

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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ADVERTISING.

Ten lines of minion, or their equivalent, constitute a square. Three insertions \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

THE MINSTREL.

For the Lewistown Gazette.
MUSIC--By J. J. Schaefer.
Music! Soul-stirring music!
Boiling such a charm about thee;
In thy notes of cheerful measure,
What, O what were man without thee?
In the notes of doleful sadness,
What were weeping man without thee?
Evening music, O, how charming!
Who shall tell its magic powers,
Borne upon the light-winged zephyrs,
Balmy with the breath of flowers,
Down a gently-murmuring streamlet--
Sweet with the perfume of flowers?
Music! Soul-stirring music!
Boiling such a charm about thee;
In thy pleasing strains, and sobriety,
What, O what were man without thee?
In thy sweet--the doleful measure,
What would be the world without thee?
December 6, 1856.

STAR OF THE EVENING.

The following beautiful edition by "Flora B. Plimpton," is copied from the "Musical Repository and Institute Choir."
Star of the evening,
Glow in light,
Queen of the beautiful,
Glam of the sky,
Light of the traveler,
Longing for rest,
Evermore peacefully
Glow in the west.
Eyes that are watching,
Gaze upon thee;
Eyes that are lovingly
Watching for me,
Joy of the wanderer,
Evermore shining,
Smiling I gaze on thee,
Smile thou on mine.
Day Star of Gladness,
When o'er the hills,
Tempests and darkness sweep,
Do thou arise!
And when faintly I see,
Light of the best,
Smile on our wanderings,
Guide us to rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Independent.
A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.
While traveling not long ago in one of the southern counties in Virginia, the following thrilling incident took place. Starting in the stage coach, soon after breakfast, the morning being a delightful one in the latter part of the month of May, I took my seat on the box by the side of the driver, and behind me, on top, was seated a bright, intelligent-looking mulatto boy, apparently of eighteen or nineteen years of age. After being on the road a few minutes, I turned about and asked him where he was going. He replied he was going down a few miles to live with Master —, who kept the stage house at the west end; that he had lived with him the last summer, and his master had sent him down to live with him the coming season.

Turning from the boy, the driver remarked to me in an under tone, "the boy is deceived; I am taking him down to the slave pen, a few miles on, where slaves are kept preparatory to being sent to Louisiana; this deception is practiced to get him from his home and mother without creating a disturbance on the place."

Shortly after we drew near to the place where the boy supposed he was to stop; he began to gather up, preparatory to leaving the stage, the few articles he had brought away from his home. The driver said to him in a decided tone of voice, "You are not to get off the stage here." The boy, in astonishment, replied: "Yes, I am; I got a letter for Master —. I've gone to live there this summer." By this time we had reached the house, and Master — making his appearance, John (for that was the boy's name) delivered his letter and appealed to Master — to deliver him from the command of the driver. The Master made no reply, as this kind of deception was no new thing to him. After reading the letter and folding it up, he was about putting it in his pocket, when it flashed on the mind of the boy that he was sold and was bound for the slave pen. He exclaimed, in agony, "I'll master, if I see sold!" No reply was made. He exclaimed again, "Tell me if I see sold!" This last appeal brought the following response: "Yes, John, you are sold."

The boy threw himself back on the top of the stage, and rolling in agony, sent up such a wail of woe as no one in the stage could endure; even the hotel keeper walked away in shame, and the driver hurried into his box and drove off in haste, to drown the noise of the cry.

The passengers were deeply moved by the distress of the boy, and tried in various ways to soothe his wounded and crushed spirit, but his agony was beyond the reach of their sympathy.

When his agony had somewhat abated, he exclaimed, "Oh, if they had only let me bid my mother good-bye. They have lied to me! They have lied to me! If they had told me I was sold and I could a' bid my mother good-bye, I'd a' gone without making them trouble, hard as it is." By this time we had passed on some two or three miles since leaving the last stand; when drawing near to a pretty thick wood, the boy became tranquil. Waiting till we had entered the woods a few rods, he darted from the top of the stage and ran into the woods as agile as a deer, no doubt with the feeling that it was for his life. The driver instantly dropped his reins and pursued the boy. Proving himself no match, he returned, exclaiming,

"You see, I have done what I could to catch him."

He mounted his box and drove on a mile or so, when he reined up his horses to a house, and calling to the keeper, asked, "Where are your sons?" He replied, they left home this morning with the dogs, to hunt a negro, and would not be home before night. The driver said to him that Mr. — had sent his boy John on the stage that morning to be delivered at the pen, and that he had jumped from the top of the stage and taken to the woods. His reply was: "We will hunt him for you to-morrow." The driver said he wished only to notify him of his being in the woods.

As we drove on, I made the inquiry, "How long have you driven a stage on this road?" He replied, "About fifteen years." "Do you frequently take negroes down to the slave pen?" "Yes, frequently." "What will become of this boy, John?" He replied, "He will skulk about the woods until he is nearly starved, and will some night make his way to his master's house, and in about two weeks I shall bring him down again to the slave pen in hand-cuffs." After a pause, even this driver feeling his degradation in being the instrument of such misery, broke out in the exclamation: "This is a cursed business; but in this case this is not the worst feature in it. The man who sold him is his own father!"

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

SENATORS TRUMBULL AND CASS.

In the discussion that followed the reading of the President's Message in the Senate, a very amusing episode transpired between Messrs. Cass and Trumbull, to the total discomfiture of the former. In the clear and searching criticism to which Mr. T. subjected the assertions of the Message, he alluded in passing to the President's declaration that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional, and asked, "Does not every lawyer know, on the contrary, that the Supreme Court has decided that Congress has the same legislative powers over a Territory that a State Legislature has over its citizens?"

General Cass (interrupting)—I should like the Senator to produce that decision. I have never seen it.

Judge Trumbull—Certainly. It will afford me great pleasure to enlighten the distinguished Senator from Michigan at that point. Page, (turning to one of the Senate pages) bring me the first volume of Peters' Reports from the Library.

As the book was brought to him he resumed as follows:

I will now read from page 546 of these Reports of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States what Chief Justice Marshall decided, in the case of the American Insurance Company vs. Carter, to wit: that Congress, in legislating for the Territories, has the combined power of the General Government and a State Government. Could there be anything broader and fuller?

Gen. Cass (nettled and cornered)—That only applies to cases where the Constitution gives power to legislate.

Judge Trumbull—No, sir, there is no quibbling qualification under the Constitution here, as in the Nebraska bill. The Court was deciding the constitutional power of Congress, and its extent in this very case; and their deliberate declaration, uttered by Chief Justice Marshall, of Virginia, was that Congress, in passing laws for a Territory, had not only all the power that the General Government possesses in other legislation, but has in addition as ample authority as a State Legislature has within its borders. Will the Senator from Michigan deny that the Michigan Legislature has full power to keep slavery out of the State? It has, then the United States Supreme Court has decided that Congress has equally ample power to keep slavery out of the Territories.

Gen. Cass attempted no reply to this pointed and unanswerable illustration; and the Republican Senators smiled as they saw the Nicholson letter and the reams of paper which General Cass has spoiled with his profound speeches in the last eight years, all brushed away by a single decision of the Supreme Court, of which, by the General's own hasty challenge for its production, he proved that he had been entirely ignorant.

"What are you doing with that lumber?" cried a steamboat captain to an Irishman, who was staggering toward the boat beneath the weight of a huge plank, just as the bell was ringing for the last time. "What am I doing; sure, wasn't it yourself as said, all ye's as is going to get aboard, and isn't this an illegal one entirely?" said the Irishman triumphantly, amid the laughter of the spectators. The captain gave him his "board" and passage that trip.

"Eliza, my child," said a very prouid old maid to her pretty niece, who was curling her hair in beautiful ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself."

"So he did, Aunt, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

EXPLOSION OF A SHIP.

A large Russian bark, the Frederick Redzell, in the harbor of Cardiff, Wales, loading with coal, exploded on the 25th of October, from the ignition of carburetted hydrogen gas contained in her hold. The accident is thus described:

"A coal trimmer, named Clode, going on board to commence his work, found the hatches down, although the crew had on Saturday night been desired to leave them open; he made three attempts to strike a light with a match without success. He then called for a candle, which was brought by one of the crew, when the gas took fire and a terrific explosion ensued. It being quite dark at the time, the sheet of flame was seen ascending to a great height, while the blazing fragments of wreck shot through the air like rockets; the adjacent dock and the rigging of the ill-fated vessel took fire; but as it was the hour when the railway and dock laborers were assembling for work, the flames were speedily extinguished, and measures were taken for the relief of the wounded. It was found that one of the crew had been killed on the spot. The mate of the British ship Pandora, lying at No. 8 dock, was killed while standing on the deck by a beam falling on his head; the first mate of the Russian bark had been blown into the water of the dock, whence he was rescued by the crew of a vessel lying near; the second mate had been blown through the side of the round-house on his bed; he was taken to the infirmary, where it was found that he had sustained a fracture of the pelvis. The remainder of the crew were suffering from the effects of burns and fractures. Eleven of the sufferers were conveyed to the infirmary, where they were promptly attended, not only by the house surgeon, but by nearly the whole of the medical men in town, who volunteered their assistance."

One of the unfortunate men died soon after, making the third death from this sad occurrence. Six of the others are laboring under fractures as well as burns, and one is in such a state that death is hourly expected. The coal trimmer, Clode, though in the hold, escaped with some severe burns, and was removed to his own home. Some idea of the force of the explosion may be formed from the fact that one of the anchors, weighing about 35 cwt. was blown over the fore-castle, from 15 to 18 feet high; it then fell into a barge alongside, which it sank. The coal tip was blown nearly to pieces, and the railway was covered with pieces of wreck; the mainmast was blown away, and in fact the vessel was blown to pieces, not a vestige of her deck remains. Her stern is blown out, and her stem also, while the sides are completely shattered. She was quite a new vessel, and this was her first voyage. She has sunk in about 12 feet water. The windows of several houses in the Butte Dock road were broken, and the report of the explosion was heard at places fully three and four miles from the town, as well as at sea."

Wonderful Growth of Iowa.

Governor Grimes of Iowa, in his annual message, makes the State's indebtedness \$128,000; available revenue \$216,000; received during the year \$260,000; paid out \$249,000. The population of the State in 1836 amounted to only 10,531; up to June 1854, it increased to 326,014, and in June last numbered 593,625 souls. At the present moment it probably reaches 600,000. The assessable property in the State in 1851 was valued at \$28,464,550; in 1855 at \$106,895,390, and in 1856 at \$164,191,413. This is truly a wonderful growth, and shows to what greatness and wealth this young State is rapidly attaining.

GALLAS SON OF GINGER BLUE.

Dark, dark de night, and was de moon,
No star but one am peeping;
De hoote owl sings de same ole tune,
As true de woods I'm creepin'.
"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"—who car for dat,
You good for nett'n felledder eat?
De nigger keep on singin';
He sing, and on de banjo play,
To charm de goblin ghosts away,
While de skunk he sweats am dlin'gin'.
True de woods—push along,
Never fear de bog-a-boo;
True de woods—dat's de song,
Gallas son ob Ginger Blue!

De whip-um-will squat on de stone,
Trows music from his fiddle;
De dancing frogs all swash-down
Outside and up de middle.
What dat? what dat? dis nigger's eyes
Diaplere, wid mighty dig surprise,
Up on de gum tree swain?
It am a possum at his ease,
Racked in de cradle on de breeze,
And list'nin' to de singin'.
True de woods—push along,
Never mind de possum too;
True de woods—dat's de song,
Fearless son ob Ginger Blue!

De moon gwine down—pich dark de night,
Cold, cold de dew am fallin';
I fear dis darkey see a sight,
Dat set him wool a crawling!
Who dar? who dar?—a goblin bust?
'Peak, or dis minstrum's banjo's bust!
'Peak, and dyest' unrabb'l'.
'Peak, goblin, 'peak! but whed' or no,
Dis minstrum drap his ole banjo,
And trip a little trabb'll!
True de woods—out along—
Fuddle back, you bumgumbo!
True de woods—drap de song,
Nimble child of Ginger Blue!

THE ELEPHANT CLUB.

"That old fish 'Doesticks,' has published another book, and calls it 'The Elephant Club,' it being devoted to the experiences of a set of jokers who had 'seen the elephant.'" By way of a sample of its contents, we append an amusing description of a "Scene in a New York Police Court." Mr. Edward Bobber is certainly a character:

One case of which Wagstaff took full notes, was that of Edward Bobber, a seafaring man, of very peculiar appearance, possessing some remarkable characteristics of manner, dress, speech, looks and action. He was charged with being drunk. In the way of physical beauty, Edward was decidedly a damaged article. He had lost one arm by a snake bite, and been deprived of an eye by the premature explosion of a pistol, which broke his spectacles at the same time it extinguished his sinister optic. The unexpected descent of a shipmate, from the tops, upon his head, had turned his neck so that he seemed keeping a perpetual lookout over his shoulder with his remaining eye. His nose resembled a half ripe tomato, and a pair of watery excrescences hung upon his face, as if some one had shot a couple of marbles at him, which had stuck to him for life. His complexion bore a slight resemblance of the outside of a huckleberry pudding. His teeth, which were unusually long, projected backward, as if they had taken a start to grow down his throat.

The last peculiarity was, undoubtedly, the cause of a remarkable singularity of speech, which seriously impaired his natural facility of conversation. Some idiosyncrasy of disposition, probably, had also something to do with his lingual embarrassment, but certain it is, that Mr. Edward Bobber never answered one question until he was asked another, to which last he would give the reply intended for query number one. Whether his mental faculties needed always a second interrogative punching up, or whether the fangs projecting downward retained one answer until displaced with another, Wagstaff and his friends were unable to decide; but they truly believe that an inquiry propounded to Edward Bobber, aforesaid, would have remained unanswered, until doomsday, unless a question followed the first.

A transcript of a conversation between him and the clerk of the court read as follows:

Clerk—Where were you born?
The prisoner removed his solitary orb from its guardianship, over his left shirt sleeve, rolled it slowly round until it commanded a full view of the questioner, but said nothing. The clerk, noticing he daunted, continued:

"How long have you been in this country?"
The face assumed a look of intelligence, and answer No. 1 came out.
Edward—"Broom county."
Clerk—"How old are you?"
Edward—"Two years."
Clerk—"How long have you been drunk?"
Edward—"Thirty-four years, seven months and nine days."
Clerk—"Where did you get your liquor?"
Edward—(rolling his eye toward the Judge,) "Been on a spree four days."
Judge—(very indignant,) "Did you say I've been on a spree?"
Edward—"Old Mother Bidwell's, down in Mott street."
Clerk—"Do you mean hereafter to treat this court respectfully?"
Edward—"No sir, I hope not."
Officer with red hair—"If you ain't crazy, I'm a jackass."
Edward—"Yes sir, of course."
The excited Judge here commenced making out his commitment, but the clerk, who began to see the fun, thought best to ask him a few more questions first, and accordingly inquired of Bobber what he traded in, as he seemed to own a shop. The prisoner, who had been cogitating upon the last remark of the red haired officer, until he waxed wroth, burst out:

"Jack-ass! jack-ass! yes, you are a jack-ass; not a doubt of it."
Clerk—"Come tell me, what kind of liquor did you drink yesterday?"
Edward—"Soap, candles, coffee, barley, chickens, coal, pine, kindling wood, smoked hams, white-washed shingles."
Judge, (interfering)—Prisoner, you are only getting yourself into trouble. My patience will give out, I can't stand everything. Do you think I'm made of patience?

Edward—"Whiskey, sir; nothing but whiskey, sir, upon my honor."
The last answer proved too much for the gravity of the court. The judge, the clerk, the attendant officers, and all smiled audibly. A whispered word from the clerk explained to the justice the true state of the case. Edward was discharged, and as he departed from the court room an officer two blocks away heard him, in answer for a request for a penny proffered by a little girl, give what was undoubtedly intended as a detailed reply to the last interrogative remark of the police justice.

The Washington correspondents assert with great positiveness that the removal of Judge Leecombe, of Kansas, has been determined upon.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

Hard Times—Sitting on a cold grindstone and reading the President's message.
Love—A little world within itself intimately connected with a shovel and a pair of tongs.
Progress of Time—A pedlar going through the land with wooden clogs.
Politician—A fellow that culls all his knowledge from borrowed newspapers.
Rigid Justice—Juror on a murder case fast asleep.
Friend—One who takes your money and then turns you out of doors.
Patriot—A man who has neither property or reputation to lose.
Honesty—Obsolete; a term formerly used in the case of a man who had paid for his newspaper and the coat on his back.
Independence—Owing more than fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.
Lovely Women—An article manufactured by milliners.

"Who wants but little here below,
And wants that little by a show?"

Dandy—A thing in pantaloons, with a body and two arms—a head without brains—tight boots—a cane—a white handkerchief—two brooches, and a ring on his little finger.

Coquette—A young lady with more beauty than sense—more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than grades of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants.

Credit—A wise provision by which constables get a living.

Benevolence—To take a dollar out of one pocket and put it into the other.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

DR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, has discovered in one of our common poisons, a remedy that cures

Every Kind of Humor

From the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.
HE has tried it in over 100 cases, and never failed, except in two cases, (both chronic humors.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its virtue, all within twenty miles of Boston.
Two bottles are warranted to cure a running Sore Mouth.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of Pimples on the Face.
Two to three bottles will clear the system of Biles.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst Canker in the Mouth and Throat.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all Humors in the eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure Running of the Ears and Itches among the Hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running Ulcers.
One bottle will cure Scaly Eruption of the Skin.
Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Ringworms.
Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of Rheumatism.
Three to four bottles are warranted to cure the Salt Rheum.
Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of Scrofula.
A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the above quantity is taken.
Reader, I peddled over a thousand bottles of this in the vicinity of Boston. I know the effect of it in every case. So sure as water will extinguish fire, as sure will this cure humor. I never did a bottle of it that did not cure; after I tried it always speaks for itself. These are two things about this herb that appear to me surprising: first, that it grows in our pastures, in some places quite plentifully, and yet its value has never been known until I discovered it in 1840—second, that it should cure all kinds of humors.
In order to give some idea of the sudden rise and great popularity of the discovery, I will state that in April, 1853, I peddled it and sold about six bottles per day—in April, 1854, I sold over one thousand bottles per day of it. Some of the wholesale Druggists who have been in business twenty and thirty years, say that nothing in the annals of patent medicines was ever like it. There is a universal praise of it from all quarters.
In my own practice I always kept it strictly for humors, but since its introduction as a general family medicine, great and wonderful virtues have been found in it that I never suspected.

Several cases of epileptic fits—a disease which was always considered incurable, have been cured by a few bottles. O, what a mercy if it will prove effectual in all cases of that awful malady—there are few who have more than a dozen fits.

I know of several cases of Dropsy, all of them aged people, cured by it. For the various diseases of the Liver, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Fever and Ague, Pain in the Side, Diseases of the Spine, and particularly in diseases of the Kidneys, &c., the discovery has done more good than any medicine ever known.
No change of diet ever necessary—eat the best you get and plenty of it.

Directions for Use.—Adults one table spoonful per day—Children, not 10 years, dessert spoonful—Children from 2 to 8 years, tea spoonful. As no directions can be applicable to all constitutions, take sufficient to operate on the bowels twice a day.

Manufactured by
DONALD KENNEDY,
No 120 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass.
Price \$1.00

Wholesale Agents, New York City, C. V. Cickner, 81 Barclay street; C. H. King, 129 Broadway; Rushton and Clark, 225 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, 140 Fulton street.
W. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia, wholesale Agents for Pa. For sale by F. J. HOFFMAN and Mrs. MARY MARSH, Lewistown, and by B. F. KENNEDY, Middletown.

Drs. Moss & Stonerod

OFFER their professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and surrounding country. Office at the Beehive Drug Store. je5

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE partnership heretofore existing between J. E. EVERICH & SON is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
JACOB EVERICH,
J. W. EVERICH.

Lewistown, August 20, 1856.

P. S. The business will be carried on in the same place as heretofore under the name of JACOB EVERICH.
JACOB EVERICH.

Fish! Fish! Fish!

—40 lbs. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Mackerel,
38 lbs. Halifax Herring,
10 lbs. Shad,
10 lbs. Trout and White Fish,
Now on hand at
W. & G. MACKLIN,
McVeytown.

GRAND EXHIBITION CONTINUED.

The elections being over and the excitement attending them passed away, and it being considered dangerous nowadays to keep on hand bank notes, the proprietor of the People's Store would again invite attention to his magnificent depositary for replenishing the outer man and woman on the scientific principle of saving money, which accommodating establishment is in East Market street, and can readily be distinguished from all others by its piles of beautiful goods and wares and "that sign," which, like the Star-spangled banner, is famed by every breeze. The Ladies, gentlemen, merchants, traders, farmers, laborers, and all others are therefore invited to a grand display (admission free) of a most extensive, beautiful, and cheap stock of Staple and Fancy Goods. The exhibition will remain open every morning, afternoon and evening until further notice, and all concerned are requested to call early and procure good seats. The performance commences early in the morning with an exquisite melo-drama entitled

DRY GOODS,

comprising in part Broche Silks, 75 cents; Ginghams from 6 1/2 to 25 cents; White Goods, such as Swiss, Victoria, Lawn, Bishop Lawn, India Book Muslins, Brilliants, Bissop and Jaconet Edgings and Insertings, Flouncings, Collars and Sieves, Challeys, Barges, Mahah Mitts, Silk and Kid Gloves, Hosiery, and hundreds of other articles in daily use.

Scene second will open with a grand display of Stella, Crape, Cashmere, Delatne, Thibert, and numberless other

SEA WIS,

(Crape Shawls from 56 up) which for beauty, neatness, fineness, finish, cheapness, and all the other virtues, exceeds anything of the kind before displayed to the ladies. This scene is the admiration of all who have seen it, both from town and country, and alone is worth a visit from the extreme ends of the county.

Scene third will be an unrivalled exhibition of

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,

all colors, shades, and prices, of exquisite material, and so beautiful when made up, that a young lady of our acquaintance had for several days an idea of setting her cap for a handsome gentleman she had seen across the street, thus dressed up, when she discovered it was her old beau!

Scene fourth will be a display of a choice selection of

GROCERIES,

intended exclusively for family use, comprising every article usually sold in that line, and of course cheap, whether quality or price be considered.

An intermission of some time will here be allowed in order to give the audience an opportunity of examining an extensive stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

well made out of good material, and cut out on scientific principles.

The fifth scene will present a rich and varied stock of

Queensware and Glassware,

with side views of Boots and Shoes, Cutlery, Ladies' Garters, and sundry other matters pleasing to the eye and purse.

The sixth scene is a rare spectacle of

BOUQUETS AND BONNET TRIMMINGS,

which always produces a marked sensation among the ladies, and is frequently encored.—This is really fine.

This is the general routine of the exhibition, from the manager down, are all unrivalled and celebrated far and wide for their politeness and attention to their numerous customers, and blessed with the most unvarying patience, which is daily exemplified in their taking pay either in gold, silver, bank notes, or country produce.

JOS. F. YEAGER, Manager.
Lewistown, Nov. 27, 1856.

FREEBURG ACADEMY,

FREEBURG, SNYDER CO., PA.

THE location of this Institution is beautiful and healthy, and free from the temptations and vices common to larger towns situated on public thoroughfares. The course of instruction is thorough and complete, embracing the usual branches of an English, Classical and Mathematical Education, and is calculated to prepare students for College, the study of a Profession, or business pursuits. Frequent Lectures are delivered during the term, and practical illustrations accompany each recitation. Students have access to a good Library.

The Academic year is divided into two sessions of 22 weeks each. The first commences on the last Monday of July; the second on the last Monday of January. Public Examinations at the close of each term, when certificates of Scholarship and Standing are given to each student.

Terms.—For Tuition, per quarter of eleven weeks, \$2.50 to \$8.00. Board, Room, &c., \$1.50 to \$2.00 per week.

For further particulars, address
GEO. F. MCFARLAND, Principal.
Freeburg, June 26, 1856.

SALT!

Salt!—300 sacks Ground Alum Salt,
5 sacks Ashton's Fine Salt,
200 " Dairy

For sale by W. & G. MACKLIN, McVeytown.

MRS. MARY A. DENISON writes for the Saturday Evening Post. THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE. See prospectus in another place.