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FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20, 1852.

New Series—Vol. 6—No. 18.

Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertising. Includes rates for 15 lines, 1 time, 2 times, 3 times, 1 mo., 2 mos., 3 mos., 1 year, 2 years, 3 years.

The above rates are calculated on bourgeois type. In smaller type, 15 lines of brevier, or 12 lines of nonpareil minion constitute a square.

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

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

1500 LBS. Anvils and Vices, Screw Plates, assorted, 1/2 to 1 1/2 inch, Blacksmith's Bellows, from 30 to 42 inches.

GILCHRIST'S celebrated American Razors. A small lot of those splendid Razors just received.

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, &c. from 22 to 32 inches; Air-Tight Cook, Vernon do., Hathaway do., Keystone do., Universe do., Complete do. Reverse Air-Tight Parlor Stove, Ottoman do., Persian do., Excelsior do., Etua do. Barroom Stoves, Harp Cannon do., Cannon do., Cast Oven do., Russian 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.

Astonishing Reduction in the Price of IRON. AMERICAN Rolled Bar Iron 3 cts. Horse Shoe Bar 3 1/2 " Nail Rods 4 "

GRAND LETTING! PROPOSALS will be daily received at the old stand of Nushaw Brothers, in Lewistown, for any quantity of goods now ranged on the shelves and counters of the undersigned, and to meet the run of customers who will no doubt avail themselves of this new mode of obtaining Cheap Goods of every description, they have just ordered and received about as complete an assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS as was ever seen in this or any other town, embracing every description and style of all that is

New, Neat, and Fashionable, at prices varying from a few cents to dollars per yard. In other kinds of goods, we can show in quality and price whatever others can produce, and a considerable sprinkling that cannot be found elsewhere, especially in

Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, &c., and will venture to add in Fall and Winter Goods generally. Of Bannets, Shoes, Hosiery, Gloves, & Ribbons we have an extensive stock, which, as a necessary consequence are offered for sale cheap. Since opening our establishment here, we have fully demonstrated that, as a general thing, we sell as low as the very lowest, if not a little lower. We do not profess to sell every price, but we do profess to sell everything, in either the Dry Goods or Grocery line, so cheap that we are confident our friends everywhere would be the gainers by giving us a call and making their purchases.

AT COST! THE undersigned offers to the public, at the following first rate BARGAINS, his entire stock of

Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, at COST. Having taken the National House and Store 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.

PETROLEUM, or Rock Oil, at A. A. Banks' Variety store.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS. THE undersigned is just receiving from Philadelphia, a large and choice assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, and Queensware, superior to any ever before offered in this community, which will be sold low for cash or country produce. Call at the McClure STAND, one door west of MAYS' TAVERN.

In the Grocery Line, we have the best of Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Rice, Cheese, Molasses, &c. We have Boots and Shoes, Looking Glasses, Cedar Ware, Hardware, Nails, Fish and Salt, Tobacco and Cigars, and a few choice sugar cured Hams.

A FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW AND CHEAP GOODS. Thirty days later from Philadelphia, New York, and Boston! Great Reduction in the Price of Goods!! THE undersigned, thankful for past patronage, would beg leave to inform the citizens of Mifflin, Huntingdon, Centre, Union, and Juniata counties that they have just received from the east, and are now opening, one of the largest, and decidedly the cheapest stock of

Fall and Winter Goods ever offered in this place, having bought our goods later in the season, and for cash during the present severe pressure in the money market. We feel confident in saying that we can and will sell goods at from 10 to 20 per cent. cheaper than the cheapest.

Broad Cloths, cassimeres, satinets, vestings, French merinos, Thibet cloths, cashmeres, m. de laines, alpaca, ginghams, silks, satins, cloakings, bonnets, ribbons, lace, gloves, flannels, &c. Bay State long shawls, at from \$3 to \$9 each; prints, at from 3 to 12 1/2 cts. per yard; domestic muslins, 3 to 6 1/2 cts. per yard; sugar, at from 5 to 10 cts. per lb.; prime Rio coffee, 10 cts. per lb. Also,

Hardware and Queensware, Fish, Salt, Plaster, &c., &c. Call and satisfy yourselves. No humbug SIGLER & STUART. Lewistown, Oct. 24, 1851.—tf

Shawls, Muffs, Bonnets, &c. WE have just opened our second supply of Winter Goods, included in which will be found splendid Broche Long Shawls, Bay State do. A Handsome Assortment of MUFFS and WINTER BONNETS.

BOOT, SHOE, & BOOK STORE. Our banner to the breeze we fling, And of cheap Boots and Shoes we sing. Of work well done and fitted neat, And low for cash—we can't be beat. Flange on the nose? O, why refuse To add me in my rhyme? Well, then, here goes, I'll write in prose, If you will give me time.

THE story, all told, is simply this: we have just received from the city the largest and best assortment of BOOTS AND SHOES ever brought to this place. We have BOOTS at all prices, and of all sorts and sizes; and in selecting our stock we did not forget the Ladies, (God bless them) "Variety is the spice of life,"—so says the poet, and we had an eye single to that fact when we selected our Ladies' and Misses' Shoes.

Ladies' and Misses' Shoes. We must say, although we do not wish to boast, that we have the best assortment in this place, and can and will sell a little lower for cash than they can be had elsewhere. Of our home-made work we need not speak, save that we will spare no pains or expense in having work made to order, and as we will employ none but the best of workmen, we have no hesitancy in warranting our work. In a word, an examination of our stock, and of our home-made work, which is respectfully solicited, will satisfy visitors that it is not surpassed in this market for NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, and DURABILITY.

BOOKS. Great Bargains by those who want BOOKS can now be had at our establishment. Lewistown, October 3, 1851.

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

Poetry. A Child's Evening Prayer. Jesus, Heavenly Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night; Through the darkness be thou near me, Watch my sleep till morning light.

A Select Tale. From Arthur's Temperance Tales. THE PLEDGE. BY T. S. ARTHUR, EDITOR OF THE "HOME GAZETTE."

"I want a quarter of a dollar, Jane." This was addressed by a miserable creature, bloated and disfigured by intemperance, to a woman, whose thin, pale face, and heart-broken look, told too plainly that she was the drunkard's wife.

"Not a quarter of a dollar, John! Surely you will not waste a quarter of a dollar of my hard earnings, when you know that I can scarcely get food and decent clothes for the children?" As the wife said this, she looked up into her husband's face with a sad, appealing expression.

"I don't care if you have: in two weeks you'll be lying in the gutter." "I'll never drink liquor again, if I die!" Jarvis said, solemnly. "Look here, you drunken vagabond," the master hatter said, in angry tones, coming from behind the counter, and standing in front of the individual he was addressing— "If you are not out of this shop in two minutes by the watch, I'll kick you into the street! So there now—take your choice to go out, or be kicked out."

Jarvis turned sadly away without a reply, and passed out of the door through which he had entered with a heart full of hope, now pained, and almost ready to recede from his earnest resolution and pledge to become a sober man, and a better husband and father. He felt utterly discouraged. As he walked slowly along the street, the fumes of a coffee-house which he was passing, unconsciously struck upon his sense, and immediately came an almost overpowering desire for his accustomed potation. He paused— "Now that I try to reform, they turn against me," he said, bitterly. "It's no use, I am gone past hope."

"One step was taken towards the tavern-door, when it seemed as if a strong hand held him back. "No—no," he murmured, "I have taken the pledge, and I will stand by it, if I die." Then moving resolutely onward, he soon found himself near the door of another hatter's shop. Hope again kindled up in his bosom, and he entered. "Don't you want a hand, Mr. Mason?" he asked, in a hesitating tone. "Not a drunken one, Jarvis," was the repulsive answer. "But I've reformed, Mr. Mason." "So I should think, from your looks." "But, indeed, Mr. Mason, I have quit drinking, and taken the pledge— "To break it in three days. Perhaps three hours."

"You, Jarvis?" Mr. R— said, in tones of gratified surprise. "Yes, me, Mr. R—. It's almost a hopeless case; but here goes to do my best." "Are you fully sensible of what you are about doing, Jarvis?" "I think I am, Mr. R—. I've drunk nothing since yesterday morning, and with the help of Him above, I am determined never to drink another drop as long as I live! So read me the pledge and let me sign it."

Mr. R— turned at once to the constitution of the Washington Temperance Society, and read the pledge thereunto annexed: "We, the undersigned, do pledge ourselves to each other, as gentlemen, that we will not, hereafter, drink any spirituous liquors, wine, malt, or cider, unless in sickness, and under the prescription of a physician."

Jarvis took the pen in his hand, that trembled so he could scarcely make a straight mark on paper, and enrolled his name among the hundreds of those who, like him, had resolved to be men once more. This done, he laid down the quarter of a dollar which he had obtained from his wife, the admission fee required of all who joined the society. As he turned from the tradesman's store, his step was firmer, and his head more erect, than, in a sober state he had carried it for many a day.

"Well, Jarvis," was uttered in rather a cool, repulsive tone, as he entered. "Are you not in want of a journeyman, Mr. Warren?" "I don't want you, Jarvis." "If you will give me work, I will never get drunk again, Mr. Warren." "You've said that too many times, Jarvis. The last time you went off when I was hurried with work, and caused me to disappoint a customer, I determined never to have anything more to do with you."

"But I'll never disappoint you again," urged the poor man, earnestly. "It's no use for you to talk to me, Jarvis. You and I are done with each other. I have made up my mind never again to have a man in my shop who drinks rum." "But I've joined the temperance society, Mr. Warren." "I don't care if you have: in two weeks you'll be lying in the gutter." "I'll never drink liquor again, if I die!" Jarvis said, solemnly. "Look here, you drunken vagabond," the master hatter said, in angry tones, coming from behind the counter, and standing in front of the individual he was addressing— "If you are not out of this shop in two minutes by the watch, I'll kick you into the street! So there now—take your choice to go out, or be kicked out."

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shop, in a retired street. Behind the counter of this shop stood an old man, busily employed in ironing a hat. There was something benevolent in his countenance and manner. As Jarvis entered, he looked up, and a shade passed quickly over his face. "Good morning Mr. Lankford," Jarvis said, bowing with something like timidity and shame in his manner. "Are you not afraid to come here, John?" replied the old man, sternly. "I am ashamed to come, but not afraid. You will not harm me, I know."

"Don't trust to that, John. Did you not steal, ay, that is the word—did you not steal from me the last time I employed you?" The old man in manner was stern and energetic. "I was so wicked as to take a couple of skins, Mr. Lankford, but I did very wrong, and am willing to repay you for them, if you will give me work. I was in liquor when I did it, and when in liquor, I have no distinct consciousness of the evil of any action."

"Give you work, indeed! O, no, John, I cannot give you another chance to rob me." "But I will not get drunk any more. And you know, Mr. Lankford, that while I was a sober man, and worked for you, I never wronged you out of a sixpence worth." "Won't get drunk any more! Ah, John, I have lived too long in the world, and have seen too much, to heed such promises."

"But I am in earnest, Mr. Lankford. I signed the pledge this morning." "You! in a tone of surprise. "Yes, I signed it." "Ah, John, after a pause, and shaking his head incredulously, "I cannot credit your word, and I am sorry for it." "If I have signed the pledge, and I am really determined to be a reformed man, will you give me work, Mr. Lankford?" The old man thought for a few moments, and then said, half-sorrowfully, "I am afraid of you, John. You are such an old offender on the score of drunkenness, that I have no confidence in your power to keep the pledge."

"Then what shall I do?" the poor wretch exclaimed, in tones that made the heart of the old man thrill—for nature and pathos were in them. "Now that I am trying in earnest to do better, no one will give me a word of encouragement, or a helping hand. Heaven help me!—for I am forsaken of man." Mr. Lankford stood thoughtful and irresolute, for some moments. At length, he said— "John, if you will bring me a certificate from Mr. R—, that you have signed the total-abstinence pledge, I will give you another trial. But if you disappoint me again, you and I are done for ever."

The countenance of Jarvis brightened up instantly. He turned quickly away, without reply, and hurried off to the store of Mr. R—, the secretary of the society he had joined. The certificate was, of course, obtained. "And you have joined, sure enough, John," Mr. Lankford said, in a changed tone, as he glanced over the certificate. "Indeed, I have, Mr. Lankford." "And you seem in earnest." "If I was in earnest about anything in my life, I am in earnest now." "Keep to your pledge, then, John, and all will be well. While you were a sober man, I preferred you to any journeyman in my shop. Keep sober, and you shall never want a day's work while I am in business."

The poor man was now shown his place in the shop, and once again he resumed his work, though under a far different impulse than had, for years, served him to action. [To be concluded.]

Some wag has celebrated the crafty nature of the cat in the following amusing doggerel. Any one having a slight knowledge of Latin will readily perceive its humor.

Felis sedit by a hole, Intenti sicut, cum omni soul— Pondere ratum; Mice currunt over the floor, In numero, duo, tres or more— Obliti cats. Felis saw them, oculis; I'll have them, inquit, she, I guess— Dum ludunt. Tunc illa crept toward the group, Habemus, dixit, good rat soup— Pinquens sunt.

Mice continued, all ludere, Intenti sicut in ludum vere Gaudenter. Tunc rursus the felis into them, Et tunc them, onanes, limb, from limb Volutor.

THE STRIPED PIG UNDER A NEW NAME. A letter from a traveller through Vermont states that while he was sitting in a village tavern, another traveller came in, and stepping up to the place where the bar once was, intimated that he should like to have a glass of brandy. "Don't keep it," was the gruff reply. The traveller was off in quick time. Presently an old farmer came in, and blustered up to the landlord, when the following dialogue ensued: Farmer— "Good mornin', Cap'n B." Landlord— "Good mornin', Squire." Farmer— "How is your family this mornin'?"

Landlord— "Pretty smart thank'ee." Farmer— "Is the baby well?" Landlord— "O yes, very. Would you like to see it?" Farmer— "Well I don't care if I do." Landlord— "Walk into the kitchen, Squire. Mrs. B. will be glad to see you." So out they go, says the traveller, and return after a very short visit to the 'baby,' licking their chops.—Lowell Courier.

A man somewhat given to superstition, dreamed one Sunday night that he saw an omnibus up Washington street, containing four passengers, and drawn by eight horses, each animal having six legs. Upon waking from the sleep, he sprang out of bed and made a note of the figures, 4, 8, 48. On Monday, he spent several hours searching after a lottery ticket, with the numbers 4, 8, 48 upon it. Finding one at last, he paid \$20 for it, 12 per cent. off. On Tuesday, strange to relate! the ticket drew—a blank!

COURTSHIP.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her finger-ends.

Poor Hans he bit himself mit a snattle rake and wash sick into his bed six long weeks in de month of August, and all de dime he say water! water! and he did not eat notin til he complained of being better, so ash he could stand upon his elbow and eat a little tea. If the earth takes twenty-four hours to get round the sun, how many hours will it take for a son to get round an angry father? An editor out west says ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love of being squeezed. We won't give the fellow's name. "John," said Deacon Smith, "sand the sugar and the tea and put water in the rum, and then come to it praters."

Miscellaneous.

LADY—WOMAN.—The word Lady now-a-days means a miserable, helpless thing, done up in silks and satins, a sort of a walking sign-post, on which milliners and mantuamakers display their last fashions. They may know something, it is true, about the latest novel, may be judges of sweet meats and confectionary; they may also be very well versed in the latest tea table twattle and street scandal, but are utterly ignorant of all that is good, praiseworthy or useful, and would stare were it not for their friends.

But the word Woman has a very different sound and awakens ideas of everything pure, good, lovely, and useful. The hopes of the world are centered in woman; Ladies are useless, but women have power to move the universe. The mother, as she listens to the accents of the infant voice and forms its first ideas, is placing a lever where it will move the world, for "She has power to form the infant mind." And "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Very few if any men were ever distinguished for anything great or good, who did not credit their mothers for laying the foundation of their goodness or greatness; and very few have come to an evil end who have not to charge their mothers with dereliction of duty.

KING OF THE CASTLE.

This is a very unexceptionable and simple, but nevertheless, lively sport. One player places himself on the top of a little mound or hillock; he is the King of the Castle, and he endeavours to retain possession of his post, as long as possible, against the attacks of his playmates, who endeavour, one at a time, to push him off. If he be driven off the mound or hillock, the player who detaches him takes his place.

What is the difference between six dozen lozen, and a half-a-dozen dozen?