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

Moetry.

The New Song and the "Old Song." A new song should be sweetly sung,

To charm the heart and ear ; A new song should be sweetly sung, It toucheth no one near. But an old song, e'en though roughly sung, Less help may need from art;

The rude the strain, untaught the tongue. It thrills thro' every heart, It thrills, it thrills through every heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung, For memory gilds it not; It brings not back the strains it rung

Through childhood's sunny cot. But an old song, e'en though roughly sung, It tells of days of glee:
When children round their mothers clung.
Or climb'd their father's knee. Or climb'd, &c.

On tented fields 't is welcome still, 'T is sweet on stormy sea; In forest wild, on rocky hill, And o'er the prairie lea. But 't is dearer far, the good old song. When friends we love are nigh,

And well-known voices, clear and strong, Swell out the chorus high The good old song! the good old song!

The song of days of glee, When children round ther mother chang, Or climb'd their father's knee.
O, the good old song! the good old song!
The song of days of glee;

The new song may be better sung,

But oh, the old song for me.

LINES.

BY G. L. PARSONS. Let no clouds of sorrow darken Brows that always should be bright,

With determination's might. Seek to make thy brother happy Greet him with a joyous sm Watch him with a fond devotion, Free alike from sin and guile

Oft a noble heart has perished For the want of tender care : For a sympathetic feeling, That we should with others share. When a word of kindness spoken Would have cheered him on his way, And he would have nobly risen

From oppression's heavy sway. Let us strive to do our duty To our fellow-brethren here; Rather help them in their calling, Than to pass them with a sneer; For they all alike have feelings

That are tender, good and true, When they see 'tis our endeavor To esteem the good they do.

Miscellancous.

The Rival Painters. A TALE OF ROME.

'Farewell, my son; go trustingly for- give my daughter.' ward, carve thine own fortune by untiring effort, and it will be doubly enriched by that gained so much happiness for thee. and will succeed.' The world is bright and beautiful to a value upon its riches. Walk calmly in the wondering thoughts of the people; gay vying none, hating none, loving all, and a purer and more lasting joy will be thine than the praise and homage a flattering world can give thee. Fear nothing but true to thyself, and earnest in thy love to progress. God, and with a mother's blessing on thy

head, fare thee well.' And with nothing but a deep love for his beautiful art, and a heart filled with the gay city; the sunlight stole softly in pure and lovely feelings, Guido, a young through the richly stained windows, throw-Florentine painter, left his quiet home for ing strange, bright hues, on the old picthe great city of Rome, where all his hopes and desires were centered.

Nothing could stay or turn him aside, while his mother's words lingered in his ear. No harm could fall on a head made sacred by her blessing, and no evil enter a heart filled with such holy love.

And so, 'mid all the allurements of a labored steadily on till he won his way stood proudly forth; and many a light heart stop the most alarming cases of diarrhea. theirs, adding that 'if he could just see

among the first of the high-born young ar- beat, and fair cheek flushed, as his dark tists who crowded the studies of the great eye glanced over the galleries, bright as an masters, and as time went on, honor and wealth seemed waiting for him, but not Rome.

in person, and courtly in manner, sought her hand, and then only when he feared it was too late did he gain courage to plead his love so well and earnestly, that the old painter could not refuse to leave the choice to his daughter.

'Tell me truly, Madeline,' he said, 'which will bring the most happiness, the pomp and show of a countess, or an humble painter's home, subject to all the care and sorrow poverty brings? Wealth or love-few maidens would pause; and yet tis a hard choice-both so noble and mely, I wonder not at your indecision.

The image of the pale young painter came often to the girl's heart, all his silent acts of kindness, his humble, self-denving life, and most of all, his deep and earnest love for herself-and the gay, gallant Count, was forgotten. A flower from Guido was more highly prized than all the costly gifts her titled suitor laid at her feet; but she knew her father longed to see her the wife of some high born lord; his own life had been darkened by hours of pover- high window seemed to shut the world of ty and sorrow, and he fondly hoped to spare her that pain which he had borne unmurmuringly. So with a daughter's self-denying love, she answered-

· Father, as a painter's daughter, my life has been one of perfect happiness; why not as a wife? The Count loves the beautiful art only as a means of gaining honor, and even that love will soon pass away, and some trifling thing succeed it. Guido is poor, and his art is his all. I know the and all else was forgotten. deep, earnest love he bears for all that is great and good; beauty and purity he muring crowd sounded the voice of the old the St. Louis market, and no doubt he worships with a true painter's steadfastness, and while he humbly toils for bread, the noble genius which lies hidden now will awake, and, hallowed by such a purpose, will bring him honor and wealth.

'Senors,' said the old painter, when he blessing,'
Senors, said the old painter, when he blessing,'
And 'mid a burst of triumphant music, joined the rivals, who together sought to choice to me, and as a father, I would ask line upon his breast. The noblest pain- from selling theirs. Don't mind him,what you would give up to win her love?"

The bright blood mounted to the pale ing back, bringing a quiet joy, long un- and giving them a shake, to refreshen his dark eye, as he answered with a low up a better man for the holy lesson he had the speaker's chair, the fowls in the mean-

that I possess; all these were trifles, use- the son, whose unfailing love for her had who happened to be returning from the less and vain, if that one thing were not gained for him the honor and love he so Clerk's desk.

. And this is what?' asked the wonder-

ing painter. Your daughter's happiness is more to me than all the earth can offer. Let her bestow her love where she will, and God protect him who is so blest as to possess it. My deepest, truest joy will be the knowledge of her own. Cold and selfish were the hearts that did not find pure happiness in the joy of those they truly love. 'It is enough! hear my decision:-

Three weeks hence is the Carnival: he who before that time has painted a picture the most perfect in grace and beauty of form, design and coloring, to him will I

And as the two rivals turned away, his eye rested proudly on Guido, as he whisthe memory of those years of patient toil pered, with a smile, 'He is worthy of her,

The hours went by, and rumors of the young heart, but its light and loveliness strange trial between the rival painters pass away. Set not, therefore, too great were rife through the city. Many were the quiet path that leads to thy duty, en- jests went round, and happy visions of fame from the hand of the painters filled many a fair lady's heart.

The beautiful Madelihe sat alone, and strove to banish the thoughts that would sin and temptation; follow only the dic- come bringing a picture that she would not tates of thy innocent heart. Be faithful look upon; and so the time went on, the to thy friends, forgiving to thine enemies, days were spent, and the Carnival was in

> Gallery after gallery filled, and still the crowd poured on till the dim old halls were brilliant with the fair and noble of tures within, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowers twined round statue and pillar.

Two dark mysterious curtains hung side by side, and before them stood the rival ceedingly valuable during the hot months, and carried, and the members, almost franpainters-a strange contrast. The young when there is so much liability to affectic with mirth, rushed out to find our Count, his proud face glowing with joy, tions of the bowls. Parch half a pint of friend in high altercation with the doorhis garments glittering with embroidery, rice until it is brown; then boil it as rice keeper, about the meanness of selling his luxurious city, he passed unharmed, and and his plumed cap heavy with jewels, is usually done. Eat slowly and it will own chickens and letting nobody else sell

eastern garden with the loveliest flowers of

But they soon turned from him to his The kind old painter with whom he rival, and lingered there. His humble had spent so many happy years, had a dress and threadbare mantle were unheeded protect the character of the trembling prisfair young daughter whom he had loved for the noble face that looked so pale in long and silently, happy that he could be the dark shadows where he stood; but a near one so good and beautiful. He never ray of sunlight lay softly on the long dark thought of asking more till a fellow stu- locks that fell heavily round his face, and dent, possessed of wealth and rank, comely all unconscious of the eyes upon him, he a Madonna above.

As the twelve silvery chimes died away, the Count sprang forward and exultingly flung back the curtain. A long breathless pause, and then loud and long sounded the applauso, till the vaulted roof rung again.

It was Madeline, beautiful as love could make her. Beneath the picture, traced in golden letters, were courtly words of love and flattery, and before it the Count knelt gracefully, and with uncovered head.

Then the pale young painter lifted his ark curtain, and not a sound broke the deep stillness as with fascinated eyes they gazed. Tears were on many a cheek, for the simple word "Mother" traced below brought back to many a careless heart, the long forgotten hours of innocence and youth; it was strangely beautiful. The silvered hair lay softly round the gentle face, and the mild dark eyes seemed looking down on her son with all a mother's fondness, while the light that fell from the sin and shadows from them.

The silence was broken by a burst of ten as it died away 'twas again renewed; plumed caps waved, and flowers fell at his heedless of all, for his thoughts were far away; he saw only the gentle face before him, heard only her low, sweet voice, felt only her hand laid in blessing on his head,

Then clear and deep among the murpainter, saving-

· Guido of Florence hath won the prize; and more than this, he hath gained our love and honor, for one who holds in affective Look here,' says he, 'when you get tions prized above the young and lovely But I am young, father, and the world is the face that first smiled upon him, the new to me; judge as your own wise love heart that loved, I ask no greater wealth You will find him sitting at the other end counsels, and by that judgment will I for my child than the love of so noble a of the room, and is now engaged with a son. She is thine, Guido, with my fondest

learn their fate, 'my daughter leaves the the wreath fell upon his head, and Madeters crowded round him, fair ladies scat- but go right ahead.' 'More than life, liberty, wealth, or hon- tered flowers in his path, and even his rior,' replied the Count, wih a glance at his val, shrouding his own fair picture, hung found himself at the door of the Hall of humble rival, who possessed so little to a bright wreath over the other, and with Representatives. To open it and enter And you, Guido,' said the old man. fore it, while gentle memories came steal- from his shoulder the string of chickens, well by sight, but swallow me if I can reper in known to his ambitious heart; and he rose learned.

precious than life or liberty—that for women paid their homage to the humble presence, and their sense of bodily pain. which I would toil and suffer long years- artist, and the deep toned music rolled that for which I would most gladly give through the bright halls, high above all the about half down the aisle, when he was the little of honor, wealth or happiness calm, soft face, looked proudly down on seized by Major Jackson, the doorkeeper, richly deserved.

Deceiving Children.

On a certain occasion a physician was called to visit a rich boy about twelve years of age. As he entered the house, the mother took him aside and told him she could not get her boy to take any medicine unless she deceived him. · Well, then,' said the doctor, 'I shall

not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with. I will have nothing to do with deceiving a child lest I help him to become a man that will deceive his fellow men, and finally deceive himself, and be lost forever.' He went to the boy, and after examin-

ing his condition, said to him:

My little man you are very sick, and you must take some medicine. It will taste bad and make you feel bad for a while, and then, I expect, it will make you feel better.'

The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it at once, and without the least resistance. He said also he would take anything from his mother which the physician prescribed, but would not take anything else from her, for she had so often deceived him, and told him it was good when she had given him medicine, that he would not trust to anything she said. But he saw at once that the doctor was telling the truth; and when he took the bitter draught he knew just what to

Is not honesty with children, as well as others, and in all circumstances, the best policy? How can parents hope to gain anything in the long run by deceiving their children?

He Didn't Think.

So said a little boy as he stood by the side of a mouse-trap which had an unwilling tenant in it.

What a fool he was to go in there, said some one. The little boy wished to oner, and added: Well, I suppose he didn't think.'

No, 'he din't think,' and for the very reason he was not made to think. But what shall we say of that boy who is stood looking calmly on the sweet face of standing in the circus door, waiting for it to be opened, or that boy with his straggling hair, a pert twist to his cap, and a segar in his mouth, or the one who stands at the corners of the streets on the Sabbath or frequents the company of profane and filthy talkers and singers; what shall we say of such as those?

They will be caught in an evil net .-They will fall into a hidden trap, and can they say: We didn't think! Yes, perhaps they can. But if they tell the whole truth, they will add, because we wouldn't think. They have eyes but they see not. Give a mouse their wit and see if he will be caught in such a trap.

Selling Chickens to the Legislature.

While the Legislature of Missouri was in session, a few years ago, a green fellow from the country came to Jefferson to sell some chickens. He had about two dozen, all of which he had tied by the legs to a string, and this, being divided equally, and thrown across his horse or his shoulder, formed his mode of conveyance, leaving the fowls with their heads hanging down, applause that shook the old walls, and of- with little else of them visible than their naked legs, and a promiscuous pile of out-stretched wings and ruffled feathers .feet. Still with folded hands he stood After several ineffectual efforts to dispose of his load, a wag, to whom he made an offer of sale, told him that he did not want chickens himself, but that perhaps he could sell them at that large stone house over there (the Capitol.) that there was a man over there buying on speculation, for could find a ready sale.

over there, go up stairs then turn to the cannot take the tray.' left. The man stops in that large room. number of fellows buying chickens. If a man at the door should stop you, don't mind him. He has got chickens himself

Following the directions, our friend soon time, loudly expressing from the half-form-· I would give up that which is more And while noble painters and beautiful ed crow to the harsh quaark, their bodily

· I say, sir,' Here he had advanced

What the devil are you doing here with these chickens; get out, sir, get out,' whispered the dorekeeper.

'No you don't, though, you can't come that game over me, you've got chickens yourself for sale, get out yourself and let you? Guess not! me sell mine. I say, sir, (in a louder tone to the Speaker) are you buying chickens here to-day? I've got some prime ones here.' And he held up his string and shook his fowls until their music made the walls

· Let me go, sir,' (he said to the doorkeeper,) let me go, I say. Fine large chickens (he said to the Speaker,) only six bits a dozen.'

Where's the Sergeant-at-arms,' roared the Speaker, 'take that man out.'

' Now don't, will you, I ain't hard to trade with. You let me go (he said to doorkeeper,) you've sold your chickens, now let me have a chance. I say, sir, (he said to the Speaker in a louder tone) are you buying chickens to'-

'Go ahead,' 'at him again,' 'that's right,' whispered some of the opposition members, who could command gravity enough to speak, 'at him again.' 'He'll buy them. He only wants you to take less-at him again.'

'I say, sir, (he said in a louder tone to the Speaker)-cuss your pictures let me go-fair play-two at one ain't fair, (he said to the Doorkeeper and Seargant-at-arms.) let me go: I say, sir, you up there (to the Speaker,) you can have 'em for six bits! won't take a cent less. Take 'em home and eat 'em myself before I'll take-Drat your hides, don't shove so hard, will you? you'll hurt them chickens, and they have had a travel of it to-day, anyhow .-I say, you, sir, up there'-

Here the voice was lost by the closing The following recipe will be found ex- of the door. An adjournment was moved,

that man up there by himself he'd be bound they could make a trade, and that no man could afford to raise chickens for less than six bits.3 The members bought his fowls by a

pony purse, and our friend left the Capitol, saying, as he went down the stairs,-. Well this is the darndest roughest place for selling chickens that ever I came across, sure.' - Spirit of the Times.

A gentleman in Lowell, Mas., lately sprinkled some cowage over the petals of Poeny which stood near his garden fence, as a trap for persons who had often taken the liberty of helping themselves to flowers as they were passing. The bait took; a gentleman and lady were shortly after noticed most vigorously rubbing their noses, and doubtless wondering 'how they came so.'-On the principle that the hair of some dog will cure the bite, it may be supposed that the itch caused by the cowage effectually cured the itch for stealing.

A GOOD COLD WATER ARRANGEMENT. -The Maine Legislature passed a law at the late session, providing that any person who will construct, maintain, and keep in good repair a watering trough beside the highway, and well supplied with water, the surface of which shall be at least two feet and a half above the ground, and made easily accessible for horses and carriages, shall be allowed three dollars out of his highway tax for each year he shall furnish the same.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A SNAKE .- A colored man, belonging to Col. David Gibson, near Romney, Va., was bitten by a copper snake last week, and in the course of half an hour drank about a quart of whiskey, and was relieved from the effect resulting from the bite.

A butcher boy, going up street from market, the other day, carrying a large tray on his shoulder, accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed The delighted country man started, when her dress. 'The deuce take that tray !' cried the lady in a towering passion. ' Madam,' replied the youngster, 'the deuce

A man at the north recently collected a large audience to see him crawl into a bottle. After settling his cash, he apologized to the audience for disappointing them, but said it was impossible to perfor sale, and tries to prevent other people form the feat, as he could not find a bottle

stupid boy, pointed to the letter A, and asked him if he knew it. 'Yes Sir. tears on his proud face, stood humbly be- was the work of a moment. Taking Well, what is it?" . I know her very member her name.

A village pedagogue, in despair with a

A person once sent a note to a waggish friend for the loan of his noose-paper, and received in return his friend's marriage certificate.

'Upon your oath, sir,' said a lawyer flereely, 'will you swear this is not your handwriting?' · I will,' said the witness cooly, 'for I can't write.

Watermellons grow so large in California that they dig them out and use them for rowboats. We don't believe it, do

When travelling in the cars, always take a seat in the rear of a fat gentleman. In case a collision he breaks the hurt

'My tale is ended,' as the tadpole said when he turned into a bullfrog.

National House & Stage Office. THE undersigned having leased this popular and well known public house, has made arrangements for the accommodation of all his friends who may feel disposed to enterprise the property of the property o courage the enterprise. Every attention will be given to secure the comfort of his guests. There is an extensive stabling attached to the establishment, and none but careful and attentive hostlers will be kept. He hopes the advantage he offers will secure him a share of the traveling custom commensurate with the extent of his provision for the public accom-

modation The BELLEFONTE and NORTHUMBER-LAND STAGES leave this House, the former daily, and the latter three times a week.

C. C. HEMPHILL.

Lewistown, May 14, 1852-tf.

Lewistown, July 2, 1852.

WESTERN HOTEL. The undersigned has removed from the Tavern Stand known as the Black Bear, lately occupied by him, to the Western Hotel, formerly kept by Fred'k Schwartz, and lately by Thomas Mayes, where he invites his old friends and others to give him a call. Every attention will be given to secure the comfort of his guests. Charges moderate comfort of his guests. Charges moderate.
ADAM HAMAKER.

BOOTS, PAL STORS,

HE 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

Scott and Our Flag.

AIR—"OUR FLAG IS THERE."
Brave Scott has borne that flag aloft,

On many a field, on many a shore; And fought for Freedom well and oft, Amid the battle's deafening roar. Chorus—Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there,

We hail it with three loud huzzas Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there! Behold its glorious stripes and stars.

On Chip'wa's plain he dared to meet
Proud Britain's arms with dauntless eye;
The Lion cower'd beneath his feet, The Eagle shricked and soared on high. Our Flag, &c.

At Lundy's Lane, with gallant few, He welcomed hosts to bloody graves; The thunder hush'd, the smoke withdrew; And there! our glorious banner waves. Our Flag, &c.

Niagara shall lift her voice, And tell the triumphs of that day, And Freedom shall with Fame rejoice, To see Our Flag its folds display. Our Flag, &c.

San Juan's castle strongly stood Our fleet and Army's power to dare; He shook her strength on field and flood, And placed Our Flag in triumph there. Our Flag, &c.

When death shots flew in tempest hurl'd, He stormed the hills, put hosts to flight, And on the breeze Our Flag unfuri'd. Our Flag, &c. Upon Chapultepec's proud walls
He struck the last decisive blow;

On Cerro Gordo's lofty height,

And from the Montezumas' Halls Dictated peace to Mexico. Our Flag, &c. To Washington he'll lead the van, In bloodless triumph nobly won;

A hero, statesman, and a man. To crown in age what youth began. That Flag shall o'er the Union wave. Nor from its folds one badge be torn ; An ensign of the Free and Brave,
Its stripes shall glow, its stars shall burns,

GEO. W. ELDER,

Our Flag, &c.

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.

SUMMER HATS.

THE NOMINATIONS being made, the next thing to be had is a nice SUMMER HAT, for we may now reasonably suppose that Summer is at hand. The undersigned has just received and opened a new supply, to which public attention is invited. A very fine assortment of CHILDREN and YOUTH'S HATS, very low, to suit every fancy, and please every taste.
Call and see, N. J. RUDISILL.
Lewistown, June 11, 1852.

WULTE SWAN HOTEL.

The subscriber respections in the hash his friends and the public that he has handsomely fitted up the house on Valley and Dorcas handsomely fitted up the house on the corner of Valley and Dorcas sts., opposite M'Dowell's old stand, prepared to accommodate

ERS, in a style equal to any in Lewistown.

New and extensive stabling has been erected, and a careful and attentive ostler secured. His bar is supplied with a variety of choice liquors, and his table will bear evidence for itself that neither pains nor expense will be spared to meet a share of public patronage.

ALEXANDER EISENBISE.

Lewistown, June 18, 1852.

WAGONERS, TRAVELLERS, AND BOARD.

Lewistown Academy.

THE Male and Female Departments of this INSTITUTION, under the management of the subscriber, will open on MONDAY, April 5th. The subscriber flatters himself from an experience of ten years in teaching, and the information he has acquired during the past year in some of the Normal Schools of Europe, that he will be able to establish a High School, worthy the patronage of the public. In addition to the present teachers in the Female Department, an experienced teacher will assist the principal in the Male Department. TERMS OF THE MALE DEPARTMENT :

For tuition in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography and English Grammar, per quarter, of eleven weeks,
Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Bookkeeping, History, Algebra, Rhetoric

and Geometry, per quarter,

For tuition in the Latin, Greek, French,

Spanish and Italian languages, Drawing,
and the higher branches of Mathematics, 6 00

Weekly exercises in Declamation and English Composition, will be required of all the pupils, and special attention will be given to the prima-

R. C. ROSS, A. M., Lewistown, March 12, 1852. Principal.

LEWISTOWN MILLS.

THE subscribers have taken the Lewistown Mills and formed a co-partnership under the firm of JOHN STERRETT & CO., for carrying on a general MILLING BUSINESS, wish to buy a large quantity of all kinds of GRAIN, for which we 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

W. THOMPSON. AND. McFARLANE, HUGH CONLEY, S. S. WOODS,

May 2, 1851.-tf.