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 THE subscriber has opened a Grocery, Provision and Fish Store opposite Major Eisenbach's distillery, where he has just received a fine assortment of fresh goods.

**Family Groceries,**  
 which may be found fine Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Syrups, Cheese, Crackers, Ham, Shoulders, Fine Ashon and Dairy Goods, Tobacco, Segars, Soap, &c.

**A CHANCE**  
**For Every Person to Raise their Own GRAPES.**  
 AND HAVE THEIR OWN WINE.  
 THE undersigned will deliver from the 1st of the 15th April next, to any persons residing in Mifflin Co., ISABELLA GRAPE CUTTINGS of one year's growth, from cuttings of a fine vineyard, at the following rates, when delivered: 25 Vines for \$3, and 50 for \$5.50, 100 do for \$10.

**HARDWARE!**

**To Buy Cheap for Cash,**  
 Blacksmiths, buy at Hoffman's,  
 Carpenters, buy at Hoffman's,  
 Saddlers, buy at Hoffman's,  
 Shoemakers, buy at Hoffman's,  
 Cabinetmakers, buy at Hoffman's,  
 Farmers, buy at Hoffman's,  
 Builders, buy at Hoffman's,  
 Housekeepers, buy at Hoffman's.  
 Don't forget, if you want good Stoves, Pump Chains, Oil Cloths, Nails, Steel, Iron, Cutlery, Vices, Bellocs, Chains, Glass, &c., F. J. Hoffman's Mammoth Hardware Store, and you can be accommodated. mh11

**DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS,**  
**Medicines, Medicines, Medicines,**  
 Paints, Glass, Paints, Glass, Paints,  
 Oils, Trusses, Oils, Trusses, Oils,  
 At **HOFFMAN'S.**

**GARDEN SEEDS!**—I have now on hand a fine assortment of Fresh Garden Seeds, consisting of some of the finest varieties. Pole and Bush Beans, early and late. Dwarf and Bush do. Cabbage, do. Also, Radish, Beet, Onion, Lettuce, Chinese Sugar Cane, and other seeds. mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN.

**FLOUR!**—I have now on hand and shall continue to keep a supply of Extra Superfine Flour from Pittsburgh, which we will warrant to give entire satisfaction. N. B. Those who want a good article can find it at mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

**WALL PAPER!**—As the Spring opens, housekeepers will be looking around for Wall Paper, where a good supply can be found and cheap. This can be done at mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

**CORN CULTIVATORS!**—A good article for sale by F. J. Hoffman.

**FISH AND SALT**  
 For sale by (mh11) F. J. HOFFMAN.

**Sugar Cane and Flower Garden Seeds**  
 At (mh11) F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

**White Corn Meal.**  
 An excellent article for sale by mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN.

**CORN BROOMS,**  
 A good article for 1 1/2 cents at mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

**THE MODEL CHURN.**  
 SPAIN'S PATENT  
**Atmospheric Barrel Churn**  
 WILL make more Butter, of a better quality, from a given quantity of Cream, than any other in use. It is constructed in such a manner that the whole reel or dasher, can be removed (whole) from the inside of the Churn by simply unscrewing the handle end of the dasher to the square of the hole. The peculiar construction of the dasher agitates the cream in the centre as well as the sides, giving it a rotary motion, and preventing the cream from revolving with the dasher after it becomes thick. Play also rather the butter quicker and better. They have Tubes in the lid for the purpose of letting the air escape as fast as it rises, and admitting the fresh air to pass through the churn while in operation. After churning, the dasher can be removed for a perfect cleaning. The Churn is then clear of all impediments in the way of removing the butter. For sale by F. J. FRANCISCUS. Lewisstown, June 19, 1858.

**SALONA and Perry County Cradles on hand** and for sale by FRANCISCUS.

**FARM BELLS!**—two sizes—very good, for sale by FRANCISCUS.

**ONE Thousand Sweet Potato Plants on hand** and for sale by FRANCISCUS.

**FLY NETS!**—A good assortment for sale by FRANCISCUS.

**HAY HOISTERS, Blocks, Ropes, &c. on hand** and for sale by FRANCISCUS.

**ROLLING BLINDS** of superior make and finish, \$2 to \$2.50 per window. FRANCISCUS.

**FRAME STUFF and Fencing Boards** can be had very low at FRANCISCUS'S.

**WALL PAPER!**—The largest, cheapest and best stock of Wall Paper in the country. For sale cheap by FRANCISCUS.

**OUR Stock of Sash, Doors, Blinds and Shutters** are at least 20 per cent lower than last season. FRANCISCUS.

**SHINGLES!**—250,000 Lap and Joint Shingles, sawed and shivered, 18 to 24 inches, from \$1 to \$5.50 per thousand. FRANCISCUS.

**GILT and Transparent Window Shades** with Corns, Tassels, &c. Green and Buff Shades, all with Bailey's Patent Fixtures. FRANCISCUS.

**LUMBER** of all kinds can be bought 20 per cent cheaper than ever, at the Lumber Yard of FRANCISCUS.

**CHILDREN'S Willow Gigs and Carriages,** 2 and 3 wheel Wooden Coaches and Gigs, plain and handsomely furnished, with and without springs. FRANCISCUS.

**COPPER KETTLES** from 2 to 40 gallons, Brass do., Iron Enamelled and Tin Preserving do., on hand and for sale by FRANCISCUS.

**DARLING'S Cast Steel Scythes, grass and scrub,** Griffin's do., 2 and 3 prong C. S. Hay Forks, scythe Sheaths, Rakes, Corn Cranks, Rifles, Rag Stones, &c. for sale by FRANCISCUS.

**CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS!**  
 I can furnish (on arrangement) made on the Susquehanna) all kinds of Lumber this season, at surprising low rates. The attention of Builders is especially called at this time to our large stock of Sash from \$10 to \$15; Two and four panel Doors, plain and fancy moulded, from \$1.50 to \$2.50 each. FRANCISCUS.

**WORKED W. P. FLOORING,** 30,000 feet. 155,000 best Plastering Laths, 1/2 to 4 1/2 long, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 wide common 1 inch Boards, 150,000 feet good and medium quality Boards and Planks, all usual lengths and qualities, perfectly sound, with all kinds of Builders' materials, can be bought very low for cash. FRANCISCUS.

**THE MINSTREL.**

**SONG OF THE FLOWER GIRL.**  
 BY H. CLAY FREESC.  
 I have flowers! I have flowers!  
 Of the richest, rarest hue,  
 From the rose's blushing carmine  
 To the violet's heaven-blue.  
 Here's the lily of the valley  
 From the whitest mountain side,  
 Where the sun scarce ever kisses  
 Its alabaster face;  
 And here's the haughty dahlia,  
 As peerless as a queen,  
 And daffodils and daisies,  
 With the constant evergreen.  
 Oh, the flowers! Oh, the flowers!  
 Froth from the woodland bowers—  
 Will you buy my pretty flowers,  
 My pretty, charming flowers?  
 I have flowers, and I've plucked them  
 From places far and wide;  
 In the shadows of the ravine,  
 By the sunny mountain side,  
 I sized them 'mid their revels  
 In the joyous woodland air,  
 I bring them blushing captives  
 To grace the maiden fair.  
 Poor little orphan children,  
 Torn from their parent stem;  
 Bright miniature's emblems  
 Would we were like to them!  
 Gentle lady, will you buy  
 My flowers sweet and wild?  
 They are the only stay that's left  
 A friendless orphan child.  
 My father was a soldier,  
 In his country's cause he died;  
 My mother, broken hearted,  
 Now slumbers by his side.  
 My little blue-eyed brother too  
 Has gone to the spirit world,  
 And I am left alone on earth—  
 Poor orphan flower girl!

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**THE GRAVE.**  
 I love, in the twilight hour, when all is calm and peaceful, to disengage myself from the busy scenes of this world of din and noise, and hold sweet communion with the sleeping tenants of the grave. I love to wander amid the tombs and read upon the lettered stone, or the sculptured marble, the epitaphs of those who have shuffled off this mortal coil, and laid them down to pleasant dreams. There sleep, in unbroken slumbers and peaceful repose, infancy in its bud, youth in its bloom, manhood in its vigor, and old age in its infirmity. There repose the friends and companions of our youth, with whom we were wont to spend the halcyon days of boyhood. There, too, are sleeping the remains of a pious mother, or a loved father, who in the wayward hours of infancy, when we were tempted to leave the path of rectitude, taught us to pray and prepare for heaven; and who amid the last pangs of dissolving mortality, bade us meet them in that happy country, where

'Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and feared no more.'

I love to see the bell flower, affection's appropriate emblem, bloom in grateful fragrance and attractive levelness over the sacred spot that marks the resting place of the loved and beautiful—the pious and good of other days. I love, like my blessed Redeemer to shed the tear of sympathy and affection over the turf clad mounds; for in the touching and sublime words of scripture, we are told, 'JESUS WEPT.'

I love to visit the grave yard, because in a few days or years at farthest, it will be the receptacle of this cumbersome clay—this earthly tabernacle, which has so long been heir to a thousand ills and sorrows. I love the grave because it is a place of rest. There nothing shall mar our slumbers, or disturb our repose. 'There the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest.' Well may Job, in prospect of rest in the grave, exclaim—'I would not live always; and the Psalmist—'Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest.'

'There is a calm for those that weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep  
 Low in the ground.'

'No storm that wrecks the wintry sky,  
 No more disturbs their deep repose,  
 Than summer evening's latest sigh  
 That shuts the rose.'

But the grave is not the finale of man. He is destined to rise in triumph from its portals, and claim an affinity of being beyond the starry realm. 'Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality.'

At the mandate of Divinity, shall earth's slumbering millions, who have so long quietly reposed in their houses of dust, come forth from the dreary empire of the grave with the loud pean of victory and triumph upon their immortal tongues—

'Oh Grave, where is thy victory'

**AT REST.**

'She is at rest,' said the village pastor, as we stood around the shrouded figure of the dead. How sweet, how consolatory these words seemed when applied to her who lay in a dreamless slumber before us! The form, whose dim outline could be seen through the white coverments of the grave, was wasted to a mere shadow of its former symmetry, and the cold hands folded over the silent heart were so thin and so transparent that you could trace each blue vein.

There was many a silver thread in the dark hair, gathered back from the broad forehead; many a deep furrow on the pale and rigid face. Care and sorrow had swept the bloom from the cheek, and cast a gloomy shadow over the spirit, which had now taken its flight heavenward.

She had learned bitter lessons in human sufferings; her home had been darkened by death, and her husband and child had long been tenants of the tomb. The visions of childhood had thus melted away like the tints of the rainbow; the bright passion-dreams of youth had fled; the hopes and plans of mature years had been grasped by the iron hand of adversity. Friends had deserted her, and love had grown cold. Her existence was a perpetual struggle, yet amid every trial, every misfortune, she kept her faith in God undimmed. The silver cord was broken now; she was free from toil and grief; she was at rest. Like tempest-tossed mariner she made the perilous voyage of life with her gaze fixed on the day star of Eternity, and in that peaceful heaven beyond the river of Death, her sweet repose is endless. What can be more soothing than the thought of *eternal rest*?

It comes to us with its calm and holy influence, when the young pass away from earth, and even in our lamentations for them, it is cheering to know that they have escaped the snares of the world—that they will never mingle in the wild strife for wealth and distinction; and never feel the blighting breath of anguish. When the poor die in peace we rejoice in the belief that they have found repose in the better land. There no storms come, and no clouds of sorrow lower, but the weary are at rest.

**A Few Sounding and Glistening Generalities.**

(From Rufus Choate's Fourth of July oration at Boston, on Monday, 5th July.)  
 "In some of the elemental characteristics of political opinion the American people are one. These they can no more renounce for substance than the highest summit of the highest of the White Hills, than the peak of the Alleghenies, than the Rocky Mountains can bow and cast themselves into the sea. Through all their history, from the dawn of colonial life to this brightness of this rising, they have spoken them, they have written them, they have acted them, they have run over them. In all stages, in all agonies, through all report good and evil—some learning from the golden times ancient mediæval freedom, Greece, and Italy and Geneva, from Aristotle, from Cicero, and Bodinus, and Machiavel and Rousseau; some learning, all reinforcing it directly from nature and nature's God; all have held and felt that every man is equal to every other man, that every man has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and a conscience unfettered, that the people were a source of power, and the good of the people was the political object of society itself. This creed, so grand, so broad—in its general and duly qualified, so true—planted the colonies, led them through the desert and the sea of ante-revolutionary life, rallied them all together to resist the attacks of a king and a minister, sharpened and pointed the bayonets of all their battles, burst forth from a million lips, beamed in a million eyes, burned in a million bosoms, sounded out in their revolutionary eloquence of fire, and in the Declaration awoke the thunders, and gleamed in the lightning of the deathless words of Otis, Henry and Adams, was gravéd forever on the general mind by the pen of Jefferson and Paine, as by a steel point on a great rock, sun-lighted, survived the excitements of war and the necessities of order, penetrated and tinged all our constitutional composition and policy and all our party organizations and nomenclature, and stands to-day radiant, defiant, jocund, tip-toe, on the summits of our greatness, one authoritative and louder proclamation to humanity by Freedom, the guardian and the avenger."

**EFFECTS OF FORTUNE TELLING.**

A person named John Hodgson was charged at the Halifax police court on Tuesday with having unlawfully pretended to use subtle craft, to wit, palmistry, to deceive and impose on certain of her Majesty's subjects. From evidence adduced it appeared that the informant, Elizabeth Bonny, a young woman about 20 years of age, and a companion named Ellen Ambler, went to the lodgings of the prisoner to have their fortunes told. He took them into the room and told them to sit down, saying he supposed they understood his terms. They replied they did not; on which he informed them what his charge was; and the young women having consented to pay the sum, Hodgson examined their hands, muttered some gibberish, and then took out a pack of cards, which the girls by his direction cut five times. He told Bonny she would have two offers of marriage within the year, and Ambler that her cards were very bad, two young men being anxious to marry her, and one of them continually frustrating the other's matrimonial designs. To defeat this opposition the wizard directed her to read the first chapter of Ruth when she got home, and to wish three times. The girls then paid their money and left the fortune teller, on the understanding they were to return in a fortnight. On their way home Ambler said she felt alarmed, and was afraid to read the first chapter of Ruth lest the devil should take her. Afterwards she appeared nervous, and became gradually worse until Thursday last, when she was quite deranged. She raved and screamed in great fright constantly, and was almost unmanageable. On one occasion she could not be kept in bed, and left the house almost naked. She was a teacher in a Sabbath school at Halifax. The prisoner denied all recollection or knowledge of the girls, and also that Ambler's illness could have been the result of anything at such visit, owing to the time that had elapsed since it was alleged to have taken place. The superintendent of police produced a belt found upon the prisoner, under his outer clothing, after he had been taken into custody. It was composed of a coarse material, and on the side worn next to the body was a magnet, and three crosses and four medals, carefully sewn up, together with directions for fortune telling, notes received from his correspondents and pieces of parchment covered with hieroglyphics. The bench committed the prisoner to the House of Correction for three months with hard labor, and expressed their regret that the law did not allow them to award a severer punishment.—London Times.

**REAL ESTATE AGENCY.**

**HOUSES AND LOTS** in Town and vicinity, and Farms and Wild Lands disposed of for a reasonable compensation.  
 Information given respecting Unsettled Lands, and Taxes paid if authorized by the owners.  
**REFERENCES.**  
 GEN. R. C. HALE, PETER DOMA, Philadelphia.  
 JOHN A. WRIGHT, Freedom Iron Works, Mifflin county.  
 Maj. David Hogan, Philipsburg, Centre co.

**FOR SALE.**

1 large BRICK HOUSE & 2 small FRAME HOUSES on the lot at the corner of Grand and West Market streets, Lewisstown.  
 4 BRICK HOUSES and 2 FRAME HOUSES AND LOTS, on Hale street.  
 1 FRAME HOUSE on the corner of Main and Charles street.  
 1 BRICK HOUSE, near the residence of Judge Parker.  
 Also, a WOOD LOT on the South side of the Juniata River, about 1 1/2 miles from Lewisstown, containing about 56 acres, well watered, adjoining the Pennsylvania Railroad, with a two story Frame House on it—*not occupied.* Inquire of

**JNO. B. WEEKES,**  
**Justice of the Peace,**  
**Scribner & Surveyor,**  
 OFFICE West Market street, Lewisstown, next door to Irwin's grocery. ap29

**HOVER'S INKS.**—Black, Blue and Red Ink, manufactured by Joseph E. Hover, Philadelphia, in inkstand bottles, at 3, 6, 10 and 12 cents per bottle. For sale at the book store of  
**ELIZABETH COGLEY,**  
 North Corner of Diamond.

**JUST RECEIVED** and on hand some half and quarter barrels of Splendid MACKEREL; for sale cheap for cash at  
**my20 FELIX'S GROCERY.**

**Fruit and Ornamental TREES,**  
 Strawberry, Raspberry, Currant, and Gooseberry Plants, in great variety.  
 Inquire of Wm. BRITLER, Lewisstown,  
 J. E. JOHNSTON, Agent,  
 Trenton, New Jersey

**CORN SHELLERS,** Winnowing Mills or Fans, Cultivators, Fodder Cutters, &c. on hand and for sale by FRANCISCUS.

**Agricultural, &c.**

**DECAY IN FRUIT TREES.**

We have often heard the practice recommended of driving nails into decaying fruit trees, to restore their vigor. But we have never seen the result set forth so strikingly as in the following from the Southern Planter.

A singular fact, and one worthy of being recorded, was mentioned to us a few days since by Alexander Duke, of Albermarle. He stated, that whilst at a neighbor's attention was called to a peach orchard, every tree in which had been totally destroyed by the ravages of the worm, with the exception of three, and these were the most thrifty and flourishing peach trees he ever saw. The only cause of their superiority known to his host was an experiment made in consequence of observing that those parts of worm eaten timber into which nails were driven were generally sound. When his trees were about a year old, he had selected three of them, and driven a tennenny nail through the body; as near the ground as possible. Whilst the balance of his orchard had gradually failed and finally yielded entirely to the ravages of the worms, these three, selected at random, treated precisely in the same manner, with the exception of the nailing, had always been vigorous and healthy, furnishing him with the greatest profusion of the most luscious fruit. It is supposed that the salt of iron afforded by the nail is offensive to the worm, whilst it is harmless, or perhaps even beneficial to the tree.

A chemical writer upon this subject says: "The oxydation or rusting of the iron by the sap, evolves ammonia, which as the saps rises, will of course impregnate every part of the foliage, and prove too severe a dose for the delicate palate of intruding insects." This writer recommends driving half a dozen nails into the trunk. Several experiments of this kind have resulted successfully.

**RECIPE FOR MAKING ICE CREAM.**—Two quarts good rich milk; four fresh eggs; three-quarters pound of white sugar; six teaspoons of Bernuda arrow-root. Rub the arrow-root smooth in a little cold milk; beat the eggs and sugar together; bring the milk to the boiling point; then stir in the arrow-root; remove it then from the fire and immediately add the eggs and sugar, stirring briskly, to keep the eggs from cooking, then set aside to cool. If flavored with extracts let it be done just before putting it in the freezer. If the vanilla bean is used, it must be boiled in the milk.

**CREAM CAKES.**—Two cups of flour, one of butter, half pint of water,—boil butter and water together and stir in the flour by degrees while boiling, let it cool, and add five eggs, a quarter teaspoonful of soda, drop this mixture on tins, bake in a quick oven.  
 Inside.—One pint of milk, half cup of flour one cup of sugar, two eggs—beat the eggs, sugar and flour together, then stir it into the milk while boiling—flavor with lemon.  
 Slice the cakes partially open, after they are baked, and put in the "cream" with a spoon.

**CUP CAKE.**—Three cups of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter, one of sour cream, five of flour, six eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar; beat the butter to a cream; add the sugar; beat well; beat yellow and white of eggs separately; add flour last and stir it gently.

**FELIX GINGERBREAD.**—One quart molasses, half a pound of butter, six eggs, one pint of sour milk, half an ounce of ginger, cloves and cinnamon, one ounce of soda and cream of tartar.

**BUNN CAKE.**—One pint of sugar, one of flour, five eggs, two thirds of a cup of butter, half cup of cream, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a grated lemon.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

**Pennsylvania Railroad.**  
 ON and after Monday, May 10th, 1858, trains leave Lewisstown Station as follows:  

	Eastward.	Westward.
Fast Express,	5 35 a. m.	5 51 a. m.
Fast Line,	9 43 p. m.	7 30 p. m.
Mail Train,	2 50 p. m.	3 25 "
Through Freight, (Local)	5 35 p. m.	2 05 a. m.
Express Freight,	6 05 "	7 30 "
	1 50 "	9 55 "

 Fare to Harrisburg, \$1 85; to Philadelphia, 5 00; to Altoona, 2 10; to Pittsburg, 5 60.  
 The Ticket Office will be open 20 minutes before the arrival of each Passenger Train.  
**D. E. ROBESON, Agent.**

**FISH.**—Mackerel, Shad and Herring for sale by mh11 F. J. HOFFMAN.