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Doctry.

From the New-York Tribune.
For Scott, Boys, Hurrah!
BY ONE OF THE BOYS.
The Old men all remember—
As 'twere but yesterday—
When Britain sought, on Freedom's soil,
Again to plant her sway.
The Old men all remember—
Who harled her back again—
'Twas Winfield Scott, at Chippewa.
'Twas Scott, at Landy's Lane!
So fling for Scott the banner,
And sing for Scott, hurrah!
With him the Locos we can rout,
And win for Chippewa.

The Young men all remember—
'Twas not five years ago—
Who led our hosts to victory,
And conquered Mexico!
The Young men all remember—
How Charubuse's field,
And Vera Cruz and Contreras,
Were made by Scott to yield!
So fling for Scott the banner out,
And sing for Scott, hurrah!
With him the Locos we can rout,
And win for Chippewa.

The Old men and the Young men—
With Scott to lead the fight—
From hill and dale, from shore and wave,
Will rally and unite.
The Old men and the Young men—
With Scott to lead them on—
Will make the hero of two Wars,
Their Chief at Washington!
So fling for Scott the banner out,
And sing for Scott, hurrah!
With him we can the Locos rout,
And win for Chippewa.

Miscellaneous.

Funeral Ceremonials at Washington in honor of the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky.
—Funeral Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Butler.

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1852.—The funeral ceremonials of HENRY CLAY took place to-day at noon. A universal gloom overhung the entire city. Many of the houses, including the public buildings, were festooned with the badges of mourning—bells were tolled, flags displayed at half mast, and minute guns fired.

The procession having entered the Senate Chamber and all being in the places assigned them, the Reverend C. M. BUTLER, Chaplain of the Senate, read the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, commencing at the 36th verse. He delivered the following sermon:

THE SERMON.

"How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod?—Jeremiah 48th chapter and 17th verse.

Before all hearts and minds in this august assemblage, the vivid image of one man stands—to some aged eye he may come forth from the dim past as he appeared in the neighboring city of his native State, a little and ardent youth, full of promise, of ambition, and of hope—to another he may appear as in a distant State in the Courts of Justice, erect, high-strung, bold, wearing fresh forensic laurels on his young open brow.

Some may see him in the earlier, and some in the later stages of his career on this auspicious theatre of his renown; and to the former he will start out in the back ground of the past as he appeared in the neighboring Chamber—tall, elate, impassioned—with flashing eye and sensitive gesture, and clarion voice—an already acknowledged Agamemnon King of Men; and to others he will again stand in this Chamber the strong staff of the bewildered and staggering State, and the beautiful rod, rich with the blossoms of genius and of patriotic love and hope—the life of youth still remaining to give animation, grace, and exhaustless vigor to the wisdom, the experience, and the gravity of age.

To others he may be present as he sat in the chamber of sickness, cheerful, majestic, gentle; his mind clear, his heart warm, his hope fixed on Heaven, peacefully preparing for his last great change. To the memory of the Minister of God he appears as the patient, humble and peaceful Christian, who received him with the affection of a father, and joined with him in solemn sacrament and prayer, and with the gentleness of a woman, and the humility of a child. 'Out of the strong came forth sweetness.'—'How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod?'

But not before this assembly only does the venerable image of the departed Statesman in this day distinctly stand. For more than a thousand miles, east, west, north and south, it is known and remembered that at this

place and hour a nation's representatives assemble to do honor to him whose fame is now a nation's heritage. A nation's mighty heart throbs against this Capital and beats through you. In many cities banners droop, bells toll, cannons boom, funeral draperies wave. In crowded streets, and on surrounding wharfs, upon steamboats, and upon cars, in fields, in workshops, in homes, in schools, millions of men, women and children, have their thoughts fixed upon this scene, and say mournfully to each other, this is the hour in which, at the Capital, the nation's representatives are burying Henry Clay.

Burying Henry Clay? Bury the records of your country's history—bury the hearts of living millions—bury the mountains, the rivers, the lakes, and the spreading lands from sea to sea, with which his name is inseparably associated, and even then you would not bury Henry Clay, for he is in other lands, and speaks in other tongues, and to other times than ours. A great mind, a great heart, a great orator, a great career have been assigned to history. She will record his rare gifts of deep insight, keen discrimination, clear statement, rapid combination, plain, direct and convincing logic. She will love to dwell in that large, generous, magnanimous, open, forgiving heart. She will linger with fond delight on the records or traditional stories of an eloquence that was so masterly and stirring, because it was but himself struggling to come forth on the living words—because though the words were brave and strong, and beautiful, and melodious, it was felt that behind them there was a soul braver, stronger, more beautiful and more melodious than language could express. She will point to a career of statesmanship, which to a remarkable degree stamped itself on the public policy of the country; and reached in beneficent, practical results, the fields, the farms, the commercial marts, and the quiet homes of all the land, where his name was with the departed father and is with the living children, and will be with successive generations an honored household word.

I feel as a man the grandeur of his career. But as an immortal, with this broken wreck of mortality before me, with this scene as the end of human glory, I feel that no career is truly great, but that of him, who, whether he be illustrious or obscure, lives to the future in the present, and linking himself to the spiritual world, draws from God the life, the rule, the motive, and the reward of all his labor. So would that great spirit which has departed say to us his solemn admonitions, when I say that statesmanship is then only glorious when it is christian; and that man is then only safe and true to his duty and his soul when the life which he loves in the flesh is the life of faith in the son of God.

Great indeed is the privilege, and most honorable and useful is the career of the Christian American Statesman. He perceives that civil liberty came from the freedom wherewith Christ made its earliest martyrs and defenders free. He recognizes it as one of the twelve manner of fruits on the tree of life, which, while its lower branches furnish the best nutriment of the earth, hangs on its topmost boughs which wave in Heaven—fruits that exhalate the immortals. Recognizing the State as God's institution, he will perceive that his own ministry is divine.—Living consciously under the eye and in the love and fear of God, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, sanctified by his spirit, loving his law, he will give himself, in private and in public, to the service of his Saviour. He will not admit that he may act on less lofty principle in public than in private life; and that he must be careful of his moral influence in the small sphere of home and neighborhood, but need take no heed of it when it sketches our continent, and crosses seas; he will know that his moral responsibilities cannot be divided and distributed among others. When he is told that adherence to the strictest moral and religious principle is incompatible with a successful and eminent career, he will denounce the assertion as a libel on the venerable Fathers of the republic—a libel on the honored living and the illustrious dead—a libel against the great and christian nation—a libel against God himself, who has declared and made godliness profitable for the life that is.

He will strive to make his laws transcripts of the character and institutions, and illustrations of the providence of God. He will scan, with admiration and awe the purposes of God in the future history of the world. In the throwing open their wide continent from sea to sea as the abode of freedom, intelligence, plenty, prosperity and peace, and feel that in giving his energies with a patriotic love to the welfare of his country, he is consecrating himself with a christian's zeal to the extension and establishment of the Redeemer's Kingdom. Compared with a career like this which is equally open to those whose public sphere is large or small, how paltry are the trade of patriotism, the tricks of statesmanship, the reward of successful baseness. This hour, this scene, the venerated dead, the country, the world, the present, the future, God, duty, Heaven, Hell, speak trumpet tongued to all in the service of their country to beware how they lay polluted or unhalloved hands upon the ark of her magnificent and awful cause.

Such is the character of that statesmanship which alone would have met the full approval of the venerated dead. For the religion which always had a place in the convictions of his mind had also with him, within a recent period, entered into his experience, and seated itself in his heart. Twenty years since, he wrote—

"I am a member of no religious sect, and I am not a professor of religion. I regret that I am not. I wish that I was, and trust I shall be. I have, and always have had a profound regard for christianity, the religion of my fathers, and for its rites, its usages and observances."

That feeling proved that the seed sown by pious parents was not dead though stifled.—A few years since, its dormant life was awakened. He was baptized in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and during his sojourn in this city was in full communion with Trinity parish.

It is since his withdrawal from the sittings of the Senate that I have been made particularly acquainted with his religious opinions,

and his aids were present, and after considerable confusion and much trouble, induced the crowd to approach the coffin and then to go in order.

The corpse was removed from the rotunda to the Railroad station, escorted by four military companies and a large procession of citizens. Here there were thousands of spectators of both sexes in waiting, and the interest manifested was intense. The coffin was placed in a special car, which was trimmed with mourning, and amid general gloom the train departed with the remains of the illustrious deceased.

Curious Epitaphs.

I have recently observed, (says a correspondent of the Boston Post,) in several newspapers, a collection of epitaphs copied from an English publication. As they excited some attention and amusement, I have been induced to send you the following, most of which are taken from an English Magazine published some twenty years since.

The first which I shall quote was taken from a small village grave yard in Dorsetshire.

"Beneath this slab lie the remains Of one in life called Sally Ganes; Her life was short, her body sad, She had three sons, and this is all."

The following was written on the death of a tailor named Button:

"Here lies a man, heaven rest his soul, Whose grave is but a button hole."

The person mentioned in the following, appears to have been a school teacher, and the author was evidently skilled in latin pronunciation:

"In this tomb lie the body of Robert Hill, Which, if not preceded, lies here still; A school master he was, twenty years in this place, And now he has gone, requiescat in pace!"

The following was taken from the same church yard as the first:

"Here lies the man Peter, and Mary his wife; United in death, though divided in life."

The following derives its chief oddity from the peculiarity of the rhyme, and the substitution of the word "perpendicular" for upright:

"Here lies the body of Deacon David Arntsen, Who in the ways of God worked perpendicular."

The lady mentioned in the next epitaph must have been a warm advocate of "woman's rights"—quite a Mrs. Caudle, in short—and the lines were probably indited by her husband, painfully sensible of these qualities:

"Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Betsey Rhett, Who was a whole team and a horse to let!"

What's-His-Name?

The Free Press, Gen. Cass' special organ, at Detroit, runs up the name of "Franklin L. Pierce as its candidate for the Presidency." But it will probably find out, ere long, that that is not the cognomen of the gentleman who so sadly put its favorite candidate's nose out of joint, the other day, at Baltimore.

Appropos. It is related to us, by one who was present at the time, that, on the evening of the nomination, a pretty warm and enthusiastic "one of the boys," in the 8th ward, was vaporing, (gassing, blowing, some call it,) in a bar-room, about the super excellence of the convention's selection, and offered any amount of bets that "Page would be elected!"

"Yes, he will," exclaimed the excited partisan. "He will, and no mistake! Page is the man! He's bound to be elected, and I'll bet fifty dollars on it!"

"Who's Page?" said a bystander. "That's just what you said when we nominated Polk!" "Who's Polk?" said you; and we showed you who Polk was, didn't we? Say? And we'll show you who Page is, too, by next November!" "See if we don't!"

"But who is this Page?" persisted the former enquirer.

"Who is he? Who is Page? You ain't such a plucky fool as to ask that in earnest, are ye? Why everybody knows that Page is the greatest man in Hampshire State, has held every office in the State, and licked the Mexicans all to pieces. Page! Just as if everybody didn't know Page?"

"Perhaps it's Page you're talking on, Bill," said one of the speaker's co-mates, gently; "Pierce, Frank Pierce, was the chap that got the nomination to-day!"

"Pierce-see?" drawled out the astonished orator. "Pierce? Well, I believe it was. Of course it was. Everybody knows Pierce!" —*Y. Y. Express.*

The Queen of Philadelphia.

The richest woman in Philadelphia, is Mrs. Rush, the wife of Dr. James Rush, of that city. Dr. Rush is a man of eminent talents and acquirements, but the enormous wealth of his wife overshadows him. We hear little of the husband's, but of the movements of his lady, who has an income of one hundred thousand dollars per annum in her own right, the world is not permitted to remain in ignorance. Her arrivals and departures are epochs in the history of the watering places she descends to visit. She dwells in a palace, the reception rooms of which will accommodate one thousand guests without being crowded. Mrs. Rush took possession of this magnificent mansion last month, and on the 15th ultimo, gave a fete to eight hundred of her particular friends. Her drawing rooms are said to be unsurpassed, even in Europe, in the richness of their furniture and decorations; and on the occasion referred to, six thousand wax tapers illuminated the scene. Extensive conservatories, with rare exotics, are attached to the main building, and no luxury which money can procure has been omitted in Mrs. Rush's almost regal establishment. She is said to be liberal, charitable, and amiable, although somewhat fond of making herself conspicuous in the world of fashion. It is not exactly the thing to hazard an opinion of a lady's age; but if it were, we should say that Mrs. Rush cannot be much on the sunny side of fifty, although she dresses down to thirty or five and thirty. Mrs. R. inherits nearly one-third of the property of her father, the late Jacob Ridgway, we believe. Her share, if we mistake not, amounted to between one and two millions of dollars.

Now wheat was brought to Baltimore week before last from North Carolina.

The Calf Case Decided.

The papers east have made the city of Burlington the originating point of this famous lawsuit. Mistake entirely. The case arose in West Point, Lee county, a thriving village on the route of the Dubuque and Keokuk railroad—and was commenced about a year ago by an action of replevin before a justice of the peace. The difficulty was to identify the calf claimed. The witnesses of one party, some twenty or thirty in number, swore that the calf was entirely black, and those of the other party, about equal in number, swore that it was partly white. The jury returned a verdict from which an appeal was taken to the District Court of Lee county.

The appeal was tried at the last term of that court, but the jury disagreed. The legal costs had then amounted to \$300. The case was continued to the present term, and tried again last week at Fort Madison. The jury this time decided in the case, finding for the plaintiff, or that the calf was "partly white." The cost has now reached \$500. Upon the final trial, four members of the bar were arrayed on the side of the defendant. Counsel fees and other expenses are of course to be added to the costs, in estimating the amount expended upon this litigation about a calf worth \$3.—*Iowa State Gazette.*

Law Decisions.

Among other decisions of the Supreme Court of general interest will be found the following:

By Judge Lewis.—The liens of miners, laborers, and mechanics, under the act of 2d April, 1849, for their wages, is not restricted to the property of the mines, but extends to any personal estate of the employers, which may be sold on execution.

By Judge Lewis.—Where there was no election by the debtor to retain real estate under the exemption law of 9th April, 1849, and consequently no proceedings for the purpose of ascertaining whether it could be devised without injury to the whole, it was error to award to the debtor any part of the proceeds of sale. There is no security that a debtor who permits articles to be sold by the Sheriff, which are necessary to the comfort of his family, and which the law allows him to retain, will apply the money to the purchase of other articles exempt from execution.

By Judge Lowrie.—Debts in present, but payable in futuro, are attachable.

By Judge Lowrie.—Bets on horse-racing are void, and the money may be recovered from the winner.

By Judge Lowrie.—No one has a right to build on the banks of the railroad of the State without permission of the Canal Commissioners.

By Chief Justice Black.—Previous to the act of 1848 a married woman could not dispose of her property by will, even if her husband gave her general authority to make a will. The husband's assent must be to the particular will in question. A will made previous to the act of 1848, will be governed by the previous law, even though the wife die subsequent to 1848.

The Hasty General.

Truly and emphatically may Gen. Scott be denominated the hasty general, for in all his movements, whether civil or military, political or otherwise, hastiness, in the most enlarged sense of the term, predominates.—*Harrisburg Union.*

Just so! He was 'hasty' in leading the charge at the battle of Queenstown Heights. 'Hasty' in entering, capturing and tearing down the British flag waving over Fort George. 'Hasty' in attacking and utterly routing a greatly superior force at Landy's Lane. 'Hasty' in taking Vera Cruz. 'Hasty' in routing the Mexicans at Cerro Gordo. 'Hasty' in following up the panic-stricken enemy by his succession of brilliant engagements at Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, and equally hasty in taking possession of and planting the star-spangled banner upon the battlements of the City of Mexico. Altogether Gen. Scott is a very 'hasty' sort of a fellow, and rather an ugly customer to deal with, whether at the head of the American army, or the great Whig party of the country. We advise the Locofocos to prepare their knapsacks in advance, for a voyage up salt river, as from present appearances their march to that inhospitable region next fall will be a little too 'hasty' to suit their slow-motived ideas.

'Old Hasty' never yet was beaten, and never will be by the miserable troop of Locofoco jackals, eager for plunder, now barking at his heels.—*Reading Journal.*

The Nominees.

The democratic papers are diligent in glorifying General Pierce for his unknown virtues, and striving to get up an enthusiasm. They shout at a furious rate, and affect a frantic delight at the overthrow of all their prominent men and the nomination of one hitherto unknown. This is very remarkable. For months and years, Cass, Buchanan, Douglas, Butler, Houston and Marcy, have been held up to the country, by the various members of the party, as the first and foremost statesmen of the age; and now that all of them have been unceremoniously set aside, the joy of the whole party knows no bounds. It certainly is a curious spectacle for the contemplation of reflecting men. "The king is dead—long live the king!" is the common exclamation on the demise of one and the accession of another monarch in monarchical governments. But that does not preclude becoming funeral honors for the defunct. In this case, however, all the common deencies are disregarded. The illustrious defunct are not only overlaughed and spit upon, but they are forced to walk in procession and throw up their caps in honor of their obscure and insignificant conqueror. The paths of democratic glory lead to defeat.

The strength of the ticket is of an entirely negative character, and that doubtless recommended its adoption. It was supposed that Gen. Pierce's career, having been very obscure, was thereby shielded from attack, and the adversary party would be compelled to occupy a defensive attitude through the campaign. It is true that Gen. Pierce has shed no dazzling blaze of glory upon his course;

but he has been a member of Congress, and in Congress the ayes and noes are recorded. These tell a tale, and to the horror of the Baltimore intriguers, disclose a positive weakness in the ticket in the ruling section of the Union. All General Pierce's votes are recorded against every measure which had for its object the development of the resources of the great West. That we predict will prove fatal to him and to his pretensions.—*Richmond Whig.*

Philadelphia Advertisements.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, Ninth street, below Locust street, Philadelphia. The Lectures of this Institution for the session of 1852—3, will commence on Monday, Oct. 11th, and be continued until the ensuing 1st of March. The faculty is constituted as follows—
WILLIAM DARRELL, M. D. Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine.
JOHN WILBANKS, M. D. Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
HENRY S. PATTERSON, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.
DAVID GILBERT, M. D. Professor of Principles and Practice of Surgery.
JOHN J. REESE, M. D. Professor of Medical Chemistry and Pharmacy.
J. M. ALLEN, M. D. Professor of Anatomy.
FRANCIS G. SMITH, M. D. Professor of Institutes of Medicine.
WM. H. GOBERGER, M. D. Demonstrator of Anatomy.

There is a Medical and Surgical Clinic in the College twice a week. Second Course Students are furnished with tickets to the Clinical Lectures of Pennsylvania Hospital, without charge.

The Anatomical Rooms will be opened early in September.

FEES.—Matriculation \$5. Ticket of each Chair \$15. Graduation \$30.
For further information, address,
D. GILBERT, M. D., Registrar,
No. 181 N. 9th Street,
Philadelphia, July 2, 1852—3t.

CAUTION! CAUTION!—All persons are hereby cautioned against a swindler, who represents himself as my agent; he is going about soliciting persons to buy *Lightning Rods*, which he represents as my Electric Point Rods. In some instances he has produced a certificate, purporting to be from me, authorizing him to act as my agent. He has not confined himself to this city, but has been operating on the unsuspecting farmers in the adjacent country. In one instance, a building (on which one of these rods had been placed, with assurance that it was one of my make,) was struck by lightning, and burnt to the ground. The point was brought to my factory, and on examination proved to be a piece of cast iron, polished. Complaints of this kind are coming in daily.

I now give notice, that I have no agent within 70 miles of Philadelphia, and all orders must be addressed to my Factory, Vine street, above 12th, Philadelphia, where they will receive prompt attention.

This is the only place where the genuine *Electric Magnet Lightning Rod* can be procured, in this city, wholesale or retail, and the electric influence wholly belongs to myself.
Beware of impostors and peddlers.
July 2—1m. THOMAS ARMITAGE.

ROWAND'S Tonic Mixture!
THAT GREAT, UNFAILING REMEDY FOR
Fever and Ague!!!
AND
INDIGESTION.
Guarded by the Written Signature of the Inventor,

JOHN R. ROWAND, M. D.
Is for sale by all the Druggists in Lewistown, Pennsylvania. ap9—3m.

Cheap Watches, Jewelry & Silver-Ware.
A GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
Twenty per cent. at least less than ever before sold in the United States!

GOLD LEVER WATCHES, full jewelled, 15 only \$30
karat case Usually sold for \$35.
GOLD LEVER WATCHES, 18 karat case, " 24
jewelled, " 31
SILVER LEVER WATCHES, full jewelled, " 10
University sold for \$18.
SILVER LEVER WATCHES, jewelled, " 10
SILVER TEA SPOONS, per half dozen, " 5
GOLD PENS, Silver Holders, " 1

Persons wishing a Watch or Watches, or Jewelry, can have them sent by mail, with perfect safety, to any part of the United States or West Indies, by first sending the amount of money. All articles warranted as represented above. Orders from the country respectfully solicited.
Please address [post paid.]

LEWIS LADOMUS,
106 Chestnut street, opposite the Franklin House, Phila.
—California Gold bought, or manufactured into Jewelry. Philadelphia, April 20, 1852—3m.

CLOCKS, & WATCHES, AND JEWELRY.
H. W. JUNKIN, at Schlosser's old stand in H. Market street, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has just received an unusually fine stock of Gold and Silver

WATCHES, JEWELRY,
Fancy Articles, superior Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver Holders, together with an excellent supply of Clocks and Time Pieces, all of which will be disposed of at less prices for cash than this community has been accustomed to buy. Clocks, Time Pieces, Watches and Jewelry of every description repaired with great care and warranted.

Persons visiting Lewistown are requested to call at the subscriber's establishment, and examine the various articles of Jewelry and Fancy Ware on exhibition in his cases, as he is satisfied that in these respects the most fastidious can be accommodated. Remember, the stand is next door to Dr. Vanvalzah's dwelling, north side of Market street.

Lewistown, April 23, 1852.