

Lewistown Gazette.

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

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

GEO. W. ELDER,
Attorney at Law,

OFFICE in West Market street, opposite Eisenbise's Hotel, will attend to any business in the courts of Mifflin, Centre, or Huntingdon counties. Lewistown, Jan. 23, 1852.

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. Lewistown, August 30, 1850-tf

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 desiring 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.

BOOTS, & SHOES,
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-tf

JOHN CLARK & CO.
HAVE removed their Shoe Store from below Eisenbise's to the diamond, opposite the Lewistown Hotel. Having renewed their stock, they are now prepared to make to order all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES in the best manner and of the best materials. They have also a choice assortment of city and eastern work to which they invite the attention of the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity, as they are determined to sell at the very lowest prices for cash. Lewistown, April 23, 1852.

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:
Men's Calf Boots, from \$1 75 to \$5 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 Children's Gaiters, of different kinds. He is also prepared to make to order all kinds of BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS that may be wanted.

His stock of CLOTHING has been well selected. It was bought for cash and will be sold at very small profits. Call and examine for yourselves, and you will be convinced of the fact.
ap23 BILLY JOHNSON.

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 date 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-tf

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

ANTIDOTE FOR WET FEET.

Good News for the People.
THE undersigned, having resumed business at his old stand two doors east of Wattson & 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. As an example of this, call and examine an article of Ladies' Gaiters, which has always been heretofore sold here for \$2.25, and which he can now sell at \$1.75. Other articles in proportion. He has

Men's fine boots from \$2.50 to \$3.50
" coarse " 1.50 to 2.50
Boys' Boots " 1.50 to 2.75
Ladies' Gaiters " 75 to 1.75
Ladies' Shoes " 62½ to 1.50
Misses' " 50 to 87½
Children's " 25 to 50
Boys' " 75 to 1.12½

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

BOONETS, RIBBONS, SPEYERS, SLEEVES, COLLARS, SILKS, SATINS, GAINADINES,

Poplins, Bareges, Tissues, Barege de Laines, Lawns, Prints, White Crapes, Shawls, Gloves, Hosiery, &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.
Mackerel, Shad, Salmon, and CARPETING that can't be beat for style, quality and price. Come and see, for we are determined to sell at prices which will astonish some people.
SIGLER & STUART.
Lewistown, April 23, 1852.

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, Chiffons, Lawns, Prints, Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, Collars, Sleeves, Bonnets, Shoes, &c. Also, superfine

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, April 16, 1852-tf.

LEWISTOWN MILLS.

THE subscribers have taken the Lewistown Mills and formed a copartnership under the firm of JOHN STERRETT & CO. (carrying 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 them 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 not to 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. 24, 1851.—tf

FRESH LEAF LARD.—10 cwt. fresh Lard, of the subscriber's own rendering, at 10 cts. per pound. For sale by
ap252 JOHN KENNEDY,

Doctry.

Lines.
BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The May-sun sheds an amber light
On now-leaved woods and lawns between,
But she who with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand:
But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropp'd them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

Up on the woodland's morning airs
The small bird's mingled notes are flung;
But she whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen while they sung,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;
My heart aches when the flowers appear,
For then I think of her who lies,
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

Our Country.

BY W. J. PEABODY.

Our country—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit ocean roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forest where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide;
Where lone the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide:
For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous store,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Tribune.

Extracts from Bayard Taylor's Letter.

RECORDED, in Standard, Friday, Jan. 15, 1852.

Here, for the first time, I fully realize that I have reached Central Africa. You will, perhaps, be able to appreciate the impression, when I tell you that the first dish on our table at dinner is a sheep roasted whole, and eaten without knives and forks; that the horse that has been appropriated to my daily use is a red stallion, of the wild breed of Dar-Fur; and that my pets, in playing with which I lose an hour's time every day, are a full-grown lioness, a leopard and two hyenas. When we ride out of a morning, six jet-black attendants, in white and scarlet dresses, follow us on six dromedaries, or, if we chuse to dispense with them, two footmen run before us, to clear a way through the streets. This is a slight taste of that barbaric pomp and state which one involuntarily associates with the name of Soudan.

On reaching here, the first thing I did was to seek a house, as in these lands a traveler who wishes to be respectable, must take a residence on arriving at a city; even if he only intends to stay two or three days. I went to the residence of the sheikhs of the different quarters, none of whom was at home; then to the Governor of the city, but he was absent in Kordofan. Finally, in wandering about the streets, we met a certain Ali El-Ebadi, who took us to a house which would be vacant the next day. It was a large mud palace, counting an outer and inner divan, two sleeping-rooms, a kitchen, store-rooms, apartments for servants, and an inclosed courtyard and stables, all of which were to be had at 100 piastres (\$5) a month—an exorbitant price, as I have since been informed. Before engaging it, I decided to ask the advice of the Austrian Vice-Consul, Dr. Reitz, for whom I had letters. He received me with true German cordiality, and would hear of nothing else but that I should immediately take possession of an unoccupied room in his house. Accordingly the same day of my arrival he had me installed in luxurious quarters, with one of the most brave, generous and independent of men as my associate.

As the Consul's residence is the type of a house of the best class in Kharطوم, a description of it may give some idea of life in the place, under the most agreeable circumstances. The ground-plot is one hundred and thirty paces square, and surrounded by a high mud wall. Inside of this stands the dwelling, which is about half that length, and separated from the principal side by a narrow garden and courtyard. Entering the court by the main gate, a flight of steps conducts you to the divan, or reception-room, in the second story. From the open ante-chamber, you look to the south over the gray wastes of Semnair, or if the sun is near his setting, you see a reach in the White Nile, flashing like the point of an Arab spear. The divan has a cushioned seat around three sides, and matting on the floor, and is really a handsome room, although its walls are mud, covered with a thin coating of lime, and its roof palm-leaves overlaid with coarse matting, on which rests a layer of mud, a foot thick. In the second story are also the Consul's Office and a sleeping room. The basement

contains the kitchen, store-rooms, servants' rooms, &c. The remainder of the house is only one story in height, and has a balcony looking on the garden, and completely embowered in flowering vines. The only rooms are the dining hall, with cushioned divans on each side and a drapery of the Austrian colors at the end, and my apartment, which overlooks a small garden-court, wherein two large ostriches pace up and down, and a company of wild geese and wild swine make continual discord. The court at the entrance communicates with the stables, which contain the Consul's horses—a white steed, of the pure Arabian blood of Nejd, and the red stallion I ride, which was sent by the King of Dar-Fur to Latif Pasha, and presented by him to the Consul. A begin, or trained dromedary, of unusual size, stands in the court, and a tame lioness is tied to a stake in the corner. She is a beautiful and powerful beast, and I never pass her without taking her head between my knees, or stroking her tawny hide till she rubs against me like a cat and kicks my hand.

Passing through a side-door into the garden, we came upon a whole menagerie of animals. Under the long arbors, covered with luxuriant grape-vines, stand two surly hyenas, a wild ass from the mountains of the Aharra, and an Abyssinian mule. A tall marabout, (a bird of the crane species, occasionally bending a kibe in the middle of his long legs, and doubling them backward, so that he uses half of them for a seat. Adjoining the stable is a large sheep-yard, in which are gathered together gazelles, strange varieties of sheep and goats from the countries of the White Nile, virgin-cranes, and a large antelope, known from Kordofan, with curved horns four feet in length. My favorite, however, is the leopard, which is a most playful and affectionate creature, except at meal-time. He is not more than half grown, and has all the wiles of an intelligent kitten, climbing his post and springing upon me, or creeping up slyly and seizing my ankle in his mouth. The garden, which is watered by a well and string of buckets turned by an ox, has a rich variety of fruit trees. The grape season is just over, though I had a few bunches yesterday; figs are ripening from day to day, oranges and lemons are in fruit and flower, bananas blooming for another crop, and the pomegranate and cream-fruit (a variety of the Mexican *chirimoya*) hang heavy on the branches. There is also a plantation of date-trees and sugar-cane, and a number of ornamental shrubs, few of which are at present in blossom.

There is no plan whatever in the disposition of the buildings. Each man surrounds his property with a mud wall, regardless of its location with respect to others, and going from one point to another, one is obliged to make the most perplexing zigzags. I rarely venture far on foot, as I soon become bewildered in the labyrinth of black walls. When mounted on the Consul's tallest dromedary, I look down on the roofs of the native houses, and can take my bearings without difficulty. All the mysteries of the lower life of Kharطوم are revealed to me, from such a lofty post. On each side I look into pent yards where the miserable Arab and Negro families lazily bask in the sun during the day, or into the filthy nest where they crawl at night. The swarms of children which they brood in these dens sit naked in the dust, playing with vile yellow dogs, and sometimes a lean burden-camel stands in the corner. The only furniture to be seen is a water-skin, a few pots and jars, a basket or two, and sometimes an *amareb*, or coarse wooden frame covered with a netting of ropes, and serving as seat and bed. Nearly half the population of the place are slaves, brought from the mountains above Fazagi, or from the land of the Binikas, on the White Nile. One's commiseration of these degraded races is almost overcome by his disgust with their appearance and habits, and I found even the waste plain that stretches towards Semnair a relief after breathing the lanes of the quarters where they live.

Notwithstanding the nature of its population, Kharطوم is kept commendably neat and clean. It will be a lucky day for Rome and Florence when their streets exhibit no more filth than those of this African city. The bazars only, are swept every morning, but the wind performs this office for the remainder of the streets. The *soag*, or market, is held in a free space, opening upon the inland plain, where the country people bring their sheep, fowls, camels, dourra, vegetables and other common products. The slaughtering of animals takes place every morning on the banks of the Blue Nile, east of the city, which is thus entirely free from the effluvia arising therefrom. Here the sheep, cows, goats and camels are killed, skinned and quartered in the open air, and it is no unusual thing to see thirty or forty butchers at work on as many different animals, each surrounded by an attendant group of vultures, hawks, cranes, crows and other carnivorous birds. They are never molested by the people, and we sometimes ride through thousands of them, which have so gorged themselves that they scarcely take the trouble to move out of our way.

The place labors under the disadvantage of being the most unhealthy part of one of the most unhealthy regions in the world. From the southern frontier of Nubia, where the tropical rains begin to fall, to the table-land of Abyssinia on the north, as far up the White Nile as has yet been explored, Soudan is devastated by fevers of the most malignant character. The summers are fatal to at least one-half of the Turks, Egyptians and Europeans who make their residence here, and the natives themselves, though the mortality is not so great among them, rarely pass through the year without an attack of fever. We have now the most healthy part of the year, and yet of all the persons I see, three-fourths are complaining of some derangement of the system. The military hospital, which I visited, is filled with cases of fever, dysentery and small-pox.

In one of his letters from St. Thomas, Mr. Willis says they have cockroaches there that have pretensions to be lobsters, and spiders on which one might fry a beef-steak, mistaking it for a gridiron.

The Lord our Shepherd.

'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.' It seems next to impossible for the most casual reader of the Psalms of David, and, indeed, of all the Bible poets, to pass unnoticed the simple, yet frequent and forcible manner, in which they illustrate the sacred truths they inculcate. Indeed the scriptures abound with imagery, often the most grand and gorgeous of which we can have any conception. And then on the other hand, as in the Psalm from which the verse before us is taken, scenes of the most rustic simplicity are made to convey truths the most comforting and blessed that the soul of the christian could desire.

'The Lord is my Shepherd.' These are gracious words. Who that has any claim to the title of christian can read them without feeling his faith grow stronger—his hope brighter—his love enkindle, in view of the truth so beautifully, yet so strongly asserted, that the Lord Jehovah—the God of heaven and earth is he who, never slumbering, watcheth where his people dwell. He, who "hath his way in the whirlwind, and the clouds are dust of his feet."

"Who plants his footsteps on the sea, And rides upon the storm."

He, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, condescends with all the fidelity and watchfulness of a humble shepherd to guard and defend those who are so unspokeably happy as to be numbered among the "sheep of his pasture."

But the language of the Psalmist acquires additional force when viewed in its personal application. The Lord is not only the shepherd of his people in a general sense, but he is the protector, friend and guide of each lamb of the flock. The Lord is my shepherd, says David. Herein is the consolation and hope of the christian. God careth for him individually, personally—may, even so particularly, that the very hairs of his head are all numbered." But this is included in the language which immediately follows as a certain conclusion of the fact so confidently assumed. 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.' I SHALL NOT WANT. With what confidence and assurance must he have uttered these words. As he himself when a lowly shepherd boy, he watched his father's flock, had anticipated every want, supplied every necessity, and shielded from every danger his tender charge—so with the assurance that the Lord is his shepherd, he is ready to conclude without the shadow of a doubt that he "shall not want any good." Nay, though as in his own experience "there came a lion and took a lamb out of the flock," but he delivered him out of his mouth and slew the spoiler; so he shall never want the presence and assistance of his almighty Shepherd to succor him from the roaring lion who walketh about seeking whom he may devour. In his wandering through the desert he may sink deep in a horrible pit and mire clay, but he shall not want a present helper to set his feet upon a rock and establish his goings. 'Tis thus the christian ever feels, and he may well exclaim, though storms of adversity lower thick around me I shall not want deliverance from the raging blasts. Temptations may assail, the world may allure, the enemies of the cross may persecute and destroy, but I shall not want strength for each trying hour, power to resist each false allurements, and grace unto the end sufficient to enable me to come off conqueror, and more than conqueror, through Christ who has loved me. Such may be the language of the child of God. Who would not wish to be able to say, the "Lord is my Shepherd," when such is the portion—the strong consolation—the inevitable certainty that he "shall not want."

Will You Take a Sheep?

A valued friend and an old farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his newly hired man:

'Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?'

'Oh,' said Jonathan, 'I don't care much about it—you may give me what you please.'

'Well,' said the farmer, 'I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without.'

'Agreed,' said Jonathan.

'The oldest son then said—
'Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without rum?'

'Yes, Marshal, you shall have a sheep if you will do without.'

'The youngest son, a strapping, then said—
'Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?'

'Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep, also, if you will do without rum.'

Presently Chandler speaks again—
'Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?'

This was a poser; he hardly thought that he could give up the 'good creature' yet, but the appeal was from a source not to be easily disregarded. The result was: the demon was henceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

A jockey wishing to make an advantageous display of a horse that he was desirous of selling to a bystander, placed his boy upon the beast, ordering him to 'ride him round a short distance.' The boy, though well instructed in this trade, unfortunately in this instance, knew not whether the horse was already his father's, or yet to be bargained for; being anxious, therefore, to learn the will of his father, he stopped after riding a short distance, and inquired with a loud voice, 'Father, shall I ride the horse to buy or sell?'

As a physician and his friend were walking down one of the principal streets of the other day, the doctor said to his companion: 'Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left! she knows me, and casts on me looks of indignation. I attended her husband—' 'Ah!' I understand: you had the misfortune to dispatch him.' 'On the contrary,' replied the doctor, 'I saved him.'

A man who marries a frivolous, showy woman, fancies he has hung a trinket around his neck, but he soon finds it a millstone.

A Short Story with a Moral.

A young Yankee had formed an attachment for a daughter of a rich old farmer, and after agreeing with the 'home-bodier' went to the old farmer to ask his consent. During the ceremony—which was an awkward one for Jonathan—the whittled away at his stick. The old man watched the movement of the knife, at the same time continuing to talk on the prospects of his future son-in-law, as he supposed, until the stick was dwindled down to naught. He then spoke as follows: 'You have fine property; you have steady habits; are good enough looking; but you can't have my daughter. Had you made something, no matter what, of the stick you whittled away, you could have had her; as it is, you cannot. Your property will go as the stick did, little by little, until all is gone, and your family reduced to want. I have read your character; you have my answer.'

Dick Dally's Great Stump Speech.

FELLER CITIZENS.—This are a day for the population of Boonville, like a bobtailed pullet on a ricketty hen-roost, to be lookin' up! A crisis have arisen—an' somethin' bust! Where are we? Here I is, and I'd stand here and expire from now till the day of synagogues, if youd whop for Daily.

Feller Citizens—Jerusalem's to pay, and we hain't got any pitch. Our hyperbolic and majestic canal of creation has onshipped her rudder and the captain's broke his neck, and the cook's div to the depth of the vasty deep, in search o' dimmins! Our wigwag's torn to pieces, like a shirt on a brush fence, and cities of these ere latitudes is a vanishin' in a blue flame. Are such things to be did? I ask you in the name of the American Eagle, who whipped the shaggy headed Lion of Great Britain, and now sits a roostin' on the magnetic telegraph, if such doings is goin' to be conglomeration? I repeat to you in the name of the peacock of liberty, when he's flew in o'er the cloud capped summits of the Rocky Mountains, if he's goin' to be extemporaneously bigwogged, in this fashion?

"O, answer me."
Let me not live in ignorance,
as Shalkepeel said, when Ceasar stabbed him in the House of Representatives.

Feller citizens—Let me to Congress and I'll abolish mad-dogs, muskeeters, and bad cents, and go in for the annihilation of niggers, camp meetings, and jails. I'll rovide crows, and fluffbin locks. I'll have barn raisins every day—Sundays excepted—and liquor enough to swim a skunk. Yes feller citizens, let me to Congress, and I shall be led to exclaim in the sublime—the terrific language of Bonaparte, when preachin' in the wilderness—
'Richard's himself again!'
On, then, onward to the polls—'gallop apace fiery footed steeds,' and make the welkin tremble with anti-spasmodic yells for Daily. Cock your muskets, I'm comin'!
'Hence ye, Brutus, broad axe and glory!'
Let's licker!

Indemnity.

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia—OFFICE 163, Chestnut street, near Fifth street DIRECTORS.

Charles N. Bancroft, Geo. R. Richards,
Thomas Hart, Mordecai D. Lewis,
Tobias Wagner, Adolphus E. Boie,
Samuel Grant, David S. Brown,
Jacob R. Smith, Morris Patterson.

Continue to make insurance, perpetual or limited, on every description of property in TOWN & COUNTY, at rates as low as are consistent with security. The Company have reserved a large Contingent Fund, which, with their Capital and Premiums safely invested, affords ample protection to the assured. The assets of the Company, on January 1st, 1849, as published agreeably to an Act of Assembly, were as follows, viz:

Mortgages,	\$1,047,428 41
Real Estate,	91,734 83
Temporary Loans,	96,601 85
Stocks,	51,522 25
Cash, &c.,	28,804 37
Total,	\$1,325,492 71

Since their incorporation, a period of eighteen years, they have paid upwards of One Million Four Hundred Thousand Dollars, losses by fire, thereby affording an evidence of the advantages of insurance, as well as the ability and disposition to meet with promptness all liabilities.

CHARLES N. BANCROFT, President.
CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Secretary.
AGENT for Mifflin county, R. C. HALE, Esq., Lewistown. [ap12-1y]

Justice of the Peace.

HENRY KULP has opened his office in West Market street, next door to the jail, where he will attend to