Vol. XXXVII.-Whole No. 1981,

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1852.

New Series-Vol. 6-No. 34.

Terms of Subscription. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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One squa	re. 16 lines	2 squares, 6 mos. \$5,0
one squi	1 time 50	" I year 10,0
66	2 times 75	1 column, 3 mos. 8,0
66	3 " 1,00	" 6 " 10,0
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Moetry.

The Stream of Death.

There is a stream whose narrow tide, The known and unknown worlds divide, Where all must go: Its waveless waters, dark and deep, 'Mid sullen silence downward sweep, With moanless flow.

I saw where at that dreary flood, A smiling infant prattling stood, Whose hour had come: Untaught of ill, it neared the tide, Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died, Like going home.

Followed with languid eye, anon, A youth diseased, and pale and wan; And there alone, He gazed upon that leaden stream, And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,

And he was gone. And then a form, in manhood's strength,

Came bursting on, 'till there at length, He saw life's bound: He shrunk and raised the bitter prayer; Too late—his shriek of wild despair The waters drowned.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore, A being bowed with many a score Of toilsome years: Earth-bound and sad he left the bank, Back turned his dimming eye, and sank, Ah! full of tears.

How bitter must thy waters be, Oh Death! How hard a thing, ah me! It is to die. I mused, when to that stream again,

Another child of mortal man, With smiles drew nigh.

"'T is the last prayer," he calmly said, "To me, O Death! thou kast no dread--Saviour, I come!

Spread but thine arms o'er yonder shoresee! ye waters bear me o'er! There is my home

Miscellaneous.

NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

The celebrated Fouche, Duke of Otranto was retained but a short time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in commu-nicating his reminiscences of the great events it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion his company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story:

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the pow-

er and authority af a king, everything about him, even in the days of the consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchial habitudes were revived one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience, was restored by Buonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearance at the Chapel of St. Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of busy talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed a mere daily exhibition of the

court to the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Buonaparte in his attendance upon mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl ncommon beauty. The auburn tresses brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this persenage, caused the more uneasiness to the Consul's wife, as the beautiful stranger's glances were bent not less often upon Buona-parte, than were his upon her. 'Who is that parte, than were his upon her. young girl? said Josephine one day at the close of the service, 'what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her to drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant lately returned, and one who probably was desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family. With

such guesses as these the Consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time. bliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognized as identical with that worn by the wo-

of Louis Buonaparte. The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The Consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place, the chariot set off, but just as he was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned and insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horse sprang forward with the chariot, and were

only stopped by Duroc, at the risk of his life, who threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party speedily returned to the First Consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand to his pocket and pull out the strip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words—' Do not drive out in

our carriage to-day.'
'This can have no allusion to our late accident,' said Buonaparte. 'No one could fore-see that I was to play the part of a coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot.'

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned very pale, and took the First Consul aside. Citizen-Consul,' said he, 'had you not driven against the stone and stopped our drive, we had all been lost.' 'How so?' was the reply. There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb-a real massive bomb -charged with ragged pieces of iron, and with a slow match attached to it-kindled! Things being so arranged, that in a quarter of an our we should have been scattered among the trees at the park of St. Cloud. There must be treachery close at hand.— Fouche must be told of this—Dubois must be warned!' 'Not a word to them!' replied Buonaparte; 'the knowledge of one plot but endangers a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the dangers she has escaped.

Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres-tell none of

them; and let the government journals say not a word about my fall.' The First Consul was then quiet for some time. 'Duroc,' said he, at length, 'you will come to-morrow to mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the window of the gallery on the right; follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself. I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb, and removed it? 'I have, Citand the foliation of the same of the bomb, and removed it?' I have, Citand the foliation. Reported shows the head, and held the paper to his eye. After perusage ing its contents, he took it between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments izen Consul.' 'Come, then, let us again drive in the park,' said Buonaparte. The drive was resumed, but on this oceasion the coachman was allowed to fulfill his own du-

On the morrow, the eyes of more than one person turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confidant Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service of that day. The girl was seen at mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were chiefly spent at Malmaison—the winters at St. Cloud and the Tuilleries. Winter had come on, and his adversaries—the third was rejected. the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these pal- to? It was the third month, called 'nivose, and in the evening Buonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aid-de-camp Lauriston, and General Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female wrapped in a black mantle, rushed upon the place Carousal, made her way into the middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying, 'Citizen Consul! read, read!' Buonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes so irresistible saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the missive. 'A petition, madam?' said he, inquiringly; and then continued 'Fear nothing; I shall peruse it, and see justice done.' 'Citizen Consul!' cried the wo man, imploringly, joining her hands. What she would further have said was lost. coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to the horses, and sprung off with the speed of lightning. The First Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his compani I could not well see her figure, but I think the woman is young.

The carriage dashed rapidly along. was just issuing from the street of St. Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingled with and followed by the crash of broken windows, and the cries of the uninjured passers by. The infernal machine had exploded! Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates were whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Buona parte entered his box with a serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises on such occasions. All were stunned and stupefied; Buonaparte was only perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out, and read these lines: 'In the name of heaven, Citizen Consul, do not go to the opera tonight, or, if you do go, pass not through the street of St. Nicholas! The warning came

in some respects too late. On reading these words, the Consul, chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl, of the chapel of St. Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering, but her beautiful and flowing chestnut hair and her person were wrapped

passed, Buonaparte expressed a wish for a drive | man who had delivered the paper to him at in the park, and accordingly went out, attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc, Cambaceres, and Hortense Beauharnais, wife site to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuilleries; I must see her, and without delay. Buonaparte spoke thus without raising his eyes; but, to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the General's arms, and

said, pointing upwards, 'See there—look.'
Buonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone, no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Buonaparte applied to Fouche and Dubois, but all the zeal of these functionaries failed to discover her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable to the eyes of Buonaparte.

To the consulate succeeded the empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hour of the change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the Emperor to lay down the sceptre which had so long shaken in terror over half the civilized earth. The Isle of Elba became for a day the most remarkable spot on the globe; and finally, the resuscitated Emperor fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Buonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set his foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends who had followed the fallen chief to the very last, were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and gave a farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not a girl, yet young enough retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest even to her appearance at that moment. 'Sire! said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; sire read! read!

The Emperor took the paper presented to him, but kept his eye upon the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze in the park of St. Cloud, or to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc and all his friends, came happily before him, and among them the face he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of brief duration. Napoleon shook his head, ing its contents, he took it between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments

'Stop, sire!' cried the woman, 'follow the advice! Be warned, it is yet time!'

No.' replied he, and taking from his finger a beautiful oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to tone the woman. She took it, kneeling and kissing the hand that presented it. Turning his head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat, which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterwards, he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus, of three warnings, two were useless, because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

The evening, he asked impatiently why his mother's visitor did not appear.

We have no visitor, my son, she replied.

And pray who was that beautiful creature that I waited upon to this very door? Am I ' But who was this woman, Duke of Otran-

'Oh,' replied Fouche, 'I know not with certainty.' The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept it a secret.

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female, related to St. Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street of St. Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hotel Dieu, in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon.

mother's porcelain ornaments to a black-smith's forge. And he persisted in the idea, married her in spite of his mother's remon-

" Pulling Together."

THE TRUE SECRET OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS. The first year of married life is a most im-

ortant era in the history of man and wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is almost all subequent existence. The wife and the husand then assimulate their views and their desires, or else, conjuring up their dislikes, they add fuel to their prejudices and animosities forever afterward.

'I have somewhere read,' says Rev. Mr. Wise, in his Bridal Greetings, 'of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into garden a day or two after their wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife the one end of it he retreated to the other side and exclaimed-

Pull the line.' She pulled it at his request, as far as she He cried, ould. ' Pull it over.'

'I can't,' answered she. 'But pull with all your might,' shouted the whimsical husband.

But vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as her husband held to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it

came over with great ease.
'There,' said he, as the line fell from the roof, 'you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor, when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant when we both pulled together! It will be so with us my dear through life! If we oppose each other, it will be hard work, if we act together, it will be pleasant to live. Let us always

pull together.'
In this illustration, homely as it may be there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make a home retreat of joy and bliss One alone cannot make home happy. There must be unison of action, sweetness of spirit, and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

To sleep well-pay your debts.

The Self Taught-Servant Girl.

We have always admired the resolution of an uncouth servant girl, brought up in no very gentle way, who went to live with a rich and cultivated lady. There was within her a love of the beautiful, a dim perception of the fitness of things, by which she de-termined to polish herself, and become every whit as graceful as her mistress. Now here was a herculean labor to perforn,-a vast undertaking for a poor girl, whose companion for years had been the pigs and geese around her father's miserable shanty, with a mother whose love for inebriation led her to wallow in filth, and neglect her family for the poisen of the still—a girl whose skin was begrim-med and tanned to sunburning, and who, in all probability, was doomed to labor among the

pots and kettles for the residue of her life.

But that was what she determined she would not do, and accordingly she set herself to work; and her first lessons were those of observation.

She saw much company; unobserved she watched their manners, some of which her native good sense rejected; the more pleasing she 'treasured up in her heart.'

Lo! the change! The mistress sees, bringing on the breakfast dishes, a comely, interesting girl, with a careful, watchful air, her dark locks put tastefully back somewhat a la mode, her dress re-arranged, her answer respectful, and, though hesitating, correct. Next she is surprised at a modest request from the untutored servant, that by some means she may learn to read. Pleased with this mark of intelligence, she devotes a little spare time to the accomplishment of this object; and her pupil is no dull scholar.

Almost imperceptibly, by dint of care and cleanliness, the brown skin grew fair and rud-dy, the thick locks hung in curls, the brow developed broadly, and many little elegancies

betrayed themselves in motion and attire. This young lady, as she assuredly meant to be, craved an hour for herself, if we remember right, after her work was over, which privilege she was always to retain, and in the peculiar occupation of which she was never to be disturbed; and her mistress thought no more of it, until, some months after, when passing by her room, she fancied she heard strange voices. Curiosity prompted her to look in by means of a trap-door, and there she beheld her 'help,' in all the glory of fancied magnificence, seated near a table, holding in her hand a book, and talking quite eloquently with an invisible captain, whom she was honoring with her patronage.

Presently she would get up, managing her movements admirably, bend gracefully, as if inspecting some work of art in said captain's ghostly hand, receive a compliment with all the carcless elegance of a leader of the ton; respond in a delicate, dignified manner; arrange her ebon curls with the top of her fan; glide across the room with the tread of a princess, fairly bewildering the good lady bove, who could not make out what it all meant. Finally she bowed the captain out with the greatest ease imaginable; then returning, took up Shakespeare, and entertained her mistress-unconcious of course-with 'To be, or not to be,' read in clear, musical

But mark the conclusion of these strange proceedings; the lady's son returned from his travels, and the very first day, not knowing who she was, escorted the domestic home in a rain storm, as any gallant gentlemen

In the evening, he asked impatiently why

Are there fairies yet? I cerbewitched? tainly, in all my journies, have not met with so agreeable and polished a lady; and here she disappeared.'

The proud woman, in anguish, explained to him that it was only their servant girl, and besought him to restrain his rhapsodies; but he declared that she was some divinity, and no more adapted to the kitchen than were his strances—even displeasure—and the haughty woman learned to be as fond of her noble daughter, as her son was with his gifted wife .- Olive Branch.

Government of Children.

Anticipate and prevent fretfulness and ill temper by keeping the children in good health, ease and comfort. Never quiet by giving to eat, or by bribing in any way, still less by opiates.

For the first few months avoid loud and harsh sounds in the hearing of children, or violent lights in their sight; address them in soft tones; do nothing to frighten them; and never jerk or roughly handle them.

Avoid angry words and violence both to a child and in its presence; by which means a naturally violent child may be trained to

Moderate any propensity of a child; such as anger, violence, greediness for food, cunning, which appears too active. Show him no example of these.

Let the mother be, and let her select servants, such as she wishes her child to be. The youngest child is affected by the conduct of these in whose arms he lives.

Let a mother feel as she ought, and she will look as she feels. Much of a child's earliest moral training is by looks and gest-

When necessary exhibit firmness and authority, always with perfect temper, composure, and self-possession.

Never give a child that which it cries for; and avoid being too ready in answering children's demands, else they become impatient of refusal, and selfish. When the child is most violent, the mother should be calm and silent. Out-screaming a screaming child is as useless as it is mis-chievous. Steady denial, of the objectscream-

ed for, is the best cure for screaming.

In such contests, witnesses should withdraw, and leave mother and child alone. A child is very apt to look around and attract the aid of foreign sympathy for its little rehellions.

Never promise to give when the child leaves off crying. Let the crying be a reason tions, call on for not giving.

Japanese Gardener.

The gardeners of Japan display the most astonishing art. The plum tree, which is a great favorite, is so trained and cultivated that the blossoms are as big as those of dah-Their great triumph, however, is to bring forth plants and trees into the compass of the little garden attached to the houses in the cities. With this view they have gradually succeeded in dwarfing the fig, plum and cherry trees and the vine to a stature so diminutive as scarcely to be credited by a European, and yet those dwarf trees are covered with blossoms and leaves. Some of the gardens resemble pictures in which nature is skilfully modelled in miniature—but it is living, natural. Maylon, whese work on Japan was published at Amsterdam in 1830, states that in 1826 the Dutch agent of Commerce in Naganei, was offered a snuff box one inch in thickness, and three inches high, in which grew a fig tree, a bamboo and a plum tree in blooom.

Health Insurance.

A thin cadaverous looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company, in Indiana, a few days ago, says the Daily Courier, and in-

'Ish de man in vot inshures de peoples The agent politely answered, 'I attend to

that business, Sir!' 'Vell, I vants my helts inshured; vot you

'Different prices,' answered the agent, 'from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year and you get ten dollars a week, in case of sickness.'

'Vell,' said Mynheer, 'I vonts ten dollar vort.

The agent inquired his state of health. 'Vell, I ish sick all te time. I'se shust out te bed two or three hours a tay, unt te doctor says he can't do nothing more goot for me.' If that's the state of your health,' returned the agent, 'we can't insure it. We only in-

sure persons who are in good health.'

At this Mynheer bristled up with anger. 'You must think I'm a fool; vot you tink I come to pay you ten dollars for inshure my helt ven I vos well.'

AN INVITING COUNTRY .- A new settler, somewhere in Missouri, gives the following graphic description of the country and people in that section of Uncle Sam's dominions: As for the country, the land is as cheap as dirt, and good enough; but the climate is rainy, blowy and sultry. The people die so fast here that every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow. As for the people of Missouri, they are perfect christians. They fulfill the scriptures to the very letter, where it says, "Let God be true, but every man a liar.'

Absence of Mind.—An exchange tells of a cooper down east, who, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the casks of a head he was finishing, in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up! After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find the boy inside of the cask, and without a possibility of getting him out, except through the bung hole.

ATTRACTION .- John, can you tell me the and attraction of cohesion?'

tion of adhesion prevents his getting up give satisfaction or no charge.

An ordinance for the suppression of cruelty to pianes, accordeons and flutes, and other offences not amenable to the criminal statutes, has been adopted by the town council of

Vermonters live to a great age. There are two men up there so very old they have for-gotten who they are, and none of their neighoors can recollect them. 40001

'Let's take a horn!' is a phrase of frequent utterance. The blast of that horn may be the signal to the porter to open the gate of

To kiss a rosy-cheeked girl and find your mouth filled with Venetian Red, and she growing pale on it, is truly awful.

GEO. W. ELDER, Attorney at Law,

OFFICE in West Marketstreet, 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 rewhere 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 O citizens of Lewistown. He can be consulted at all times at the Bee Hive Drug store. Lewistown, August 30, 1850-tf

BOODS, FIL SHOES, HE undersigned continues to manufacture celebrated Quilted and French calf Boots, together with all articles connected with his

MOSES MONTGOMERY.

Lewistown, August 8, 1851-tf BLAKE'S Patent Fire Proof Paint.

business.

Prevention is Better than Cure. WE are daily expecting an invoice of Blake's Patent Fire Proof Paint," an article superior to any paint now in use. Its superiority consists in its durability, cheapness, and in rendering the building to which it may be applied, Fire Proof. Let those who would have an article possessing the above qualifica-

F. J. HOFFMAN.

\$3.50 for a firstrate set of Brass Mountings—usually sold at \$5.00.
may21 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

Boxes I. C. and J. X. Tin; 25 bundles from Wire; 100 lbs. Block Tin, at may21 F. G. FRANCISCUS'.

EDAR WARE we are giving away-at the may21 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

DRASS Plated Dashes, Bands, Handles, Head D Lining—everything in the Coachware line. ma21 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

50 Boxes Jersey Glass; 20 boxes Pittsburgh do.; 500 lbs. Putty; 100 gailons Linseed oil. For sale by ma21 F. G. FRANCISCUS,

\$2.75 per set for Double Iron Bench Planes — all other kinds of Planes at equally low rates. Rules, Squares, &c. may 21. F. G. FRANCISCUS.

\$1.25 per bushel for Shoe Pegs.—Shoe Thread of all kinds. Tacks, Nails, Morocco, Kipp, Upper, Binding and Lining Skins; Shoe tools, &c., always low for Cash.

F. G. FRANCISCUS.

31 CENTS for Brass Plated Stirrups; 18\(\frac{3}{2}\) cents for Brass Plated Bitts; 37\(\frac{1}{2}\) cents per dozen for Brass Ornaments—25 per cent.

cheaper than last summer.

26 dozen Wood and Iron Hames, at different prices.

F. G. FRANSCISCUS. RON .- Hammered and Rolled Bar Iron of A all kinds supplied to any amount; always on hand a large and varied stock. The trade supplied at Philadelphia prices, thereby saving

\$6.00 per ton freight.
may21 F. G. FRANCISCUS. ORDAGE-Rope from 14 to 1 inch. Twine,) all sizes.

6 dozen of the best Whitewash Brushes in the market. Augers and Auger Bitts, Files, Rasps, &c. may 21 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

O DOZEN Waldron and Darlington Grass Scythes at 62½ and 75 cents. 3 dozen Grain Scythes at 87½ and \$1.00.

8 dozen Scythe Sneaths at 37½ cents. 12 dozen Hay Rakes—at various prices.

Country blister Steel, 6½ cents.
ma21 F. G. FRANCISCUS. MINGLE aud Double-barrel'd Guns; 8 doz. Single and Double-barrel'd Pistols; Revolvers, four and six barrels; Pocket Cutlery, a beautiful assortment; Table and Tea Cutlery; Shovel

and Tongs, &c. F. G. FRANCISCUS. 12 DOZEN Hay Forks, (cast steel) at 25, 314, and 37½ cents, according to finish-generally sold at 50 and 62½ cents.

6 dozen four prong Forks at 50 and 621-usually sold at 75 and 871. I dozen Manure Drags.

may 21. F. G. FRANCISCUS.

Fire---Fire---Fire.

DARN Builders call and examine Blake's Patent Fire-Proof Paint, of all colors, which costs less than half as much as White Lead-is far more durable, and renders the building fire and weather proof by two or three applications Attraction.— John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation of slate on whatever part the paint has been applied. 50 barrels expected in a few Yes, sir. Attraction of graveltation pulls days. Specimens seen at my store, with recommendations and experiments. Warranted to ma21 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

Don't be Alarmed---Cash!

WOULD respectfully call the attention of purchasers of Hardware to my stock, bought ry low, in great varieties, and will be sold ly for cash, from 15 to 20 per cent cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. Hardware

Saddlery, Shoe Findings. Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Paints and Drugs, usually sold in the trade. Wholesale and retail by may21 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

JOHN CLARK & CO.

AVE 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.

MARTINS 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. Shull's Tailor-shop in this place.

JOHN LOCKE. Lewistown, January 16, 1852-tf

Fish, Salt, and Plaster,

FOR sale by JOHN STERRETT & CO., At the Lewistown Mills.

BRUSHES.

OUR stock, which is large and selected with reference to the wants of the community, comprises all kinds of Blacking, Scrubbing, Horse, Sweeping, Dusting, Hair, Clothes, Table, Infant, Wall, Paint, and Varnish Brushes, at reduced prices for cash. F. J. HOFFMAN may21