in the beaten white of the eggs, and give the whole a long and hard stirring. Butter a sufficient number of cups or small, deep tins—nearly fill them with the batter. Set them immediately into a hot oven, and bake them fast. Turn them out of the cups. Send them warm to table, pull them open and eat with butter.

They will puff up finely if at last you stir in a level teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little warm water.

Speaking without thinking is like shooting without taking aim.

Gov. Kossuth in Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia papers of Thursday are filled with accounts of the great Kossuth reception in that city the day previous. The streets, it seems, were crowded with military visitors and citizens from the interior. Every hotel was filled. In a word the *furore* to see and hear the Hungarian Chief was equal in all respects to that exhibited by the people in the Empire State on his first landing in New York. Five Military Companies from Berks were in attendance, under the command of Maj. MULLENBERG; and nine Companies from Schuylkill county—an entire Regiment, commanded by Col. WYNKOOP. These troops, numbering altogether from 800 to 1000 men,—were favored with a *free passage* over the Reading Railroad—an instance of liberality unequalled, we believe, by any similar corporation in the commonwealth.

We glean from the Philadelphia papers the main particulars and incidents of the pageant:

Kossuth remained in New York on Tuesday, in order to receive his letters from Europe, by the steamer Baltic, as soon as possible, which, in that present juncture, were important. On Tuesday night, at 20 minutes past 11 o'clock, he left the residence of Mayor Kingsland, where he had been staying, and proceeded to Jersey City, accompanied by John Price Wetherill, of the Philadelphia Select Council. There he entered a special train of cars, which the Railroad Company had put in requisition for the purpose, and in company with Col. Bezzeny, L. R. Briesch, and various gentlemen of New York and Philadelphia, proceeded to Philadelphia. At Newark, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, quite a body of people had assembled, and, on the arrival of the train, clamored loudly for Kossuth, but he was asleep. At various points on the route other demonstrations were made, and at 3 o'clock A. M. the train reached the Kensington depot in Philadelphia, after a run of three hours and five minutes. Carriages, which were in waiting, conveyed the party to the United States Hotel, where apartments had been elegantly prepared for the reception of the distinguished guest and his suite.—Thus Kossuth entered the city quietly and without the knowledge of the people, many of whom, expecting him to land from a steamer at Brownings' Ferry during the morning, gathered there in crowds to see him.

The procession and ceremonies of reception, for which the city had been on tip-toe of excitement for several days, attracted great throngs of visitors from the whole region adjacent to the city; and not a few even came from parts more distant to get a sight of the great Magyar. The inhabitants of the city were everywhere on the *qui vive*, and the vast metropolis was all the aspect of a holiday. The main streets were filled with pedestrians from an early hour in the morning.

The streets through which the procession passed were gaily decorated with flags, banners, &c., a description of which would take up too much of our space. The State House front was almost covered with wreaths and stars of evergreen.—From the roof of old Independence Hall the Hungarian, American and Turkish flags were thrown to the breeze, and the ancient and venerated edifice looked gay from centre to circumference.

The procession was very long and imposing, and the display of the military the most magnificent ever witnessed in Philadelphia. The city and county volunteers were under the command of Maj. Gen. PATTERSON. The volunteers from Reading, Pottsville, and other places, were commanded by Maj. Gen. WILLIAM H. KEIM, of Reading.

The Nation's Guest, Gov. Louis Kossuth, was seated in a magnificent barouche, drawn by six white horses appropriately caparisoned. The first City Troop was detailed as a Guard of Honor.

The immediate vicinity of the illustrious guest was densely crowded by moving masses of citizens, and the cheering from them was of the most enthusiastic order. From the windows there waved handkerchiefs and silks containing all the colors of the kaleidoscope; wreaths and festoons of evergreens; and the scene along the fronts of the houses, as the illustrious guest made his appearance on the moving panorama, was decidedly lively and interesting.

The North American says: Kossuth's dress and appearance, as well as that of his suite, attracted great attention. The portraits of him convey no adequate idea of the personal appearance of the great Magyar. Deep penetration, and all the requisites of statesmanship are forcibly impressed upon his countenance, and there is about him the look, the aspect, the bearing, and the dignity of the Statesman.

He and those of his companions not in uniform, wear a large black ostrich feather in the hat. The Hungarian dress, in which they all appear, is strikingly picturesque, more particularly that worn by Kossuth himself.

A little after 2 o'clock the procession reached the State House. Here Kossuth left his barouche, and amidst the roar of

artillery and assembled thousands, was ushered into old Independence Hall, where he was formally welcomed in an address by Mayor Gilpin, to which he replied briefly but eloquently. He afterwards addressed the people in the square, but the excitement was so great that he was heard with difficulty and spoke but a few minutes.

In the evening an entertainment was given by the City Councils in honor of the distinguished guest, at the United States Hotel, Mayor Gilpin presiding. Here, again, Kossuth made a short speech in reply to a toast, but he was too ill to say much. Other speeches were made, among them one by Gen. Patterson, which seems to have given considerable offence to the military portion of the assemblage.

Letter from Liberia.

The following letter, from an emigrant from this country, gives some interesting intelligence respecting Liberia:

BASSA COVE, LIBERIA, Oct. 5, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—I write to you a few lines by the packet, to let you know that I have not forgotten the kindness I received from you and the Colonization Society, in preparing me for this land of liberty. I never shall forget the heart-felt thankfulness due to the Society for helping me and my family here. We had one of the finest passages any one could have. Plenty to eat—a good captain, and one that was kind to all, in sickness and in health. All hands were good to us. I have not wanted to return since I left the United States. I was twelve days at Monrovia. It is a fine town; the people are kind and doing well. I think this is a much better place for new-beginners. I had the African fever; myself and wife took it on the same day; we had it about fourteen days; the doctor says we are over it, though we are very weak; but it is not so bad as I expected. Mr. Benson is preparing a house at Cresson for me. It is a fine location for a town—the best one I have seen. I shall be the first one there. I look for more by the September vessel. I shall feel lonely for some time, until more arrive. The natives are as poor a kind of people as you need want to see.

I look for the rest of the Columbia people out soon, and their friends from Reading. Tell them this is the best country by far.

There is, and can be plenty of everything raised here. The climate is fine and the land productive. Sweet potatoes of the finest quality, and as good as produced in New Jersey; rice, sugar, coffee. I will send you some as soon as I can get about. I wish you would come out in the packet; you need not fear the fever. I want you to see the finest country you ever saw. Cows, sheep, goats, chickens and hogs are plenty. I helped to kill a hog since I came here, and saw it salted and smoked nearly as good as in Pennsylvania. It is cool here. I can and do wear two cloth coats. I have not felt a warm day since I left Baltimore. I think all the colored people that can take care of themselves in America had better come here, for this is the place where they will do well. All they need is a small start; and above all, he is a free man from the highest to the lowest. If I were seventy years of age, and knew as much as I now know, I would come to Liberia and be a man, and no longer a nigger. I shall write more when I see more; I only write what I see and feel.

I am truly yours,

LEONARD A. WILLIAMS.

Liberia is undoubtedly the most fitting place for the colored race, and all who can go, ought to go there.

The Jacksonville Journal says, it may not be generally known that castor oil is better for lamps than sperm or lard oil, which is the fact. Some years since, when this oil was cheaper than either of the others, the editors of that paper used it in their parlor lamps, much pleased with the result; it gave a white, clear, and beautiful light, and does not clog the wick.

30 TONS of Valentine & Thomas' best Iron, for sale by

624 F. G. FRANCISCUS,

Agent for Valentine & Thomas.

1500 LBS. Anvils and Vices, Screw Plates, assorted, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch, Blacksmith's Bellows, from 30 to 42 inches. For sale, low for cash, by

624 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

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

624 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, Ottonian do., Persim do., Excelsior do., Elma do., Barroom Stoves, Harp Cannon do., Cannon do., Cast Oven do., Russia do