

# Lewistown Gazette.

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### Poetry.

#### Answer Me, Burning Stars.

Answer me, answer me, burning stars of night,  
Where, where is the spirit gone,  
Where, where is the spirit gone;  
That's past the reach of human sight,  
E'en as a breeze has flown?  
E'en as a breeze has flown?  
And the stars answered me, "We roll, we roll,  
In light and power on high;  
But of the never-dying soul,  
Ask things that cannot die!"  
But of the never-dying soul,  
Ask things that cannot die!"  
Speak, then, thou voice of God within,  
Thou of the deep, low tone;  
Answer me through life's restless din,  
Where has the spirit flown?  
And the voice answered, "Be thou still!  
Enough to know is given:  
Clouds, winds, and stars, their task fulfil—  
Thine is to trust in Heaven!"

### Miscellaneous.

#### A FISHING FROLIC ON LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.  
The following was related to me by a gentleman of unquestioned veracity, now a merchant in New Orleans. I have made no alteration except in the language, and but little in that, except to soften some of the author's epithets.

It was in the spring of 1843, that I was taking a tour through Louisiana and Texas, for the restoration of my health. My tour was a comprehensive one and included various excursions through cane-brake and mountain, as fancy and a proclivity for a hunter's life impelled me. During one of the cane-brake expeditions in search of barr, the following adventure did truly happen, as a certain deep sear upon my propria persona can faithfully attest.

I had been several hours passing the trail of an 'old he,' in company with several hunters, whose love of 'barr meat' so far exceeded their courtesy to strangers, that an hour had elapsed since I heard the yell of their dogs far down the lake, although they knew that my horse had thrown me off and taken himself off at precisely one and the same time.

Being thus alone on the north side of the old Pontchartrain, and seeing every probability of my remaining there until next morning, I took it for a good time to catch fish, and rigged up my hooks for the purpose. These Southern lakes as every body knows, have muddy shelving banks, the last places in the world to look for fish, seeing that the blindest fishes in creation will see the sportsman long before his eye can catch a glimpse of them. This peculiarity made it necessary to seek out a leaning tree or some such convenience, from which he may reach water deep enough to cast a hook, and if said leaning tree possess a bushy top, in which the fisherman can conceal himself, so much the better for his purpose.

After a little search, I found one exactly to my taste. It was an ancient beech, that had ventured to grow so near the edge of the bank that a very slight cave-in undermined its centre of gravity and bent it in a profound bow far over the lake. With my tackle always in my pockets for such purposes, and a couple of frogs that I had fortunately caught napping, I crept along the trunk out—out—out—out to the very extremity, at least 60 feet from the bank, and seated myself for work.

It was a beautiful evening. The deep green of the spring leaves in that intense region, always reminds me of looking through a thick pair of green glasses, and at that particular hour of the day the color seemed even deeper than usual; in fact it was so green as to appear absolutely dark; as washerwomen put indigo into their soap-suds until our shirt-bosoms get white enough to appear blue.

I had scarcely got my hook baited, before the birds, frightened at first by my approach, returned and after a little prouidish twisting of their necks to look for me,

resumed sport and labor as if nothing had happened.

An immense heron, whose legs dangled under him as he flew, like a New York clerk's at his counting stool, settled on a dead bough half-way up an ancient cypress, a hundred feet up the lake. A gang of parrots screamed backwards and forwards, their garish plumage glittering in the evening rays with green and gold, and their undrilled voices reminding me of the concert I had listened to the week before at Madame Lonceveau's seminary in the town of Franklin. A maternal duck led her tender fleet directly under me as I sat silent, not suspecting anything of my presence. A flock of raven-winged—but I forgot that I was to give a fishing frolic and not a dissertation of birds. To return then. I had seated myself far out over the water, and cast my hook for whatever might be swimming below me. And a great time I had among the ichthyologia you may be sure. Such a consternation in the finny tribes had not been heard of within the memory of the eldest inhabitant. Gar, goggle-eyes, brim (unlice bream?) white perch, trout and cat, fairly wore my arms as they seized my bait and exercised their various evolutions ere they yielded to fill my pouch, or be cut up for temptations to the rest.

In my excitement I scarcely observed that it was growing late, and the sun had gone below the trees and the stupid heron flown off toward the east, before I withdrew my hook and folded my line to depart. During my sport, I had noticed that the beach top in which I was suspended had occasionally settled nearer the water, but it was not until now that I observed the cause.

My weight, so far out from the fulcrum, had been too much for the weakened roots, and the bank being composed of very friable soil, had given way, until some thirty or forty feet of the trunk was under water. Now I never was a good hand to walk a log. As much as I have hunted and fished over torrent and ravine, I always took the 'safer way about,' in preference to 'the directer way across,' and though I had walked the huge beach trunk with some boldness, when unloaded and out of water, it was quite a different affair, now that portions of it were three feet submerged and I was shouldering fifty pounds of fish meat. Standing long enough in suspense to perceive that every moment made the case worse, by increasing the gloom and my trepidation, I decided to hang up my fish until morning, and make the attempt. No sooner said than done. With my arms extended, like the Ravens on their tight rope, but not half so gracefully, I commenced feeling for the log with my feet, and advanced landward at the rate of twelve inches to the minute. But even this progress was suddenly checked, for, as I furtively stole a glance to the shore, to measure the distance, I was chilled to horror to observe directly between me and the bank, the head of an enormous alligator, raised out of water and with its little wicked eyes turned full upon me! I saw it all in a minute. The monster had been watching me during the whole process of my fishing, and had crept up so cautiously between me and my only means of exit, that, in my excitement I had not remarked it, and here I was, fifty feet from shore, guarded by an alligator!

In my first surprise, my feet slipped upon the wet bark of this tree, and I became completely wet in my struggle to regain my footing. You may be sure, dear reader, that I scrambled actively back to where the large limbs gave me shelter, and perching myself above my now neglected string of fish, I took a survey of my situation. While doing so, and wringing the water from my clothes, my horror was increased by observing that the monster had drawn his full length upon the log, and was slowly crawling towards me. As the black knobs upon his back rose alternately above the water, in his motions, I could get a full view of him even to the last joint of his tail. Nor was the view at all calculated to increase my confidence. It was quite fifteen feet in length, and of full size. His body, from neck to tail, was reeked with slime gathered from the lake bottom in which he lived.

His mouth, as it partly opened with every step he took upon the log in his shambling awkward gait, revealed rows of teeth such as old hunters covet for powder charges. As he breathed with a sighing sound, I fancied that his breath was loaded with a carrion smell that turned my stomach. While making these discoveries, the hideous thing had approached to that point where the limbs commenced to leave the trunk, and so great was his weight added to mine, that I sensibly felt the whole tree top sinking with it, and had I not been confident that the limbs rested upon the bottom of the lake, I should have given myself up at once as lost.

As it was, I was constrained to leave my post and seek a larger limb some ten feet further out, upon which I climbed and tied myself by my handkerchief and suspenders, in the very top. My villainous sentinel crawled a few steps further, and reaching my string of fish, devouringly devoured them at a gulp. How I wished they might choke him!

After performing this feat, he spread himself at length upon the trunk, and fixing his eyes upon me, seemed to say, be in no hurry, good fellow—I have had a snack now, and can wait awhile longer for you! As he lay thus expectant, how I cursed my stars that I had not even a pistol with which to salute him.

There they were in plain sight, my trusty rifle leaning in the fork of a dog-wood bush upon the bank, my rifle pistols, good at twenty paces, hanging by their side—one shot to bore out this rascal's red eye, if I had to die the next minute afterwards.

But all this was sheer nonsense, as I was very politely informed by a wide yawn, which the alligator made in my very face. The fact was farther corroborated by a large owl, which took up its station close by, and commenced the most dismal hooting that ever I had thought an owl capable of making.

All this was discouraging enough it will seem to you, good neighbor, but you are mistaken if you think so; it was not enough, by a great deal, for before the owl had finished the first chapter of his melancholy tale, a splash in the water called my attention to the fact that another reptile, "of some sort" with my *sentinella uclera*, had approached, allured by some instinctive notion of prey, and was swimming about the tree top, as if to find out the most convenient mode of entrance.

Now, I beg that the reader will not misunderstand my state of mind at that particular time. It is no uncommon thing to hear a man laugh at the fury of a tempest after it is over, who trembled like a whipped hound, as the trees crashed around him. I have seen rascals making sport of revival meetings, who during their influence were prostrate in the straw, screaming with all the terrors of an awakened conscience, and moving heaven and earth for pardon. And although, as I sit here near by my peaceful fireside, with *little pussy* pulling and hauling and singing at pa's knee, I can write in this jocular strain concerning that night's horrors, yet had you stood just then by that beech tree root, and looked out about eighty feet over the lake, you would have seen as frightened a specimen of humanity as ever tried himself by suspenders and handkerchief to keep from falling into an alligator's mouth. I vow, that I did not sleep for a month afterwards, but I was solving the physiological problem as to the tenderest place whereat to reach an alligator's vitals. Ask old Chambers, at whose house I boarded during that time while my wounds were healing—but I anticipate.

I can scarcely be supposed to remember all the events of that protracted night. Let alligator No. 2 tell us how many times he swam around the tree top, and took telescopic views at me, as "I strided to define my position."

Enquire of alligator No. 1, how often he raised himself upon his feet, as I made the slightest motion, and seemed to offer the red lining of his mouth, as if to catch me in my contempered fall. Ask that most doleful of owls, how many times he commenced the same subject, as if he could not open it to his satisfaction, and after ten minutes practice dropped it with a hoot of despair.

Apply to those moccasin snakes, whose cold slimy skins would ever and anon chill mine, as they squirmed through the tree top. Ugh! how I shudder when I think of them!

That night was a polar night in length—a Tartarian in horrors. It vividly recalled Christian's journey in Pilgrim's Progress; where he is depicted as passing through the valley of the shadow of death.

Not a moon would rise, not a star shine. Heavy banks of clouds moved up from the South, and shadowed the lake's surface. It rained a smart shower. Then it ceased, and the wind changed into the north, and it became cold, very cold for a spring night in Louisiana, and as I hung in that beech bough, I shivered to the back bone under its influence. But still I knew by the splashing that No. 2 was not weary in its efforts, and by an occasional yawn, that No. 1 slumbered not at his post, while the abominable owl, to my imagination the most terrible of the three, had found a dry hollow, and added a more dismal tune to his most dismal song.

Morning got awake at last, and nature's protracted sleep ended. The day-birds flew off their perches, and, to my great delight, a gang of jay birds attacked the owl, and drove him clear across the lake. Some deer came down near by, to drink, and although they soon scented me and fled, yet it was a satisfaction even to see them there. The sun came up gloriously, and warmed and dried me, leaving room for comfort to enter my chilled carcass. Alligator No. 2, got tired of his circumambulations, and left for parts unknown. The moccasins avoided me greedily to my satisfaction, who always had a horror of snakes, and especially of that sort.

The duck sailed by with her gentle fleet, and plumed her feathers leisurely, without ever observing that her toilette was witnessed by any but the tenderlings, who picked playfully at every waste feather she threw off. The long-legged heron came back to the very same cypress,

and commenced his day's fishing; in short, there was nothing to hinder a scene-painter from making a very good thing of it, except a certain gentleman perched in a beech tree top, and fondly guarded by an alligator!

Yes, there I was, and there I staid, until long after noon that day, when the sentinel, to my great joy, slipped off and sullenly sunk to the bottom. You may be sure that I lost no time in lowering myself from my post, but my limbs were benumbed, and it was with great difficulty that I could move at all. As it turned out, however, it would have been better for me to have made still more delay, for as I slowly and painfully felt my way along the trunk, and before I was within twenty feet of shore, I heard by the loud splashing that my enemy had seen my movement, and was after me again.

Did you ever, while in a real nightmare, imagine yourself to be chased by a monster and feel so shackled that, for the life of you, you couldn't get away from him? If so, you can realize what desperate efforts I made to use my muscles, stiffened by so long confinement and the cold I had experienced. I plunged, I splattered the water with my hands like an ostrich fanning the air with its wings; I stumbled and slipped upon the smooth bark, and only kept my balance with the greatest difficulty. All this time I heard the broad paddles of my pursuer drawing momentarily nearer and nearer, as he tore through the mud and water to intercept me before I reached the bank. Not to be tedious, it was a drawn race, the parties coming in neck-and-neck. I fell down just as I got to the root of the beech, but my friend kindly helped me up with a wipe of his tail, intended to break my back.

Had it hit a few inches higher it would have succeeded; as it was, it hoisted me clear over the huge root, over the bank, and over, I dare not say how much ground besides, until my fall was broken by a sturdy holly-bush, whose points penetrated my flesh and tore my clothes in a hundred places.

Thus I was saved, though sorely bruised and out of breath. My hip was sprained so that I kept the house for several weeks, and to this day a deep cicatrix gives token of the force of that alligator's blow. I must not forget to add, however, that I was not altogether unreprieved even upon him; for my dear reader, should you ever visit the place of my adventure and see anything of a reptile about fifteen feet long, (or by this time possibly a little more) whose right eye has been knocked out by a rifle ball, set him down as the identical individual who so cleverly broke up your friend's fishing frolic.

### Agricultural, &c.

From the Genesee Farmer.

#### Spring and Summer Work.

The intelligent farmer will have all his plans of culture for the succeeding year formed in his mind the autumn before-hand. During the winter he will reflect upon them, and use every means to increase his knowledge, so that he may perform all his operations with facility and economy. He will also make and repair many of his implements, and get everything ready for the spring, so that when it comes he can avail himself of the first opportunity to commence operations. The shortness of our working season renders this forecast doubly necessary and advantageous.

**Barley** is a crop which has paid very well for the last few years, and the demand is increasing, so that we may expect good prices for the future. Light, dry, sandy loam, is best adapted for this crop. If the soil is rich, it may be sown after wheat; the earlier the better, providing the soil is dry enough to work well. Two bushels of seed to the acre is usually sown, though we think two and a half and in some instances three bushels is none too much. The land should always be rolled after it is sown. If not in good condition before, it will do to roll when the barley is an inch or two out of the ground. To insure a good crop it should always be sown the first or second week in April.

**Oats** should be sown as soon after the barley as possible. They will grow on almost any kind of soil, from a stiff clay to a black muck. The heavy land, however, yields the heaviest weight per bushel. Two to three bushels of seed are generally sown per acre. Sixty bushels per acre is a good crop, and is not often, though sometimes obtained. There is an opinion in some districts, that oats are an exhausting crop, and that wheat does not do well after them. We are inclined to think this view erroneous. They should be cradled and tied up, as they are apt to shed much if loose. One and a half bushel of oats, half a bushel of barley, and a peck of gray peas, are often sown together per acre in England. The produce is very large, and when ground, forms an excellent feed for horses in the spring.

**Indian Corn** is, of all the cereals, best adapted to this climate; and on the rich lands of the great west, is raised in large quantities with little labor, excepting planting and harvesting. In New York and

the eastern States, however, it is absolutely necessary to have the soil well and deeply pulverized, and in many instances well manured, and also handhoed twice or thrice, to insure a large crop. In this district it is usually planted about the middle of May. It should be marked each way, three feet apart, as it is then planted straighter, and is much easier horse hoed, plowed, &c. It delights in a light, gravelly loam, and does best in an old meadow or clover lay plowed the previous fall. Barn manure is always gratefully received and handsomely remunerated. Four to six grains are planted in a hill. When the corn is up about an inch it should be dressed with plaster—a good handful to a hill. Its good effect is speedily visible. Wood ashes applied in the same way is often attended with good profit.

**Potatoes**, till within the last few years, were considered one of the safest crops—never being attacked by insects or injured by disease; but the potato disease, which has extended to all countries, defies conjecture to account for it, and science to provide a remedy. A well drained, light, black soil, if well manured, is best calculated to produce a heavy crop. But a dry, light, sandy soil, now yields the soundest and most palatable potatoes. Subsoiling for this crop has been attended with great benefit. Good, short hog manure, is the best for potatoes. A handful of plaster on the hill, as they just break the soil, is also beneficial; and unleached wood ashes are of great benefit. Two hundred bushels per acre ought always to be raised. They should be planted about the first of May. If planted in hills they are more easily kept clean; though planted in rows about thirty inches apart and twelve inches between the sets, 300 lbs. of Peruvian guano sown broadcast per acre and plowed in, has been attended with very good results of the crop.

**Clover**—About ten pounds of clean clover is usually sown per acre, in April, on the wheat fields. It should always be rolled or harrowed in, if possible. In England, clover is usually sown with the barley crop. Red clover, as found by experience, cannot there be grown offener than once in eight years on the same soil; for if sown once in four years, the land soon becomes "clover sick." Twenty pounds of seed per acre is often sown by good farmers, in hopes of securing a crop. We have seen much heavier clover grown here by the use of plaster, than we ever saw in England under the most favorable conditions of soil and manuring. Clover is often much injured by keeping sheep on it too late in the fall and too early in the spring; and it is better not to let them run on it at all in the fall if it can be avoided. We would never let land lie with clover more than two years, as after two years there is little extension of root, and the clover is apt to die out and give place to timothy and red top, which we think as exhausting to the soil as wheat, and should never be sown except on low land not well adapted for wheat. It is to the extension of the quantity of land sown with clover and the adoption of root culture, that we confidently look for great improvement in our agriculture and increased profits of the farmers, and, as a consequence, of the entire community.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

#### The Crop of Oats.

FRIEND EDITOR.—Notwithstanding the many well written articles on the culture of other grains, that of oats appears to receive the cold shoulder almost entirely. In a volume of the 'Cultivator,' now before me, I find but one article, meagre in its details on the subject, although there are more bushels raised and consumed in this section of the country than of any other grain, and at the present price, and yield, almost as profitable as any crop we grow.

It appears to be the practice with most farmers to plant oats like the Irishman said they did buckwheat in this country, 'where nothing else will grow.' Any kind of land and culture is good enough, and it is astonishing, with all this negligence that we get as much as we do. While the beneficial effects of various kinds of manures are tried on wheat, corn, etc., and ample remunerative crops are produced; who ever heard of such a monstrosity in farming as manuring Oats? Yet the New York Agricultural Society records the fact that 120 bushels of oats per acre have been produced, with the aid of a little manure.

On the 28th of February, 1851, I commenced ploughing for oats, six inches deep, and finished on the 11th of March; harrowed the ground, with a heavy harrow, on the 27th, and sowed two bushels of well cleaned seed per acre on the 28th and harrowed and rolled it in. The oats grew well and yielded 55 bushels per acre, weighing 31 lb. per bushel. Notwithstanding the uncommon dryness of the season, this was the heaviest crop I have ever grown on the ground, and I attribute it to the ground being plowed early, and becoming sufficiently packed for the oats to take root immediately.

I have sowed from 1½ bushels to 3 per acre, and find that as much oats can be raised from two bushels sowed as from any other quantity. It sown too thick,

the straw is weak, and more apt to fall, and the heads not so well filled. S. Philadelphia co., March 1, 1852.

### GEO. W. ELDER,

Attorney at Law,

OFFICE in West Market street, opposite the south east side of the Diamond. He will attend to any business in the courts of Mifflin, Centre, or Huntingdon counties. Lewistown, Jan. 25, 1852.

### J. W. PARKER,

Attorney at Law, Lewistown, Mifflin co. Pa.

### DR. J. B. HERRING.

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity. Office on south east side of the Diamond.

**Certificate from Dr. Joseph B. Ard.**  
It affords me no small degree of pleasure to state, that Dr. J. B. HERRING, after several years of study, graduated at the University of Pennsylvania and is well qualified to practice Medicine, with honor to himself and advantage to those who may be pleased to employ him. JOSEPH B. ARD, M. D. Lewistown, December 19, 1851.

### 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, 1850-1f

### 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, 1851-1f

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

**WILLIAM LIND,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,  
East Market street, Lewistown,

IN returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support heretofore extended to him, would respectfully inform them that he has just received a splendid assortment of Fashionable

**CLOTHES,**  
CASSIMERES & VESTINGS,  
selected in the city with special reference to being made up for customer work, which he is enabled to furnish at lower prices than similar articles could be procured in the stores. Gentlemen desirous of having a superior article of clothing, are requested to call and examine his stock. With long experience and the aid of first rate workmen, he flatters himself that he can furnish his customers and friends with superior garments, at reasonable prices. Lewistown, Nov. 25, 1851.

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

A large and well selected assortment of Cloth, 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.

**JOHN CLARK & CO.**  
Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, 4 doors west of Eisenbice'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, &c.**  
THE undersigned continues to manufacture celebrated Quilted and French calf Boots, together with all articles connected with his business. MOSES MONTGOMERY. Lewistown, August 8, 1851-1f

**MARTIN'S**  
SELF REGULATING  
SEWING MACHINE.  
BY the use of this Machine one person can do as much sewing, and make better work than five or six can do by hand. Tailors, Saddlers, &c., look to your interest. Machines, Shop and County Rights for sale. Apply to JOHN LOCKE, Lewistown, until February 10th, after that at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania. P. S. One of these Machines may be seen in operation at C. M. SULLIVAN'S Tailor-shop in this place. JOHN LOCKE. Lewistown, January 16, 1852-1f

**Dental Cards.**  
**DR. JOHN LOCKE,**  
DENTIST,  
Dr. L. is a regular graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, and devoted his entire attention to the business for seven years, which warrants him in offering entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. Lewistown, Oct. 24, 1851-1f

**Astonishing Reduction in the Price of IRON.**  
AMERICAN Rolled Bar Iron 3 cts.  
Horse Shoe Bar 3 1/2 "  
Nail Rods 4 "  
—warranted good, and will be sold for cash at the above rates, by  
no 7 F. G. FRANCISCUS.  
**SHOULDER BRACES,** a new and superior article, at A. A. BANKS' Variety store.