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Doctry.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swance river,
Far, far away,
Dere's whar my heart is turnin ebber,
Dere's whar the old folks stay;
All up and down the whole creation,
Saddy I roam,
Still longin' for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.
Chorus.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery wher I roam;
Oh! darkeys how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All around de little farm I wandered,
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung,
When I was playin' wid my brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dare let me live and die.
Chorus.—All de world, &c.

One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter wher I rove;
When will I see the bees a hummin',
All around the comb?
When will I hear the lario tummin',
Down in my good old home?
Chorus.—All de world, &c.

The Angler's fly
Comes dancing by,
But never a moument it cheats my eye;
For the hermit trout,
Is not such a lout,
As to be by a wading pool pulled out.

King of the brook,
No fisher's hook
Fills me with dread of the sweetest cook;
But here I lie,
And laugh at they try!
Shall I bite at their bait? No, no, not I.

But when the streams
With moonlight beams
Sparkle, all silver and starlight gleams,
Then, then, look out
For the hermit trout;
For he springs and dimples the shallows about,
While the tired angler lazily dreams.

Miscellaneous.

THE TORY VISIT.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.
During the southern campaign, a woman of masculine energy of character lived on the bank of Broad River, in Georgia. The name of this heroine was Nancy Hart, and she was celebrated in that portion of the country for her hostility to the Tories, and firm adhesion to the Whig cause. She took no pains to conceal her sentiments, and did not fear to confess them openly. She improved every opportunity to serve her countrymen, regardless of consequence to herself.

One day she perceived a horseman approaching her cabin at full speed, and the thought instantly occurred that he was pursued by Tories. The fugitive urged his panting steed madly onward. No pursuers were yet in sight, but loud shouts and exortions were heard in the rear. Mrs. Hart's cabin was constructed with a front and back door, one being directly opposite the other; these doors she instantly threw open, leaving a free passage through into a large swamp behind it.

Having done this, she ran quickly and let down the bars in front of the cabin, and waved her hand for the horseman to come on.

He obeyed the signal, and entered Mrs. Hart to save him; but there was no necessity he should do that, for she was always ready to assist her countrymen in distress.

'Ride through the cabin,' she cried, 'and into the swamp, and leave the rest to me.'

The man followed her directions without loss of time, and was soon in the depths of the swamp. Mrs. Hart quickly replaced the bars and closed the doors. The arrangement was scarcely completed, when the pursuers came up. They stopped at the fence and shouted for her heroine to appear. After a little time she did so, with her head and face wrapped up in shawls.

'What do you want?' she cried.—
'Why do you distress a poor sick woman?'
'We are in pursuit of a notorious rebel,' they answered; 'and wanted to ask if you had seen him pass this way.'

'What kind of a horse was he on?' asked Mrs. Hart, resolved to detain them as long as possible.

'A sorrel horse,' replied the Tories.
'With a short mane and tail!' she continued.

'Yes,' was the reply.
'And the man wore—'
'Never mind what he wore!' interrupted the leader, impatiently.

'If I do not know what he wore, how can I tell whether I have seen him?' rejoined Mrs. Hart.

'Hang it, have you seen anybody?' reiterated the Tory, angrily.

'I saw a man on a sorrel horse, turn off into the woods about two hundred yards back.'

The Tories wheeled their horses and galloped away, completely deceived.

A few days after this event, a party of royalists from the British camp in the interior, called at her cabin, having heard something of the deception which she had practiced to save the life of a fellow being. They were five in number, and fresh from scenes of plunder and bloodshed.

They entered without the observance of ceremony, and the leader began to question Mrs. Hart about the escape of the whig.

'I heard, on the way, that you lately assisted a rascally whig to escape from a party of our men,' he said.

'That's true enough,' she replied, nothing daunted. 'I opened my cabin doors, let down the bars, and he rode through the swamp. When the pursuers came up I pulled the wool over their eyes finely, and they galloped off in another direction.'

'And you dare to boast of it?' exclaimed the leader.

'I dare say what I please in my own house,' returned Nancy.
'Get us something to eat!' he added.

'I have got nothing in the cabin,' rejoined Nancy. 'Your friends have stolen all my pigs and poultry.'

'There is a turkey,' said the Tory, pointing to the yard.
The Tory shot it down, and Mrs. Hart was ordered to prepare and cook it. She unwillingly complied, and while thus employed laid a plan for the destruction of her visitors.

At a short distance from the cabin was a spring from which she obtained water for culinary purposes. Near it was concealed a horn, which was employed by Mrs. Hart to warn her husband and neighbors of the proximity of enemies. By giving it certain sounds agreed upon, Mr. Hart was to know what was passing at home; whether his presence, and that of the neighbors, was required; or whether he should betake himself to the swamp or keep within a certain distance, prepared to make his appearance when wanted.

While Mrs. Hart was preparing the fowl, she sent her little girl (a child of ten years) to the spring for water, with directions to blow the horn in a certain manner; for she had previously instructed her in the art of making signals. The signal to be on hand with some of the neighbors, was made, and the girl returned with the water.

'What's that horn blowing for?' asked one of the Tories.
'To warn my husband to keep out of the way,' replied Nancy boldly.

'We should like to get hold of him,' rejoined the leader, with an oath. 'We'd make him dance in the air.'

The fowl was cooked in due time and placed before the Tories. One of them complained that it was 'tough,' to which Nancy remarked 'that it was plenty good enough for Tories.'

'Give us some water to wash it down with, old woman,' added another.
'Janc,' cried Mrs. Hart to the little girl, who stood at the door, as she had been instructed to do, 'go and get some water, and be quick about it.'

Jane caught the pail and ran to the spring as fast as her nimble feet could carry her. Presently Mrs. Hart heard the signal for her husband to come to her assistance as quickly as possible.

'There's that horn again,' cried the leader. 'What are you at now, old woman?'

'Telling my husband that my guests are not gone yet.'

'I forbid you to do it again,' added the Tory, emphatically. The Tories had placed their muskets in a row against the wall. By slipping a piece of wood from between the logs, Mrs. Hart contrived to make an aperture large enough to pass out two to the little girl, but while in the

act of handing her a third, she was detected.
The Tories sprang to their feet, but the heroic woman presenting the musket, threatened to shoot the first who stirred. While standing irresolute, Mr. Hart and the neighbors rushed in and secured them all. On account of the many acts of cruelty which they had committed at various times, no mercy was extended to them; they were executed on the spot.

'This incident is well authenticated, and may be relied upon as being literally true.'

Evil Company.

The following beautiful allegory was translated from the German:
Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

'Dear father,' said the gentle Eudalia to him one day, when he forbade her to company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it.'

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. 'It will not burn you, my child; take it.'

Eudalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it happened, her white dress also.

'We cannot be too careful in handling coals,' said Eudalia, in vexation.

'Yes, truly,' said her father, 'you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious.'

"That is a Boy that I can Trust."

I once visited a large public school. At recess, a little fellow came up and spoke to the master; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said 'That is a boy that I can trust. He never failed me.' I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that little boy earned. He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community.

I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by older people; every boy in the neighborhood is known and opinions are formed of him; he has a character either favorable or unfavorable. A boy whom the master can say, 'I can trust him; he never failed me,' will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are prized everywhere. He who will be faithful in little, will be faithful also in much.

Be sure, boys, that you can earn a good reputation at school. Remember, you are just where God has placed you, and your teachers are not so much given you by your fathers or your parents, as by God himself. You must render an account to them, and you will also be called to render an account to Him. Be trusty—be true.—*Child's Paper.*

Hot Summers.

The excessive heat that prevails at present gives some interest to the following account of remarkably hot summers: 'In 1132 the earth opened, and the rivers and springs disappeared in Alsace. The Rhine was dried up. In 1152 the heat was so great that eggs were cooked in the sand. In 1160, at the battle of Bela, a great number of soldiers died from the heat. In 1276 and 1277, in France, an absolute failure of the crops of grass and oats occurred. In 1303 and 1304, the Seine, the Loire, the Rhine, and the Danube, were passed over dry-footed. In 1333 and 1394, great numbers of animals fell dead, and the crops were scorched up. In 1440 the heat was excessive. In 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, the rivers were almost entirely dried up. In 1556 there was a great drouth over all Europe. In 1615 and 1616, the heat was overwhelming in France, Italy, and the Netherlands. In 1646 there were 58 consecutive days of excessive heat. In 1678 excessive heat. The same was the case in the first three years of the eighteenth century. In 1718 it did not rain once from the month of April to the month of October. The crops were burnt up, the rivers were dried up, and the theatres were closed by decree of the Lieutenant of Police. The Thermometer marked 36 degrees of Reaumur (113 of Fahrenheit.) In gardens which were watered, fruit trees flowered twice. In 1723 and 1724, the heat was extreme. In 1746, summer very hot and very dry, which actually caldined the crops. During several months no rain fell. In 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778, and 1788, the heat was excessive. In 1811, the year of the celebrated comet, the summer was very warm and the wine delicious, even at Suscenes. In 1818 the theatres remained closed for nearly a month, owing to the heat. The maximum heat was 35 degrees (100 75 Fahrenheit.) In 1830, while fighting was going on on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, the thermometer

marked 35 degrees of centigrade (97 57 Fahrenheit.) In 1832, in the insurrection of 5th and 6th of June, the thermometer marked 35 degrees centigrade. In 1835 the Seine was almost dried up. In 1850, in the month of June, on the second appearance of the cholera, the thermometer marked 35 degrees centigrade. The highest temperature which man can support for a certain time, varies from 40 to 55 degrees (104 to 113 of Fahrenheit.) Frequent accidents, however, occur at a less elevated temperature.—*Galvani's Messenger.*

Singular Recognition.

ANECOTE OF GEN. SCOTT.—One of our fellow-citizens, an industrious and well known mechanic, whose veracity is unquestionable, related to us yesterday the following interesting anecdote of Scott, which took place at Cleveland, a part of the time he was sent on the important duty of arranging the Canada difficulty, by President Van Buren. The morning after his arrival at Cleveland, he was walking up a street, when glancing his eye in a painting and glazing shop, well recollecting by the citizens of Cleveland, he saw the proprietor, Mr. Schenck. The General wheeled and marched in:
'Good morning, Mr. Schenck,' said he, as he took the painter's hand, 'do you recollect me?'

'General Scott, I believe,' replied Mr. Schenck, 'but how could you recollect me?'

'From having once before seen you under no ordinary circumstances.—The last time I saw you was in the hottest part of the battle of Lundy's Lane. Of three drums, two had been destroyed by the fire of the enemy. But one drum was left, and for that the three drummer boys were fighting, when a cannon ball killed two of them. The third one was yourself!'

'True, true, every word of it,' replied the man, with emotion.

'But my brave fellow,' said the General, 'how did you lose your leg?'

'Observing the man's deficiency of one limb, I lost it at the battle of Lundy's Lane, while carrying that drum!'—*Evansville (La.) Journal.*

AN IRISH HEDGE SCHOOL.—Tony Mackay come here, sir, and show yer larmia' to this gentleman.

'Yes, sir.'

'Spell windy, Tony, the windy of a house you know.'

'W-in win d-y, windy.'

'Hem! very good, Tony. Now give us the definition of windy.'

'The what, sir?'

'The definition; which manes, you know, a preposterous explanation.'

'A windy is—is—a windy is—is—a windy is—is—'

'Here, I'll give it to you, Tony, and take care and don't you disremember it. Now mind, Tony; a windy—hem! a windy is a quadrilateral orifice, which horizontally perforates an edifice for the admission of luminous particles! hem!—You may go, Tony.'

WON'T DO TO BET ON.—See here, stranger,' said an old man to a Whig speaker the other day, in an adjoining county, just after he had concluded a Whig speech, 'is it true that Gen. Pierce fainted in one of the battles of Mexico?'

'General Pierce himself, in his official report, says he did,' replied the Whig.

'Well, darn him, he ain't the man for me. I fought under Gen. Jackson, and you may bet your life he never fainted; I was for Old Hickory and have always been a Democrat, but I can't go for Pierce.'

'But, my dear sir, it may not have been for want of bravery—'

'Tut, tut; I don't want to hear anything more about it. Sure's you're born, the man that faints in battle won't do to bet on.'

ANECOTE.—As Deacon A., on an extremely cold morning in January, was riding by the house of his neighbor B., the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutation was exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horse-man made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—
'Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica, this morning?'

'Thank you, kindly,' said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with the deliberation becoming a deacon, 'don't care if I do.' 'Ah! don't trouble yourself to get off Deacon,' said the wag, 'I merely asked for information—we havn't a drop in the house.'

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.—The editor of the Tombigbee Bowie-Knife says, if the Clarion of Freedom calls his sister a "grocery" again, he will sever his jugular with a hand-saw. The Clarion should pause.

The following question is now exercising the Debating Society of Piscirincum Institute: 'If a dollar is equal to one hundred cents, how many "cents" is a dead horse equal to?' We shall issue the decision in a "yaller" extra.

'Vat yoh call dem tings vit long bills zat fly and make a noise, b-z-z-z?' said a Frenchman to us yesterday. 'Woodcock,' we replied. 'Eh bien! I kil-lit zis morning before mine breakfast, twenty-five woodcock.' 'The d—I you did! Where did you find them?'

'In mine chamber a coucher.' 'Twenty-five woodcock in your bed-chamber? You must mean moschetos.' 'Eh bien, zen, I kil-lit alars twenty-five moschetos.'

Whiskerettes is the name of the little john cow catchers that the ladies wear on their cheeks in the place—
'Where the whiskers ought to grow.'

'They are formed by drawing down a little tuft of hair from the temple, and curling it up in the shape of a ram's horn, or a little pig's tail with an extra kink in it.

TAKING THE ADVANTAGE.—What a capital fellow you'd make to pick apples, said a wag to a man whose proboscis was shaped something like a parrot's bill.
'Why so?' said the other.

'Because you could hook your nose on a limb, and pick with both hands!'

'Confound your long legs, Scott,' said a brother officer to him, when he found him pulling down the British flag in his first victory in Canada, and running up the stars and stripes.—Confound your long legs, I had expected to get here before you.' So Gen. Pierce will say next November, after the Presidential race is over.

A lady being asked what business her husband followed, said he was engaged in 'finishing.' Further explanation was necessary, and after a brief hesitation, she continued, 'finishing his time in the State Prison.'

Agricultural, &c.

Sulphur for Grapes.

Robert Sinclair, Jr., Esq., writes us to say, that:

'The flour of sulphur, dredged on grape vines, will effectually prevent mildew, and other diseases, that the grape is liable to. The dredging should be done when the dew is on, or after a light shower of rain. I tested the above fully, and have annually healthy vines, and good crops of grapes. The sulphur is also an excellent, active manure. A dry, southeast exposure is best for grapes: soil deep, well manured with well decomposed manure, bones, fish, oyster-shells, lime, &c.'

He thinks also that the disease might be as effectually prevented by oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), say the following proportions, sprinkled on the vines, viz: $\frac{1}{2}$ water, $\frac{1}{4}$ acid.—*Prairie Farmer.*

COLTS.

The breaking of a colt should commence before he is twenty-four hours old. Handle him frequently; make a pet of him. Bridle him young, and the winter when he is two years old, place a wagon saddle on his back, and buckle the girth loosely.

'Take it off at night, and after doing this a few times, add the breeching, and pursue this course with all parts of the harness, until the whole is familiar with him. Then add the whippetree, and while a careful person leads him, hold back so that he may feel the pressure of the collar or breastplate gradually. If he is high spirited, so much the better—if you do not heat him. Be resolute and firm with him, but not abusive.'

Pruning in Autumn.

The late S. W. Cole, who strongly recommended autumnal pruning for fruit trees, says, 'Thirty-two years ago, in September, we cut a very large branch from an apple tree, on account of an injury by a gale. The tree was old, and it has never healed over, but it is now sound, and almost as hard as horn, and the tree perfectly hard around it. A few years before and after, large limbs were cut from the same tree in the spring; and where they were cut off the tree has rotted, so that a quart measure may be put in the cavity.'—*Alb. Cultivator.*

Garget in Cows.

A farmer at Morris, N. Y., cures garget in cows as follows: 'I have used the garget root, or pokeweed as it is commonly called, with success. A piece of the root as large as a kernel of corn, given with their food, cut fine, and fed twice a week, has always proved successful in two or three weeks.'

Curing Corn Stacks.

A correspondent of the Maine Farmer places his stalks butt upwards, and then if it rains, all the water is thrown quickly off, and none lodges between the leaf and stalk. A long storm will thus injure them but little, while in the usual way, they become soaked.

Sweet Potato Waffles.

Two tablespoonfuls of mashed potato, one of butter, one of sugar, one pint of milk, four tablespoonfuls of wheat flour. Mix these ingredients well together, and bake in a waffle iron.

Apple Bread.

'Take two parts of flour to one part of apple, stewed; stir them quite warm into the flour; put in a little yeast; kneed it without water, the fruit being sufficient. Let it remain in the pan to rise for twelve hours; then put it into small pans and bake it. It makes very light and palatable bread.'

GEO. W. ELDER,

Attorney at Law,
OFFICE in West Market street, opposite Eisen-
bise's Hotel, will attend to any business in the
courts of Millia, Centre, or Huntingdon coun-
ties. Lewistown, Jan. 23, 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 Mays, 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.
ADAM HAMAHER,
Lewistown, July 2, 1852.

WHITE SWAN HOTEL.

The subscriber respectfully informs
his friends and the public that he has
handomely fitted up the house on
the corner of Valley and Dorcas
streets, opposite McDowell's old stand,
where he is now prepared to accommodate
WAGONERS, TRAVELLERS, AND BOARD-
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 it-
self that neither pains nor expense will be spared
to meet a share of public patronage.
ALEXANDER EISENBISE,
Lewistown, June 18, 1852.

National House & Stage Office.

The undersigned having leased this popular
and well known public house, has made ar-
rangements for the accommodation of all
his friends who may feel disposed to an-
nounce 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.—if.

CLOCKS, WATCHES,

AND JEWELRY.
H. W. JUNKIN, at Schlosser's old stand, in
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 ex-
amine 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. ap23
Lewistown, June 11, 1852.

OF WESTERN PRODUCE.

The Section Boat WM. C. PORTER, Cap-
tain J. Jones, has arrived, laden as follows:
Whiskey, Ham, Beef, Cheese, Crackers,
Glass, Pea Nuts, Nails, &c.,
which will be sold by the subscriber, either
wholesale or retail, at reasonable prices.
June 11. JOHN KENNEDY.

SUMMER HATS.

THE NOMINATIONS being made, the next
thing to be had is a nice SUMMER HAT,
for we may now reasonably suppose that Sum-
mer is at hand. The undersigned has just re-
ceived 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.

CHRISTIAN HOOVER,

Justice of the Peace,
West Market street, Lewistown, Pa.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY!

Looking Glass & Picture Frames,
JAMES CRUTCHLEY, thankful for past fa-
vors, begs leave to inform his friends and the
public that he still continues the
Frame Making Business
in all its branches, at his old stand in Valley
street, Lewistown, Pa. A great assortment of
LOOKING GLASSES constantly kept on hand,
which are better made than they can be had
elsewhere, which he offers very low to the trade.

All kinds of repairing done, such as
putting in new glass in old frames, re-varnishing
&c. ap26m.

Office of Discount and Deposit,

LEWISTOWN, PA.
WILLIAM RUSSELL,
SUCCESSOR TO
Longenecker, Grubb & Co.,
WILL continue TO COLLECT and DIS-
COUNT DRAFTS, RECEIVE DEPOS-
ITS, &c., at the office heretofore occupied by
the above firm. ap3