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Poetry.

The Watcher.

The night was dark and fearful, The blast swept wafting by; A watcher, pale and tearful,

Within that dwelling lonely, Where want and darkness reign,

A hundred lights are glancing In yonder mansion fair,

The morning sun is shining; She heeds not its ray;

Miscellaneous.

San Antonio, Texas.

San Antonio is a city with a mayor, common council, and all officers necessary for our peace and prosperity.

This valley was settled by the Spaniards in 1692, the same year that Philadelphia, Pa., was founded.

that once knew nought but the wild aborigines. When the Jesuit first planted his foot here, the American nation had no existence.

There is no place in the United States that has passed through as many adventures as has the city of San Antonio, and for as long a time as it has been a place of war and bloodshed.

San Antonio is certainly a great place. It is the New Orleans of Texas. The central point of Western trade.

The citizens are pulling down the old Mexican prison house and jails, and in their places putting up large and tasty houses for permanent homes and convenient stores.

The Wonder Working Hand of Hungary. On the 4th of July, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, inspected the wonder-working hand of St. Stephens, which is in the chapel of the castle of Buda.

romantic story of something having been committed to his safe keeping by a beautiful youth 'dressed all in white'; further, that on examining what it was, he found it to be the hand of the saint, ring and all being in perfect order, that is, well preserved.

The Surrender of Cornwallis, BY LIEUT. CHUB.

Many years ago it was a custom in the State of Maine, in most of the towns to celebrate the memorable event of the surrender of Cornwallis, by going through a mock performance representing that important fact in our country's history.

Now, as Messrs. Jones and Wood are the principal heroes of this sketch, a short description of their characters may not be out of place.

The morning of the great day dawned beautifully. The Deacon, dressed as Gen. Washington, and mounted on his 'iron gray,' retired with his men, dressed as 'Continentalists' true, at an early hour, to a grove near the village, where the ceremony was to take place.

Cornwallis (pro tem.) was also up and dressed before day light, and stationed himself, with his men dressed as Britishers, behind the 'Hills.'

The programme of the day's performance was as follows: The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shots, skirmish a little—in which Cornwallis was to be most essentially whipped, and then ingloriously surrender.

At early dawn thousands poured into the little village, to see the fun and celebrate the great day. Punch, rum-flip and gingerbread were in great demand.

During the recent elections in Great Britain one of the candidates for Edinburgh called upon a tradesman to solicit his vote.

A celebrated barrister one day examining a witness, who foiled all his attempts at ridicule by her ready and shrewd answer, at last exclaimed, 'There is brass enough in your head, madam, to make a five pail kettle.'

The man who was appointed a committee to inquire into his own conduct has reported, in part, and asked for power to send for persons and papers.

'Yes, General,' said Cornwallis, 'the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the American Eagle!'

'Oh! Come, go for Scott! At—' 'Oh, Come, Come Away.'

Johnson used to say, that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—Some years ago, a servant girl, who had robbed her mistress, a milliner in London, was transported to Sydney for a term of years.

WHAT IS A POP.—The pop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth stick, and the rest gloves and hair.

'Ma, I want some liquid generosity on my bread and butter.'

'Gosh, mam! don't you know? Why, its molasses, to be sure!'

'Oh mother, mother, come quick—Angelina Arrabella has Gen. Pierced!'

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A Plate of Scott Soup.

Oh! Come, go for Scott! At—' 'Oh, Come, Come Away.'

Oh! who would go for Pierce? The Locofoco nominee? The timber surely must be scarce,

A Brave Soldier's indignation Aroused. The Carlisle Herald contains a communication from General Edward Armistead, of that place, a brave and gallant soldier himself, who served under General Scott in the last war with Great Britain.

Mr. Editor:—I find that the Pennsylvania and Volunteer are hard put for slang against an old and gallant soldier, General Winfield Scott, an ornament to the American army.

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Prince Regent's and the King's Own, led on and encouraged by the heroic example of Gen. Biall, who, the British say, was 'an army himself.'

And after all this we find Gen. Scott charged with cowardice, in a paper styled the Pennsylvaniaian, and accused of withholding two months' pay from his company so far back as 1809, when Gen. Scott was a mere boy, and when, I might safely say, scarcely an editor now in the State of Pennsylvania was in his mother's womb.

Speech of Hon. A. Stewart. At a large and enthusiastic Whig ratification meeting held at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on the 25th ultimo, the Hon. Andrew Stewart having been called upon to address the assemblage, made a few remarks, which we find reported in the Democrat, in the course of which referring to the Whig and Democratic candidates for the Presidency, he said:

'He knew both candidates well. In his opinion the Whigs had the strongest candidate and the Democrats the weakest they ever had. Mr. Pierce was an excellent and amiable little man—too amiable for the great office to which he had aspired; he had not the nerve, he feared, to sustain its high responsibilities—the firmness to say 'No, sir,' to the courteous and wily office seekers who would surround him.

'The Whigs had many glorious candidates, but Scott was the 'noblest Roman of them all.' He was the Hero of more wars and of more battles than any of them; he had done what no other candidate for the Presidency, Whig or Democrat, had ever done, not excepting the immortal Washington himself—he had sealed his victories with his blood. [Long and loud cheers.]

'No true soldier would desert his General; if any do, let them go, you are better without them. [A voice: 'That's true!']

Scott's Foreign Policy. It is an honorable fact that our best Generals—such as Washington, Jackson, Harrison and Taylor—most dreaded, and took most pains to avoid, as far as possible, all bloodshed.

'PEACE AND WAR.—If war be the natural state of Savage tribes, peace is the first want of every civilized community. War no doubt is, under any circumstances, a great calamity; yet submission to a more cruel often be a greater calamity. Of the two parties to any war, one, at least, must be in the wrong—not unrequently both. An error in such an issue is, on the part of chief magistrates, ministers of State, and legislators having a voice in the question, a crime of the greatest magnitude.

ONE OF SCOTT'S OLD SOLDIERS.—A gentleman who belonged to General (then Captain) Scott's Company in 1808, was in our office yesterday. He went with Scott to Louisiana, and denies most peremptorily that any of his pay was kept back. He is a good democrat, but says he will vote for Gen. Scott, 'as surely as he lives to see the election day.'