

No. 2432.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,
 IN ADVANCE.
 For six months, 75 cents.
 All NEW subscriptions must be paid in advance. If the paper is continued, and not within the first month, \$1.25 will be charged; not paid in three months, \$1.50; if not in six months, \$1.75; and if not paid in a year, \$2.00.
 Papers addressed to persons out of the city will be discontinued at the expiration of one month, unless special request is made, contrary or payment guaranteed by some responsible person here.

West Branch Insurance Co.
OF LOCK HAVEN, PA.
 Insures Buildings, Stores, Merchandise, Farm Property, and other Buildings, and contents, at moderate rates.
 DIRECTORS:
 John J. Pearce, Hon. G. C. Harvey,
 B. Hall, T. T. Abrams,
 J. A. Mayer, D. K. Jackson,
 J. C. Crist, W. White,
 Dickinson, Thos. Kitchen,
 Hon. G. C. HARVEY, Pres.
 T. T. ABRAMS, Vice Pres.
 Kitchen, Sec'y.

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
 Incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, with a Perpetual Charter.
 Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000.
 No. 61 Walnut St. above Second, Phila.
 Insures on Buildings, Furniture, Merchandise, &c., generally. Marine Insurance, Freight and to all parts of the World. Rivers, Canals, and Land Carriages, &c., on the most favorable terms, and with the most favorable security.

W. COLLADAY, William Bowers,
J. W. Coleman, Joseph Oat,
V. Machette, Howard Hinckman,
GEORGE W. COLLADAY, President.
ALEX. WILSON, Secretary.
 Agent for Milford county, Wm. P. EL-
 T. Esq. feb19-1y

WARRANTY AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.
Franklin Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia.
 Office 163 Chestnut street, near Fifth.
 Amount of Assets, \$1,827,185 80
 January 1st, 1857.
 Issued agreeably to an act of Assembly, bearing date the 21st of March, 1820.
 Mortgages, simply secured, \$1,519,932 73
 Bonds (present value, \$109,778 40) 89,114 18
 Cash (present value, \$83,881 12) 71,292 97
 &c. &c. 64,121 56
 \$1,827,185 80

Losses by Fire.
 Paid during the year 1856, \$301,638 84
DIRECTORS:
 N. Bancker, Mordecai D. Lewis,
 J. Wagner, David S. Brown,
 G. B. Went, Isaac Lea,
 R. Smith, Edward C. Dale,
 W. Richards, George Fries,
 CHARLES N. BANCKER, President.
 G. B. BANCKER, Sec'y.
 Agent for Milford county, H. J. WAL-
 S, Esq. Lewistown. mar19-

TOBACCO,
Book, Stationery, and VARIETY STORE.
 Subscriber, at his old stand on East Market street, has added to his former stock of goods a large assortment of
Pocket and Family Bibles,
 and Prayer Books, of various kinds and of binding; Blank, Classical, Common School, Miscellaneous and Juvenile Books, embracing all the best books now in use in the families and Common Schools.
STATIONERY,
 consisting of Note, Letter and Cap paper, of the best quality, either by the ream or in smaller quantities; fancy and plain Envelopes; Stationery and Printing Cards; Steel Pens; Ink; Slaters; slate, lead and card Pencils; Wax; Ink and Inkstands, together with a variety of every description, and a great variety of other articles usually kept in book stores.
 The lovers of the weed, he would call their attention to his large and extensive assortment

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
 consisting of sweet and plain Cavendish, Rose Natural Leaf, Congress, coarse and fine fine cut Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, of the very best kinds; Imported Havana Cigars of the most celebrated American Havana, Spanish, Half Spanish, and American Cigars, and a large quantity of well seasoned cheap domestic and German cigars, all of which he will sell wholesale or retail on the most reasonable terms.
 He sends his thanks for past patronage, and by strict attention to business, and endeavoring to please his customers, and selling on small profits, to increase the patronage here given him.
 GEO. W. THOMAS.

THE MINSTREL.

WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.
 Oh, Willie, is it you, dear—safe, safe at home,
 They did not tell me true, dear, they said you would not come.
 I heard you at the gate, and it made my heart rejoice,
 For I knew that welcome footsteps, and that dear familiar voice,
 Making, making music on my ear, in the lonely midnight gloom,
 Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.
 We've longed to see you nightly, but this night of all,
 The fire was blinding brightly, and lights were in the hall;
 The little ones were up till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
 Then their eyes began to twinkle, and they have gone to sleep at last;
 But they listened for your voice till they thought you'd never come,
 Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.
 The days were sad without you, the nights long and drear,
 My dreams have been about you, welcome Willie dear:
 Last night I wept and watched, by moonlight's cheerless rays,
 Till I thought I heard your footsteps, then I wiped my tears away,
 But my heart grew sad again when I found you had not come.
 Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LADY TEACHER.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

'You were not here yesterday,' said the gentle teacher of the village school, as she laid her hand kindly on the curly head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl had not gone to frolic away the ten minutes, not even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself mistress of a sum in her division.

Her face and neck crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up, she seemed somewhat reassured by the kind glance that met her, and answered, 'No ma'am, I was not, but my sister Nell was.'

'I remember there was a little girl, who called herself Nelly Gray, came in yesterday, but I did not know she was your sister. But why did you not come? You seem to love study very much.'

'It was not because I did not want to come,' was the earnest answer, and then she paused, and the deep flush again tinged that fair brow—but, she continued, after a moment of painful embarrassment, 'mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are going to take turns; I'm going to school one day, sister next; and to-night I'm to teach Nelly all I have learned to-day, and to-morrow night she will teach me all she learns while here.—It's the only way we can think of getting along, and we want to study very much, so as to sometime keep school ourselves and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us.'

With genuine delicacy, Miss M. forbore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the difficult sum was easily finished.

'You had better go out and take the air a moment; you have studied very hard today said the teacher, as the little girl put up her slate.'

'I had rather not; I might tear my dress; I will stand by the window and watch the rest.'

There was such a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil as she said 'I might tear my dress,' that Miss M. was led instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but a ninny-penny print of deep blue, but it was neatly made, and had never yet been washed. And while looking at it she remembered that, during the whole previous fortnight Mary Gray had attended school regularly, that she had never seen her wear but that one dress.

'She is a thoughtful little girl,' said she to herself, 'and does not want to make her mother any trouble. I wish I had more such scholars.'

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat. There was something so interesting in the two little sisters, the one 11 years old and the other 18 months younger, agreeing to attend school by turns, that Miss M. could not forbear observing them very closely. They were pretty faced children, of delicate forms and fairly like hands and feet; the elder with dark, lustrous eyes, and the younger with orbs like the June sky, her white neck veiled by a wreath of golden ringlets. She observed in both the same close attention to their studies, and as Mary had tarried during play time, so did Nelly, and upon speaking to her as she had to her sister, she received the same answer, 'I might tear my dress.'

She saw at once it was the same piece as Mary's, and upon scrutinizing it closely, she became certain that it was the same dress. It did not fit so closely on Nelly, it was too long for her, and she was evidently not at ease when she noticed her teacher looking at the bright flowers that were so thickly set on the dark ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so truly benevolent as that which pulsated in the bosom of that village teacher. She ascertained the residence of their mother, and through sorely straightened herself by a narrow passage, that same night, having found at the only store in the place a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly, and sent it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday morning, as she entered the school at an early hour. She waited only to place her book neatly in her desk, ere she approached Miss M. and whispering in a voice that laughed in spite of her efforts to make it low and deferential—'After this week, Nelly is coming to school every day and oh, I am so glad!'

'That is good news,' replied the teacher kindly. 'Nelly is fond of her books, I see, and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study her books every day.'

Then she continued, a little good-humored mischief encircling her eyes. 'But how can your mother spare both conveniently?'

'O, yes ma'am—yes ma'am, she can now. Something has happened which she didn't expect, and she's glad to have us come regularly.'

She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is as natural for it to tell the cause as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines.

So out of the fullness of her heart she spoke, and told the teacher this little story.

She and her little sister were the only children of a poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to support herself and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, because they had no clothes to wear, but she told them if they could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress, they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully laid by the copper coins which usually repaid them. They had each saved nearly enough to buy a calico dress, when Nelly was taken sick, and as the mother had no money before hand, her own treasure had to be expended for medicine.

'O, I did feel so bad when school opened, and Nelly could not go because she had no dress,' said Mary. 'I told her I wouldn't go either; but she said I had better, for I could then teach her some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school, and I couldn't be happy a bit; so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day and the next I would lend Nelly my dress and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week. But last night somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too.'

'O, if I only knew who it was, I would get down on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and we have done all we could for them—we've prayed for them! and oh, Miss M. we are all so glad now. Ain't you too?'

'Indeed I am,' was the emphatic answer. And on the following Monday, when little Nelly in the new dress entered the schoolroom, her face radiant as a rose in the sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table, exclaimed in tones as musical as those of a freed fountain—'I'm coming to school every day now, and I am so glad!'

Miss M. felt as she had never before felt—that it was more blessed to give than receive. No millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, landed for his thousand dollar charities, was ever half so happy as that poor school teacher, who wore old gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that little fatherless girl a calico dress.

How does she look without a pace?

THE OVERFLOWING CUP.

A company of southern ladies were one day assembled in a friend's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavements to relate, except one pale, sad looking woman, whose lustrous eye and dejected air showed that she was the prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice:

'Not one of you know what trouble is!'

'Will you please, Mrs. Gray,' said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, 'tell the ladies what you call trouble.'

'I will if you desire,' she replied, 'for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married at nineteen one I loved more than all the world beside. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovelier one, or on a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown one of those fierce, black storms came on, which are so common in our southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, still the elements raved. The whole savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it our house was surrounded by water; I managed with my babe to reach a little spot on which a few wide spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one loved a husband more—but that was not trouble.'

'Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggles for life became the only consideration. They were brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I seen them closing nearer and nearer to each other as their little island grew smaller and smaller.'

'The sudden river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, cannot imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet—that was not trouble.'

'I hugged my baby to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and kept retiring before it, till an All-powerful Hand stayed the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away, all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.'

'My baby was all I had left on earth.—I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil; and at last, when heated with wine one night, he took the life of a fellow being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My Heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before, but now it ran over. That was trouble, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will spare you from ever experiencing.'

There was not a dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history has taught them a useful lesson.

A MAN MURDERED BY HIS WIFE.

The Olean Advertiser gives the following particulars of a horrid murder perpetrated at Eldred township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, on Sunday morning, 11th ult.:—'Betsy M'Lane killed her husband, Daniel M'Lane, by striking him repeatedly on the head and neck with an axe, nearly severing his head from his body. M'Lane was evidently lying upon the bed when the deed was committed, as the wounds upon the body indicated, and the bed was so fully saturated with blood that it dripped through upon the floor beneath. 'M'Lane and his wife, we are informed, were both upwards of fifty years of age. She was a widow, with some property, when he married her, and both indulging pretty freely in whiskey, they have never lived together very harmoniously. On Saturday last M'Lane was in this village, and bought five gallons of whiskey, which he took home with him. That night himself and wife were both drunk, and on Sunday morning the neighbors heard them quarreling and fighting in the house. Between ten and eleven o'clock, all was still there, and several men belonging in the neighborhood went into the house. M'Lane was nowhere in sight, but a large quantity of blood was upon the bed and floor, and one of the men remarked to Mrs. M'Lane, 'it looks as though you had been butchering here—where is M'Lane?' 'He's gone to Smith's Settlement,' she replied.

'At this moment the man discovered a hand protruding from under the bed, and stooped down and seized it, and drew out the ghastly corpse of the murdered man. The woman immediately exclaimed, 'I don't know who killed Dan—I don't know who killed him!' The corpse was frightful to behold, the skull broken by a blow on the right temple, the head nearly severed from the body by a deep cut on the left side of the neck, and a part of the right hand chopped off. An eye witness says: 'The bed looked as though more than forty gallons of blood had been poured upon it. When the party entered the house the woman was endeavoring to wash the blood out of some of the bed clothes.'

'This couple had no children—and according to the best of our knowledge, no other person had been in the house the morning previous to the murder, and there can be no doubt but that M'Lane was killed by his wife. She is now in the jail at Smithport.'

WIFE KILLED BY HER HUSBAND.

We condense the following from the Pittston (Luzerne county, Pa.) Gazette of Oct. 28th:

One of the most appalling tragedies which has fallen to our lot to record, occurred in this place last week. Early on Friday morning it was rumored that a woman living in White Oak Hollow, about two miles from this borough, had been brutally murdered by her husband, a man named Francis Burns, in the employ of the Pennsylvania Coal Co. The constables were immediately on the alert, and having ascertained that the report was well founded, a search was made for the supposed murderer. He was soon discovered concealed in a coal bed or cave, near the town. His face, hands and clothes were besmeared with blood, and his behavior at once satisfied the bystanders of his guilt. The crowd which met the prisoner on his way to the Justice's office, took possession of him, and demanded he should be lynched; and it was with the utmost difficulty the constable managed to rescue him from their grasp. During the hearing before Esquire Redden, the scene was one of great excitement; nothing would satisfy the indignant populace but the immediate application of lynch law. The prisoner, however, was eventually taken to the lock-up, and a Coroner's jury summoned to hold an inquest on the body.

On arriving at the prisoner's residence, which is situated in one of the wildest spots of this section of country, the body of the murdered woman was found lying on a miserable apology for a bed, in a wretched hovel, which, with husband and two children, she had inhabited for some months. Drs. Nugent and Durkin made the necessary examination of the body, and testified that the cause of death was *convulsion of the brain*, produced by violence. One or two flesh wounds and several severe bruises were discovered on the body, but there was no fracture. A man named

Cooper, being duly sworn, said—Last night I heard some one hollering, and blows being struck; have frequently known Burns to ill-use his wife.

Other witnesses were examined, who testified to the brutality of Burns, after which a verdict was rendered to the effect that she was murdered by him. Burns was then committed to Wilkesbarre jail.

The same day reports reached Pittston that the remains of a human being had been discovered on Everhart's Island, near the Lackawanna, so far decomposed that identification was impossible, but supposed to be the body of Adam Michael, a German, who worked in the "Upper Mines."

The Berks County Murder.

The Commissioners of Berks county have offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the perpetrators of the murder of Adaline Baver, near Mohrsville, in that county. It is to be hoped that they may be brought to justice. In reference to this murder the Reading Gazette relates the following singular coincidence:

Some eighteen years ago a beautiful young girl, named Esther Fisher, left Manayunk on a canal boat for Reading, but was murdered before reaching the latter place. The public excitement was very great, and a large reward was offered for the detection of the murderer, but without success.—This girl was a sister of the mother of Adaline Baver, who so recently has met a similar fate. Is it possible that the murderers of these poor girls are never to be discovered until the revelations of the great day?

As an evidence of the hard times which are prevailing everywhere, the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser relates the following incident: "A young mechanic on Saturday evening was arrested for stealing a piece of meat from a butcher's stall. He said he had been without work several weeks, and being without money or credit, and too proud to beg, he preferred to steal to save from starvation a wife and two children, who had been without food since Friday morning. An investigation into the case proved the truth of his statement, and he was released, given the meat, and told to come for more, and was also presented with a purse of \$6, which was made up for him."

WORLDLY PREACHERS.

The German Reformed Synod of Pennsylvania, lately in session at Allentown, had before it certain charges against two Ministers of that persuasion, the one the Rev. Mr. Lescher, and the other the Rev. E. Helfrick, both of Northampton county. A committee of Ministers was appointed some weeks ago to investigate the matter. It was alleged against the former that he was deeply interested in some coal transactions in Luzerne county, in some way connected with the Northampton Coal Company, which was organized several years ago. It is not stated in what manner these transactions affected the standing of Mr. L., but the Ministerial Court voted to suspend him. Against the latter it was alleged that he was also engaged in the coal business—that he endeavored to defraud the Coal Company—that he was entirely too worldly in his movements, trading horses, speculating in coal, slate, &c.; and lastly, that at a picnic given some time ago he had joined in some sort of kissing play, such as the young folks sometimes introduce for the sake of amusement, and that he had *kissed the girls!* The charges against Helfrick were not sustained, but the case is to be revived before the Synod and finally disposed of.

A Fight.—Patrick White, last night got exceedingly tight, and engaged in a fight, by punching the head of a friend who said that Patrick White was not quite right. As might be supposed, his friend's anger arose, and he hit Pat on the nose three very severe blows, which as every one knows, is quite apt to disclose the passions which dwell in a man's heart who is "unwell" from drinking too much of whiskey and "such." The persons around were disturbed by the sound, and couldn't think of sleeping a wink, till the outcry was hushed and the crowd dispersed. Mr. White was put right on the road for his home, and told in all time to come to leave off drinking rum, and conduct himself good as all persons should. He acknowledged the corn of taking a horn, and he solemnly swore he'd do so no more.—*Buffalo Republic.*