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FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 1852.

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

GEO. W. ELDER, Attorney at Law, Lewistown, Mifflin co. Pa.

OFFICE in West Market street, opposite Eisenbise's Hotel, will attend to any business in the courts of Mifflin, Centre, or Huntingdon counties.

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.

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.

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

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.

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

JOHN CLARK & CO. HAVE removed their Shoe Store from below Eisenbise's to the diamond, opposite the Lewistown Hotel.

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 low for cash:

Mens Calf Boots, from \$1 75 to \$6 00. Course " " 1 25 to 6 00. Gaiters and fancy shoes of different kinds.

Ladies' Shoes, from 50 to 1 50. Gaiters, best quality, 1 50 to 2 00. Misses' and Childrens' Gaiters, of different kinds.

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.

Fish, Salt, and Plaster, FOR sale by JOHN STERRETT & CO., June 27—tf.

ANTIDOTE FOR WET FEET. Good News for the People.

THE undersigned, having resumed business at his old stand two doors east of Watson & Jacob's store, East Market street, Lewistown, has just opened an ENTIRE NEW STOCK, comprising one of the best and cheapest assortments of

Boots & Shoes

ever offered in this market, which he is prepared to sell 25 per cent. lower for CASH, than has ever before been sold in this community.

Men's fine boots from \$2.50 to \$3.50. " " " 1.50 to 2.50. " " " 1.50 to 2.75.

These articles he feels safe in recommending as worth the money, being well made from good materials.

Boots and Shoes made to order by experienced workmen—none others being employed.

Repairing done at reasonable prices. He invites an inspection of his work, his stock and his prices, and he doubts not he will be able to render entire satisfaction.

DANIEL DONOT, Lewistown, April 23, 1852.

READ AND ACT!

THE subscribers having just received one of the largest and handsomest stocks of Spring and Summer Goods

ever brought to this place, would invite their old friends, and the public generally, to call and give them an examination, as we are determined to sell goods of all kinds as cheap as the cheapest, and we think (though we are not so good at bragging as some of our neighbors) that in point of style there is nothing in this place quite equal to them—at least the ladies say so. We have all kinds of Ladies wear, such as

BOUQUETS, RIBBONS, SPENCERS, SLEEVES, COLLARS, SILKS, SATINS, GANADIEVES, Poplins, Bareges, Tissues, Barege de Laines, Lawns, Prints, White Crape, Shawls, Gloves, Hose, &c., &c. And for the gentlemen Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Linens, Cottonades, Muslins, Summer Hats, Coats, Vests, Pants, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.

Hardware & Queensware, Coffee, Tea, sugar, Molasses, &c. Mackeral, Shad, Salmon, and CARPETING that can't be beat for style, quality and price.

Wattson, Jacob, & Co. HAVE just opened at their old stand a very large and desirable assortment of Spring and Summer Goods,

which they would respectfully invite purchasers to call and examine. Their stock embraces

LADIES' DRESS GOODS of every description, handsome Black and Colored SILKS, M. de Laines, Barege de Laines, Challies, Lawns, Prints, Linen Cambré Handkerchiefs, Collars, Sleeves, Bonnets, Shoes, &c. Also, collars

Broadcloths, Black and Fancy Cassimeres, Linens, Cottonades.

SUMMER CLOTHS, CARPETS, Boots and Shoes, Summer Hats, &c., all of which they will sell as low as any other establishment. Their stock was never fuller or more complete, and they will endeavor to give satisfaction to those friends who patronize them.

LEWISTOWN MILLS. THE subscribers have taken the Lewistown Mills and formed a copartnership under the firm of JOHN STERRETT & CO. LEANING on a general MILLING BUSINESS, wish to buy a large quantity of all kinds of GRAIN, for which they will pay the highest prices the market will afford, according to the quality of the grain.

Any person wishing to store their wheat can do so, and a receipt will be given to be kept in store until the 1st of August, and after that until the 1st of December. In case of wheat left in store, the subscribers reserve the privilege of purchasing said wheat when the owners wish to sell, at from 13 to 15 cents off of Philadelphia prices, and if we do not buy at this rate, then we charge one cent per bushel for storage. No interest will be allowed on money not lifted for grain sold, as we are prepared to pay cash at all times.

FLOUR and all kinds of FEED kept and for sale for cash.

W. THOMPSON, AND. McFARLANE, HUGH CONLEY, S. S. WOODS. Lewistown, May 2, 1851.—tf

Dental Card. 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. 21, 1851.—tf.

FRESH LEAF LARD.—10 cwt. fresh Lard, of the subscriber's own rendering, at 10 cts. per pound. For sale by JOHN KENNEDY, ap2752

Poetry.

From the New York Musical World. The Time of the Heart—Ballad. Composed by George F. Root—Arranged for the Guitar by William Dressler.

O, merry goes the time, When the heart is young, There is nought too hard to climb, When the heart is young; A spirit of delight Scatters roses in its flight, And there's magic in the night, When the heart is young; Yes, merry goes the time, When the heart is young; It rings a joyful chime, When the heart is young.

O, weary go the feet, When the heart is old, Time cometh not so sweet, When the heart is old; From all that smiled and shone, There is something lost and gone, And our friends are few or none, When the heart is old; But merry goes the time, When the heart is young, It rings a joyful chime, When the heart is young.

O, sparkling are the skies, When the heart is young, There is bliss in beauty's eyes, When the heart is young; The golden gladness of day, Benighted gladness in its ray, And every month is May, When the heart is young.

O, the sun is setting fast, When the heart is old, And the sky is overcast, When the heart is old; Life's worn and weary barque, Lies tossing wild and dark, And the star hath left hope's ark, When the heart is old.

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rows run both ways of the piece, i. e. cross each other at right angles, which admits of working the crop with the harrow of cultivator, and to keep the surface entirely level. There is no philosophy, whatever, in making any elevation above the roots, so far as the support of the plant is concerned, and it must be obvious, I think, to every reflecting person, that the exposure of an extra extent of surface, in a dry time, as in the case of hilling, must increase the effect of drought.

From the Germantown Telegraph. Turning in Green Crops.

The editor of the Massachusetts Plowman, in alluding to an article published in this paper some time ago, relative to the advantages of sowing buckwheat for the purpose of turning in as a manure, holds the following language, which, as the editor is an old practical farmer, we commend to the readers of the Telegraph.

Our readers should not be terrified at the recommendation of buckwheat as a green crop to be plowed in as a fertilizer. We know there are many who say they prefer to plow in clover—but when the land is run down and exhausted, how will you rear a crop of clover?

Buckwheat will grow on poor land where nothing else will flourish—it is therefore used where no manure is to be had, and it is a good article to improve the soil for grass crops. But as we have often stated it is not a suitable crop for rotation, for other crops are not benefited by it.

It is a curious fact that Indian corn seems so averse to it that it never grows well on buckwheat ground. The straw, or something about it, poisons the soil for corn. Hundreds of farmers can testify to this fact, though it may be difficult to assign a reason. Why did not chemical farmers tell us beforehand that corn would not follow buckwheat?

Buckwheat seems not to be a great exhauster of soils. It has been grown on very poor lands for many years in succession without manure, and for some thin soils it may be a profitable crop. It flourishes best on sandy loams where the soil is not deep.

It is well for farmers who fatten animals to have a variety of food. Some summers are too cold for large growths of corn. Some lands are suitable for one kind of grain and some for another. Hogs need something in August and September to begin with before corn is fit for harvest. A little buckwheat, barley and oats will aid much in getting hogs forward in fattening.

And as hogs like variety, we should aim to suit them as well as the seasons. Have various crops and you stand a good chance to grow something, let the season be what it may.

The Yankee and the Dandy. Some months since at dinner, on board of one of the Western steamers, a live Yankee and a dandy sat directly opposite each other at the table.

After the Captain said grace, the dandy threw himself back on his dignity, and called out in a pompous tone to the waiter—'You dem'd waitaw, bring me the support of a young female hen, a fresh laid hegg, and rub the bottom of my plate with a specimen of fruit vulgarly called an onion, which will give to me dimmah a delicious flavow.'

The Yankee quietly drew himself back in imitation of his opposite neighbor, and in a nasal tone called out—'You darned, all-fired, dod-blasted, dod-rabited, pesky lookin' little tarnaal black nigger, fetch me a peck o' corn, a bundle o' fodder, and rub me down with a brick-bat, while I feed.'

Men ceased to think of masticating, while an uproarious yell arose which fairly shook the cabin, during which, the dandy was seen streaking out of the door with a finger in each ear.

It was Thomas Hood, if we remember rightly, who described, in a characteristic poetical sketch, the miseries of an Englishman in the French capital, who was ignorant of the language of the self-styled 'metropolis of the world.' He drew a very amusing picture of the *disagrements* such a one would be sure to encounter; and among others, the following:

'Never go to France, Unless you know the lingo, If you do, like me, You'll repent, by Jingo; 'Signs I had to make, For every little notion; Arm all the while a-going, Like a telegraph in motion.

'How I wanted a horse, How I thought I got it? I got astride my cane, And made believe to trot it!'

There was something very ridiculous, he went on to say, we remember, about the half-English meaning of some of the words, and the utter contradiction of the ordinary meaning in others. 'They call,' said he—

'They call their mothers *mares*, And all their daughters *fillies*!'

To know how bad you are, you must become poor, to know how bad other people are, you must become rich. Many a man thinks it is a virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. Be careful and do not mistake principles for potatoes.

'Twenty dollars, sir.' 'Twenty dollars!' exclaimed the client,

'Plead my minority,' said the client, 'when I contracted the debt, for I have no other defence.'

'Very well,' replied the counsel. 'They proceeded to the justice court, where the plea was made and succeeded. The court decided in favor of the young man, and the creditor had to pay all costs.

But this is not the best of the joke. A settlement had yet to be made between the client and the counsel. This was soon brought about by a dun from the counsel.

'What do you charge for your services?' 'Twenty dollars, sir.'

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'What do you charge for your services?' 'Twenty dollars, sir.'

'Twenty dollars!' exclaimed the client,

'why I was sued for only sixteen dollars. I had better have paid that.'

'So you had,' replied the lawyer, 'and for not doing so you shall now fork up to me twenty—so out with it, sir, and learn to pay your honest debts in future.'

The twenty was forked up, and the sufferer will, we hope, profit by this experience.

Explanation of Bankruptcy. Two merchants were standing in Wall street, discoursing on bankruptcy, when one of them perceived a 'real live Yankee,' lumbering down the street, with knife and stick in hand. 'Now for some sport,' ejaculated the merchant. 'We'll ask his opinion on the subject of bankruptcy, or rather his ideas. He now hailed the Yankee, with, 'Halloa! friend, can you tell us the meaning of bankruptcy?'

'Waal, I recon I kin, and skin me if I don't!'

'Well, pleas explain.'

'Waal, you just lend me a five, for about three minutes.'

'Here it is, friend; now proceed.'

'Waal, now, I owe Zeke Smith fifty cents; Tom Brown the tailor, five dollars, for this 'ere coat; and you five, tew.'

'Well, now,' said the merchant, 'give me my five.'

'Oh, git-out! I'm a bankrupt, and you come in for your share with the rest,' so saying he vanished, leaving the merchant in amaze.

A Doctor as is A Doctor. A self-sufficient humbug who took up the business of a physician, and pretended to a deep knowledge of the healing art, was once called to visit a young man afflicted with apoplexy. Bolus gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion:

'I think he's a gone feller.'

'No, no!' exclaimed the sorrowing wife, 'do not say that.'

'Yes, returned Bolus, lifting up his ha and eyes heavenward at the same time, 'yes, I do say so; there ain't any hope, not the leastest smite; he's got an attack of nihil fit in his lost frontis.'

'Where?' cried the startled wife.

'In his lost frontis, and he can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of *pains*. You see his whole planetary system is deranged, fustly, his vox populi is pressin' on his advalorem; secondly, he is considerably down, if not more; thirdly and lastly, his solar ribs are in a concussed state, and he ain't got any money, consequently he must die.'

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Parody on Ben Bolt. BY A B'HOY.

Oh, don't you remember the b'boy's, Jim Holmes, The b'boys with noses so red? Who drank with delight wherever they met, And always went drunk to bed; In the old grave yard, in the edge of the town, In corners obscure and alone; They have gone to rest, for the gay young sprigs Have dropp'd off, one by one.

Oh, don't you remember the jug, Jim Holmes, And the spring at the foot of the hill? Where oft we have lain, thro' the hot sun's hour, And drank to our utmost fill; The spring is filled with mud, Jim Holmes, And the wild hogs root all around, And the good old jug, with its whiskey so sweet, Lies broken and spilled on the ground.

Oh, don't you remember the tavern, Jim Holmes, And the bar-keeper, kind and true, And the little nook at the end of the bar, Where we drank the wine that he drew? The tavern is burnt to the ground, Jim Holmes, The bottles are cracked and dry; And of all the b'boys who speeded it then, There remains, Jim, but you and I.

There is a change in the things I love, Jim Holmes, Of some 'tis right sorrowful to think, For we feel that the wrongs are grievous to bear, When they change to a levy a drink; Many the months that have passed, Jim Holmes, There is a change from the old to the new, But friends will be false and friendship will change, Ere I refuse, Jim, to drink with you.

The best anecdote of Lorenzo Dow is that being one evening at the hotel kept by one Bush, in Delhi, N. Y., the residence of the celebrated Gen. Root, he was imperturbed by the latter gentleman, in the presence of the landlord, to describe Heaven.

'You say a great-deal about that place,' said the General, 'tell us how it looks.'

Lorenzo turned his grave face, and long waving beard towards Messrs. Root and Bush, and replied with imperturbable gravity—