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Doctry.

Oh, Come to the Old Oak Tree.
SOLO. (Repeat Quatrain.)
Come to the old oak tree;
By the light of the pale moon's glance,
Come with a footstep free,
And join us in the Gypsy's dance.

SOLO.
Around us, above us, pure melody floats,
And voices that love to repeat the soft notes.
FULL CHORUS.
Then come to the old oak tree,
By the light of the pale moon's glance,
Come with a footstep free,
And join us in the Gypsy's dance.

Then dance—then dance,
Where the lightest of the light feet dance.
SOLO. (Repeat Quatrain.)
Spring with her early leaves,
Summer with all its flowers,
Here art in their beauty weaves,
Over fair Nature's bowers.

SOLO.
No storm-clouds are dark'ning
The haunts of the free,
But all here is sparkling
In beauty for thee.

FULL CHORUS.
Then come, &c., &c.
Then dance—then dance,
Where the brightest of bright eyes glance.

MR. TIPPLE-NONE.
Tipple-a-little, Tipple-more,
And Mr. Tipple-none,
Began to talk together once,
Thus did their language run:
Said Tipple-a-little to Tipple-more,
"My dearest sir, I think
'Tis wrong to banish from the land,
All but tea-total drink.
Because a little spirit's good,
Whenever the flesh is weak.
But, then, to drink too much is wrong,
'Tis not for that I speak,
Or when one's wet, or when one's dry,
Or when one's cold, or when
One's not exactly one of these,
I like a little then."
"That's just the thing," quoth Tipple-much,
Rising from where he sat,
And trying to balance as he walk'd,
"That's right, I'll stick to that."
But, then, to drink too much, why that—
Why that I should despise."
"That's right, that's right," quoth Tipple-
more,
Who looked more drunk than wise;
"That's just the talk I like," quoth he;
"Come, brother, join our band;
We'll take another glass on that."
And seized him by the hand,
With bloodshot eyes and ragged clothes,
Came then poor Tipple-all,
To join his brothers at the bar—
And for the liquor call.
"Is Tipple-a-little then your friend?"
Good Tipple-more replied,—
"You see how all these Tipples range
Themselves upon your side.
'Tis right they should, for by one, by one,
From grade to grade you fall;
Thus Tipple-a-little comes, at last,
To be poor Tipple-all.
Yet each approves your arguments,
All say don't drink too much;
And every land in DRUNKENDOM,
Is crowded full of such.
So let me caution all of you,
And counsel every one,
To take the only name that's safe;
And that is—TIPPLE-NONE."

Miscellaneous.

The Outlaw's Steed.

A famous free-booter in the reign of Queen Elizabeth infested the Island of Sheppy, and made frequent predatory incursions into the interior of Kent. This daring marauder was represented by the village cicerone to have been a nobleman under sentence of outlawry, who intruded himself in a stronghold which he possessed in the island, where he deposited all the contributions which his successful levies on the purses of travellers had obtained. By adopting the often practised ruse of shoeing his horse's feet the contrary way, he frequently escaped detection; and even when hotly pursued, the fleetness and sagacity of the noble animal he rode preserved him from his enemies, and carried him to a place of security.
Thus the fame of the horse nearly rivalled that of his rider, whose exploits at length became so bold and frequent that

the whole country rose up against him; and finding himself too closely beset in his island to hope for extrication, he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and to implore the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, then upon one of her progresses on board the admiral's ship at the Nore. The queen, it is said, not disinclined to show favor to a man whose personal valor, determined perseverance, and fertility of resource were interesting, on account of the air of romance which characterized his adventures, offered to grant his life upon terms in keeping with the wild tenor of his lawless career. The conditions were that he should swim on horseback three times round the flag-ship; and should he escape the perils incidental to such a trial, his sentence of outlawry should be reversed and a general pardon extended to all his offences.

The Knight of Sheppy agreed to the terms; armed at all points, he bestrode his favorite companion, whose spirits he invigorated by copious draughts of brandy;—plunging at once into the foaming tide, the steed and his master swam gallantly round the destined ship. The second extraordinary evolution was performed with equal skill and bravery. At the third, little more than the heads of the horse and his rider could be perceived buffeting with the watery waves, which seemed at every instant to threaten their annihilation; straining each nerve and sinew to the utmost, the gallant animal ceased not to struggle with the interminable billows until the painful task was completed, and his wearied limbs rested on the shore.

The place of landing was wild and desolate; a lofty cliff overhung the narrow beach, and concealed every human habitation from view. No friend or relation hastened to meet the successful adventurer with congratulations on his safety, and no sound could be heard save the harsh croak of the raven from his eyrie, answering the dull murmur of the waves below; but the moment that the exhausted charger gained a firm footing on his parent earth, a withered and decrepit hag, whose tangled elf-locks and tattered weeds streaming in the wind concealed the hideous deformity of her squalid form, started from a recumbent attitude, and raising the shrivelled finger with which she had traced unhallowed spells upon the sand, shrieked out an ill-omened prophecy.

"Beware of that horse!" cried the beldam with a triumphant laugh of malice; "although he has now saved your life, he shall be the cause of your death."
"Thou liest, fiend of mischief!" cried the brutal and superstitious knight; "thus I falsify thy dark prediction," and drawing his sword, he plunged it into the body of the faithful animal, which fell dead upon the beach.
Several years of uninterrupted prosperity passed away; but, at length, being accidentally led to the scene of his most extraordinary adventure, pointed out to a friend the skeleton of the slaughtered horse, which, bleached by successive winters, still lay extended on the sand; repeating the prophecy of the witch, he laughed derisively and, spurning the head with his foot, separated it from the body by the stroke. He did not perceive that in the act a small sharp bone had penetrated his bosom; the wound was inconsiderable, and disregarded; but becoming more serious, it ended in a mortification, which speedily carried him to his grave.

Eating a Book.

"While I was at Moscow," says a traveller, "a quarto volume was published in favor of the liberties of the people; a singular subject, when we consider the place where the book was printed. In this work the iniquitous venality of the public functionaries, and even the conduct of the sovereign, was scrutinized and censured with great freedom. Such a book, and in such a country, attracted general notice, and the offender was taken into custody. After being tried in a summary way, his production was determined to be a libel, and he was condemned to eat his own words. The singularity of such a sentence induced me to see it put into execution. A scaffold was erected in one of the most public streets in the city; the imperial provost, the magistrates, the physicians and surgeons of the czar attended; the book was separated from its binding, the margin cut off, and every leaf rolled up like a lottery ticket when taken off the wheel. The author was then served with them leaf by leaf, by the provost, who put them in his mouth, to the no small diversion of the spectators, and he was obliged to swallow this unpalatable food on pain of the knout, in Russia more feared than death. As soon as the medical gentlemen were of opinion that he had received into his stomach as much at the time as was consistent with his safety, the transgressor was sent back to prison, and the business resumed the following days; after three very hearty but unpleasant meals, I am convinced, by ocular proof, that every leaf of the book was actually swallowed."
"Give me a kiss, my charming Sal,
A lover said to a blue eyed gal;
'I Won't,' said she, 'you lazy elf,
Screw up your lips and help yourself!"

NOW OR NEVER.

Isaac was as tall, long-faced, awkward appearing a personage as one will generally find in a thousand of the graceless sons of humanity. I would by no means insinuate, however, that Isaac was graceless, in the common acceptance of that word, but that he merely was lacking in those little graces, personal, which some young ladies deem so essential in a lover—that he was positively ungraceful, if you like. Yet Isaac possessed some qualifications, and properties, which secured him not without all his oddities, the gracious consideration of one young lady, at least. He was renowned, the whole town through, for his sly, droll humor, and one of his jokes would set the entire company into an uproar of laughter, while his own long face would be as destitute of a smile as—Deacon Laughless's after the third Sunday sermon.

It has been hinted that Isaac was odd; and so, indeed, he was, to that extent that whatever he said, or did, must be said and done in a manner as different from other people, as he was unlike others.

But he had been courting Lucy, ever since last winter; she had made up all her table linen, bed quilts, &c., and he was just "finishing off" the new house, for which he commenced hauling the logs to mill just after his first visit to Lucy. It was now the middle of October, and it was generally understood that upon "Thanksgivings" day night, there was to be a wedding party, and a "house warming," all at one time, in the new house. Indeed Lucy had hinted as much to her friends, many of whom had received the promise of an invitation to the wedding.

Isaac seemed to be laying aside his oddities, and it was supposed he would get married and "settle down" just like any body and every body else.
The old lady—his mother—however, became tired of doing all the work for the joiners and other work hands; and so it was thought best that Lucy should come and assist a little, as she was so soon to be one of the family, and was to reap the benefit.

So it happened, one day, that Lucy was sent to call Isaac and the rest to dinner, and as she entered what was to be the new kitchen, for the purpose, and had done her errand, Isaac seemed to be struck with one of the oddest of his odd ideas.

"Come here, Lucy," said he, beckoning her forward, while his eyes gave a peculiar twinkle, and his shoulders were drawn up into a sort of a comical shrug.
Lucy waded through shavings, knee deep, till she reached the work-bench, on the other side of which stood Isaac, also knee-deep in shavings. "Squire G., who was a Justice of the Peace, as well as 'joiner,' was standing erect upon the middle of the work-bench.
"Now Lucy," said Isaac, "I'm goin' to get married, if you will; and right here, too, just as we are—you on one side the bench, I on 't'other, and the 'Squire just where he is."
"What do you mean, Isaac?" asked Lucy, with a reproving tone, but a half-smile, at the same time turning to go.
"I mean that I am in earnest, and it's now or never, Lucy—I never change my word—come 'Squire, do your duty."
"You must join right hands, then," returned the 'Squire, throwing away his tobacco quid, and dropping his hammer on the bench.
"Give me your hand, Lucy," said the intended bridegroom, reaching out his own right hand, while the left grasped the chisel, with which he had been at work.
Lucy saw that it was indeed then or never; and so, notwithstanding her blue cotton frock, check linen apron, and her promise to her friends, she placed her hand in that of Isaac, and, in half a dozen words, was informed by Esq. G., that she and Isaac were man and wife.

Everybody wondered, of course; and everybody laughed and said it was just like Isaac, but they were all well pleased enough when the invitations came for the wedding party and house warming which took place in the new house, just six weeks after the wedding.

ENERGY.—A respectable tradesman, with a large family, having sustained a serious loss of property by the failure of some relations, for whom he had become security, was asked by a friend (after he had pulled through his liabilities) what means he had adopted to surmount difficulties which would have crushed the spirits and damped the energies of ninety-nine out of a hundred.
"By two very simple expedients," was the reply; "one was to sell my horse and gig, and the other to buy two new aprons."

What a desirable plan it would be if a sinking-fund should be established of all the long hours men knew not what to do with, and the surplus divided among those who would employ forty-eight hours a day, if they had them. If men could buy time, what a price some would give for it, and how cheaply others would let it go!
Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

Blitz and the Fire Annihilator.

The recent successful experiment with the fire annihilator has reminded us of some circumstances connected with the first exhibition of them in New York, and which caused a feud between Barnum and Blitz, renowned for his skill in training birds, and his extraordinary feats in natural magic. Barnum had invited the Signor to be present (in New-York) at an experimental exhibition, in which he was interested, of the machines that put out a great fire with a great smoke. The great deceiver was on hand—a little man, dressed in black, with iron grey hair, and a restless, observant eye—and he mingled in the crowd unrecognized.

The temporary structure in which the fire was to be kindled and then annihilated was about fifteen feet square, and one story and a half high. There was an upper floor but no stairs, as none were needed. The carpenter who had nailed it down, had merely left a hole by which he descended after performing his job.

A large concourse of people assembled to witness the experiment, which was to come off a little after dark. The spectators examined at their leisure the building and the queer looking cans that contained Barnum's gas, ready to be let forth to arrest the progress of the "devouring element" which, to use the stereotyped language of the insurance companies, "often sweeps away in a few hours the hard earnings of many years."

Professor Colton at last mounted a stand, and explained to the assembly the principles of the annihilator, and set forth the immense benefits that would accrue from it to all combustible communities.

Barnum was around, and, although he had been searching for his friend Blitz, that wily professor of devilry dodged the great showman and remained invisible.

At length everything was ready. A head of highly combustible matter had been prepared on the middle of the floor, and an assistant was proceeding to set fire to it, when all in the vicinity were startled by a cry from the upper room of the building: "Don't! don't! Let me out! Don't burn me up!"

"Stop!" shouted a police officer; "there's a man in the loft."
The master of ceremonies stepped into the building, and ordered the intruder to jump down.

"I can't (hic) get down," said the voice. "Some drunken fool has got up there with his bottle," said Barnum, in a tone of vexation. "O, for a liquor law in these diggings! Somebody must go up and haul the fellow down!"

A stick of timber was procured and placed in a slanting position, and a policeman managed to crawl up into the attic.

"Hello, here! Come out of this!" said the officer, poking about with his stick. But, to his surprise, he found no one there. After satisfying himself that the place was vacant, the officer came down, muttering curses upon the whole affair.

Again did the torch-bearer approach to light the pile, and again the voice sounded from the upper room.

"Let me out, I say! Con'damn (hic) yer picters, will ye burn a fell'r alive? Let me out! Let me out! Let me ou-ut!"

"Stop!" shouted Barnum to the torch-bearer, "this won't do! Mr. Colton will you send a man up into that building who has his senses about him? Send him quickly, too!"

Another person now ascended to the loft, which he examined by the light of a lantern that was passed up to him, and he likewise reported the place empty.

A short pause now took place, during which the spectators began to manifest great impatience, and their cries began to fill the air.

"Humbug!"
"A Barnum humbug!"
"The thingumbob won't work!"
"Woolly Horse!"
"Joyce Heth!"
"Merm-a-id!"

These were some of the unpleasant words that assailed Barnum's ear in the babblement that was rising like the roar of waves around him.

"Have a little patience, gentlemen, and we'll proceed," said he.
"Well, yer kin proceed, but yer can't succeed," growled a member of old Fort's company.

The torch was now applied to the tar and resin, and as the flames began to curl up, a number of voices sounded distressfully from all parts of the building. It was apparently half full of men. Pigs also began to squeal as if their bristles were scorched, but Barnum now took the hint. He recognised some of the very sounds that the great ventriloquist had produced in his office that afternoon, and he exclaimed, in high dudgeon—
"That cursed Blitz has made all this trouble! I'll give his iron gray locks an extra kick if I ever catch him."

The signor's ventriloquism in reality did more mischief than he intended, for it was probably owing to the confusion he created that the experiment proved a failure.

Barnum has not forgiven Blitz to this day, although the waggish Signor is confident that if he can get the great showman

into one of his Armory Hall entertainments, he can conjure all the anger from his breast and restore their former friendly relations.

Progress in Democracy.

A great deal has been lately said, especially by Young America, of the progressive character of Democracy. Our opponents are fairly entitled to their claim of progress. But then, they should not insist in the same breath, that they belong to the old school American Democracy. Nothing can be more different than the Democracy of the early days of the Republic and that of the present hour. Bank, Tariff, &c., were once warmly supported by the democratic party. Now they are denounced as the distinguishing features of Federalism. The progress of the democratic party from their ancient creed, and their claims still to be genuine old American democracy finds a fair illustration in the following anecdote:

"I say Squire," said an individual who was indulging in the luxury of whittling a pine stick in front of a tavern, "this here's my granddaddy's jack-knife."
"No, not your granddaddy's, is it?"
"Yes, it's granddaddy's knife sartin."
"What an old knife it must be! how have you kept it so long?"
"Why there's been four new blades and six new handles put to it since granddaddy's time, but it's the same old jack-knife."

A short time ago, two of the most distinguished millionaires in a flourishing southern city, met in social chat, and discussed their mutual merits. In the course of the confab, the judge bantered the colonel, and offered to bet five dollars that the latter could not say the Lord's Prayer. The Colonel accepted the bet, and, putting himself in a solemn attitude, began to repeat, keeping time by the swaying of his body, and pronouncing with emphatic force, alternate each syllable, those lines, thus:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die—
"Stop, stop!" cried the Judge, interrupting him, "that will do. I give it up and here's the V, but I didn't think you could say it."

Nautical Theology.

A story is current of a sailor, more disposed to divinity than nautical men in general, who when in this port, formed regularly one of the congregation at the church of a popular minister. It chanced that during one of the discourses to which Jack was an attentive listener, the reverend doctor alluded several times, in scriptural phrase, to "Satan being bound in chains for a thousand years." The passage struck the attention of the seaman with peculiar force, and during the week he pondered frequently upon the words, feeling every time an increased satisfaction that an individual towards whom he had never been over partial, was so securely and for such a lengthy term disposed of.

On the following Sunday he went to hear the doctor again, but to his great surprise, and to the upsetting of all his recent comforting notions, during one part of the sermon the preacher asserted that the devil "goth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Jack quitted the church, oppressed with a host of conflicting thoughts and emotions; and unable after many a tough soliloquial argument, to reconcile the two statements, he resolved to summon up courage, and wait upon the clergyman in order to have the mystery solved. He did so, and, after considerable hemming, and hawing, and hitching of the trousers, at length spoke at once, told the doctor he could not make the two sermons fit, and asked, if his Satanic majesty was really bound in the way stated, to know the length of his cable. "Oh," was the dignified reply, "it extends over the whole world." "My eyes!" rejoined Jack, "does it? Why the lubber might as well be loose."—*Liverpool Times.*

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SUPREME COURT.

The Supreme Court, sitting at Pittsburgh, on Tuesday gave a decision, in an appeal from the Common Pleas of Northumberland, which will reverse the practice under the act of 1839, commonly known as the "Three Hundred Dollar Law." Hitherto it has been deemed sufficient to give notice to the Sheriff, prior to a sale of personal property, that the benefit of the three hundred dollar law would be claimed. After the sale, if the property sold brought \$400, the defendant received \$300, and the creditors \$100. According to the decision, the law was passed, not for the benefit of the debtor, but of the debtor's family. The debtor is bound to give notice when a levy is made, that he intends to claim the benefit of the exemption law. Appraisers must be appointed, and he is bound to select the articles of furniture, &c., which he wishes to retain. If he suffers the Sheriff to proceed to a sale, he loses all share of the proceeds, which enure to the benefit of the creditors in the order of their liens.
On Thursday, in the Supreme Court, Mr. Tyson (Attorney for the Central Railroad Company) applied for a rule to show cause why a mandamus should not be issued on the Canal Commissioners, requiring them to draw the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad. The rule was granted, and thirty days allowed the Commissioners to show cause.

Pay and Allowances.

The occupant of Mr. Clay's seat in the Senate of the United States is the person who moved a call for information as to the sums of money received from the Treasury by Gen. Scott and Gen. Pierce respectively during the periods of their military service. "Mr. Merrivether," says the Washington Union, "as the representative of a Sovereign State had a perfect right to make such a call." No doubt of it. The honorable Senator has a perfect right to stand upon his head if he chooses to do so. But every body knows that the call was moved for electioneering purposes, and that the answer now furnished from the Treasury Department will be garbled, misrepresented and paraded before the country with every variety of exaggeration to show the amount of dollars and cents the blood of a hero is worth.

This game is worthy of the actors. Go on, gentlemen, and make the most of it. Estimate patriotism by the standard of value most familiar to you and find out its exact worth in coin. Weigh glory and gold together and see which kicks the beam. Let honor, and duty, and the noble qualities that make a soldier illustrious; let the battles and victories and campaigns distinguished by generalship and heroism, be made subject to your process of discount; and then, with what countenance you may, look your countrymen in the face and tell them the percentage at which the national and the glory of our flag may be advanced in the estimation of the world. Admirable occupation for Henry Clay's successor in the Senate. When was Kentucky so disgraced before?

We find in the Union newspaper nearly three columns devoted to the subject of Gen. Scott's accounts with the Treasury. We must do that Journal the justice to say that it goes blushing into the business, and seems to feel that it is engaged in an unworthy task. In the long career of Gen. Scott, including some forty years of military service, there never was any question, so far as we have ever heard, concerning his pecuniary relations with the Government. He has received such compensation as the law allowed, and there the matter ended. It was reserved for a Kentucky Senator to move a special inquiry into things which called for no investigation, and thus to attempt to throw suspicion upon a high minded man and a faithful servant of the Republic, for the simple fault of being required by his friends and countrymen to stand as a candidate for the Presidency. The maxim that all is fair in politics must be a convenient *sauve* to some who hold the remnants of a conscience, and who yet venture upon doings which, in any other line of life, would be counted by themselves discreditable and dishonest.—*Baltimore American.*

500 AGENTS WANTED, \$1000 A YEAR.

WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY OF THE UNITED STATES, active and enterprising men, to engage in the sale of some of the best Books published in the country. To men of good address, possessing a small capital of from \$25 to \$100, such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from \$3 to \$10 a day profit.

The Books published by us are all of excellent character, extremely popular and command large sales wherever they are offered.
DANIELS & GETZ,
Successors to W. A. LEARY & Co.,
sept10-6m] No 138 North Second st., Philadelphia

WALL PAPER.

Reduction in Prices.
COUNTY MERCHANTS and others will find every variety of patterns of WALL PAPER, WINDOW BLINDS and FIRE SCREENS at reduced prices. Patterns manufactured to order, by
BRETTARGH & STEDMAN,
No. 83 North Third street, two doors above Arch street, sept3-3m] PHILADELPHIA

HOWELL & BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of Paper Hangings,
No. 142 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.
ASK the attention of consumers and the Trade to their extensive stock of PAPER HANGINGS, of their own manufacture and importation, embracing every variety of goods in their line, which they will sell at low rates.
Their manufactory being the most extensive in the country, they are enabled to offer unequalled inducements to purchasers. sept3-3m]

PLATFORM SCALES.

THESE superior Scales were invented by Thomas Elk cot about 25 years ago; they have been in constant use, and now after various improvements are offered by the subscribers, and warranted correct and unsurpassed for accuracy and durability; after a fair trial, if not approved, they can be returned.
Scales for Rail Roads, Canals, Hay, Cattle, Coal, Stores, and for weighing all kinds of Merchandise, manufactured at the old established stand, Ninth street, near Coats street, Philadelphia.
ABBOTT & Co.,
Successors to Elliott & Abbott,
AGENTS.—Truman & Shaw, 323 Market st., Phila., Frank Pott, Pottsville. sept2-3m]

The Late Disastrous Fire

GIVES fresh evidence of the reliance to be placed in OLIVER EVANS' FIRE PROOF SAFES, No. 61 South Second street, Philadelphia.
"We take pleasure in stating that we had one of 'Oliver Evans' Fire Proof Safes in our store, during the great fire at Hart's Buildings, which, when taken from the ruins and opened was found to have preserved our books, papers, &c., entirely uninjured. Getz & Buck."
"My store was entered by Burglars, and failing to pick the lock of my Iron Safe, they tried to blow it open with powder, but no loss or injury was sustained. It was purchased of Oliver Evans, 61 S. Second street; Philadelphia. J. C. Fonika, Bordenstown, N. J."
For sale, of all sizes, by
OLIVER EVANS,
61 S. Second street, below Chestnut.
Sole Agent for the Day & New-York World's Fair Premium Bank, Vault and Store Locks—thief and powder proof.
Also, in store—Seal and Letter Copying Presses, Trunks, for moving boxes, bales or crates, Druggists' Presses, with cylinders and pans. Portable Steam Boilers, of superior construction. Water Filters, for purifying bad water. Refrigerators and Ice Chests—Water Coolers of all kinds, for Hotels, Stores, &c. [sept3-3m]

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to BILLY JOHNSON will please make payment on or before the 10th day of September next, as he is going to the city by that time, and will be wanting all the money he can get. Don't forget the 10th of September. sept1