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that Engraving or Magazine one year, but also receives the Art Journal one year, and a *Ticket* in the Annual Pis-tribution, making *four dollars worth of reading matter* be-sides the ticket, by which a valuable painting or piece of statuary may be received in addition. Those who prefer Magazines to the Engraving 'Satur-day Niebli' can have either of the following one year:--

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receipt of which, a certificate of membership, together with the Engraving or Magazine desired, will be forwarded to any part of the country. For further particulars, see the November Art Journal.

sent free on application. For membership apply to H. J. WALTERS, Honorary Secretary, Lewistown. nov20

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY

TELEGRAPH. The Daily Telegraph.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rumors spread by our po-litical opponents, that the DALLY TELEGRAPH world be discontinued after the election, we announce to the public that we shall not osly continue its publication, ut it shall be done with renewed vigor and determina ion to meet the public expectations and wants. The publishers will spare no labor or expense to make it a paper eminently worthy of the capital of Pennsylvania, nd one which should be found at every fireside in our

The DAILY TELEGRAPH will contain the latest news received by Magnetic Telegraph and Mails. We shall give particular attention to our Local Department, and endeavor to make the Reports as full and interesting as possible. The Editorial Department will be under the management of able and experienced gentlemen, who upon all questions affecting the public, will express thei opinions fairly and freely. Our next Legislature will be ntrusted with several important duties-the election o United States Senator, the election of a State Treasurer the apportionment of the State, &c.,-which will make the proceedings unusually interesting and important.-The TELEGRAPH will be able to present this and all othe

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1856.

THE MINSTERL.

LINES. BY I. J. STINE. ritten at the Grave of Rev. J. Y. McGINNIS, in the Pres-byterian Graveyard, Shippensburg, Pa. Is this his resting place? Does he,

The faithful minister, lie here? A grave, a simple stone I see, But where is he, oh, where is he, In estimation held so dear ?

'Twas on a Sabbath morn that he Pass'd from this world of sin away ; And ever since that morn, to me, More weaned from earthly vanity, Thrice holy is each Sabbath day.

The Sabbath sun is in the West, And here he leaves his parting ray ;

It lingers here to make me blest, A harbinger of that sweet rest To which my soul would haste away.

The evening zephyrs sigh along, And sweetly as they pass, die out; The birds carol their evening song, And notes of praise to HIM prolong Whose angels guard this grave about.

Ah, who is here ?--- I turn me round, Half startled, but am still alone; I heard no voice : 'twas but the sound

That angels made, here gathering round This simple monumental stone. And still methinks he should be here. My best of earthly friends ; but no :

The grave has nothing bright nor dear, And angels whisper : "he's not here ; Thou look'st for such as he too low."

The setting sun casts his last ray Of brightness up; the zephyrs even In sweetness as they die away,

And singing birds, all seem to say : "Expect to meet thy friend-in heaven."

PD FIND ME A GRAVE.

BY LIEUT. THOMAS WILSON, U. S. A.

I'll make me a home, says the sailor-lad, In the ship as she rides the wave; I'll laugh when the ocean's raving mad, I'll smile when the tempests rave.

Let the winds rave on, let the black skies frown.

For what care I how it be? When the vessel's a wreck I'll go down, down, down.

And find me a grave in the sea. I'll make me a home, says the soldier brave,

Amid battle and gory fight; When the eagles in triumph above me wave,

I will shout with a mad delight. I could die so well on the battle-field,

My shroud of the star-flags fold ; n the spot w the trumpets of victor veil concealing the occult sciences."

invite you to eternal rest? In my child- at the scene that met his view. hood's days, I used to wish to resemble A splendid landscape lay before him,

over his unhappy fate !'

earth that can charm my sight. The tomb then from his lips. has swallowed up all the objects of my

pressed his noblest seal. The sight of her my arms.' image would be more welcome to my cept a grave.'

Agrippa permission to consult his magic senseless on the floor. mirror, yet the stranger's words made so great an impression upon him, that he con- self in Agrippa's arms, who was gazing sented at once to gratify him.

but I am afraid your curiosity will be dis- Cornelius went on tracing the circles appointed, for you will only find in me a with his wand. By dint of turning round man who, far from spending his life in ac- and round his arm grew tired, and he was of a Presbyterian elder lately, whose house quiring honors and riches, as all wise peo- about to cease, when the solemn, thrilling ple do, has only wasted long years in pain- voice of the stranger urged him to perseful study, and in the endeavor to surprise vere with the words, Go on-go on!' And-

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his calculations, the wand had gone over . How can you talk of long years,' in- a period of more than twelve hundred terrupted the stranger, with a melancholy years that the cloud on the surface of the smile, ' when you have scarcely witnessed mirror rolled away; on seeing which the ready stretching forth its friendly arms to and rising from his seat, gazed in ecstacy

the sun in its everlasting, glorious career ; intersected by a rapid torrent, and belted but now, I would rather sleep in the tomb by high mountains crowned with magnifithan emulate him. This evening he set cent cedars. In the foreground a few behind the mountains; but not to rest !-- camels were grazing, and not far from No-to continue his career, to light the them, ran a little stream, to which a herd same race of human beings. Ever the of sheep had come to quench their thirst; same ! There is no grave for him-and while under the shade of a tall palm-tree and morning are but the tears he sheds dressed in a very costly Oriental garb, coolly sheltered from the noontide sun.

A passionate admirer of the beauties of "I'is she! 'tis she!' cried the stranger nature, and a profound observer of her va- vehemently; and he was about to rush torious phenomena, Agrippa had often in- wards the mirror, when Cornelius said, dulged in similar thoughts; yet the stran- 'Do not stir from your place, imprudent ger's impressions and turn of mind were stranger-for every step you take to ap. so different from his, that he felt unable proach the mirror will only dim the obfor a while to return him any answer. jects depicted on its surface, and soon Presently the stranger resumed: 'I have make them vanish entirely.'

been told wonders of a mirror fashioned These words restrained the stranger; but by your marvellous art, and that this mir- so great was his agitation that he was obliror can recall the visage of a dead or ab- ged to lean for support on the magician's sent person, whose features one might wish arm. Incoherent expressions of surprise, to gaze upon. Alas ! there is nothing on pain, or pleasure, burst every now and

"T'is she!' repeated he. 'She is alive affection, and time has robbed me of every- once more-she smiles! Oh! for one word, thing that once made existence happy .- my loved daughter-only one word from Of the many tears shed in this world, not your lips! Nay, were it but a sigh-let one is shed for me; and the source of tears me hear you breathe. Alas! all is silent seems dried up in my heart. Yet I would and dreary to my heart. In vain you seek fain see those gentle eyes, and that spotless to restrain me, old man,' continued he, adbrow on which the Almighty hand had im- dressing Agrippa ; 'I must press her in

So saying he rushed frantically towards heart than all the universe has to offer ex the mirror, when the scene instantly vanished, a cloud once more settled on the It was always difficult to obtain of surface of the glass, and the stranger fell

> On recovering his senses, he found himat him with looks of mingled surprise and

New Series---Vol. 11, No. 4.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A young man went to see the daughter was near a mill dam. It being in the spring of the year, the waters made considerable of a roar as they tumbled over some of nature's secrets, and to lift the on he went; nor was it until, according to the dam. The modest young gentleman tapped lightly at the door at first, and received no answer. He tapped agaiu-still no answer. Again and again he repeated his knocks, but still he was unheard .--eighty springs, and when the tomb is al- stranger uttered an exclamation of delight, Mustering up courage he proceeded to inflict sundry thumps upon the door so se. verely that the staid old gentleman rushed

breathless to open the door. The youngster had become somewhat savage from being compelled to wait so long, and said-

"I suppose you could not hear me for the dam roaring.'

"The damn roaring ! What do you mean, sir ? How dare you speak to me the dewdrops that moisten the earth night sat a young maiden of unequalled beauty, in such a manner?' said the old gentleman, angered at hearing the young man swear in his presence.

'I mean to say, sir, that I suppose you could not hear me on account of the dam roaring."

· Damn roaring again ! You young scoundrel, have you the impudence to insult me with a repetition of those words? Begone, sir !'

The young man was rather bewildered, but said-

'My dear sir, I intended to say that I presumed you could not hear me on account of the DAM roaring !'

'Insult on insult!' shouted the infuriated man, and he ran at the poor fellow with the evident intention of ejecting him, but was restrained by the voice of his daughter, exclaiming-

· Papa, I suppose the young man intended to say that he could not be heard on account of the roaring of the mill dam.' •Oh! I beg your pardon, sir! I beg your pardon! Walk in, walk in, reallyah, well, I declare ! The dam roaring ! Capital! Come in, come in! That is rich-too rich-really too rich !

It is needless to add that the youngster went in, and in the excellent society of the young lady soon forgot all about the ' dam roaring.'

.....

ONE OF THE CIGARS. A New York physician tells us the following story, which we feel safe therefore as endorsing for a fact: Two or three years ago, a Spaniard from Cuba came to this city to be treated for a disease of the lungs. He came to Dr. M ... described his symptoms, and put himself in the Dr's. hands.

He also prepared to manufacture py Books, Music Books and every description Blank Books, where the trade can be sup lied wholesale and retail.

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Wm. Fearon, A. White. Dr. J. S. Crawford. James Quiggle, A. Updegraff, John W. Maynard, Hon. Simon Camero hn W. Maynard, James Armstrong, on. Simon Cameron, Hon. Wm. Bigler. Agent for Mifflin county, G. W. STEW-ART, Esq. ap17

GAS! GAS!

B. SELHEIMER would respectfully inform the citizens of Lewistown that he preparing to put up

Gas Fixtures of all kinds,

Churches, Stores, Dwellings, Public Buildings, Shops, &c., in the best manner. Having procured an experienced workman from the City, recommended to me to be one of the best workmen in the State, I can safely war-rant all work and feel confident of pleasing all. Lewistown, May 22, 1856,

500 FEET 4, 1, 11, 11, 11, in. Panel, dry white Stuff, just received by ma22 F. G. FRANCISCUS.

The Semi-weekly and Weekly Telegraph, Will be published, as heretofore. We shall endeavor o make the WEEKLY TELEGRAPH the best family news. er in the State. It will contain all the latest news up to the hour of going press. It will contain full reports of the markets in the Atlantic cities. A portion of our nns will be devoted to the interests of Agricultur

and Mechanics. The Semi-Weekly will be published only during the sessions of the Legislature. Our efforts shall be to make the TELEGRAPH the MODEL NEWSPAPER OF the STATE. TERMS :- The DAILY TELEGRAPH will be furnished

subscribers at a distance for \$4 per anaum; \$2 for six anths; or \$1 for three months. Single subscribers in own will be furnished at six cents per week--payable weekly to the carrier. Semi-Weekly and Weekly Telegraph will be fur nished to single subscribers at \$2 per annum. Our Club Rates are as follows:

Clubs of 5, \$9 · 10, 17 " " 20, The person who raises a Club will receive a copy of

the paper gratis. Where is the person who cannot afford this? Three

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which may transfere either at home or abroad. Thanking our friends everywhere for the generous tronage they have extended to us during the campaign e trust that they will at once renew their subscriptic and make the Telegraph in future a constant visitor at their firesides Will they renew at once?

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO FARMERS. M. M. FAXON'S

Attachment of Vulcanized India Rubber Spring to the Tubes of Grain Drills. The andersigned, having perfected an arrangement for the attachment of a Gum Spring to the Tubes and Drag Bars of Grain Drills, is happy to inform Farmers and all others interested in the growing of Wheat and ther grains, that he is prepared to furnish GRAIN DRILLS, with the above article attached, at the shortest notice, at his Foundry, in McVeytown, Pa. Seeders have ecome an almost indispensable article to the Farmer, and he will find that the attachment of the Gum Spring will enhance its value at least one-half. Afi the deten tion and trouble caused by the breaking of wooden pins is entirely done away with by this arrangement, and a man, or boy, can perform nearly double the labor that he could under the old plan, with much greater ease, both to himself and horses. There need be no fear of the Spring breaking, for if there is an article that will neither bre rot, or wear out, the Gum Spring is that article, and I hazard nothing in saying that my Grain Drill is the simplest in construction, nost aconomical in performance, and therefore the most durable ever offered to the agricultural public. The feed is so arranged that it will sow 1, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{3}{2}$, and 2 bushels per agree. Persons desiring one for the coming seeding are requested to send in their orders as early as possible. Direct to McVeytown, Miffin county, Pa., or F. G. FRANCISCUS, Lewistown; E. L. FAXON, Hollidaysburg, Blair co., Pa.; BOYER & BRO., Harrisburg, Pa., who are authorized to act as agents, and from whom any further information may be ob

PRICE OF DRILLS, with the attachment, \$75. Farmers who already have drills, can have them altered, and the India Rubber Spring attached, for from \$10 to \$15. 5^All branches of the FOUNDRY BUSINESS still carried on, for which orders are respectfully solicited. M. M. FAXON. McVeytown. June 19, 1856.

50 COAL BUCKETS, different sizes and patterns. 100 Coal Sieves, Pokers, Shovels, &c. Fire Bricks, Cylinders, &c., for sale by F. G. FRANCISCUS. oct9

peal'd, I'd find me a grave with the bold.

wish not a home 'mid the battle's tide. Nor a life on the briny sea,

But I'll settle me down at my own fireside, With her who is all to me. wish not a death in the battle's strife,

Nor a tomb in the ocean's foam, But I'd find, when my heart beat its last in

life. A grave near my boyhood's home.

MISCELLANCOUS. THE MAGIC MIRROR.

BY REGINALD VERNON.

Towards the close of evening, on a fine autumn day, and just as the shades of night were beginning to enwrap the city of Florence, Cornelius Agrippa heard a slight tap at his door, and saw a stranger enter the room where he sat studying.

Although the stranger's figure was good, and his countenance gentle and dignified, there was something undefinably mysterious about him that inspired a degree of fear and repulsion. It would have been difficult to guess his years, as the attributes of youth were strangely blended with the

characteristics of age. Thus, though not a wrinkle furrowed his brow, and though his black eyes were beaming with brilliancy, his form appeared bowed down by the weight of years; his thick and abundant locks were almost white, and his touching and melodious voice was weak and quavering. He wore the Florentine costume, though he carried a pilgrim's staff, and his waist was girt by a broad silk sash, on which were embroidered some Oriental words. Though his face was pale as death his features were of remarkable beauty, and gave token of deep wisdom, while expressive, at the same time, of the most poignant mental anguish.

"Pardon this intrusion,' said he to Agrippa. 'The fame of your science being spread over the world, and having reached my ears, I would not leave this fair city without having seen you."

. You are welcome, sir,' said Agrippa ; reply.

" Whom do you wish to behold ?' asked he.

'My daughter-my dear and loving Miriam!

through which the declining light of day but tantalizing image of my beloved daughcould have penetrated; and having placed ter.' the stranger on his right, he began to chant some lyric verses in an under-voice, and in a strange language. Several times the

stranger fancied he heard a voice respond to that of the magician, but the sounds were so feeble that it would have been difficult to say.

'Did your daughter die married?' asked Cornelius 'No, she died a virgin.'

How many years ago did the grave close over her?'

The stranger's brow was overcast; and he replied with a degree of petulance, 'Many years-more than I have time to count just now.'

'Yet I must know the number,' said Agrippa; for this wand must trace as many circles as there are tens of years since your daughter's death; and it is only when the last circle shall have been accomplished that you will be enabled to see her appear in the mirror.'

'Begin tracing your circles, then,' said the stranger, with a bitter sigh; 'and above all, take patience.'

Irritated by this imperious tone, the magician was about to retort, when he restrained himself in pity for the deep misfortunes his guest seemed to have experienced. His hand began to trace circle after circle, but it seemed as if the wand had lost its power, for the surface of the mirror was still dimmed by the cloud. Cornelius then turned towards the stranger, saving, 'You singular being! who can you be, for your presence thus to disturb my incantations? This wand, guided by the rules of my art, has now described a space of four hundred years, yet the surface of the mirror is still the same. Answer me! Would you mock me, and has the person

you describe never existed?' "Go on-go on!' was the stranger's only

fear. Then suddenly mastering his weakness, he started to his feet, and pressing Agrippa's hand, said, I am thankful for your kindness, and for the service you Cornelius closed up every aperture have done me in showing me the sweet

> At the same time he slipped a purse into Cornelius's hand, which the latter immediately returned, saying 'Take back your gold. I do not want to inquire how far it would become a Christian to accept it; the only payment I ask of you is to tell me who you are.'

'Look!' said the stranger, pointing to a historical picture hanging on the wall. It is the masterpiece of one of our

most ancient painters, and represents Christ bearing the cross,' observed Agrippa.

'Yes, but look there,' continued the stranger, casting a melancholy look at Agrippa, as he pointed to a personage on the left side of the picture.

Cornelius again raised his eyes, and saw, to his astonishment, that which he had not remarked before-namely, the striking likeness that existed between the countenance of the personage depicted and that of the stranger.

'Why,' said he, 'would you have me bearing his cross, in order to urge him to greater speed, and who for this base action is condemned to wander about the earth, until the second coming of Jesus Christ.' 'Alas!' said the stranger, 'that wretched infidel is myself! I am the Wandering Jew!'

So saying, he rushed from the house and disappeared.

TTA young lady, returning late from the Opera, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter.

'I can lift you over it,' said coachey. "Oh no,' said the sweet miss, 'I am too heavy.'

'Lor miss,' replied John, 'I am used to lifting barrels of sugar.'

Well,' said the Doctor, 'If I undertake your cure I shall be obliged to impose one condition-and that is rather a hard one for you to comply with."

"What is it?' asked the Cuban.

"That you entirely stop smoking until I give you leave to resume."

Never! I'd rather let the thing kill me. What pleasure is there in life if one cannot smoke?'

The doctor was a smoker himself and felt some sympathy. So he said:

Well, perhaps this is beyond your power. But you must solemnly promise me to smoke but one cigar a day, or I will not undertake your case.'

The Cuban promised; it was his only chance. Four or five days afterwards the doctor thought he would call upon him as he passed his house, and thus save him a walk to the office for the day. He walk-

ed up stairs--knocked-- Come in'-behold look at the wretched infidel who dared to the Cuban with a Cigar about 18 inches strike our divine Saviour, while he was long and a proportionate thickness! He confessed that he had that brand made to order for him-but, said he:

Doctor, I smoke but one a day, as I promised.'

does your mother ever whip you?"

"No; but she does a precious sight worse, though!" "What's that?"

"Why she washes my face every morn-

TA waggish spendthrift said-"Five years ago I was not worth a cent in the world; now see where I am through my own exertions."

"Well, where are you?" "Why I owe more than three thousand dollars."

Steen hundred

ing."

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