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AST Market street, Lewistown, opposite the Post Office, has just returned from the city

a large and elegant stock of Fashionable ATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS. suitable for spring and summer wear, h, notwithstanding the advance of almost

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loy and an abundant supply of material,) ld his extensive stock fail to furnish a suitarticle. Parents are especially invited to and examine his variety of Children's Hats Japs, comprising a first rate stock, from they can make choice to please them-

Omish friends will find they are not forand they may rest assured of finding an to their taste, or can have one made at

nkful for the patronage heretofore so libextended to him, he solicits his friends to those indebted to square up and begin and any number of visitors from this or eighboring counties, to take a look at him evening.

N. J. RUDISILL.

10 to Hoffman's for Tubs To to Hoffman's for Churn Ge to Hoffman's for Buckets Go to Hoffman's for Brooms Go to Hoffman's for Baskets

TUR UINSTREL.

Thou Hast Learned to Love Another.

BY MISS * * * * * *

Thou hast learned to love another-Thou hast broken every vow-We are parted from each other. And my heart is lonely now. I have taught my looks to shun thee.

For another's smile has won thee, And thy voice I must forget. Oh! is it well to sever This heart from thine forever?

When coldly we have met:

Can I forget thee ?-never! Farewell, farewell, forever! We have met in scenes of pleasure-

We have met in halls of pride-I have seen thy new found treasure-I have gazed upon thy pride. I have marked the tired lustre Of thy bright and happy eye,

As I've seen thee gaze upon her. Forgetting I was by. Oh! would I'd never met thee! Fain, fain would I forget thee: 'Tis folly to regret thee-Farewell, farewell, forever!

We have met, and we have parted; But I uttered scarce a word-Like a guilty one I started, When thy well known voice I heard.

Thy looks were stern and altered, And thy words were cold and high; How my traitorous courage faltered, When I dared to meet thy eye.

Oh! woman-love will grieve her; Oh! woman-pride will leave her: Life has fled when love deceives her-Farewell, farewell, forever!

MIZGELLAMEDUS.

DEACON THROPE'S PIGEONS. A CAPITAL STORY.

crops in some of the Western States were the Deacon first told about the pigeons. about to be destroyed by the large number Didn't you say you and your Felix Joshua of wild pigeons that came about, Deacon both blazed away?" Thrope and several of his friends were Yes.' sitting outside the log meeting-house, on Sunday merning, waiting for the minister fence?' to arrive, and, as a matter of course, talking about the prospect of having nothing to

'It's orful' said one of the company. 'I never see the pigeons so thick afore. My \$1,827,185 80 Bill and Ben went down to the roost last the steers and wagon, and you picked up January 1st, 1857.

lished agreeably to an act of Assembly, be
night, and killed a bag full with clubs. I ten bushels of pigeons?' think they'll take all my corn.'

Oh, yes its orful!' replied the others. 'That's nothing to what me and my Felix Joshua did day before yesterday,' said the deacon. 'You know my bottom Fingle is mistaken; I said-' field there? Well they come it so thick they riz up like a cloud, you couldn't see the sky for 'em. I hollered and slapped worried out, but it did no good. They just swarmed over my head, and as fast as I went to one side of the field they began to pour down in t'other. Felix Joshua had jest got up to the crib with a load of corn, for he was a gatherin' the ridge field, and I went to whar he was and told him to go to the house and get his shot gun and my shot gun, and see if we couldn't drive them ar' pigeons out'n the bottom field .-So he goes and gets his shot gun and my shot gun, and we goes down. He slipt along one side of the field, and I slipt along on t'other, till we got about middle ways, and then I gin a holler, and up they flew like a whirlagust. I blazed away in the thickest of 'em, and Felix Joshua blazed away in the thickest of 'em, and what do you think? They were all gone in a second. Then me and Felix Joshua, we clem over the fence; and says he to me, Father this beats all creation!' Says I to him, 'Go fetch the steers and wagon, and upon my word and honor, we picked

up ten bushels!" The good brothers stared wildly around them, and would probably have accused their deacon of lying, had they not been interrupted by the arrival of the preacher, and the announcement that meetin was

After the services were over, little groups of the faithful might have been seen here and there, engaged in earnest conversation. Their subject was an exciting one, as you might have inferred from the length of their faces and the earnestness of their gestures. If you had listened to their con- for the last five years." versation you might have heard something about as follows:

'Did you hear what brother Thrope said bout him and his Felix Joshua killin' ten bushels of pigeons at one shot.'

'Yes, it's orful, aint it?'

'It's a lie as sure as shootin'. I don't know what's got into brother Thrope.' 'What'll be done about it? It musn't

go so-it'll ruin the name of the church." 'We'd better fetch it up next meetin' and make him take it back, or church him.'

And so it would go on. Of course the good deacon heard a whisper of it, which gave him no little uneasiness. However, he had been into several scrapes before, and had come out clear, and he doubted not he should meet with the same good luck on this occasion. Until the meeting day arrived the entire settlement was in an uproar. Nothing was talked of but Deacon Thrope's ten bushels of pigeons. The good brothers said it was too bad to have the church disgraced by a deacon who would tell such unreasonable tales, while the pious old sisters wiped their spectacles, sighed and said, 'It's hard telling the power which the evil one exerteth.'

At last the exciting day arrived. The preacher stated that the church was ready for the transaction of business, whereupon brother Fingle arose and said:

Brother Deacon Thrope says him and his Felix Joshua killed ten bushels of pigeons at one shot. The church don't believe it, and would love to hear what the brother has to say for himself.'

With much solemnity the Deason arose, and after casting a serious look over the congregation and elevating his eyes to the rafters a few times, spoke as follows:

'My brethering, there is a sad mistake out-I didn't say we killed ten bushels of pigeons at one shot, but-'

'What did you say, then?' interrupted Several years ago, when the mast and one of the brothers, who was present when

'Didn't you say you both clem over the

'Yes peradventure.' 'Didn't you say that Felix Joshua said.

'Father, this beats all creation.' ' 'I did, brother.' 'Didn't you say Felix Joshua fetched

'There is the mistake, my brother, re plied the Deacon, again raising his eyes toward the rafters. I didn't say we picked up ten bushels of pigeons. Brother

'Yes, I know what you said!' interruptyou couldn't see the ground. I went ed several; 'you did say it, and we can down to scare 'em out, and peradventure, prove it easy enough! You can't come that game over us, old hoss fly.'

Order, brethering,' said the minister: my hands, and tore around till I was plump | let's hear brother Thrope's story, and then vou can make any remarks you wish.'

'Well, as I was sayin', resumed the Deacon, 'I didn't say we picked up ten bushels of pigeons-brother Fingle is mistaken-I said we picked up ten bushels of corn that the pigeons had shattered off.

'Amen!' went up from the congregation, and a rush was made at Deacon Thrope, to shake him by the hand. It is needless to say that he was restored to full fellowship and confidence.

Splitting Rocks without Blasting .- night. Some French inventors have taken out a

An Illinois editor, speaking of a rogue who lives in his vicinity, says:

"The rascal has broken every bank, jail, and Sabbath we have had in this country,

A lying tongue hateth those that are af- very fond, was given him, and a small nance.

A PARODY.

LET THE LADIES BE HEARD. Tell me, ye winged winds That round my pathway roar, Do ye not know some spot Where bachelors come no more-Some lone and pleasant dell Where no moustache is seen-Where long eared dandies never come Ourselves and fun between? There come a murmur from the distant sea-

A low, sad tone, which whispered "No sir-ee." Tell me, thou misty deep, Whose billows round me play, Know'st thou some favored spot, Some island far away, Where weary girls may find A rest from soft dough faces, And hear themselves called women Nor linked to the graces? Soon did the misty deep its answer give, By murmuring, "Not while brandy smashes

live." And thou, screnest moon. What language dost thou utter While gazing on the gentleman, Whose head is in the gutter? Say, hast thou in thy round, Gazed on some favored spet, Where hats knew not the weight of bricks And where cigars are not?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wee, And in italics answered, "No, no, no!"

Tell me, my secret soul-Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith, Is there no resting place From fops and beaux and death? Is there no happy spot, Where womankind are blest-Where man may never come, And where the girls may rest?

Faith, Truth and Hope-best boons to mortals given, Waved their bright wings and answered "yes,

in Heaven!"

SINGULAR CASE.

Twenty-five days without Food .- Mr. Ellis, of Henrietta, Monroe county, N. Y., cut his throat about two months since .-He died on the 20th ult. The Rochester Democrat says:

died on Sunday night, shortly after nine came to the house of Mr. James Yates, by o'clock. For several days previous he appeared to decline more rapidly than he had done since the first reaction from the effects of his dreadful wound. He He is expected to recover .- Black River had taken little nourishment, and at times | Falls (Wisconsin) Banner. had taken little nourishment, and at times
his mind appeared to lose its grasp of

RETRIBUTION—A correspondent of the
Mineral Spring, and along the west bank of earthly things and he spoke of "wanting New York Tribune, writing from Hornellsto go home." These wandering flights ville, in Steuben county, states that a man, were temporary, however, and he recognized persons readily at other times. His death was calm and easy, the physical powers ceasing from gradual exhaustion.

vere cold taken last winter in clearing up a new piece of land on his farm. From this he did not appear to entirely recover, his brain being apparently slightly affected by it. Last April, he received an offer for the purchase of one-half the farm on which he resided-one of the best in that locality, about 100 acres in extent, with a handsome dwelling house upon it. He accepted it. But after closing the bargain he reflected upon it a good deal, and came to the conclusion that he had parted with the land for less than its value. This troubled him exceedingly, and deprived him of cheerfulness by day and rest at

On the night preceding the first of April, patent in England for splitting rocks by the he was unusually disturbed, and walked generation of heat without causing an explosion. They used a substance compos- went out into the orchard and cut his throat, ed of 100 parts of sulpbur by weight, 100 severing the windpipe, and making a of saltpetre, 50 of sawdust, 50 of horse ghastly wound. His son followed him, manure, and 10 of common salt. The anxious respecting his state of mind, and saltpetre and common salt are dissolved in found him lying on the ground, apparently hot water, to which parts of molasses are dying. The old gentleman was removed added, and the whole ingredients stirred to the house, and a physician called, who until they are thoroughly incorporated to- ascertained that the principal veins were gether in one mass, which is then dried not severed, but considered that his death by a gentle heat in a room or by exposure must ensue in a few hours. He continued to the sun, and it is fit for use. It is to live, however, without taking a particle stamped in the holes bored for blasting of nourishment, for three weeks and four rock in the same manner as powder, and days, when one of the family, responding is ignited by a fuse. It does not cause an to his entreaties for food, gave him a piece explosion upward like gunpowder, but of potato, which she was preparing for the generates a great heat, which splits the table. He held it in his mouth for a while, but was unable, of course, to swallow it. This seemed to satisfy his immediate craving, and the experiment was repeated.

A few days afterward, he said he would like to get up and sit at the table with the family at dinner, and was assisted to do so. A little clam soup, of which he was

portion may have found its way into his stomach—the greater part, however, oozed LEWISTOWN & BELDEFONTE RAILout of the orifice in the neck, which never closed up entirely. Some three weeks since, Dr. Hazeltine, assisted by Dr. Moore of this city, inserted a tube into the gullet, through which liquids were conducted into the stomach; and this appeared to revive his wasting strength .-But he has never exhibited any great desire to live, and had prepared his mind for the great change, which was evidently approaching. This singular case has appeared to call for more than usual mention, and we have accordingly stated it at some

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Nine days in the woods with nothing but Cranberries to eat .- We are indebted to Mr. King, of Neillisville, Clark county, for the following particulars of a man lost in the woods. An old man in his 61st year, from the Eastward, started from Neillisville on Friday, three weeks ago, to go to his son-in-law's about three miles distant. He passed within fifty yards of his son-in-law's house, who was standing near and saw him go by, but did not recognise him. The old gentleman got into the woods, became bewildered, and for nine days wandered about with nothing but cranberries to eat, and water of which he drank often. After he had been gone two or three days, and it was known that he was lost, the population turned out and searched for him in every direction, but could not find the least trace of his track, and it was only expected that some hunter would one day find his bones.

It rained for several days. He had got into the windfalls where it is difficult for any man to get out. The second Sunday from the time he left, the man made his appearance on the East Fork of the Black river, about sixteen miles from where he started. He first entered a deserted logger's camp, where had been left some flour and meat, but such was the o'd man's hon-We learn that Mr. Ellis, of Henrietta, esty, he would not touch it. He finally whom he was kindly cared for. He appeared quite vigorous, even then, except that his feet and legs were badly swollen.

named Hogan, was discovered ill-using his little daughter, only two years old, in a most inhuman manner. He had caged the poor child in a small shoe box, tied up About the first sickness which Mr. Ellis by the feet to the top, had kept her there had experienced, was occasioned by a se- 48 hours, all covered with bruises, and when the crowd broke into his house he was whipping her to still her cries! The house was quickly demolished, and the inhuman father treated to a coat of tar and feathers, with a threat that if found after nightfall, he should have a ride on a rail.

Death of a Giant .- The West Tennessee Whig records the death, at his residence in Henderson county, one day last week, of Mr Miles Darden, and his interment with Masonic honors, The deceased (says the Whig) was, beyond all question, the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches-2 inches higher than Porter the celebrated Kentucky giant. His weight was a fraction over one thousand pounds! It required seventeen men to put him in his coffin. Took over 100 feet of plank to make his coffin. He measured around the waist six feet and

Ingenuity .- A young man of 18, in prison at Paris for theft, has made a watch of straw. This little master-piece is 21/2 inches in diameter, about half an inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up. The dial plate is of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments and materials the prisoner had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw, and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by this surprising genius for mechanics, are now endeavoring to obtain his liberation.

IF A young man stepped into a bookseller's shop and asked for a Young Man's

'Well sir,' said the bookseller, 'here is my daughter.'

A merry heart maketh a cheerful counte-

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

ROAD.

REPORT OF ENGINEER.

To J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

In accordance with your instructions on the 13th of April last, I repaired to Lewistown to take command of the Corps of Engineers raised by the citizens of Mifflin and Centre counties, to examine a line of railroad between Lewistown and Bellefonte. Although my instructions were of the most general character, embracing solely the task of finding, if possible, a route as above described. with unlimited discretion as to the mode of carrying them out, there were yet many circumstances connected with the undertaking which conspired to limit the range of opera-

The country to be passed over was intricate and difficult, and had never been but partially explored. Many routes were suggested, and many conflicting opinions advanced in regard to the unsettled country lying on the border of the two counties. There were many interests to be consulted, and, if possi-ble, harmonized; and besides this, the means in the hands of the Financial Committee were of limited amount.

To examine all routes and decide upon their respective merits, was clearly impossi-ble without great expense and unreasonable delay—besides the danger of alienating in the very beginning of the enterprise the friends of all routes except the one decided

After considering all these matters, I concluded that my proper course was to endeav-or to find as speedily as possible one practicable route between the two places, without stopping to solve the more difficult question whether this route was the best one which the country would afford.

It seemed important also that the route se-lected should fulfill if possible the following

conditions, viz:

That it should be cheaply graded, and that this quality was more to be desired than directness of route, low grades, or absence of That it should unite as far as practicable

all the different interests represented in the Committee of Finance, by accommodating as large an extent of country as could be reached without adding needlessly to its length.

That the maximum grade should not exceed the highest which had been successfully

worked on other roads, and the same in regard to curvature. I am happy to say that the route surveyed, and which I shall presently describe, fulfills to a very great extent the above conditions. I have heard of no expressions of dissent from its being at least the second choice of all concerned, while the great majority of the citizens regard it as being the very best which could be selected for the trade of the

two counties.

Beginning at the Lewistown Depot on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the line crosses directly over the Juniata into Front street at the canal bridge, thence along Front street to the east end of the Borough of Lewistown, The first mile ends at the borough line and the second at Jacob's

From Jacob's mill to the parrows of Jacks mountain the line follows the meadows which skirt the creek and are very level and never overflowed. The fourth mile passes close to Freedom Iron Works, immediately after which the line crosses to the east side creek, and again crosses to the west side just as it enters the narrows at the old Axe Fac-

The line again follows the west bank of the creek, winding easily through the narrows, with a maximum curvature of 6° per 100 feet, without encountering any very heavy excavation or embankment. The sixth mile terminates at the forks of the Kishacoquillas, just north of the narrows, and near the village of Reedsville. At Reedsville the line crosses the west branch of Kishacoguillas and follows the north side of the eastern branch known as Honey creek.

The seventh mile crosses Honey creek half a mile east of Reedsville, and the line then follows the foot of the ridge along the margin of the stream as far as McFarland's mill, at the end of the ninth mile, where it crosses to the north, or rather northwest. The tenth mile is laid on the northwest side of Honey creek, from McFarland's mill to the bridge at Kyle's, where it crosses to the east, soon after which Honey Creek disappears in a limestone ridge, and its place is supplied by a small stream frequently destitute of water and known as Dry creek, along the valley of which the line is laid throughout the remainder of the tenth mile, crossing twice on the last quarter, owing to the creokedness of the

At Nageny's farm, in the middle of the eleventh mile, the line leaves the valley of Dry creek to the east and enters what may be termed the valley of Milroy, or Laurel run; although from the peculiar nature of the soil that stream does not reach so far down. but sinks at the village of Milroy, about a mile and a half further north. The twelfth mile terminates at the village

of Milroy, about a quarter of a mile east of the Presbyterian church, and near what is called the back mountain road. Thus far the line has been ever unusually favorable ground, consisting mainly of meadows and level fields, with but little rock or deep cutting of any kind, and excepting the crossing of the Juniata, no heavy embankments or costly bridges. This favorable state of the ground extends one mile further, and then the high ground which seemed to lead so invitingly up to the base of the mountain, suddenly falls off, and a long heavy embankment is necessary to maintain our elevation up to the foot of the Seven mountains.

The table of estimates will exhibit the effeet of this change of character, in the great difference between the cost of any of the first thirteen miles and those which succeed them. Near the end of the fourteenth mile the line enters a gorge of the Seven mountains near